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THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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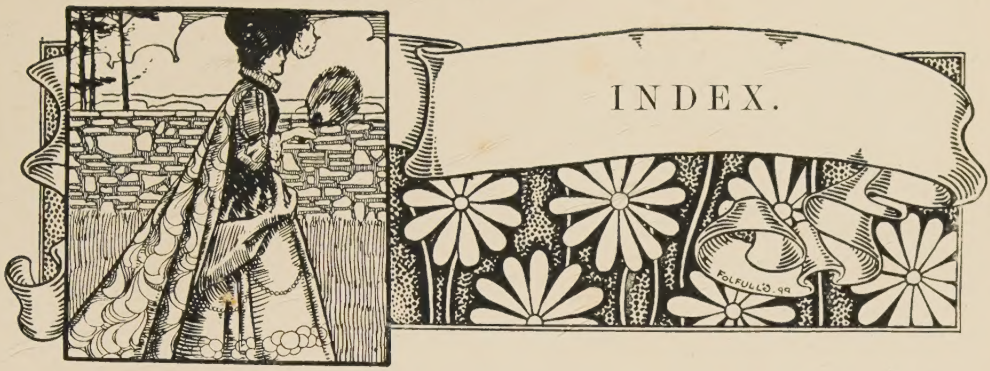
MEN AND WOMEN

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INDEX.

		PAGE
African History, An Incident of. Illustrated from photographs	*H. Rider Haggard*	112
Air-Ship, Count Zeppelin's. Illustrated from photographs	*Eugen Wolf*	237
All England Eleven, An. Illustrated by Rip	*Horace Bleackley*	725
Ancient History. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy	*Anthony Hope*	292
An Unlucky Rehearsal. Illustrated by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	418
Arnold, Sir Edwin. "Ship-Logs"		109
Austin, Henry. Illustrations to "Ship-Logs"		109
" "The Hunted Pole"		227
" "The Counter-Revolution"		339
" "The Man with the Ultimatum"		451
" "The Friend of the Policeman"		581
Australian Commonwealth, Leaders in the. Illustrated from photographs	*Frederick Dolman*	170

Barr, Robert. "Within an Ace of the End of the World"		17
Bearer of Burdens, The. Illustrated by Harold Copping	*Israel Zangwill*	35
Benson, E. F. "A Woman's Ambition"		147
Bleackley, Horace. "Married *v.* Single"		591
"An All England Eleven"		725
Bluff. Illustrated by A. Forestier	*Barry Pain*	572
Bonheur, Rosa. "A Study of Cattle"		724
Boothby, Guy. "The Great Tipperary"		59
" at Home. Illustrated from photographs	*Wilfrid Klickmann*	297
"Breakfast is my Best Meal." Illustrated by C. Grunwald	*William Dean Howells*	223
Brush-making, Modern. Illustrated from photographs	*C. F. Bailey*	672

Canadian Artillery in a Storm	*Arthur Cooke*	245
Candlemas Day	*A. L. Bowley*	375
Carnival Customs. Illustrated from photographs	*York Hopewell*	423
Child-Life in Brittany. Illustrated from photographs	*Kathleen Schlesinger and Paul Gèniaux*	538
Christmas Conference on China, A	*Arthur Cooke*	159
Christmas Eve, On	*A. L. Bowley*	48
City Chronicles. Illustrated	*Barry Pain*	120, 191, 330, 489, 572, 682
Clarke, Sir Andrew. Illustrated from photographs	*James Milne*	461
Code, The. Illustrated by Adolf Thiede	*Barry Pain*	330
Colonel's Dilemma, The	*Alys Hallard*	515
Colonial Office, The. Illustrated from photographs	*Frederick Dolman*	689
Colonies of the Great Powers, The. Illustrated from diagrams	*Alleyne Ireland*	438
Cooke, Arthur. "A Christmas Conference on China"		159
"Canadian Artillery in a Storm"		245
Coronation, The	*Elizabeth W. Mainwaring*	145
Corporation Plate, Notable. Illustrated from photographs	*George A. Wade*	349
Counter-Revolution, The. Illustrated by Henry Austin	*Francis Gribble*	339
Count Zeppelin's Air-Ship. Illustrated from photographs	*Eugen Wolf*	237
Curate's Bump, The. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy	*Anthony Hope*	533

Daniels, Modern. Illustrated from photographs	*Harold J. Shepstone*	409
Dolly Dialogues, More. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy	*Anthony Hope*	292, 403, 533
Dying Dynasty, A	*John Innes*	162

Editor's Scrap-Book, The. Illustrated		155, 275, 395, 515, 636, 751
Electric Light, How London gets her. Illustrated from photographs	*G. Bacon*	622
England's Free Hand on the Nile. Illustrated	*G. W. Steevens*	283
Escapes of Joseph Spechbacher, The. Illustrated from photographs	*William Westall*	367
Explorers, Fields for Future. Illustrated from photographs	*Sir Henry M. Stanley*	201

		PAGE
FALL OF GOLIATH. THE. Illustrated by Harold Copping	*Ian Maclaren*	431
FAMOUS—BUT UNKNOWN. Illustrated from photographs	*George A. Wade*	257
FAST BEFORE THE FEAST, THE	*E. Grützner*	128
FEW FACTS ABOUT THE COLONIES OF THE GREAT POWERS, A. Illustrated from diagrams	*Alleyne Ireland*	438
FIELDS FOR FUTURE EXPLORERS. Illustrated from photographs	*Sir Henry M. Stanley*	201
FIFTEEN PER CENT. Illustrated by A. Forestier	*Barry Pain*	682
FIGHT FOR THE LEADERSHIP, A	*R. Lillie*	320
FIRE-FIGHTERS OF EUROPE, THE. Illustrated from photographs	*G. R. Falconer*	499
FIRST OF APRIL, THE	*H. J. Walker*	565
FISHER-MAID, THE	*H. M. Bennett*	650
FISHER-MAIDEN, THE	*R. Sauber, R.B.A.*	514
"FOR MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY"	*H. M. Bennett*	417
FOWLS FOR THE LONDON MARKET. Illustrated by John Finnemore	*H. Swan*	321
FREEMASONRY. Illustrated from photographs	*Fred W. Crowe*	603
FRIEND OF THE POLICEMAN, THE. Illustrated by Henry Austin	*Francis Gribble*	581
GHOSTS, THE HAUNTS OF. Illustrated from prints	*A. W. Jarvis*	94
GREASEWELL'S HOUSE PAINTS. Illustrated by A. Forestier	*Barry Pain*	191
GREAT TIPPERARY, THE. Illustrated by Warwick Goble	*Guy Boothby*	59
GREIFFENHAGEN, MAURICE. Illustrations to "The Whirligig"		75, 207, 303, 469, 546, 703
GRIBBLE, FRANCIS. "The Hunted Pole"		227
"The Counter-Revolution"		339
"The Man with the Ultimatum"		451
"The Friend of the Policeman"		581
GUARDING THE HIGHWAYS OF THE SEA. Illustrated by G. H. Coffin	*Theodore Waters*	381
HAGGARD, H. RIDER. "An Incident of African History"		112
HAUNTS OF GHOSTS, THE. Illustrated from prints	*A. W. Jarvis*	94
"HEDGER BOB." Illustrated by A. J. Wall	*J. J. Britton*	486
HEMING, ARTHUR. "A North-West Mounted Policeman and Indian Criminal"		334
"Homeward Bound"		642
"HOMEWARD BOUND"	*Arthur Heming*	642
HOPE, ANTHONY. "More Dolly Dialogues"	292, 403,	533
HOSPITAL, THE LONDON. Illustrated from photographs	*Fred A. McKenzie*	49
HOW LONDON GETS HER ELECTRIC LIGHT. Illustrated from photographs	*G. Bacon*	622
HUNTED POLE, THE. Illustrated by Henry Austin	*Francis Gribble*	227
IDYLL OF PARADISE ALLEY, AN	*Lillie Taylor*	275
INDIAN HANDICRAFTERS, AMONG THE RED. Illustrated from photographs	*Edward Page Gaston*	335
"IN LOVERS' WALK"	*St. Clair Simmons*	485
IN THE LOCK. Illustrated by A. Forestier	*Barry Pain*	489
JEALOUS COMPANY, IN	*C. T. Garland*	138
JUSTICE OF THE RAJ, THE. Illustrated by Warwick Goble	*T. Stoker*	745
KAISER'S AVENUE OF STATUES, THE. Illustrated from photographs	*George A. Wade*	643
"KING OF THE KENNEL, THE"	*Dorothy Hardy*	430
KING, GUNNING. "The Law of Compensation"		157
"The Old, Old Story"		399
"The Unknown Quantity"		519
"What's in a Name?"		638
"Reassuring"		753
KLICKMANN, F. "Military Knights of Windsor"		70
,, WILFRID. "Guy Boothby at Home"		297
LADY OF THE LAKE, THE	*S. E. Waller*	*Frontispiece*
LADY WRAGFORD'S MIRACLE. Illustrated by Adolf Thiede	*W. B. Maxwell*	357
LEADERS IN THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH. Illustrated by J. Macfarlane, and from photographs	*Frederick Dolman*	170
LIFE SUBSCRIPTION, A. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy	*Anthony Hope*	403
LILIAN	*Aimee G. Clifford*	408
LINDSAY, MAYNE. "The Whirligig"	75, 207, 303, 469, 546,	703
LIONS' DEN, FEATS IN THE. Illustrated from photographs.	*Harold J. Shepstone*	409
LONDON BRIDGE, OVER	*W. Pett Ridge*	395
LONDON HOSPITAL, THE. Illustrated from photographs	*Fred A. McKenzie*	49
"LONDON TOWN." Illustrated by Francis Ewan	*Flora Annie Steel*	163
LONELY VOYAGERS. Illustrated from photographs	*Frederick A. Talbot*	139

		PAGE
Maclaren, Ian. "The Fall of Goliath"		431
Mad Christmas, A. Illustrated by A. Forestier	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	104
Madonna and the Holy Child, The	*E. Veith*	69
Man-Traps and Spring-Guns. Illustrated from photographs	*Miller Christy*	695
Man with the Ultimatum, The. Illustrated by Henry Austin	*Francis Gribble*	451
Married *v.* Single. Illustrated by Rip	*Horace Bleackley*	591
Marsh, Richard. "Staggers"		611
"May we Come, too?"	*H. M. Bennett*	333
Midland Truant School, The. Illustrated by A. J. Wall, and from photographs	*Rev. P. Dean*	719
Military Knights of Windsor. Illustrated by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.	*F. Klickmann*	70
Miracle Joyeux. Illustrated	*Frank Norris*	665
Modern Brush-making. Illustrated from photographs	*C. F. Bailey*	672
Modern Daniels. Illustrated from photographs	*Harold J. Shepstone*	409
Modern Sybil, A. Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills	*Barry Pain*	120
More Dolly Dialogues. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy	*Anthony Hope* 292, 403,	533
Morn. Illustrated by Ernest Vickers	*J. Beattie*	680
Morning Call, A	*H. J. Walker*	450
My Dreadful Secret. Illustrated by J. Ambrose Walton	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	629
My First Diplomatic Mission. Illustrated by A. Forestier	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	376
New Year's Carol, A	*Beatrice Offor*	264
North-West Mounted Policeman and Indian Criminal, A	*Arthur Heming*	334
Notable Corporation Plate. Illustrated from photographs	*George A. Wade*	349
Offor, Beatrice. "Under the Misletoe"		34
"A New Year's Carol"		264
"Winter-Roses"		282
Oppenheim, E. Phillips. "A Mad Christmas"		104
"My First Diplomatic Mission"		376
"An Unlucky Rehearsal"		418
"My Dreadful Secret"		629
"The Two Gamblers"		651
Over London Bridge	*W. Pett Ridge*	395
Pain, Barry. "City Chronicles"	120, 191, 330, 489, 572,	682
Patch-work Quilt, The	*St. Clair Simmons*	702
Plate, Notable Corporation. Illustrated from photographs	*George A. Wade*	349
Queen Victoria's Visits to Foreign Countries. Illustrated	*Marie A. Belloc*	523
Rackets and Squash-Rackets. Illustrated from photographs	*Eustace H. Miles*	443
Raid of the Bold Buccleuch, The. Illustrated by W. G. Simmonds	*Halliwell Sutcliffe*	129
"Reassuring"	*Gunning King*	753
Red Indian Handicrafters, Among the. Illustrated from photographs	*Edward Page Gaston*	335
Ridge, W. Pett. "Over London Bridge"		395
Sally in our Alley	*H. M. Bennett*	329
Ship-Logs. Illustrated by Henry Austin	*Sir Edwin Arnold*	109
Skating Championship, The World's Figure-. Illustrated from photographs	*George Wood*	27
"Skipped by the Light of the Moon"	*Louis Wain*	277
Ski-running in Norway. Illustrated from photographs	*A. Edmund Spender*	597
Smith, Mr. G. O., at Home. Illustrated from photographs	*M. Randal Roberts*	566
"Sold at Stevens's." Illustrated from photographs	*Wilfred Mark Webb, F.L.S.*	181
Son of Empire, A		179
Spechbacher, The Escapes of Joseph. Illustrated from photographs	*William Westall*	367
Squash-Rackets. Illustrated from photographs	*Eustace H. Miles*	443
Staff at Supper, The	*Beatrice M. Comfort*	636
Staggers. Illustrated by G. H. Jalland	*Richard Marsh*	611
Stanley, Sir Henry M. "Fields for Future Explorers"		201
Steevens, G. W. "England's Free Hand on the Nile"		283
Story of Empire, A. Illustrated from photographs	*James Milne*	461
Study, A	*Mrs. H. Railton*	694
Study of Cattle, A	*Rosa Bonheur*	724
Suspense	*W. G. Simmonds*	532
Sutcliffe, Halliwell. "The Raid of the Bold Buccleuch"		129
Sweet Girl Graduate, A	*Alice Hughes*	735

		PAGE
TEAL AND SHELDRAKE	*A. J. Wall*	498
THIAN SHAN, THROUGH THE. Illustrated from photographs	*Captain R. P. Cobbold*	756
THROAT OF THE WOLF, THE. Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.	*Fred M. White*	246
TOO INQUISITIVE	*Bertie Boese*	402
TRUANT SCHOOL, THE MIDLAND. Illustrated by A. J. Wall, and from photographs	*Rev. P. Dean*	719
TURNER, ETHEL. "A Vagabond Day"		265
TWO GAMBLERS, THE. Illustrated by Oscar Wilson	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	651
UNDER THE MISLETOE	*Beatrice Offor*	34
VAGABOND DAY, A. Illustrated by Francis Ewan	*Ethel Turner*	265
VOYAGERS, LONELY. Illustrated from photographs	*Frederick A. Talbot*	139
WADERS. Written and illustrated by	*Leonard Buttress*	659
WAITING THEIR TURN	*R. Lillie*	571
WAITS, THE	*J. Ayton Symington*	226
WALLER, MR. S. E., AND HIS ART. Illustrated	*George F. Maynard*	3
"WATERS STILLED AT EVEN"	*Percy Lankester*	664
WHIRLIGIG, THE. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen	*Mayne Lindsay*	75, 207, 303, 469, 546, 703
WHITE, FRED M. "The Throat of the Wolf"		246
WINDSOR, MILITARY KNIGHTS OF. Illustrated by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.	*F. Klickmann*	70
WINTER, IN	*A. Müller-Lingke*	366
WINTER-ROSES	*Beatrice Offor*	282
WITHIN AN ACE OF THE END OF THE WORLD. Illustrated by H. Lanos	*Robert Barr*	17
"WITH SLACKENED REIN"	*J. Vesin*	103
WOMAN'S AMBITION, A. Illustrated by Adolf Thiede	*E. F. Benson*	147
WORLD'S FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP, THE. Illustrated from photographs	*George Wood*	27
ZANGWILL, ISRAEL. "The Bearer of Burdens"		35
ZEPPELIN'S AIR-SHIP, COUNT. Illustrated from photographs	*Eugen Wolf*	237





The Lady of the Lake.

From the Picture by S. E. Waller.

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MR. S. E. WALLER AND HIS ART.

THE living painters whose pictures have made any strong or lasting appeal to the imagination and emotions of the great mass of the British public might be counted on the fingers, and before the first hand was exhausted would come the name of S. E. Waller. The proverbial "household word" is not more familiar to the ear than are some dozen or more of Mr. Waller's pictures to the eye. "The Empty Saddle," "The Ruling Passion," "The Day of Reckoning," "One and Twenty"—the very titles are identified with certain scenes of the old-world country life of England, peopled by Mr. Waller's facile brush with gallant youths, sweet maids, and noble horses; and for a single one who knows these pictures by their names there are scores who know their subjects by heart and have based on them their main idea of English country life in the days when the nineteenth century was younger or the eighteenth was growing old. Such widespread popularity is only attained, of course, by innumerable reproductions of an artist's work. The number of people who see an original canvas in the Academy or at any other exhibition, even the number of those who may see it in some permanent art gallery in London or any big provincial city, is infinitesimal in comparison with the legions who learn to admire a certain artist's work in the print-shops, through the medium of engraving, etching, or photogravure. And it has come to pass that Mr. Waller has long "held solely sovereign sway and masterdom" in the print-sellers' windows.

It is largely a case of supply and demand, of course, for the print-seller in town and country must comply with the unwritten laws of political economy, even though he traffic in Art with a big A; but since his first success, which came to him earlier than to many a famous artist, Mr. Waller has given the public some six new pictures a year, and that with scarcely a single fall beneath his own high level of technical excellence and genuinely romantic inspiration. Full speedily after their first exhibition at the Royal Academy, or some other gallery, these pictures have passed into the hands of one or other of the great art-publishing houses, and, minus



"'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY." BY S. E. WALLER.

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"THE EMPTY SADDLE." BY S. E. WALLER.

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their first glow of colour, it is true, yet still retaining their grace of form and truth of dramatic expression, they have each been multiplied a thousandfold, and yet again by thousands. Not long since the head of the famous firm of Dowdeswell answered an inquiry from the inevitable interviewer as to which of their publications sold in the largest numbers, with: "Those after Mr. Waller's pictures, most certainly. His 'Day of Reckoning' was published thirteen years ago, and not a week-day morning has passed since then but we have received applications for one or more copies of this picture. Yet we were strongly advised not to publish it. An eminent art-publisher said the public would never buy it, because it was too painful in theme, and not a single retail dealer took more than a single copy to start with!"

The evolution of Mr. Waller into the personality that he is to-day has several points of interest for those who like to unravel the influences of heredity and environment. In the first place he comes of artistic stock, for he is a son of Mr. Frederick Sandham Waller, the well-known architect, who has left the town of Gloucester and its neighbourhood distinctly better built than he found it, and now enjoys a hale old age in his home near Cheltenham. Another son succeeded to the father's practice as an architect, while Mr. S. E. Waller became an artist, who, to this day, refers to his parent as his very tower of strength in any architectural difficulty. But Mr. Waller laughingly laments that the artistic temperament appears to have been merged in scholarship in the case of his only son, who, after winning honours at Rugby and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, took a double first, declined an Indian Civil Service appointment, and is now one of the promising young men of the Home Office.

Samuel Edmund Waller, to give his full name, for once, to a man who is known chiefly by his initials, after the manner of football and cricket heroes, was born at Gloucester in 1850, and began to show powers of draughtsmanship at a very early age.



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"EVADING ARREST." BY S. E. WALLER.



"PARTED LIVES." BY S. E. WALLER.

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Whether he was a bit stiff in the legs in those days, as might have befitted so instinctive a lover of good horse-flesh, or not, it is certain, at any rate, that his mother still possesses ancient music-books of which the fly-leaves were heavily scored by a three-or-four-year-old artist who found he could work more conveniently on all fours than in any other attitude. When he was somewhat older the budding artist lived for several years at Whittington Court, a fine old Gloucestershire mansion; and there the romantic flavour of bygone things first took him by the throat, for Whittington Court has a great moat all round it. Before his boyish spirit had actually surrendered to the



"THE RULING PASSION." BY S. E. WALLER.

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influences of this "haunt of ancient peace" he was outflanked in any impulse of everyday modernity towards escape by being frequently taken to Burford, some seventeen miles from Whittington Court. Here he visited his grandfather, whose house adjoined the domain of Burford Priory. The boy succumbed completely, and the man still remembers how he



"THE DAY OF RECKONING." BY S. E. WALLER.

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"A RUNAWAY MATCH." BY S. E. WALLER.

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"ORDERED TO THE FRONT, 1815." BY S. E. WALLER.

thrilled over fairy-lore and tales of old romance, beneath the ruined walls of the house of Lenthal.

"But these influences might have made you a mediævalist," I interrupted, as we sat in Mr. Waller's pleasant studio discussing the subject. "What made you identify yourself so largely with the last days of powder and patches and the period of costume and manners that followed upon their exit?"

"The freshness of local tradition, I expect," Mr. Waller replied. "You see, such adventures as those I recorded in the WINDSOR, in my article on 'A Famous Gang of Highwaymen,' were still topics of conversational reminiscence throughout the Cotswold countryside, and, consciously or unconsciously, I came to re-people the scenes with the generation that had not long quitted them, yet was remote enough to satisfy my boyish romanticism. And, then, my feeling for comparatively latter-day sport would have been lost had I gone too far back for my subjects."



"THE BETROTHAL." BY S. E. WALLER.

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"Which of your pictures introduce these actual places?"

"Well, not very many give absolute replicas of buildings, though there are bits of them combined with other bits in almost all my subjects. However, Burford Priory figures bodily in 'Home,' and in 'The Empty Saddle'; also Burford, with a difference, in 'Outward Bound,' and much of it has crept into my more composite settings. For local colours gathered further afield in later years I may mention Kirby Hall, Notts, as the original of the house in 'The Day of Reckoning,' and Bramshill House, Herts, as the scene of 'The Challenge.' Goodrich Castle, in Herefordshire, is the original of the lovers'



"HOME FROM THE HONEYMOON." BY S. E. WALLER.

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trysting-place in 'The Betrothal,' and the old castle at Taunton, now used as a school, gave me the village inn for 'A Runaway Match.' Chip-Chase, in Northumberland, inspired the setting of 'Home from the Honeymoon,' and 'One and Twenty' intro-



"DAWN." BY S. E. WALLER.

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duces Wollaton, in Nottinghamshire. But my chief inspiration has always lain in the Cotswolds."

"And so Whittington and Burford decided your career for you?"

"Well, only indirectly, for I was still destined for Woolwich and the Army. My father feared the uncertainty of an artistic life; but eventually he yielded, and after a period of study at the Gloucester School of Art I came to London to the Royal Academy Schools. When I was twenty I had two pictures in the Academy, and I have been represented there every year, save two, ever since."

"Which was your first Academy picture?" I asked.

"Ah," replied Mr. Waller laughingly, "don't ask me to recall those crimes of my youth! Don't let your kindly curiosity unearth anything of mine earlier than 'The Way of the World,' which was hung in the Academy of 1876—long enough ago in all conscience!"

I admitted that it sounded a long time—incredibly long by comparison with the artist's buoyant air of youthful maturity. For Mr. Waller might pass for a man some fifteen years younger than the statements of this article prove him to be. I asked him



"RETURNING SUNSHINE." BY S. E. WALLER.

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"A BIT OF TEMPER." BY S. E. WALLER.

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now he managed it, but he seemed to have no definite recipe, so I got no nearer to the unknown elixir of youth. I have a strong suspicion, however, that Mr. Waller's secret lies in what Dr. Hans Richter once described as "entoosum." For our artist is nothing if not enthusiastic. It is invigorating merely to hear him talk of his work, and to realise how diverse are his interests is to resolve never to live in a "groove" oneself again. Sport and the hobbies of country life in general give his hours of leisure their colour. He is a bit of an antiquarian, too, in matters other than the romantic ones which fill his canvases; and he is the author of a successful novel, "Sebastiani's Secret," which showed him to have made more than a superficial study of hypnotism and the world of magic. He has also written short stories in sundry magazines, verses political and verses poetical, and not a few articles by way of supplement to black-and-white work of his own. This last branch of his art he has found a relief from colour-work on winter evenings. Readers of the WINDSOR will remember a couple of articles contributed to its pages by Mr. Waller, besides full-page drawings and illustrations to stories. At the age of twenty he made an extended tour of Iceland, and on



"ONE AND TWENTY." BY S. E. WALLER.

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his return published a volume entitled "Six Weeks in the Saddle in Iceland," with his own illustrations. Then he has done a certain amount of black-and-white work for the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic*, and quite recently has illustrated several volumes in Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.'s handsome re-issue of Whyte-Melville's famous novels of sporting life and old-world romance.



"THE CHALLENGE." BY S. E. WALLER.

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It is partly to these changes and diversities in the character of his work that Mr. Waller attributes the size of his total output. "When I lose grip of a subject," he says, "I discard it for the time being—or, at any rate, only go on with some point of detail in it. When sleep is broken by anxiety or over-work, I have one stereotyped nightmare, and that is that I am painting a large picture, and while I am putting my best work into one part of it, all the rest—previously completed, mind you—fades away from the canvas. Then when I turn to restore it, the part momentarily neglected vanishes in similar fashion!"

"And is the bulk of your work done here?" I asked, looking round the spacious chamber in Wychcomb Studios, one of those groups of artistic strongholds, with lofty lighting arrangements, that take one by surprise, here and there in modern London, with their air as of some collegiate or monastic quadrangle.

"No; there lies what is at once one of the drawbacks and one of the compensations of my work. Despite the number of pictures I have painted, I must still do half my subject straight from Nature. Without real horses, real humans, and even real trees I am done. Thus I get plenty of fresh air, for I do most of my horses from the life down at my father's home, near Cheltenham. But my bill for models is appalling, and often makes me wish I could 'do everything out of my head,' as a lady visitor to my studio one 'Show Sunday' informed me all really great painters do! The funny thing is, that though I do so much straight from the life, I am a regular duffer at actual portraiture. The only decent thing I ever



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"FLOWN." BY S. E. WALLER.

did in that line was a large painting of Sir Elliott Lees, M.P., and his wife, with the horse on which he twice won the House of Commons Steeplechase."

"And where are most of your original canvases to be seen at the present day? Many of your admirers must be fain in the mind's eye to re-endue your subjects, endeared to them in monotone, with their colouring as it fell from your brush. 'Success' is theirs, and 'Sweethearts and Wives,' for these have been given to their gaze in the Tate collection. But where are the others?"

"Ah, well," replied Mr. Waller genially, "one can't have everything, you know. One pays for one form of popularity by forfeiting another. The flattering desire of the public to possess my work in reproduction has meant that all the originals have passed out of my own control at the bidding of one or other of the great art-publishers—in some cases just before one of the big picture-buying institutions had made up its mind to add me to its gallery. For instance, in the very first year that the Chantrey Bequest came into practical being the Trustees paid me the compliment of wanting to secure 'Home'; but they were anticipated by a private purchaser, thanks to whom it is now included in the National Gallery of Melbourne. 'The Empty Saddle' was sold at Christy's on the breaking up of the collection of its first purchaser, and is now in the possession of Colonel Lloyd-Evans, who has also got other bits of my work at his place in Wales. One or two of my pictures are in American galleries, but most of my work is scattered up and down the country in private collections. Anyway, I'm thankful to say I don't possess sixpennyworth of it myself!"

"But don't you hate parting with a picture after it has grown under your hands into the fulness of its life?"

"My dear sir, I can't conceive a funeral at which I could be more glad to see the body carried out! You see, I am all agog with my next subject by that time, and feel it's going to be ever so much better than the last—that's the worst of being so keen on one's work!"



MR. S. E. WALLER.

From a portrait by Mr. Charles A. Buchel.

And the best of it, too, I reflected, as I made my way out through the quiet courtyard, where autumn waned to winter in a flaming glory of crimsoned Virginia creeper. Dr. Richter was right—there is nothing like "entoosum."

For permission to include a number of Mr. Waller's most popular pictures in this article we are indebted, in an especial degree, to the courtesy of Messrs. I. P. Mendoza, of the St. James's Gallery, who have allowed us to make a very representative selection from their reproductions of Mr. Waller's work. Our thanks are also due to Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswells, of New Bond Street, and Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons, of the Haymarket, who have kindly permitted us to draw upon their publications, and to Mr. Charles A. Buchel, the rising young portrait-painter, whose very characteristic "counterfeit presentment" of the artist is here reproduced in advance of its appearance at one of the exhibitions of the coming season.

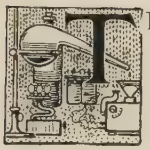
GEORGE F. MAYNARD.

WITHIN AN ACE OF THE END OF THE WORLD

being some account of the fearful disaster which overtook the inhabitants of this earth through scientific miscalculation in the year 1904

By ROBERT BARR

THE SCIENTIST'S SENSATION



THE beginning of the end was probably the address delivered by Sir William Crookes to the British Association at Bristol, on September 7th, 1898, although Herbert Bonsel, the young American experimenter, alleged afterward that his investigations were well on the way to their final success at the time Sir William spoke. All records being lost in the series of terrible conflagrations which took place in 1904, it is now impossible to give any accurate statement regarding Sir William Crookes' remarkable paper; but it is known that his assertions attracted much attention at the time, and were the cause of editorial comment in almost every newspaper and scientific journal in the world. The sixteen survivors out of the many millions who were alive at the beginning of 1904 were so much occupied in the preservation of their own lives, a task of almost insurmountable difficulty, that they have handed down to us, their descendants, an account of the six years beginning with 1898 which is, to say the least, extremely unsatisfactory to an exact writer. Man, in that year, seems to have been a bread-eating animal, consuming, per head, something like six bushels of wheat each year. Sir William appears to have pointed out to his associates that the limit of the earth's production of wheat had been reached, and he predicted universal starvation, did not science step in to the aid of a famine-stricken world. Science, however, was prepared. What was needed to increase the wheat production of the world to something like double its then amount was nitrate of soda; but nitrate of soda did not exist in the quantity required—*viz.*, some 12,000,000 tons annually. However, a supposedly unlimited supply of nitrogen existed in the atmosphere surrounding the earth, and from this storehouse science proposed to draw, so that the multitude might be fed. Nitrogen in its free state in the air was useless as applied to wheat-growing, but it could be brought into solid masses for practical purposes by means of electricity generated by the waterfalls which are so abundant in many mountainous lands. The cost of nitrates made from the air by water-power approached £5 a ton, as compared with £26 a ton when steam was used. Visionary people had often been accused of living in castles in the air, but now it was calmly proposed to feed future populations from granaries in the air. Naturally, as has been said, the project created much comment, although it can hardly be asserted that it was taken seriously.

It is impossible at this time, because of the absence of exact data, to pass judgment on the conflicting claims of Sir William Crookes and Mr. Herbert Bonsel; but it is perhaps not too much to say that the actual beginning of disaster was the dinner given by the Marquis of Surrey to a number of wealthy men belonging to the city of London, at which Mr. Bonsel was the guest of the evening.

THE DINNER AT THE HOTEL CECIL



EARLY in April, 1899, a young man named Herbert Bonsel sailed for England from New York. He is said to have been a native of Coldwater, Michigan, and to have spent some sort of apprenticeship in the workshops of Edison, at Orange, New Jersey. It seems he did not prosper there to his satisfaction, and, after trying to interest people in New York in the furthering of his experiments,

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he left the metropolis in disgust and returned to Coldwater, where he worked for some time in a carriage-building establishment. Bonsel's expertness with all kinds of machinery drew forth the commendation of his chief, and resulted in a friendship springing up between the elder and the younger man which ultimately led to the latter's divulging at least part of his secret to the former. The obstacle in the way of success was chiefly scarcity of money, for the experiments were costly in their nature. Bonsel's chief, whose name is not known, seems to have got together a small syndicate, which advanced a certain amount of capital, in order to allow the young man to try his fortune once more in New York, and, failing there, to come on to London. Again his efforts to enlist capital in New York were fruitless, the impending war with France at that period absorbing public attention to the exclusion of everything else. Therefore, in April, he sailed for England.



"Granaries in the air."

Bonsel's evil star being in the ascendant, he made the acquaintance of the wealthy Marquis of Surrey, who became much interested in the young man and his experiments. The Marquis bought out the Coldwater syndicate, returning the members tenfold what they had invested, and took Bonsel to his estate in the country, where, with ample means now at his disposal, the youthful scientist pushed his investigations to success with marvellous rapidity. Nothing is known of him until December of that year, when the Marquis of Surrey gave a dinner in his honour at the Hotel Cecil, to which were invited twenty of the richest men in England. This festival became known as "The Millionaires' Dinner"; and although there was some curiosity excited regarding its purport, and several paragraphs appeared in the papers alluding to it, no surmise concerning it came anywhere near the truth. The Marquis of Surrey presided, with Bonsel at his right and the Lord Mayor of London at his left. Even the magnates who sat at that table, accustomed as they were to the noted dinners in the City, agreed unanimously that they had never partaken of a better meal, when, to their amazement, the chairman asked them, at the close of the feast, how they had relished it.

A STRIKING AFTER-DINNER SPEECH



THE Marquis of Surrey, before introducing the guest of the evening, said that, as they were all doubtless aware, this was not a social but a commercial dinner. It was the intention, before the company separated, to

invite subscriptions to a corporation which would have a larger capitalisation than any limited liability concern that had ever before been floated. The young American at his right would explain the discoveries he had made and the inventions he had patented, which this newly formed corporation would exploit. Thus introduced, Herbert Bonsel rose to his feet and said—

"Gentlemen,—I was pleased to hear you admit that you liked the dinner which was spread before us to-night. I confess that I never tasted a better meal, but most of my life I have been poor, and therefore I am not so capable of passing an opinion on a banquet as any other here, having always been accustomed to plain fare. I have, therefore, to announce to you that all the viands you have tasted and all the liquors you have consumed were prepared by me in my laboratory. You have been dining simply on various forms of nitrogen, or on articles of which nitrogen is a constituent. The free nitrogen of the air has been changed to fixed nitrogen by means of electricity, and the other components of the food placed on the board have been extracted from various soils by the same means. The champagne and the burgundy are the product of the laboratory, and not of the wine-press, the soil used in their composition having been exported from the vine-bearing regions of France only just before the war which ended so disastrously for that country. More than a year ago Sir William Crookes announced what the nitrogen free in the air might do for the people of this world. At the time I read his remarks I was engaged in the experiments that have now been completed. I trembled, fearing I was about to be forestalled ; but up to this moment, so far as I know, there has been made no effort to put his theories into practical use. Sir William seemed to think it would be sufficient to use the nitrates extracted from the atmosphere for the purpose of fertilising the ground. But this always appeared to me a most roundabout method. Why should we wait on slow-footed Nature ? If science is capable of wringing one constituent of our food from the air, why should it shrink from extracting the others from earth or water ? In other words, why leave a job half finished ? I knew of no reason ; and, luckily, I succeeded in convincing our noble host that all food products may be speedily compounded in the laboratory, without waiting the progress of the tardy seasons. It is proposed, therefore, that a company be formed with a capital so large that it can control practically all the water-power available in the world. We will extract from earth, air, and water whatever we need, compound the products in our factories, and thus feed the whole world. The moment our plant is at work, the occupations of agriculturist, horticulturist, and stock-breeder are gone. There is little need to dwell on the profit that must accrue to such a company as the one now projected. All commercial enterprises that have hitherto existed, or even any combination of them, cannot be compared for wealth-producing to the scheme we have now in hand. There is no man so poor but he must be our customer if he is to live, and none so rich that he can do without us."

THE GREAT FOOD CORPORATION (Limited)



AFTER numerous questions and answers the dinner party broke up, pledged to secrecy, and next day a special train took the twenty down to the Marquis of Surrey's country place, where they saw in operation the apparatus that transformed simple elements into palatable food. At the mansion of the Marquis was formed The Great Food Corporation (Limited), which was to have such an amazing effect upon the peoples of this earth. Although the company proved one of the most lucrative investments ever undertaken in England, still it did not succeed in maintaining the monopoly it had at first attempted. In many countries the patents did not hold, some governments refusing to sanction a monopoly on which life itself depended, others deciding that, although there were certain ingenious novelties in Bonsel's processes, still the general principles had been well known for years, and so the final patents were refused. Nevertheless, these decisions did not interfere as much as might have been expected with the prosperity of The Great Food Producing Corporation (Limited). It had been first in the field, and its tremendous capitalisation enabled it to crush opposition somewhat ruthlessly, aided by the advantage of having secured most of the available water-power of the world. For a time there was reckless speculation in food-manufacturing companies, and much money was lost in consequence. Agriculture was indeed killed, as Bonsel had predicted, but the farmers of Western America, in spite of the decline of soil-tilling, continued to furnish



A TRAIN ON FIRE.

much of the world's food. They erected windmills with which electricity was generated, and, drawing on the soil and the air, they manufactured nourishment almost as cheaply as the great water-power corporation itself. This went on in every part of the world where the Bonsel patents were held invalid. In a year or two everyone became accustomed to the chemically compounded food, and even though a few old fogies kept proclaiming that they would never forsake the ancient wheaten loaf for its modern equivalent, yet nobody paid any attention to these conservatives; and presently even they could not get the wheaten loaf of bygone days, as grain was no longer grown except as a curiosity in some botanist's garden.

REMARKABLE SCENE IN THE GUILDHALL

THE first three years of the twentieth century were notable for the great increase of business confidence all over the world. A reign of universal prosperity seemed to have set in. Political questions appeared easier of solution. The anxieties that hitherto had oppressed the public mind, such as the ever-present poverty problem, provision for the old age of the labourers, and so forth, lifted like a rising cloud and disappeared. There were still the usual number of poor people; but, somehow, lack of wealth had lost its terror. It was true that the death-rate increased enormously; but nobody seemed to mind that. The episode at the Guildhall dinner in 1903 should have been sufficient to awaken the people, had an awakening been possible in the circumstances; but that amazing lesson, like others equally ominous, passed unheeded. When the Prime Minister who had succeeded Lord Salisbury was called upon to speak, he said—

"My Lord Mayor, Your Royal Highnesses, Your Excellencies, Your Graces, My Lords, and Gentlemen: It has been the custom of Prime Ministers from time immemorial to give at this annual banquet some indication of the trend of mind of the Government. I propose, with your kind permission, to deviate in slight measure from that ancient custom (cheers). I think that hitherto we have all taken the functions of Government rather more seriously than their merits demand, and a festive occasion like this should not be marred by the introduction of debatable subjects (renewed cheering). If, therefore, the band will be good enough to strike up that excellent tune, 'There will be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night,' I shall have the pleasure of exhibiting to you a quick-step I have invented to the rhythm of that lively composition (enthusiastic acclaim)."

The Prime Minister, with the aid of some of the waiters, cleared away the dishes in front of him, stepped from the floor to his chair, and from the chair to the table, where, accompanied by the energetic playing of the band, he indulged in a break-down that would have done credit to any music-hall stage. All the applauding diners rose to their feet in the wildest excitement. His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Alluria placed his hands on the shoulders of the Lord Mayor, the German Ambassador placed his hands on the shoulders of the Crown Prince, and so on down the table, until the distinguished

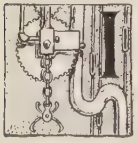


"The landing-stage was packed with lifeless human beings, whole masses still standing up, so tightly were they wedged."

guests formed a connected ring around the board on which the Prime Minister was dancing. Then all, imitating the quick-step, and keeping time with the music, began circling round the table, one after the other, shouting and hurrahing at the top of their voices. There were loud calls for the American Ambassador, a celebrated man, universally popular; and the Prime Minister, reaching out a hand, helped him up on the table. Amidst vociferous cheering, he said that he took the selection of the tune as a special compliment to his countrymen, the American troops having recently entered Paris to its melodious strains. His Excellency hoped that this hilarious evening would cement still further the union of the English-speaking races, which fact it really did, though not in the manner the honourable gentleman anticipated at the time of speaking. The company, headed by the band and the Prime Minister, then made their way to the street, marched up Cheapside, past St. Paul's, and along Fleet Street and the Strand, until they came to Westminster. Everyone along the route joined the processional dance, and upward of 50,000 persons were assembled in the square next to the Abbey and in the adjoining streets. The Prime Minister, waving his hand towards the Houses of Parliament, cried, "Three cheers for the good old House of Commons!" These being given with a tiger appended, a working-man roared, "Three cheers for 'is Lordship and the old duffers what sits with him in the 'Ouse of Lords." This was also honoured in a way that made the echoes reach the Mansion House.

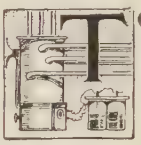
The *Times* next morning, in a jocular leading article, congratulated the people of England on the fact that at last politics were viewed in the correct light. There had been, as the Prime Minister truly said, too much solidity in the discussion of public affairs; but, linked with song and dance, it was now possible for the ordinary man in the street to take some interest in them, etc., etc. Foreign comment, as cabled from various countries, was entirely sympathetic to the view taken of the occurrence by all the English newspapers, which was that we had entered a new era of jollity and good will.

A WARNING FROM OXFORD



I HAVE now to speak of my great-grandfather, John Rule, who, at the beginning of the twentieth century, was a science student at Balliol College, Oxford, aged twenty-four. It is from the notes written by him and the newspaper clippings which he preserved that I am enabled to compile this imperfect account of the disaster of 1904 and the events leading to it. I append, without alteration or comment, his letter to the *Times*, which appeared the day after that paper's flippant references to the conduct of the Prime Minister and his colleagues—

"THE GUILDHALL INCIDENT.



"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'TIMES':

"Sir,—The levity of the Prime Minister's recent conduct; the levity of your own leading article thereon; the levity of foreign reference to the deplorable episode, indicate but too clearly the crisis which mankind is called upon to face, and to face, alas! under conditions which make the averting of the greatest calamity well-nigh impossible. To put it plainly, every man, woman, and child on this earth, with the exception of eight persons in the United States and eight in England, are drunk—not with wine, but with oxygen. The numerous factories all over the world which are working night and day, making fixed nitrates from the air, are rapidly depleting the atmosphere of its nitrogen. When this disastrous manufacture was begun, 100 parts of air, roughly speaking, contained 76·9 parts of nitrogen and 23·1 parts of oxygen. At the beginning of this year, the atmosphere round Oxford was composed of nitrogen 53·218, oxygen 46·782. And here we have the explanation of the largely increased death-rate. Man is simply burning up. To-day the normal proportions of the two gases in the air are nearly reversed, standing—nitrogen, 27·319, oxygen 72·681, a state of things simply appalling: due in a great measure to the insane folly of Russia, Germany, and France competing with each other in raising mountain ranges of food products as a reserve in case of war, just as the same fear of a conflict brought their armies to such enormous proportions a few years ago. The nitrogen factories must be destroyed instantly, if the people of this earth are to remain alive. If this is done, the atmosphere will gradually become nitrogenised once more. I invite the editor of the *Times* to come to Oxford and live for a few days with us in our iron building, erected on Port Meadow, where a machine supplies us with nitrogen and keeps the atmosphere within the hut similar to that which once surrounded the

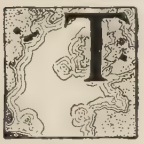
earth. If he will direct the policy of the *Times* from this spot, he may bring an insane people to their senses. Oxford yesterday bestowed a degree of D.C.L. on a man who walked the whole length of the High on his hands ; so it will be seen that it is time something was done. I am, sir, yours, etc.,

"JOHN RULE.

"Balliol College, Oxford."

The *Times* in an editorial note said that the world had always been well provided with alarmists, and that their correspondent, Mr. Rule, was a good example of the class. That newspaper, it added, had been for some time edited in Printing House Square, and it would be continued to be conducted in that quarter of London, despite the attractions of the sheet-iron house near Oxford.

THE TWO NITROGEN COLONIES



HE coterie in the iron house consisted of the Rev. Mr. Hepburn, who was a clergyman and tutor ; two divinity students, two science students, and three other undergraduates, all of whom had withdrawn from their colleges, awaiting with anxiety the catastrophe they were powerless to avert. Some years before, when the proposal to admit women to the Oxford colleges was defeated, the Rev. Mr. Hepburn and John Rule visited the United States to study the working of co-education in that country. There Mr. Rule became acquainted with Miss Sadie Armour, of Vassar College, on the Hudson, and the acquaintance speedily ripened into friendship, with a promise of the closer relationship that was yet to come. John and Sadie kept up a regular correspondence after his return to Oxford, and naturally he wrote to her regarding his fears for the future of mankind, should the diminution of the nitrogen in the air continue. He told her of the precautions he and his seven comrades had taken, and implored her to inaugurate a similar colony near Vassar. For a long time the English Nitrogenists, as they were called, hoped to be able to awaken the world to the danger that threatened ; and by the time they recognised that their efforts were futile, it was too late to attempt the journey to America which had long been in John Rule's mind. Parties of students were in the habit of coming to the iron house and jeering at the inmates. Apprehending violence one day, the Rev. Mr. Hepburn went outside to expostulate with them. He began seriously, then paused, a comical smile lighting up his usually sedate face, and finally broke out into roars of laughter, inviting those he had left to come out and enjoy themselves. A moment later he began to turn somersaults round the iron house, all the students outside hilariously following his example, and screaming that he was a jolly good fellow. John Rule and one of the most stalwart of the divinity students rushed outside, captured the clergyman, and dragged him into the house by main force, the whirling students being too much occupied with their evolutions to notice the abduction. One of the students proposed that the party should return to Carfax by hand-springs, and thus they all set off, progressing like jumping-jacks across the meadow, the last human beings other than themselves that those within the iron house were to see for many a day. Rule and his companions had followed the example set by Continental countries, and had, while there was yet time, accumulated a small mountain of food products inside and outside of their dwelling. The last letter Rule received from America informed him that the girls of Vassar had done likewise.

THE GREAT CATASTROPHE



HE first intimation that the Nitrogenists had of impending doom was from the passage of a Great Western train running northward from Oxford. As they watched it, the engine suddenly burst into a brilliant flame, which was followed shortly by an explosion, and a moment later the wrecked train lay along the line blazing fiercely. As evening drew on they saw that Oxford was on fire, even the stonework of the college seeming to burn as if it had been blocks of wax. Communication with the outside world ceased, and an ominous silence held the earth. They did not know then that London, New York, Paris, and many other cities had been consumed by fire ; but they surmised as much. Curiously enough, the carbon dioxide evolved by these numerous and widespread conflagrations made the outside air more breathable, notwithstanding the poisonous nature of this mitigant of oxygenic energy. For days they watched for any sign of human life outside their own dwelling, but no one approached. As a matter of fact, all the inhabitants of the world were dead except themselves and the little colony in America, although it was

long after that those left alive became aware of the full extent of the calamity that had befallen their fellows. Day by day they tested the outside air, and were overjoyed to note that it was gradually resuming its former quality. This process, however, was so slow that the young men became impatient, and endeavoured to make their house movable, so that they might journey with it, like a snail, to Liverpool, for the one desire of each was to reach America and learn the fate of the Vassar girls. The moving of the house proved impracticable, and thus they were compelled to remain where they were until it became safe to venture into the outside air, which they did some time before it reached its normal condition.

It seems to have been fortunate that they did so, for the difficulties they had to face might have proved insurmountable had they not been exhilarated by the excess of oxygen in the atmosphere. The diary which John Rule wrote showed that within the iron house his state of depression was extreme when he remembered that all communication between the countries was cut off, and that the girl to whom he was betrothed was separated from him by 3,000 miles of ocean, whitened by no sail. After the eight set out, the whole tone of his notes changed, an optimism scarcely justified by the circumstances taking the place of his former dismay. It is not my purpose here to dwell on the appalling nature of the foot journey to Liverpool over a corpse-strewn land. They found, as they feared, that Liverpool also had been destroyed by fire, only a fringe of the river front escaping the general conflagration. So enthusiastic were the young men, according to my great-grandfather's notes, that on the journey to the seaport they had resolved to walk to America by way of Behring Straits, crossing the English Channel in a row-boat, should they find that the shipping at Liverpool was destroyed. This seems to indicate a state of oxygen intoxication hardly less intense than that which had caused the Prime Minister to dance on the table.

A VOYAGE TO RUINED NEW YORK



THEY found the immense steamship *Teutonic* moored at the landing-stage, not apparently having had time to go to her dock when the universal catastrophe culminated. It is probable that the city was on fire when the steamer came in, and perhaps an attempt was made to board her, the ignorant people thinking to escape the fate that they felt overtaking them by putting out to sea. The landing-stage was packed with lifeless human beings, whole masses still standing up, so tightly were they wedged. Some stood transfixed, with upright arms above their heads, and death seemed to have come to many in a form like suffocation. The eight at first resolved to take the *Teutonic* across the Atlantic, but her coal bunkers proved nearly empty, and they had no way of filling them. Not one of them knew anything of navigation beyond theoretical knowledge, and Rule alone was acquainted with the rudiments of steam-engineering. They selected a small steam yacht, and loaded her with the coal that was left in the *Teutonic's* bunkers. Thus they started for the West, the Rev. Mr. Hepburn acting as captain and John Rule as engineer. It was fourteen days before they sighted the coast of Maine, having kept much too far north. They went ashore at the ruins of Portland ; but embarked again, resolved to trust rather to their yacht than undertake a long land journey through an unknown and desolated country. They skirted the silent shores of America until they came to New York, and steamed down the bay. My great-grandfather describes the scene as sombre in the extreme. The Statue of Liberty seemed to be all of the handiwork of man that remained intact. Brooklyn Bridge was not entirely consumed, and the collapsed remains hung from two pillars of fused stone, the ragged ends of the structure which once formed the roadway dragging in the water. The city itself presented a remarkable appearance. It was one conglomerate mass of grey-toned, semi-opaque glass, giving some indication of the intense heat that had been evolved in its destruction. The outlines of its principal thoroughfares were still faintly indicated, although the melting buildings had flowed into the streets like lava, partly obliterating them. Here and there a dome of glass showed where an abnormally high structure once stood, and thus the contour of the city bore a weird resemblance to its former self—about such as the grim outlines of a corpse over which a sheet has been thrown bear to a living man. All along the shore lay the gaunt skeletons of half-fused steamships. The young men passed this dismal calcined graveyard in deep silence, keeping straight up the broad Hudson. No sign of life greeted them until they neared Poughkeepsie, when they saw,



"Brooklyn Bridge was not entirely consumed, and the collapsed remains hung from two pillars of fused stone."

flying above a house situated on the top of a hill, that brilliant fluttering flag, the Stars and Stripes. Somehow its very motion in the wind gave promise that the vital spark had not been altogether extinguished in America. The great sadness which had oppressed the voyagers was lifted, and they burst forth into cheer after cheer. One of the young men rushed into the chart-room, and brought out the Union Jack, which was quickly hauled up to the mast-head, and the reverend captain pulled the cord that, for the first time during the voyage, let loose the roar of the steam whistle, rousing the echoes of the hills on either side of the noble stream. Instantly, on the verandah of the flag-covered house, was seen the glimmer of a white summer dress, then of another and another and another, until eight were counted.

AND FINALLY

THE events that followed belong rather to the region of romance than to a staid, sober narrative of fact like the present; indeed, the theme has been a favourite one with poets and novelists, whose pens would have been more able than mine to do justice to this international idyll. America and England were indeed joined, as the American Ambassador had predicted at the Guildhall, though at the time his words were spoken he had little idea of the nature and complete accord of that union. While it cannot be denied that the unprecedented disaster which obliterated human life in 1904 seemed to be a calamity, yet it is possible to trace the design of a beneficent Providence in this wholesale destruction. The race which now inhabits the earth is one that includes no savages and no war lords. Armies are unknown and unthought of. There is no battleship on the face of the waters. It is doubtful if universal peace could have been brought to the world short of the annihilation of the jealous, cantankerous, quarrelsome peoples who inhabited it previous to 1904. Humanity was destroyed once by flood, and again by fire; but whether the race, as it enlarges, will deteriorate after its second extinguishment, as it appears to have done after its first, must remain for the future to determine.





Photo by Reisch,] [*Davos Platz.*

SPEED-SKATING JUST BEFORE A CURVE.

THE WORLD'S FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP.

By George Wood,*

Holder of the First Class National Skating Badge, and Winner of the Davos Bowl and the Brighton Continental Style Cup.

On the Continent there are not such delicate distinctions between amateur and professional athletes as there are in England. As regards figure-skating the question of status does not arise in Great Britain, since there is no championship, either professional or amateur, in this particular branch of sport. In other European countries a man is rated as professional if he teaches for money, and makes, or partly makes, his living thereby. Such men are not eligible for the World's Figure-Skating Championship, which may, therefore, be said to be confined to amateurs.

It often happens that a skater is unable himself to bear all the heavy expenses incident on performing in the Championship competitions, in which case the skating club of which he is a member usually provides for his travelling and bare living expenses. The larger foreign clubs, such as those at Stockholm, Vienna, Berlin, and Munich, keep a professional skater, who picks out from the members of the club the one who is most likely to do the club credit in the Championship. This member is then properly trained and coached by the club professional at the club's expense, either locally or at the place appointed for the meeting.

The arrangement of the big skating meetings is entirely in the hands of the International Skating Union. The Union is administered by a representative committee, elected at a biennial congress of all the members, and controls the Championships of the World and of Europe in speed and figure-skating. The following countries are members of the Union: Austria, Canada, Denmark, Finland, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Hungary, Norway, Russia, Sweden, and Switzerland.

The committee fixes the dates and the places at which the Championship competitions are to be held. Up to 1895 the only championship was that of Europe, but this

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was thrown open in 1896 and called the World's Championship. In 1898 the old title of Europe was revived.

As far as possible the place at which the contest is held is so selected that each country in rotation may have the honour of entertaining the champion skaters; but it often happens that, owing to lack of ice or to bad weather at the place originally selected, the meeting has to be transferred elsewhere. In this way Davos Platz, in Switzerland, became the scene of both the World's and European Championship contests last year, though the former was originally fixed to take place at Vienna.



Photo by Reisch.] [*Davos Platz.*

GUSTAV HÜGEL, OF VIENNA, IN THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP COMPETITION AT DAVOS.

When the International Skating Union has decided the scene of the competition, it remains for the executive of the skating club at the place selected to make all arrangements. To them are sent lists of judges, from which they select five at least, more if they are available. It is customary for those skating clubs which are sending representatives also to send in names of judges, and these judges so suggested are usually selected by the local committee. The Union appoints the referee, and also provides the championship medals and prizes, while the local club adds on its own account an *Ehrenpries*—merit prize.

The actual competition is divided into two sections. In the first part certain obligatory figures are performed; in the second part — the free-skating — the competitors choose their own figures. The Union has composed and published a set of seventeen figures, which are accepted as the standard throughout the Continent. From these the obligatory figures (*Pflichtlaufen*) for the championship are selected; they are usually five or six in number and of increasing difficulty.

Continental skaters use to a large extent strokes which are much neglected in England —for example, the stroke from the back inside edge of one foot on to the back inside of the other. In England, if a skater were performing "Threes to a centre," he would start on the outside forward edge of the right foot, make the turn, and arrive at the centre on the inside back edge. He would then strike off again on to the outside forward edge of the left foot, and would execute the same figure on that foot, and so on, making the figure on each foot alternately, but always commencing with the same edge, on whichever foot he was skating. On the Continent the first part of the figure would be skated in the same way, but on arriving at the centre on the inside back edge of the right foot the Continental skater would strike off on to the inside back edge

of the left foot, and making a back three would arrive at the centre again on the outside forward edge of the left foot.

As another example we take one of the authorised set; it is forward outside edge, serpentine, inside forward bracket, on the right foot, and corresponding to this on the left foot, outside back, serpentine, inside back bracket. Each figure is skated three times starting with the right foot, and again three times starting with the left. The figures seem easy enough in themselves, but in reality they are very difficult to skate accurately. The changes of edge and the new strokes must all be placed approximately at the same spot on each of the three occasions that the figure is skated; the turns or loops must, again, be made at about the same place each time, and must, moreover, be placed symmetrically as regards the rest of the figure. The two halves, that made on the right foot and that on the left, must be of the same size and of the same curvatures, and throughout the figure must be square with regard to two imaginary rectangular axes drawn through its centre.



Photo by Reisch,] [*Davos Platz.*

A BERLIN SKATER.



SPEED-SKATING DOWN THE STRAIGHT AT DAVOS.

Throughout the Continent there is comparatively little of what is called in England "continuous skating." Instead of completing the figure by using each foot alternately, as we have already seen, the foreign skaters do in some cases perform the whole figure on the one foot; but, instead of continuing the figure on the same foot and re-skating it on that foot, they then change to the other foot and on that skate the whole corresponding figure. So there is only one continuous stroke introduced in each figure. For example, in a certain figure the skater starts on

the outside back edge, makes a back loop, and returns to the centre on the same outside back; he then makes a serpentine to the inside back edge, by means of a continuous stroke, and makes an inside back loop, returning on the same inside back edge to the centre. He then strikes off on to the inside back edge of the other foot and into a loop change, loop skates the same figure again over the track made by the first foot. In England another change would be made on arriving at the centre after the completion of the first eight, and the whole figure would be repeated *ad infinitum* on the same foot. This arrangement of figures probably greatly assists in keeping the skater's movements graceful. Since the figures are not, strictly speaking, continuous, there is little fear of lack of pace to complete them. As the result, the kick and ugly effort noticeable in English continuous skating are unnecessary, and are replaced by a graceful swing, which is quite sufficient to ensure pace throughout the figure.

There is another factor of difficulty in the skating of these figures, due to there being several different schools of Continental skating. Each school lays down its own rules for correct position of legs, arms, hands, and head, for every separate turn or change. Consequently a competitor, if he wishes to satisfy those judges in favour of some style other than his own, will have to accommodate his skating in some degree to their ideas, and must subdue or moderate peculiarities of his own school.



GUSTAV HÜGEL,
WORLD'S CHAMPION.



Photos by Reisch, [*Davos Platz.*

A SCUD BY VIENNESE SKATERS.

The second part of the Championship competition consists of the free-skating—*Kürlaufen*. Each skater has five minutes, during which time he performs his most favourite and most difficult feats. It is this free-skating that generally decides who takes the title, "World's Champion." Such is the accuracy and perfection of the skating in the obligatory figures that in this part of the competition there will generally be but very few marks difference between the first two or three skaters.



Photo by Reisch,] [*Davos Platz.*

A VIENNESE QUARTETTE.

In the free-skating the performers have the opportunity of showing not only their skill, but also their individuality. The selection of figures will depend largely on the particular school of skating to which the man belongs. His school and training will influence the kind of figures which he selects, his own originality will be evident in the combinations and arrangements of the particular class of figures. German and Austrian skaters generally perform "dance-steps," "toe-spins," large "spirals," and "pirouettes," executed to the accompaniment of music. Very beautiful are these dance-steps, done in perfect time to the music, and executed with great spirit and dash; but there seems in such performances some lack of originality. Swedish and Hungarian skaters exhibit more difficult but less showy figures, spending the greater part of their five



SPEED-SKATING: COMING OUT OF A CURVE.

minutes in executing continuous "loops," "cross-cuts," and "pigs' ears." There is considerable art in choosing a programme which can be comfortably completed in the five minutes, and one that will appeal to all the judges, whatever school of skating they may favour.

Something depends, too, on a really showy exit at the expiration of the time. Most of the Continental skaters adopt for this purpose a huge "spread eagle," skated on outside edges, body upright, legs quite straight, and arms folded over the chest; this done at high speed is most effective. Most skaters have one or two set pieces, so

mark. In the World's Championship the referee is appointed by the I.S.U.; the association holding the competition nominates at least five judges. The judges mark independently of one another, each on a marking-card of an authorised character."

"Of the figures selected in the obligatory part the following elements, serpentine-line, three, two turns, loop, rocker, counter, bracket, must be included in one at least of the figures selected. Apart from this the choice of compulsory figures is left to the fancy of the association holding the competition."

"Every compulsory figure must be begun



Photo by Reisch,] [*Davos Platz.*

VIENNESE SKATERS HAND-IN-HAND.

to speak, which they keep for the Championship meeting. These figures are handed down to future performers as examples of what can be done, and serve to encourage them to invent even finer arrangements of turns and curves for themselves. Such picture figures are generally known by the name of the inventor, such as "Englemann's Star," "Hügel's Spin," "Catani's Swedish Cross-cut Star," and "Zachariades' Maiglöchenstern—The Blue-bell Star."

The following are some extracts from the rules of the International Skating Union, adopted in the skating of the Championships.

"The referee is chairman of the jury, and directs its business, but does not himself

from rest—that is, with a single stroke of the unemployed foot. The change from one foot to the other must be made without pause."

"In assigning marks there ranks in the first place correct tracing on the ice; in the second, carriage and movement; in the third, size of the figure; in the fourth, accurate placing."

"As rules of correct carriage: Upright carriage of the body, not bent at the hips, but without being stiff. Strong bending of knee or body to be only momentary. Head upright. Unemployed leg to be held only a little way from the ice, toe turned downwards and outwards. Arms to hang down easily. Hands, when possible, never above

the waist; fingers neither spread nor clenched. Generally, everything violent, angular, or stiff to be avoided in any movement; no effort to be strongly expressed."

"The free-skating is marked: (1) for the contents of the programme performed (that is, with respect to its difficulty and variety); (2) for the manner of performance (carriage, movement, rhythm, composition, accuracy, etc.)."

Each figure of the I.S.U. set has its own multiplying factor, depending on its difficulty.

"On each marking-card, in every compulsory figure, the mark given is multiplied by the factor which belongs to the figure in question in proportion to its difficulty, and which is to be taken from the diagrams of compulsory figures. The total sum of these products on each marking-card for each skater individually gives the number of points for compulsory figures which he has earned from the individual judge."

The marks for the free figures are also multiplied by their factor. The factor is so arranged that the highest possible points for free figures amount to about half of the highest possible for compulsory figures.

All these marks added give the skater his total from the individual judge.

"Each judge has to arrange the skaters in order, according to the total number of points on his marking-card, so that the skater with the highest number of points receives the number 1, the next 2, and so on. If two or more skaters are equal in the total points on the marking-card, the highest number of points for compulsory figures decides between them."

"The final result is obtained by adding place numbers assigned by the individual judges. If two or more competitors are alike in the sum of these place numbers, then the sum of the total number of points on the individual cards decides between them; if this leads to no decision, then the sum of the points for compulsory figures settles the Championship."

In addition to the real business of the day at a Championship meeting, there are, as a rule, some other competitions, notably that for hand-in-hand skating. Two skaters, generally a man and a woman, enter together for this event. Each pair is allowed five minutes for the exhibition of the chosen figures, and everything is skated to the accompaniment of music. The competitors valse and do many pretty hand-in-hand scuds, introducing grape vines, turns, and changes of edge.

This year the World's Championship will again be held in London, when English people may have the opportunity of seeing foreign skaters whose names have become household words on the Continent. Since the last Championship meeting held in London, Mr. Grenander, who won, has retired; Herr Fuchs, of Munich, has had little opportunity of practice, and the event has become virtually a contest between two men only — Herr Gustav Hügel, of Vienna, and Herr Ulrich Salchow, of Stockholm. These two stand together far superior to any other figure-skaters, and there is little to choose between them. Hügel has won the World's Championship in 1898, 1899, 1900; Salchow the European Championship in 1899, 1900; in the two latter years both men competed in both events, the difference in marks between them on either occasion being inappreciable. These two exemplify very well the two chief Continental schools of skating — the Swedish and the Viennese, though by meeting so repeatedly each has assimilated something of the other's style. Hügel is remarkable for his grace and dash — his "spin" is world-renowned. Salchow is the more accurate, but is slightly less graceful, and shows, perhaps, less dash except in one figure—a "jump," during which he turns completely round in the air twice; but the Viennese school do not admit of "jumps" as skating, describing them rather as acrobatic feats. The Viennese judge of the performance by the general effect. Nothing, they say, can be good in which there is any ungraceful motion or any appearance of effort. The Swedes, on the other hand, judge by the marks left on the ice. If the turns are absolutely true, and the placing of loops, etc., accurate, it is no matter what the skater has looked like during the performance. This sounds as though the skater might contort himself to any extent; but Salchow is by nature gracefully built, and the appearance of effort is as little noticeable with him as it is with Hügel. But he allows himself more freedom of motion—he is less academic than his rival. There is talk of a new Viennese skater and of a new Swede, on whom it is expected that the mantles—or medals, rather —of Hügel and Salchow will descend; but Continental skating has at last roused the interest of our own experts, and it may be hoped that these youthful foreigners may in course of time find worthy rivals in Englishmen.



Under the Mistletoe.

From the Picture by Beatrice Offor.

THE BEARER OF BURDENS.

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL.*

Illustrated by Harold Copping.



WHEN her Fanny did at last marry, Natalya—as everybody called the old clo'-woman—was not over-pleased at the bargain. Natalya had imagined beforehand that for a matronly daughter of twenty-three, almost past the marrying age, any wedding would be a profitable transaction. But when a husband actually presented himself, all the old dealer's critical maternity was set a-bristle. Henry Elkman, she insisted, had not a true Jewish air. There was in the very cut of his clothes a subtle suggestion of going to the races.

It was futile of Fanny to insist that Henry had never gone to the races, that his duties as book-keeper of the Bow Clothing Emporium prevented him from going to the races, and that the cut of his clothes was intended to give tone to his own establishment.

"Ah, yes, he does not take *thee* to the races," she insisted in Yiddish. "But all these young men with check suits and flowers in their buttonholes bet and gamble and go to the bad, and their wives and children fall back on their old mothers for support."

"I shall not fall back on thee," Fanny retorted angrily.

"And on whom else? A pretty daughter! Would you fall back on a stranger? Or perhaps you are thinking of the Board of Guardians!" And a shudder of humiliation traversed her meagre frame. For at sixty she was already meagre, had already the appearance of the venerable grandmother she was now to become, save that her hair, being only a pious wig, remained rigidly young and black. Life had always gone hard with her. Since her husband's death, when Fanny was a child, she had scraped together a scanty livelihood by selling odds and ends for a little more than she gave for them. At the back doors of villas she haggled with miserly mistresses, gentlewoman and old clo'-woman linked by their common love of a bargain.

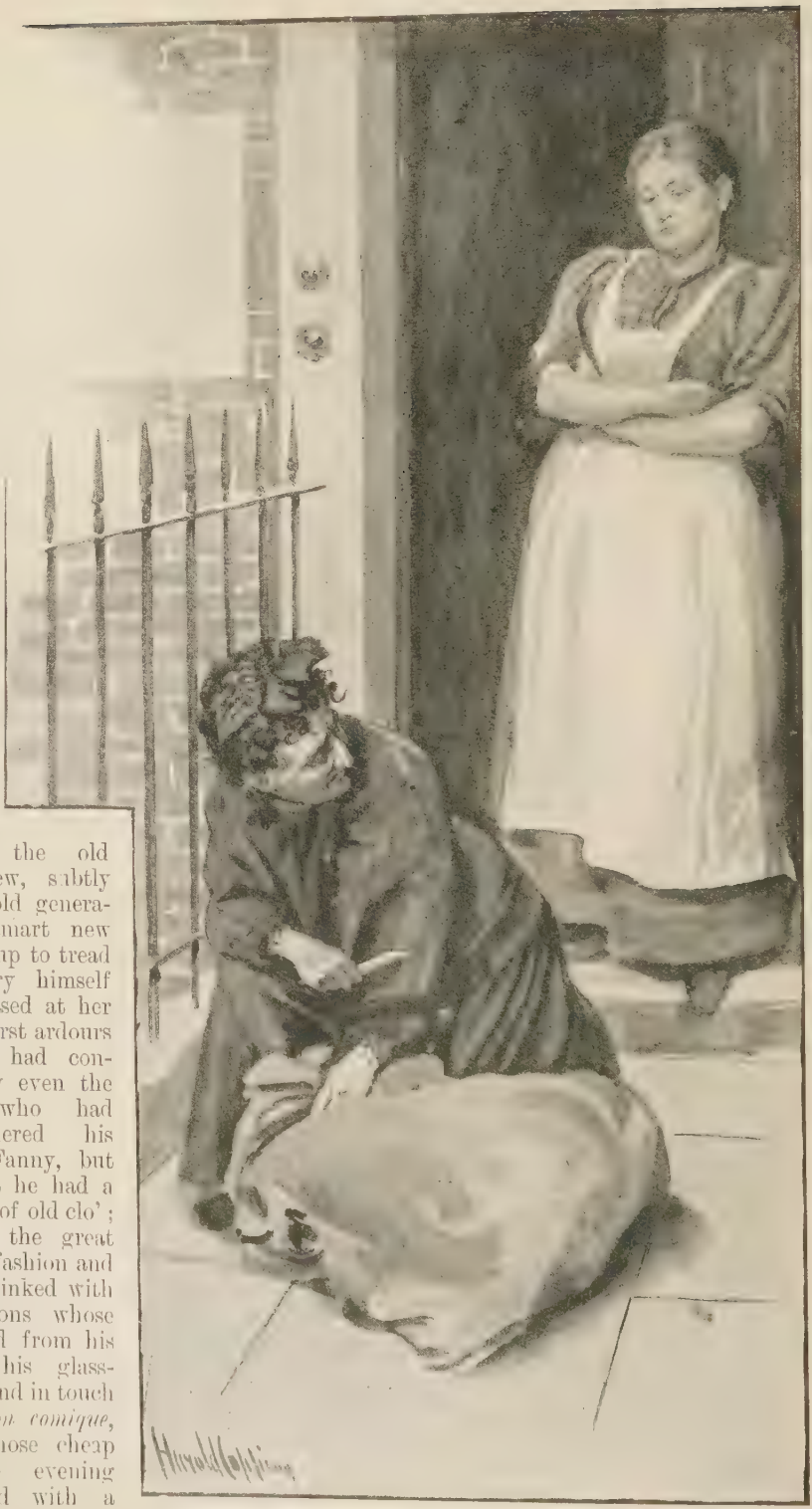
Natalya would sniff contemptuously at the muddle of ancient finery on the floor and spurn it with her foot. "How can I sell that?" she would inquire. "Last time I gave you too much—I lost by you." And having wrung the price down to the lowest penny, she would pay it in clanking silver and copper from a grimy leather bag she wore hidden in her bosom; then, cramming the goods hastily into the maw of her sack, she would stagger joyously away. The men's garments she would modestly sell to a second-hand shop, but the women's she cleaned and turned and transmogrified and sold in Petticoat Lane of a Sunday morning; scavenger, earth-worm, and alchemist, she was a humble agent in the great economic process by which cast-off clothes renew their youth and freshness, and having set in their original sphere rise endlessly on other social horizons.

Of English she had, when she began, only enough to bargain with; but in one year of forced intercourse with English folk she learnt more than in her quarter of a century of residence in the Spitalfields Ghetto.

Fanny's function had been to keep house and prepare the evening meal, but the old clo'-woman's objection to her marriage was not selfish. She was quite ready to light her own fire and broil her own bloater after

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the day's tramp. Fanny had, indeed, offered to have her live in the elegant two-roomed cottage in the Mile End which Henry was furnishing. She could sleep in a convertible bureau in the parlour. But the old woman's independent spirit and her mistrust of her son-in-law made her prefer the humble Ghetto garret. Against all reasoning, she continued to feel something antipathetic in Henry's clothes and even in his occupation—perhaps it was really the subconscious antagonism of the old clo' and the new, subtly symbolic of the old generation and the smart new world springing up to tread it down. Henry himself was secretly pleased at her refusal. In the first ardours of courtship he had consented to swallow even the Polish clothe who had strangely mothered his buxom British Fanny, but for his own part he had a responsive horror of old clo'; felt himself of the great English world of fashion and taste, intimately linked with the burly Britons whose girths he recorded from his high stool at his glass-environed desk, and in touch even with the *lion comique*, the details of whose cheap but immaculate evening dress he entered with a proud flourish.



"She turned the knife viciously, as if it were in Henry Elkman's heart."

II.

THE years went by, and it looked as if the old woman's instinct were awry. Henry did not go to the races, nor did Fanny have to fall back on her mother-in-law for the maintenance of herself and her two children, Becky and Joseph. On the contrary, she doubled her position in the social scale by taking a foor-roomed house. Its proximity to the Clothing Emporium enabled Henry to come home for lunch. But, alas ! Fanny was not allowed many years of enjoyment of these grandeurs and comforts. The one-roomed grave took her, leaving the four-roomed house incredibly large and empty. Even the Ghetto garret which Fanny had not shared for seven years seemed cold and vacant to the poor mother. A new loneliness fell upon Natalya, not mitigated by ever rarer visits to her grandchildren. Devoid of the link of her daughter, the house seemed immeasurably aloof from her in the social scale. Henry was frigid and the little ones went with marked reluctance to this stern, forbidding old woman who questioned them as to their prayers and smelt of red-herrings. She ceased to go to the house.

And then at last all her smouldering distrust of Henry Elkman found incredible justification.

Before the year of mourning was up, before he was entitled to cease saying the *Kaddish* hymn for her darling Fanny, the wretch, she heard, was married again. And married—villainy upon villainy, horror upon horror—to a Christian girl, a heathen abomination. Natalya was wrestling with her over-full sack when she got the news from a gossiping lady client, and she was boring holes for the passage of string to tie up its mouth. She turned the knife viciously, as if it were in Henry Elkman's heart.

She did not know the details of the piquant, tender courtship between him and the pretty assistant at the great drapery store that neighboured the Bow Clothing Emporium, any more then she understood the gradual process which had sapped Henry's instinct of racial isolation, or how he had passed from admiration of British ways into entire abandonment of Jewish. She was spared, too, the knowledge that latterly her own Fanny had slid with him into the facile paths of impiety ; that they had ridden for a breath of country air on Sabbath afternoons. They had been considerate enough to hide that from her. To the old clo'-woman's crude mind, Henry Elkman existed as a monster of ready-made wickedness, and she believed even that he had been married in church and baptised, despite that her informant tried to console her with the assurance that the knot had been tied in a Registrar's office.

"May he be cursed with the boils of Pharaoh !" she cried in her picturesque jargon. "May his fine clothes fall from his flesh and his flesh from his bones ! May my Fanny's outraged soul plead against him at the Judgment Bar ! And she—this heathen female—may her death be sudden !" And she drew the ends of the string tightly together, as though round the female's neck.

"Hush, you old witch !" cried the gossip, revolted ; "and what would become of your own grandchildren ?"

"They cannot be worse off than they are now, with a heathen in the house. All their Judaism will become corrupted. She may even baptise them. O Father in Heaven !"

The thought weighed upon her. She pictured the innocent Becky and Joseph kissing crucifixes. At the best there would be no *kosher* food in the house any more. How could this stranger understand the mysteries of purging meat, of separating meat-plates from butter-plates ?

At last she could bear the weight no longer. She took the Elkman house in her rounds and, bent under her sack, knocked at the familiar door. It was lunch-time, and unfamiliar culinary smells seemed wafted along the passage. Her morbid imagination scented bacon. The orthodox amulet on the doorpost did not comfort her ; it had been left there, forgotten, a mute symbol of the Jewish past.

A pleasant young woman with blue eyes and fresh-coloured cheeks opened the door.

The blood surged to Natalya's eyes so that she could hardly see.

"Old clo'," she said mechanically.

"No, thank you," replied the young woman. Her voice was sweet, but it sounded to Natalya like the voice of Lilith, stealer of new-born children. Her rosy cheek seemed smeared with seductive paint. In the background glistened the dual crockery of the erst pious kitchen which the new-comer profaned. And between Natalya and it, between her and her grandchildren, this alien girlish figure seemed to stand barrier-wise. She could not cross the threshold without explanations.

"Is Mr. Elkman at home ?" she asked.

"You know the name!" said the young woman, a little surprised.

"Yes, I have been here a good deal." The old woman's sardonic accent was lost on the listener.

"I am sorry there is nothing this time," she replied.

"Not even a pair of old shoes?"

"No."

"But the dead woman's—— ? Are you then standing in them?"

The words were so fierce and unexpected, the crone's eyes blazed so weirdly, that the new wife recoiled with a little shriek.

"Henry!" she cried.

Fork in hand, he darted in from the living-room, but came to a sudden standstill.

"What do you want here?" he muttered.

"Fanny's shoes!" she cried.

"Who is it?" his wife's eyes demanded.

"A half-witted creature we deal with out of charity," he gestured back. And he put her inside the room-door, whispering, "Let me get rid of her."

"So, that's your painted poppet," hissed his mother-in-law in Yiddish.

"Painted?" he said angrily. "Madge painted? She's just as natural as a rosy apple. She's a country girl, and her mother was a lady."

"Her mother? Perhaps! But she? You see a glossy high hat marked sixteen and sixpence, and you think it's new. But I know what it's come from—a battered thing that has rolled in the gutter. Ah, how she could have bewitched you, when there are so many honest Jewesses without husbands!"

"I am sorry she doesn't please you; but, after all, it's my business, and not yours."

"Not mine? After I gave you my Fanny and she slaved for you and bore you children?"

"It's just for her children that I had to marry."

"What? You had to marry a Christian for the sake of Fanny's children? Oh, God forgive you!"

"We are not in Poland now," he said sulkily.

"Ah, I always said you were a sinner in Israel. My Fanny has been taken for your sins. A black death on your bones."

"If you don't leave off cursing, I shall call a policeman."

"Oh, lock me up, lock me up—instead of your shame. Let the whole world know that."

"Go away, then. You have no right to come here and frighten Madge—my wife. She is in delicate health, as it is."

"May she be an atonement for all of us! I have the right to come here as much as I please."

"You have no right."

"I have a right to the children. My blood is in their veins."

"You have no right. The children are their father's."

"Yes, their Father's in heaven," and she raised her hand like an ancient prophetess, while the other supported her bag over her shoulder. "The children are the children of Israel, and they must carry forward the yoke of the Law."

"And what do you propose?" he said, with a scornful sniff.

"Give me the children. I will elevate them in the fear of the Lord. You go your own godless way, free of burdens—you and your Christian poppet. You no longer belong to us. Give me the children and I'll go away."

He looked at her quizzingly. "You have been drinking, my good mother-in-law."

"Aye, the waters of affliction. Give me the children."

"But they won't go with you. They love their stepmother."

"Love that painted jade? They, with Jewish blood warm in their veins, with the memory of their mother warm in their hearts? Impossible!"

He opened the door gently. "Becky! Joe! No, don't you come, Madge, darling. It's all right. The old lady wants to say 'Good-day' to the children."

The two children tripped into the passage, with napkins tied round their chins, their mouths greasy, but the rest of their persons unfamiliarly speckless and tidy. They stood still at the sight of their grandmother, so stern and frowning. Henry shut the door carefully.

"My lambs!" Natalya cried, in her sweetest but harsh tones, "won't you come and kiss me?"

Becky, a mature person of seven, advanced courageously and surrendered her cheek to her grandmother.

"How are you, granny?" she said ceremoniously.

"And Joseph?" said Natalya, not replying. "My heart and my crown, will he not come?"

The four-and-a-half year old Joseph stood dubiously, with his fist in his mouth.

"Bring him to me, Becky. Tell him I want you and him to come and live with me."



"'My lambs!' Natalya cried, 'won't you come and kiss me?'"

Becky shrugged her precocious shoulders. "He may. I won't," she said laconically.

"Oh, Becky!" said the grandmother. "Do you want to stay here and torture your poor mother?"

Becky stared. "She's dead," she said.

"Yes, but her soul lives and watches over you. Come, Joseph, apple of my eye, come with me."

She beckoned enticingly, but the little boy, imagining the invitation was to enter her bag and be literally carried away therein, set up a terrific howl. Thereupon the pretty young woman emerged hastily, and the child, with a great sob of love and confidence, ran to her and nestled in her arms.

"Mamma, mamma," he cried.

Henry looked at the old woman with a triumphant smile.

Natalya went hot and cold. It was not only that little Joseph had gone to this creature. It was not even that he had accepted her maternity. It was this word "mamma" that stung. The word summed up all the blasphemous foreignness of the new domesticity. "Mamma" was redolent of cold Christian houses, in whose doorways the old clo'-woman sometimes heard it. Fanny had been "mother"—the dear, homely, Jewish "mother." This "mamma," taught to the orphans, was like the haughty parade of Christian elegance across her grave.

"When *mamma's* shoes are to be sold, don't forget me," Natalya hissed. "I'll give you the best price in the market."

He shuddered, but replied, half pushing her outside, "Certainly, certainly. Good afternoon."

"I'll buy them at your own price—ah, I see them coming, coming into my bag."

The door closed on her grotesque, sibylline intensity, and Henry clasped his wife tremblingly to his bosom and pressed a long kiss upon her fragrant cherry lips.

Later on he explained that the crazy old clo'-woman was known to the children, as to everyone in the neighbourhood, as "Granny."

III.

In the bearing of her first child the second Mrs. Elkman died. The rosy face became a white, angelic mask, the dainty figure lay in statuesque severity, and a screaming, bald-headed atom of humanity was the compensation for this silence. Henry Elkman was overwhelmed by grief and superstition.

"For three things women die in childbirth," kept humming in his brain from his ancient Hebrew lore. He did not remember what they were, except that one was the omission of the wife to throw into the fire the lump of dough from the Sabbath bread. But these neglects could not be visited on a Christian, he thought dully. The only distraction of his grief was the infant's pressing demand on his attention.

It was some days before the news penetrated to the old woman.

"It is his punishment," she said, with solemn satisfaction. "Now my Fanny's spirit will rest."

But she did not gloat over the decree of the God of Israel as she had imagined beforehand, nor did she call for the dead woman's "old clo'." She was simply content—an unrighteous universe had been set straight again—like a mended watch. But she did call, without her bag, to inquire if she could be of service in this tragic crisis.

"Out of my sight, you and your evil eye!" cried Henry, as he banged the door in her face.

Natalya burst into tears, torn by a chaos of emotions. So she was still to be shut out.

IV.

The next news that leaked into Natalya's wizened ear was as startling as Madge's death. Henry had married again. Doubtless with the same pretext of the children's needs, he had taken unto himself a third wife, and again without the decencies of adequate delay. And this wife was a Jewess, as of yore. Henry had reverted matrimonially to the fold. Was it conscience, was it terror? Nobody knew. But everybody knew that the third Mrs. Elkman was a bouncing beauty of a good, orthodox stock, that she brought with her fifty pounds in cash, besides bedding and house-linen accumulated by her parents without prevision that she would marry an old hand, already provided with these household elements.

The old clo'-woman's emotions were more mingled than ever. She felt vaguely that the Jewish minister should not so unquestioningly have accorded the scamp the privileges of the hymeneal canopy. Some lustral rite seemed necessary to purify him of his Christian conjunction. And the memory of Fanny was still outraged by this burying of her, so to speak, under layers of successive wives. On the other hand, the children would revert to Judaism, and they would have a Jewish mother, not a mamma, to care for them and to love them. The thought consoled her for being shut out of their lives, as she felt she must have been, even had Henry been friendlier. This third wife had alienated her from the household, had made her kinship practically remote. She had sunk to a sort of third cousin, or a mother-in-law twice removed.

The days went on, and again the Elkman household occupied the gossips, and news of it—second-hand, like everything that came to her—was picked up by Natalya on her rounds. Henry's third wife was, it transpired, a melancholy failure. Her temper was frightful, she beat her stepchildren, and—worst and rarest sin in the Jewish housewife—she drank. Henry was said to be in despair.

"*Nebbich*, the poor little children!" cried Natalya, horrified. Her brain began plotting how to interfere, but she could find no way.

The weeks passed, with gathering rumours of the iniquities of the third Mrs. Elkman, and then at last came the thunder-clap—Henry had disappeared, without leaving a trace. The wicked wife and the innocent brats had the four-roomed home to themselves. The Bow Clothing Emporium knew him no more. Some whispered suicide, others America. The cutter of the Emporium who favoured the latter hypothesis reported a significant saying. "I have lived with two angels, I can't live with a demon."

"Ah, at last he sees my Fanny was an angel," said Natalya, neglecting to draw the deduction anent America, and passing even the other angel. And she embroidered the theme. How indeed could a man who had known the blessing of a sober, God-fearing wife endure a drunkard and a child-beater? "No wonder he killed himself!"

The gossips pointed out that the saying implied flight rather than suicide.

"You are right!" Natalya admitted illogically. "Just what a coward and blackguard like that would do—leave the children at the mercy of the woman he couldn't face himself. How in Heaven's name will they live?"

"Oh, her father, the furrier, will have to look after them," the gossips assured her. "He gave her good money, you know, fifty pounds and the bedding. Ah, trust Elkman for that. He knew he wasn't leaving the children to starve."

"I don't know so much," said the old woman, shaking her bewigged head.

What was to be done? Suppose the furrier refused the burden. But Henry's flight, she felt, had removed her even farther from the Elkman household; if she went to spy out the land, she would now have to face the virago in possession. But no! on second thoughts it was this other woman whom Henry's flight had changed to a

stranger. What had the wretch to do with the children? She was a mere intruder in the house. Out with her, or at least out with the children.

Yes, she would go boldly there and demand them. "Poor Becky! Poor Joseph!" her heart wailed. "You to be beaten and neglected, after having known the love of a mother." True, it would not be easy to support them. But a little more haggling, a little more tramping, a little more mending, and a little less gorging and gormandising! They would be at school during the day, so would not interfere with her rounds, and in the evening she could have them with her, as she sat refurbishing the purchases of the day. Ah, what a blessed release from the burden of loneliness, heavier than the heaviest sack! It was well worth the price. And then at bed-time she would say the Hebrew night-prayer with them and tuck them up, just as she had once done with her Fanny.

But how if the woman refused to yield them up — as Natalya could fancy her refusing — out of sheer temper and devilry? What if, amply subsidised by her well-to-do parent, she wished to keep the little ones by her and revenge upon them their father's desertion, or hold them hostages for his return? Why, then, Natalya would use cunning—aye, and force, too—she would even kidnap them. Once in their grandmother's hands, the law would see to it that they did not go back to this stranger, this bibulous brute, whose rights over them were *nil*.



"She stole a glance at it, when it grew stiller."



"Daisy threaded her needle for her at night when her keen eyes began to fail."

It was while buying up on a Sunday afternoon the sloughed vestments of a Jewish family in Bow that her resolve came to a head. A cab would be necessary to carry her goods to her distant garret. What an opportunity for carrying off the children at the same time. The economy of it tickled her, made her overestimate the chances of capture. The house was actually on her homeward route. As she packed the motley, far-spreading heap into the symmetry of her sack, pressing and squeezing the clothes incredibly tighter and tighter till it seemed a magic sack that could swallow up even the Bow Clothing Emporium, Natalya's brain revolved feverish fancy-pictures of the coming adventure.

Leaving the bag in the basement passage, she ran to fetch a cab. Usually the hiring of the vehicle occupied Natalya half an hour. She would harangue the Christian cabmen on the rank, pleading her poverty, and begging to be conveyed with her goods for a ridiculous sum. At first none of them would take notice of the old Jewish crone, but would read their papers in contemptuous indifference. But gradually, as they remained idly on the rank, the endless stream of persuasion would begin to percolate, and at last one would relent, half out of pity, and would end by bearing the sack gratuitously on his shoulder from the house to his cab. Often there were two sacks, quite filling the interior of a four-wheeler, and then Natalya would ride triumphantly beside her cabby on the box, the two already the best of friends. Things went ill if Natalya did not end by trading off something in the sacks against the fare, at a new profit.

But to-day she was too excited to strike more than a mediocre bargain. The cumbrous sack was hoisted into the cab. Natalya sprang in beside it and in a resolute voice bade the driver draw up for a moment at the Elkman home.

V.

THE unwonted phenomenon of a cab brought Becky to the door ere her grandmother could jump out. She was still under ten, but prematurely developed in body as in mind. There was something unintentionally insolent in her precocity, in her habitual treatment of adults as equals; but now her face changed almost to a child's, and with a glad, tearful cry of "Oh, grandmother," she sprang into the old woman's arms.

It was the compensation for little Joseph's "mamma." Tears ran down the old woman's cheeks as she hugged the strayed lamb to her breast.

A petulant, infantile wail came from within, but neither noted it.

"Where is your stepmother, my poor angel?" Natalya asked in a half whisper.

Becky's forehead gloomed in an ugly frown. Her face became a woman's again. "One o'clock the public-houses open on Sunday," she snorted.

"Oh, my God!" cried Natalya, forgetting that the circumstance was favouring her project. "A Jewish woman! You don't mean to say that she drinks in public-houses?"

"You don't suppose I would let her drink here," said Becky. "We have nice scenes, I can tell you. The only consolation is, she's better-tempered when she's quite drunk."

The infant's wail rang out more clamorously.

"Hush, you little beast!" Becky ejaculated, but she moved mechanically within, and her grandmother followed her.

All the ancient grandeur of the sitting-room seemed overclouded with shabbiness and untidiness. To Natalya everything looked and smelt like the things in her bag. And there in a stuffy cradle a baby wrinkled its red face with shrieking.

Becky had bent over it and was soothing it, ere its existence penetrated at all to the old woman's preoccupied brain. Its pipings had been like an unheeded wail of wind round some centre of tragic experience. Even when she realised the child's existence, her brain groped for some seconds in search of its identity.

Ah! the baby whose birth had cost that painted poppet's life. So it still lived and howled, in unwelcome reminder and perpetuation of that brief but shameful episode. "Grow dumb like your mother," she murmured resentfully. What a bequest of misery Henry Elkman had left behind him! Ah, how right she had been to suspect him from the very first!

"But where is my little Joseph?" she said aloud.

"He's playing somewhere in the street."

"*Ach, mein Gott!* Playing, when he ought to be weeping like this child of shame. Go and fetch him at once!"

"What do you want him for?"

"I am going to take you both away—out of this misery. You'd like to come and live with me—eh, my lamb?"

"Rather—anything's better than this."

Natalya caught her to her breast again.

"Go and fetch my Joseph! But quick! quick! before the public-house woman comes back."

Becky flew out, and Natalya sank into a chair, breathless with emotion and fatigue. The baby in the cradle beside her howled more vigorously, and automatically her foot sought the rocker, and she heard herself singing—

> "Sleep, little baby, sleep,
> Thy father shall be a Rav;
> Thy mother shall bring thee almonds;
> Blessings on thy little head."

As the howling diminished she realised with a shock that she was rocking this misbegotten infant—nay, singing to it a Jewish cradle-song, full of inappropriate phrases. She withdrew her foot as though the rocker had grown suddenly red-hot. The yells broke out with fresh vehemence, and she angrily restored her foot to its old place. "*Nu, nu,*" she cried, rocking violently, "go to sleep."

She stole a glance at it, when it grew stiller, and saw that its feeding-bottle was out of its mouth. "There, there—suck!" she said, readjusting it. The baby opened its eyes and shot a smile at her, a wonderful, trustful smile from great blue eyes. Natalya trembled; those were the blue eyes that had supplanted the memory of Fanny's dark orbs, and the lips now sucking contentedly were the cherry lips of the painted poppet.

"*Nebbich;* the poor, deserted little orphan," she apologised to herself. "And this is how the new Jewish wife does her duty to her stepchildren. She might as well have been a Christian." Then a remembrance that the Christian woman had seemingly been an unimpeachable stepmother confused her thoughts further. And while she was groping among them Becky returned, haling in Joseph, who in his turn haled in a kite with a long tail.

The boy, now a sturdy lad of seven, did not palpitate towards his grandmother with Becky's eagerness. Probably he felt the domestic position less. But he surrendered himself to her long hug. "Did she beat him," she murmured soothingly, "beat my own little Joseph?"

"Don't waste time, granny," Becky broke in petulantly, "if we *are* going."

"No, my dear. We'll go at once." And, releasing the boy, Natalya partly undid the lower buttons of his waistcoat.

"You wear no four-corner fringes!" she exclaimed tragically. "She neglects even to see to that. Ah, it will be a good deed to carry you from this godless home."

"But I don't want to go with you," he said sullenly, reminded of past inquisitorial worryings about prayers.

"You little fool!" said Becky. "You *are* going—and in that cab."

"In that cab?" he cried joyfully.

"Yes, my love. And you will never be beaten again."

"Oh, *she* don't hurt!" he said contemptuously. "She hasn't even got a cane—like at school."

"But shan't we take our things?" said Becky.

"No; only the things you stand in. They shan't have any excuse for taking you back. I'll find you plenty of clothes, as good as new."

"And little Daisy?"

"Oh, is it a girl? Your stepmother will look after that. She can't complain of one burden."

She hustled the children into the cab, where, with the sack and herself, they made a tightly packed quartette.

"I say, I didn't bargain for extras inside," grumbled the cabman.

"You can't reckon these children," said Natalya, with confused legal recollections; "they're both under seven."

The cab started. Becky stared out of the window. "I wonder if we'll pass Mrs. Elkman," she said, amused. Joseph busied himself with disentangling the tails of his kite.

But Natalya was too absorbed to notice their indifference to her. That poor little Daisy! The image of the baby swam vividly before her. What a terrible fate, to be left in the hands of the public-house woman! Who knew what would happen to it? What if, in her drunken fury at the absence of Becky and Joseph, she did it a mischief? At the best the besotted creature would not take cordially to the task of bringing it up. It was no child of hers—had not even the appeal of pure Jewish blood. And there it was, smiling, with its beautiful blue eyes. It had smiled trustfully on herself, not knowing she was to leave it to its fate. And now it started crying—she heard it crying above the rattle of the cab. But how could she charge herself with it—she, with her daily rounds to make? The other children were grown up, passed the day at school. No, it was impossible. And the child's cry went on in her imagination, louder and louder.

She put her head out of the window. "Turn back! Turn back! I've forgotten something."

The cabman swore. "D'ye think you've taken me by the week?"

"Threepence extra. Drive back."

The cab turned round, the innocent horse got a stinging flip of the whip and set off briskly.

"What have you forgotten, grandmother?" said Becky. "It's very careless of you."

The cab stopped at the door. Natalya looked round nervously, sprang out, and then uttered a cry of despair.

"*Ach!* we shut the door!" And the inaccessible baby took on a tenfold desirability.

"It's all right," said Becky. "Just turn the handle."

Natalya obeyed and ran in. There was the baby, not crying, but sleeping peacefully. Natalya snatched it up frenziedly and hurried the fresh-squalling bundle into the cab.

"Taking Daisy?" cried Becky. "But she isn't yours!"

Natalya shut the cab-door with a silencing bang, and the vehicle turned again Ghettowards.

VI.

THE fact that Natalya had taken possession of the children could not be kept a secret, but the stepmother's family made no effort to regain them, and indeed the woman herself shortly went the way of all Henry Elkman's wives, though whether she, like the rest, had a successor, is unknown.

The sudden change from a lone old lady to a *materfamilias* was not, however, so charming as Natalya had imagined. The cost of putting Daisy out to nurse was a terrible tax, but this was nothing compared to the tax on her temper levied by her legitimate grandchildren, who began to grumble on the first night at the poverty and pokiness of the garret, and were thenceforward never without a lament for the good old times. They had indeed been thoroughly spoilt by the father and the irregular *ménage*. The Christian wife's influence had been refining, but too temporary. It had been only long enough to wean Joseph from the religious burdens indoctrinated by Fanny, and thus to add to the grandmother's difficulties in coaxing him back to the yoke of piety.

The only sweet in Natalya's cup turned out to be the love of little Daisy, who grew ever more beautiful, gracious, and winning.

Natalya had never known so lovable a child. All Daisy did seemed to her perfect. For instant obedience and instant comprehension she declared her matchless.

One day, when Daisy was three, the child



"'And you have come to take her from me!'"

told the grandmother that in her momentary absence Becky had pulled Joseph's hair.

"Hush! You mustn't tell tales," Natalya said reprovingly.

"Becky did not pull Joey's hair," Daisy corrected herself instantly.

Much to the disgust of Becky, who wished to outgrow the Ghetto, even while she unconsciously manifested its worst heritages, Daisy picked up the Yiddish words and phrases, which, in spite of Becky's remonstrances, Natalya was too old to give up. This was not the only subject of dispute between Becky and the grandmother, whom she roundly accused of favouritism of Daisy, and she had not reached fifteen when, with an independence otherwise praiseworthy, she set up for herself on her earnings in the fur establishment of her second stepmother's father, lodging with a family who, she said, bored her less than her grandmother.

In another year or so, freed from the compulsory education of the School Board, Joseph joined her. And thus, by the unforeseen turns of Fortune's wheel, the old clo'-woman of seventy-five was left alone with the child of seven.

But this child was compensation for all she had undergone, for all the years of trudging and grubbing and patching and turning. Daisy threaded her needle for her at night when her keen eyes began to fail, and while she made the old clo' into new Daisy read aloud her English story-books. Natalya took an absorbing interest in these nursery tales, heard for the first time in her second childhood. "Jack the Giant-killer," "Aladdin," "Cinderella," they were all delightful novelties. The favourite story of both was "Little Red-Riding-Hood," with its refrain of "Grandmother, what large eyes you've got!" That could be said with pointed fun; it seemed to be written especially for them. Often Daisy would look up suddenly and say, "Grandmother, what a large mouth you've got!" "All the better to bite you with," grandmother would reply. And then there would be hugs and kisses.

But Friday night was the great night, the one night of the week on which Natalya could be stopped from working. Only religion was strong enough to achieve that. The two Sabbath candles in the copper candlesticks stood on the white tablecloth, and were lighted as soon as the welcome dusk announced the advent of the holy day, and they shed their pious illumination on her dish of fish and the ritually-twisted loaves. And after supper Natalya would sing the Hebrew grace at much leisurely length and with great unction. Then she would tell stories of her youth in Poland—comic tales mixed with tales of oppression and the memories of ancient wrong. And Daisy would weep and laugh and thrill. The fusion of races had indeed made her sensitive and intelligent beyond the common, and Natalya was not unjustified in planning out for her some illustrious future.

But after eighteen months of this delightful life, Natalya's wonderful vitality began slowly to collapse. She earned less and less, and, amid her gratitude to God for having relieved her of the burden of Becky and Joseph, a secret fear entered her heart. Would she be taken away before Daisy became self-supporting? Nay, would she even be able to endure the burden till the end? What made things worse was that, owing to the increase of immigrants, her landlord now exacted an extra shilling a week for rent. When Daisy was asleep, the old woman hung over the bed, praying for life, for strength.

It was a sultry summer, making the trudge from door to door, under the ever-swelling sack, almost intolerable. And a little thing occurred to bring home cruelly to Natalya the decline of all her resources, physical and financial. The children's country holiday was in the air at Daisy's Board School, throwing an aroma and a magic light over the droning class-room. Daisy was to go, was to have a fortnight with a cottager in Kent; but towards the expenses the child's parent or guardian was expected to contribute four shillings. Daisy might have gone free, had she pleaded absolute poverty, but that would have meant investigation. From such humiliation Natalya shrank. She shrank even more from frightening the poor child by uncovering the skeleton of poverty. Most of all she shrank from depriving Daisy of all the rural delights, on which the child's mind dwelt in fascinated anticipation. Natalya did not think much of the country herself, having been born in a poor Polish village, amid huts and pigs, but she would not disillusion Daisy.

By miles of extra trudging in the heat, and miracles of bargaining with bewildered housewives, Natalya raised the four shillings, and the unconscious Daisy glided off in the happy, noisy train, while on the platform Natalya waved her coloured handkerchief, wet with tears.

That first night without the little sunshiny

presence was terrible for the old clo'-woman. The last prop against decay and collapse seemed removed. But the next day a joyous post-card came from Daisy, which the greengrocer downstairs read to Natalya, and she was able to take up her sack again and go forth into the sweltering streets.

In the second week she got a letter, saying that Daisy had found a particular friend in an old lady, very kind and rich, who took her for drives in a chaise and asked her many questions. This old lady seemed to have taken a fancy to her from the moment she saw her playing outside the cottage.

"Perhaps God has sent her to look after the child when I am gone," thought Natalya, for the task of going down and up the stairs with this letter made her feel as if she would never go up and down them again.

Beaten at last, she took to her bed. Her next-room neighbour, the cobbler's wife, tended her and sent for the penny doctor. But she would not have word written to Daisy or her holiday cut short. On the day Daisy was to come back, she insisted, despite all advice and warning, in being up and dressed. She sent everybody away and lay on her bed till she heard Daisy's footsteps, then she started to her feet and drew herself up in pretentious good health. But the sound of other footsteps, and the entry of a spectacled, silver-haired old gentlewoman with the child, spoilt her intended hug. Daisy's new friend had passed from her memory, and she stared pathetically at the strange lady and the sunburnt child.

"Oh, grandmother, what great eyes you've got!" And Daisy ran laughingly towards her.

The usual repartee was wanting.

"And the room is not tidied up," Natalya said reproachfully, and began dusting a chair for the visitor. But the old lady waved it aside.

"I have come to thank you for all you have done for my grandchild."

"Your grandchild?" Natalya fell back on the bed.

"Yes. I have had inquiries made—it is quite certain. Daisy was even called after me. I am glad of that, at least." Her voice faltered.

Natalya sat as bolt upright as years of bending under sacks would allow.

"And you have come to take her from me!" she shrieked.

Already Daisy's new ruddiness seemed to her the sign of a life that belonged elsewhere.

"No, no, do not be alarmed. I have suffered enough from my selfishness. It was my bad temper drove my daughter from me." She bowed her silver head, till her form seemed as bent as Natalya's. "What can I do to repair—to atone? Will you not come and live with me in the country and let me care for you? I am not rich, but I can offer you every comfort."

Natalya shook her head. "I am a Jewess. I could not eat with you."

"That's just what *I* told her, grandmother," put in Daisy eagerly.

"Then the child must remain with you at my expense," said the old lady.

"But if she likes the country so——" murmured Natalya.

"I like you better, grandmother." And Daisy laid her ruddied cheek to the withered cheek, which grew wet with ecstasy.

"She calls *you* 'grandmother,' not me," said the old gentlewoman, with a sob.

"Yes, and I wished her mother dead. God forgive me!"

Natalya burst into a passion of tears and rocked to and fro, holding Daisy tightly to her faintly pulsing heart.

"What did you say?" Daisy's grandmother flamed and blazed with her ancient anger. "You wished my Madge dead?"

Natalya nodded her head. Her arms unloosed their hold of Daisy. "Dead, dead, dead," she repeated in a strange, crooning voice. Gradually a vacant look crept over her face and she fell back again on the bed. She looked suddenly very old, despite her glossy black wig.

"She is ill!" Daisy shrieked.

The cobbler's wife ran in and helped to put her back between the sheets, and described volubly her obstinacy in leaving her bed. Natalya lived till noon of the next day, and Daisy's real grandmother was with her still at the end, side by side with the Jewish death-watcher.

About eleven in the morning she said, "Light the candles, Daisy, the Sabbath is coming in." Daisy spread a white tablecloth on the old wooden table, placed the copper candlesticks upon it, drew it to the bedside, and lighted the candles. They burned with curious unreality in the full August sunshine.

A holy peace overspread the old clo'-woman's face. Her dried-up lips mumbled the Hebrew prayer. Gradually they grew rigid in death.

"Daisy," said her grandmother, "say the text I taught you."

"'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,'" sobbed the child obediently, "'and I will give you rest.'"



ON·CHRISTMAS·EVE·

"WASSAIL THE TREES, THAT THEY MAY BEAR
YOU MANY A PLUM AND MANY A PEAR;
FOR MORE OR LESS FRUITS THEY WILL BRING,
AS YOU DO GIVE THEM WASSAILING."



Photo by] [*Payne Jennings, Ashtead.*

"THE LONDON."

THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

By FRED A. McKENZIE.

Photographs by W. H. Bunnett.

I WAS once talking with an old Whitechapel labourer who had spent the whole of his life in the neighbourhood of Mile End Waste. I chanced to mention Piccadilly Circus, and noticing the blank look on his face, remarked, "Surely you know Piccadilly Circus?"

"Well, let me see," said he slowly, "I think I've heard of it."

"It is not far from Hyde Park. You must have been there."

"Oh, yes, sir!" he cried, his face suddenly brightening. "I've been to Hyde Park. I went there the year of the Great Exhibition as a shoeblack!"

Probably in the whole of his life the old labourer had not been west of Aldgate half a dozen times; but, laughable as his ignorance of the West was, I doubt if it is not equalled by the ignorance of the average West-ender concerning the East. One sometimes meets timid young fellows from Clubland who consider it necessary, before venturing down Whitechapel Road, to have revolvers in their pockets and thick cudgels in their hands. It comes as a surprise to them to learn that the great thoroughfare of the East is one of the widest, brightest, and liveliest roads of London.

Let me assure you, sir, as we step out of the Underground station at Aldgate, and start walking up the great street to our left, that you have less need of cudgel or pistol here than in Pall Mall or Oxford Street. The flaring street stalls, with their naphtha lamps flickering in the wind, the hosts of foreign Jews, whose multicoloured attire lends a dash of brightness to the drab crowd, the thin-faced sweaters' victims, creeping along with their loads of ready-made garments, the coolies and Chinese from the docks, are well worth stopping to see. But we must hurry on, for to-night we are to witness, not the boisterous vitality

and noisy mirth of the street, but the quiet and steady endurance of those who have exchanged the daily struggle for bread for the fight for health and life.



MAIN ENTRANCE-HALL OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

It is impossible to mistake the long, lofty and somewhat gloomy exterior of the London Hospital. Let us pass through the gates and turn first into the receiving-room. Here every case, save those of out-patients, is brought on admission, and many hundreds come every day. The big hall, where people sit waiting their turn to be examined, is often far too small for the throngs that flock in; and the two little rooms where the doctors see men and women strike even the layman as being miserably inadequate. Their enlargement is one of the first improvements the Governors hope to make. Most of the cases are given immediate relief and sent home. The cut face, the bruised arm, the sprained wrist, are quickly attended to. A large proportion of the injuries are, of course, much more serious, and the patients are taken in and sent upstairs to bed in the wards.

A certain number of the cases, it must be owned, owe their origin to conjugal differences. Sometimes a good lady will come in with her face badly knocked about, and will explain that she fell over a chair, or tripped over the cat and damaged herself. A few minutes later her husband will arrive, his face bearing obvious marks of clawing, and will tell how, as he was going along the street, he lost his footing and hit himself against the gravel. They will not take it kindly if the doctor inquires too closely into the cause of their suffering; and a family fight does not strike them as being a very dreadful affair. A woman once came in the receiving-room with her face very much battered. The doctors sewed up her wounds, straightened out her crooked nose, and generally tried to make her presentable. The woman was surly, but a few cautious questions elicited the fact that her husband had been exercising his fist on her.



THE COMMITTEE-ROOM.

"How very terrible for you, my dear!" said one sympathetic lady who was present.

"Garn," said the woman, scowling. "You leave me an' my old man alone. You rich folks get treated a heap worse than we do. Your husbands hurt you by saying nasty, cruel, sarcastic things to you when you make them cross. Our husbands give us a punch or two and then it is all done with. I'd rather have a punch than sarcasm, any day."



THE HON. SYDNEY HOLLAND.
Chairman of the London Hospital. Photo by Webster, Chester.

The receiving-room doctors have to be on the alert to guard against the hospital impostor, the man or woman who simulates serious illness in order to get the food and shelter and kindness of the sick ward. As may be guessed, it is no easy task to deceive shrewd doctors about one's personal condition, but it has been done. There was one man, quite a finished artist in his way, who knew all about obscure nervous diseases. He had a glass eye, which helped his deception, and he simulated every symptom of the complaints he professed to suffer from in a way that took in even great experts. For some time this man lived going from hospital to hospital, and remaining some time in each, but they all found him out at last.



MR. G. Q. ROBERTS, M.A.
House Governor of the London Hospital. Photo by Brown, Barnes & Bell, Baker Street, W.

Another man, still more clever, was brought in one day apparently suffering from acute peritonitis. His story was that he had fallen from a railway signal pole and injured himself. His abdomen was swollen, the thermometer showed his temperature to be dangerously high, and he was apparently in great danger. He was at once taken up to a special ward, hot fomentations were continually applied, and he was given nothing but hourly teaspoonfuls of soda and milk as food. The sister in charge of the ward fancied she recognised the man as one who had been in some time before for the same complaint. The old case was hunted up, the man who came in before had the same symptoms, which he said were caused in the same way; and certain signs on his body made it clear that he and the present patient were one. On being told this, the doctors carefully re-examined the man, taking precautions to prevent any "faking" of symptoms. The temperature, which a little while before had registered 103°, went down to normal, the abdominal



THE HOUSE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.
General plan of the Hospital. Over the seat, an old oil painting of the Hospital in the fields, 1760. The map behind the telephone, showing a circle, is so marked to indicate the area, one mile radius, in which outside maternity cases are attended.

swellings suddenly abated, and the pretence was revealed. This man had deceived numbers of hospitals, and doctors are still puzzled to account for the manner in which he was able to so perfectly assume all the symptoms of one of the most dangerous complaints.

But "fakirs" and pretenders do not number one out of a hundred thousand. Of almost all of the vast host who come to "The London" seeking relief there can be no question of the urgency of their need or the greatness of their sufferings. It is difficult to realise that this great institution is the only general hospital for a million and a half people; to it alone they can look for



A SURGICAL CASE IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD.

relief; and if there is no room for them there they will probably have to remain unrelieved. "The London" is the largest hospital in Great Britain, and, with a single exception, the largest in Europe. With 776 beds, 300 nurses, and a great medical staff, it is a little town in itself. It sounds a great thing, and it *is* a great thing, to say that in a single year not far short of two hundred thousand patients are treated. The out-patients alone, if formed in double line like the crowd at a theatre door, would stretch in an unbroken row from London to Brighton. But none knows better than the hospital staff themselves how miserably inadequate the work is to the ever-growing needs of the district. "If we had two thousand beds," said one of the doctors to me, "we could fill them all and keep them all full. We are constantly obliged to patch up and send home cases that ought to come in, but which we cannot receive for want of room."

No visitor could go over all the wards in one visit, the physical task would be too great. We must pick and choose what to see. There are the special children's wards, brightest of all, with their innumerable toys, great rocking-horses, and games galore, their coloured windows and illuminated walls. No wonder many a tot cries when it is time to go back home to the miserable, overcrowded, single-room slum dwelling, away from the toys, the cleanliness and constant kindness that have made its days of pain seem like a glimpse of Paradise. I recall the tale of the young newspaper seller, a ragged little urchin, who had strong belief in the superstition that misfortune comes on those who pass under a ladder. One day, going into the roadway to avoid a ladder against a house, he was run over by a hansom and taken to hospital.

The nurse heard his story and when he was getting better gently chaffed him about his credulity.

"Now, Jemmy," she finished up, "you see what happened to you by not passing under the ladder."

The little wan face looked up from the snowy pillow, with a quiet grin.

"Yuss, nuss," he said. "Blimy, wasn't it jolly lucky as I went out into the road instead of goin' under that ladder? Why, if I hadn't gone on the road, I'd never have been run over, and come to this nice place, and had enough to eat, and all of you lookin' after me as though I was the Prince o' Wales. I *am* glad I went out in the road."

Then there are the Jewish wards, with the Mezuzahs over the door-lintels, containing the Commandments on vellum, and with the Passover bread ever hanging on the walls. These have their own cook, and the strict Hebrew ritual is most religiously observed to the minutest detail. If it were not, many of the Hebrews would refuse either food or succour.

The men's and women's wards, both medical and surgical, are all alike notable for their exceeding brightness and for their spotless order. Flowers and green plants take away a look of bareness, and many of the walls are brightly painted. But it is easy to see that in these wards doctors and



"BEATRICE WARD": CHILDREN'S ACCIDENT AND SURGICAL CASES.

nurses have often to fight amidst unfavourable surroundings. The wards are, many of them, very old; they were constructed before modern scientific ventilation was dreamed of; the floors are in several wards quite uncovered and the walls are old and cracked. The authorities want, as soon as they can, to cover the floors with linoleum, to put permanent non-absorbent cement walls in place of the present microbe-harbouring old plaster, and to put new windows throughout. But here, as in a hundred other ways, want



"MELLISH WARD": MEN'S ACCIDENT AND SURGICAL WARD.

of money bars the way, though such alterations would add to the comfort and tend to the more speedy recovery of thousands of patients every year.

Most of all is the visitor struck by the brightness of the patients themselves. Let us remember that a very large number of these are drawn from the roughest classes. But here, amidst the subduing and educational surroundings, they acquire a gentleness, a considerateness for their fellows, a manly endurance of agony, from which those who are socially much above them might well learn. There is very little complaining, and what murmurs are heard are more for the wives and children left at home, maybe to starve.

Naturally, sometimes a queer patient comes along. A sister in charge of a ward once told me about an old lady brought into her domain. The patient was taken worse soon after her arrival. Next morning her husband came to see her.

"I am afraid your wife is not quite so well to-day," the sister said to him. "She seems to have developed erysipelas."

"I know, sister," said the old man, somewhat surlily, "and it is all your fault."

"All my fault," said the sister. "Why, how do you make that out?"

"You made the nurse wash her when she came in yesterday."



Photo by Elliott & Fry, [*Baker Street, W.*

DR. STEPHEN MACKENZIE.

Senior physician of the London Hospital.



Photo by C. Vandyk, [*Queen's Gate, S.W.*

MISS EVA C. E. LÜCKES.

Matron of the London Hospital.

"Yes, but what of that?"

"Well, you oughtn't to ha' done it. My wife ain't accustomed to being washed, and water ain't good for her. Why, she ain't had a wash for years!"

In every way there is a considerateness for the feelings of the patients which could not be well excelled. Doctors and nurses alike have ever before them the remembrance that these sick folks have feelings as sensitive as any. There must be discipline in so vast an institution, but here discipline is combined with homeliness and humaneness and gentle courtesy. The most unreasonable fads of the sick ones are studied, and, so far as can be, as much privacy is secured as possible; screens abound, and nerve-trying ordeals are, whenever possible, avoided. Take, as a case in point, the method of conducting serious operations. The patient is first taken into a little anteroom, where no knives or instruments are visible, and where three or four persons are present. Here he is given the anæsthetic, and not until he is quite unconscious is he wheeled into the operating theatre. During the operation the whole of his person, except the part which comes under the knife, is kept covered. The operation over, the patient is taken away and put back in bed before he recovers con-

sciousness. He does not even see the nerve-shaking surgical instruments.

The feeding of nearly eight hundred patients a day is a big task. Breakfast, tea, and supper are prepared in the little kitchens attached to each ward ; but dinner is cooked in the great kitchen in the basement, totally inadequate in size, badly ventilated, and badly lighted. Each day the house surgeons and physicians say the kind of diet each patient is to have. The food varies from encased in hot water. These are quickly run along into a lift and carried into the wards. The sister and her nurses are ready for them. The sister cuts up the meat with a deftness born of great practice, and in less than ten minutes the sixty or seventy people in the ward will have all been served with meat and vegetables, and the second course of a milk pudding will be on its way to their beds.

The steward, Mr. G. T. Hills, has kindly



THE OPERATING THEATRE.

fever diet to full diet. The former is two pints of milk and one pint of beef tea a day. Full diet consists of 10 ozs. of bread, 8 ozs. of potatoes, 6 ozs. of meat (roast or boiled leg or shoulder of mutton, or roast beef), and one pint of milk. There are special diets, which include practically everything. There are four nurses in charge of the four subdivisions of a ward. Each of these reports to the sister the total diets she needs for next day ; the sister adds them together and sends them to the house steward. All are totalled up and kitchen arrangements made accordingly.

Dinner is delivered at twelve o'clock over the whole building. Just before twelve the cooks in the basement kitchen place the joints, fish, poultry, vegetables and puddings required for each ward in double tins, supplied me with the total amount of food consumed in one typical month—

Mutton	3,474 lbs.
Beef	1,051 ,,
Potatoes	7.780 ,,
Chops	403 ,,
Steaks	211 diets
Mince	703 ,,
Fish	3,732 ,,
Soup	7,672 pints
Beef tea	3,257 ,,
Fowl	945 diets
Puddings	14,936 ,,
Eggs	13,551 (exclusive of pudding eggs)
Greens	12,691 diets
Bread	10,630 lbs.
Pints of milk	37,460
Mutton and veal broth	255 pints

In every department the consumption is, of necessity, on the same gigantic scale. The drugs, dressing and medical sundries



"WILLIAM FREDERICK": MEN'S SURGICAL AND ACCIDENT WARD.

cost £10,252 in 1898; and the various dressings alone, the wools, lint, gauze, etc., cost just on £3,500. Moreover, if the hospital is to maintain its place the cost of these items must increase. Some of the items in the Annual Dispensary Account are interesting: Carbolic acid, 4,600 lbs.; glycerine, 2,856 lbs.; olive oil, 200 gallons; strapping, 15,608 yards; tow, 95 cwt. 74 lbs.; absorbent cotton wool, 10,533 lbs.; Blaud's pills, 672 lbs.; lemons, oranges, etc., 7,800. Take some of the items for anæsthetics, and remember that a trifling quantity of each of these stills what would otherwise be the dreadful agony of some poor soul under the knife: Æther, 189 lbs.; chloroform, 292 lbs., beside cocaine, etc. When one realises the thousands of major operations these figures represent, they take a fresh meaning.

To tell of the London Hospital without referring to its nursing would be a fatal omission. "London" doctors pride themselves, and not without reason, that theirs is the "best nursed" hospital to be found anywhere. One often hears, outside, complaints that nurses are greatly overworked. In the London Hospital few, if any, complaints are heard. The Committee have wisely set themselves to treat their nurses liberally and well. Twenty years ago, when women of a better social class were taking up nursing on a large scale, and ousting the old-time "Sairey Gamps," hospital committees were, it must be admitted, inclined to trade on the forbearance of the new nurses. They were shockingly overworked, holidays were almost unknown, food was often bad, and sleeping accommodation sometimes beyond condemnation. However this may be in some hospitals still, at "The London" it has utterly changed. The young probationers now first go into a preliminary training-school, Tredegar House, where they learn something of their duties before entering the wards. "You get so fond of Tredegar that you never want to leave it," nurses tell me. When the nurses go on to the hospital, off-duty time is given them for study, lectures and classes are arranged for them, and technical teaching goes hand in hand with actual work. Each nurse is given a room to herself, and probationers get half a day a week, and staff nurses a whole day a fortnight, off-duty, in addition to two hours every day, and the yearly holiday of a fortnight or three weeks. The hours in the wards have been lately reduced, and there are more nurses to do the same work. But the work still calls for that self-denial and devotion which true nursing must ever require. As Mr. Holland says in his admirable Lectures to London Nurses,* "Love for fellow men, and forgetfulness of self in the earnest desire to help others, are the only mainsprings of good



MR. FREDERICK TREEVES, F.R.C.S.
A former surgeon of the London Hospital.
Photo by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.

* "Two Lectures to the Nurses of the London Hospital," by the Hon. Sydney Holland. London: Whitehead, Morris and Co., 9, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

nursing." These are the motives with which the authorities at "The London" seem to have been singularly happy in inspiring their staff.

For this much credit is due to Miss Eva C. E. Lückes, the matron, whose name is known throughout the nursing world. Miss Lückes is a born leader of women. She is now only forty-six years old, yet for twenty years she has been matron of this great hospital. Anxious to do something for men, she took up nursing when but twenty-two, and so quickly made her mark that four years later she was appointed to her present post. When she entered into her duties, nursing was not the strong point at this hospital, and the way in which the nurses were treated did not reflect much credit on those in control. Miss Lückes set herself to the uphill task of reform, and the altered conditions are the best proof of her success.



THE NURSES' SITTING-ROOM.

The Hon. Sydney Holland, the chairman of the Hospital Committee, has within the past few years become known as one of the leaders in all metropolitan hospital matters. The eldest son of Viscount Knutsford, he was noted in his Cambridge days as a boating and swimming man, and besides captaining Trinity Hall Boat Club he came fifth in the Swimming Long Distance Championship of England. It was probably his connection with the London and India Joint Docks Committee that first excited his interest in the little Poplar Hospital for Accidents, just outside the Dock gates. When the chairmanship of "The London" fell vacant, four years ago, Mr. Holland was offered and accepted the post. He has thrown himself into the work with exceeding zeal.

"The London" is also blessed with a young and active house governor, Mr. G. Q. Roberts, M.A. The house governor is the responsible head of



AN EXAMINATION OF PROBATIONERS IN THE NURSES' DINING-ROOM.

the whole hospital, and answerable solely to the Committee and Governors. He is the pivot on which the administration swings, and from him the staff largely take their tone. But Mr. Roberts is noted for other things besides the hospital routine work, as the "wet bobs" among the medical students can testify, he having rowed several years in the Oxford Eights, and always successfully. As a compensation, Mr. Orde, who is the assistant secretary, rowed for Cambridge in 1888 and 1889. As a result of their coaching, the London Hospital Four recently won the challenge cup for hospital fours on the Thames against a boat containing two, if not three, "Blues."

The whole work of "The London," as the staff themselves admit, is hampered at every turn by the old buildings and by lack of funds. The funds required to maintain the hospital day by day are so great, coming to about £70,000 a year, that cash cannot be found for extra enterprises and needed improvements. For instance, the changing of gas to electric light would not only add to the wholesomeness and comfort of wards and offices, but would effect a considerable saving in the annual bill for light, and would be invaluable for surgical work. But the cost of installation has long barred the way. Again, it has for some time past been necessary to keep numbers of patients waiting day after day for operations because the capacity of the operating theatres is limited. Work as hard and long as they please, the surgeons cannot do more than a limited number of operations in the given time; and so poor folks, after being got ready for the anæsthetics, are kept in suspense day after day. This is at last happily to be altered by the building of four new operating theatres, the gift of a generous admirer of the Hospital. Some more of the serious hindrances to the best work are likely soon to be removed; others must remain till the public decide to find the means to remove them. For, after all, such a hospital as this is a people's concern, and it can only do what the people give it the power and means to perform.



THE PATIENTS' GARDEN AT THE BACK OF THE HOSPITAL; THE NURSING HOME ON THE RIGHT.



Illustrated by Warwick Goble.

THE Warramindah goldfield had been in full swing about eight months when Daniel O'Rourke, the hero of this story, first put in an appearance on it. He arrived by the weekly coach, and, of all the new chums I have known, he was certainly the newest and the greenest. His height, measuring from the soles of his enormous feet to the top of his cranium, was five feet nothing; his hair was the reddest I have ever seen on the head of mortal man, and covered it like a door-mat. He boasted a mouth like the lid of a camp-oven, blue eyes that somehow always had a twinkle in them, and a fringe of stubby beard that peeped out from beneath his chin like the ruff of a marmoset monkey. As for his brogue, I can only say that I have never heard one that could compare with his; it was as rich as cream, and so thick as to induce you to believe that you could almost cut it with a knife. When he arrived he told everybody that he was just out from Ireland, and that his father had been a small farmer near the village of Ballycaloo, eight miles from Ballycalooby, which, I am given to understand, is a town situated at the foot of the Galtee Mountains, in County Tipperary. An uncle had died, so he told everybody who spoke to him, and the old gentleman had been thoughtful enough to leave him a couple of thousand pounds. With that nice little fortune he had come to Australia hoping to double it, bringing three of his cousins with him. They were at present in Sydney, he said, but directly he got settled they were going to buy spades and come out to help him dig for gold. He was as innocent of the world as a young opposum, had the queerest notions you ever came across in a grown man about things in general, and knew as much about mining as a stamp-head knows about politics.

Before he had been on the field twenty-four hours, endless practical jokes were played upon him, and every man who had a useless mine to sell endeavoured to dispose of it to him. But in his own way he had a certain amount of shrewdness. At any rate, he had sense enough to take the first in good part, and to refuse the second point-blank. As he found occasion to put it to one individual who wasted a morning's work trying to foist a notorious swindle upon him, he "didn't come all the way from old Oireland to buy praties wid the insoides shcraped out on 'em." In spite of his caution, however, he was destined to fall an easy victim in the end.

On the outside of the township, just at

Copyright, 1900, by Ward, Lock and Co., in the United States of America.

the foot of the big hill that turns the Creek off its old course on to the plain, was a property that had a greater claim to notoriety than perhaps all the others on the field put together. It had been pegged out almost at the beginning of the rush, and had passed from hand to hand, without more than a few ounces of gold being taken from it, since that time.

Party after party had tried it, worked for a few weeks upon it, given it up eventually as a bad job, and then disposed of it for whatever it would fetch. Never surely was there a greater frost in the mining industry than the property known as the "Great Tipperary." After half a dozen firms, at least, had lost money in it, and had been glad to get out of it again at any cost, it had passed into the hands of a little Jew storekeeper who had advanced money to its owners, and who, seeing that there was nothing else to be got, had been glad to take the mine in lieu of payment, on the chance of being able to dispose of it again.

This enterprising gentleman, whose name was Cohen—Levi Cohen—no sooner heard of O'Rourke's advent on the field than he scented a chance of ridding himself of his property.

Accordingly, he visited a drawer under the counter where he kept the supply of nuggets and gold-dust he had that day taken from his customers, and after weighing out a few ounces placed them in a bag and then made his way, accompanied by his son and heir, along the principal street and over the Creek towards the ill-fated mine. The pegs denoting the boundary of his property were still standing, the windlass still yawned above the shaft, and the general litter, and two or three stakes, showed where the miners' tents had once been pitched.

Chuckling to himself over the success he expected to achieve, the wily little fellow glanced round to make sure his actions were unobserved, and then, having satisfied himself that the rope on the windlass was strong enough to bear his weight, lowered himself gently down into the pit, adjuring his son not to fail to pull him up when he should call. Upwards of a quarter of an hour elapsed before little Ephraim felt a jerk on the rope, and, seizing the crank of the windlass, set to work to haul his adventurous sire to the surface. Then they tramped home, and in the afternoon Levi went in search of the man he wanted. The original loss had been added to by twenty pounds' worth of genuine gold from the counter drawer, and he was anxious to reimburse himself as soon as possible. However, his search for the guileless Daniel was not successful, and he was returning home, filled with disappointment, when he met the very man he wanted within a few yards of his own store door. They entered the shop almost simultaneously.

When O'Rourke had made his purchases, the genial Levi turned the conversation into the channel most popular in the township—the work done on the different mines. He described the way gold was being taken out of the "Dawn of Day" by the shovelful; told how the "Wheel of Fortune" had just changed hands for fifteen thousand pounds, and was supposed to be a good bargain even at that price; reminded him how a nugget of enormous value had been discovered, quite accidentally, in the "Glimpse of Glory," and in this manner did his best to interest and inflame the Hibernian seeker after wealth. Daniel was prodigiously impressed, as Levi intended he should be, and repeated his wish that he could hear of a claim to his liking.

Thereupon the Jew dropped his voice and looked carefully round before he spoke, as if he were afraid someone might overhear what he was going to say, and said—

"You want a claim, do you? Well, I—but, there, we don't know who's listening, and what I've got to say must not be breathed aloud. Supposing you step into my back room, I could tell you there."

"It's mesilf's obliged to ye for your civility," said the unsuspecting Daniel, as he followed the other through the door in the back of the little shop into a smaller room, built of canvas and kerosene-tins, which was behind it.

"Don't mention it, I'm sure," answered the affable Jew, producing a bottle of whisky and a pannikin from one box and placing them on another that did duty as a table. "It's a real pleasure to me to do anything I can for a new arrival in the land. Help yourself to whisky and I'll tell you my news."

"The bottle stands foreninst wid ye," answered Daniel, pushing it towards the other, after he had helped himself.

"Not in business hours," returned the Jew. Then, seeing a look of displeasure on his guest's face, he hastened to pour a few drops into his pannikin, remarking as he did so, "As, however, this is a special occasion, I'll break my rule. I drink to your good fortune, Mr. ——"

"O'Rourke's me name," replied Daniel, replenishing his glass and preparing to re-

ceive the toast. "Daniel O'Rourke, from Ballycaloo, County Tipperary."

"Ah, I'm a Dublin man myself," said the Hebrew, wiping his lips. "And since we're countrymen I don't mind telling you what I've heard. Only I'll have to ask one thing from you first."

"An' phwat's that?" asked Daniel, emptying his pannikin.

"That you'll pledge me your word not to mention what I'm going to say to you to anybody. When I've done, you'll see that I can only tell you in the strictest confidence."

The mystery surrounding the matter delighted the Irishman, and he willingly gave the required promise.

"Well, it's this, and nothing more," began Cohen—"but fill your glass, Mr. O'Rourke—there's a mine about to be put on the market that I'm told is just chock full of gold."

"The divil there is! And phwy are the folks that own it not working of it, then?"

"Because the previous owners gave it up as worthless, and re-sold it just before they reached the true spot where the gold lies," said Cohen.

O'Rourke had heard others begin in exactly the same way, so he was not unduly excited.

"And phwere is this mine?" he asked, "and how can I come to hear of it?"

"Ah, you mustn't be in a hurry, my dear sir," said the Jew. "For all I know, it may be sold."

Daniel's face dropped.

"But if you would like to consider the matter, I will find out at once if the offer is still open, and then you can accompany me and inspect it for yourself. At the same time, I think it only fair to tell you that I expect a good sum will be asked for it."

"Phwat d'ye call a good sum?"

The Jew regarded him very closely for a moment and then said cautiously—

"Probably fifteen hundred pounds."

"Bad cess to 'em, then, for a set of thieves and robbers!" cried Daniel. "I'll not be able to find fifteen hundred pounds, nor anything like it."

"Well, if you will leave it in my hands I will make inquiries," returned the other, "and if it is still open we'll see what can be done."

"I take it koind of ye," said Daniel, and gripped the Jew's dirty hand with a strength that made him jump as if he had been shot. "And when may it be that I shall see ye again?"

"You might call here to-morrow morning about ten," said Levi. "In the meantime, remember, not a word to anyone. If you speak about it the price will go up and we'll not get another chance at it."

"I'll remember, never fear," replied Daniel, and presently bade the other good-bye and left by the back way.

Next morning, punctually on the



"'Just chock full of gold.'"

stroke of ten, the Irishman put in an appearance at the store. He did not, however, approach by the front door, but passed round and gained admittance by the back.

"Phwell, and phwat have ye found out for me?" he asked, as soon as he and the Jew were alone together. "Is the mine sold?"

"Not yet," said the astute Cohen; "but I'm told there are two parties after it. However, I've got permission for you to see it."

"Come along wid ye, then!" cried Daniel. "Let's be afther seeing it at once. I'll not rest till I've set me eyes on it and looked into the bowels of it for meself."

The other laughed at his eagerness.

"You mustn't be in such a hurry," he said. "If we were to go down to it in broad daylight everyone on the field would know of it in an hour, and then we should be forestalled. No, I've arranged it all—you're to come round here at nine to-night, and we'll visit the mine and you can examine it yourself. I don't want you to say afterwards that through my advice you bought a pig in a poke. In the meantime I'll have to persuade the vendors to wait for your offer."

Daniel's face fell at the notion of more waiting, but the other was inexorable. This being so, he was compelled to exercise his patience for the second time.

Once more he kept his appointment punctually, and then with Reuben and Ephraim, the Jew's two sons, set off for the "Great Tipperary." The night was as dark as the inside of your hat, and it was with the utmost difficulty the party made their way across the field, and its hundreds of treacherous pitfalls, in the direction of the mine. At last, however, they reached it, and the two older men prepared to descend. Up to that time Daniel had never been down a mine, and he was therefore filled both with importance and also with desire. The Jew went first, and when he was safely at the bottom, the Irishman placed his foot in the bucket, clutched the rope, and was lowered to his side. Thereupon Levi lit a candle, a bundle of which he had brought with him, and began to explain the general working of the mine. Having pointed out several supposed advantages, he led the trusting Hibernian into the main drive and they examined the walls together.

"Wait here for me a moment," said the Jew, "while I go back to the shaft-bottom and see if I can find a pick. Then you can strike for specimens yourself."

He went off on his search, and when he returned he brought the tool and also a bucket with him.

"You take these and I'll carry the candle," he said. "That's right; now come along to the end of the drive."

They groped their way to where the previous owners had ceased work, and then Levi bade his companion drive in his pick. The other did as he was commanded and brought away a lot of loose earth; he gave a second stroke with a like result.

"Bedad, it's easy working!" said the astonished Irishman, who had expected hours of labour.

"That's because the last owners picked it round, but were too lazy to finish," explained the Jew, who knew he must say something. "Try again."

Once more the Irishman let drive.

"That's the style," said the Jew. "Now wait a moment and I'll be off for an old shovel I saw in the shaft. Then we'll fill this bucket and take it home to wash."

He lit another candle and set off in search of the implement. When he returned the Irishman filled the bucket and they were then drawn up with it.

Between them they carried it back to the township, and once there Daniel and the Jew set to work to wash it in the room behind the store. To their surprise nugget after nugget came to light.

"Phwy, it's alive with gold," cried the Irishman. "If that bucket's a sample, bedad, there's gold enough in the mine to buy up all the world. By St. Pathrick! I never saw such another sight in all my born days."

Again he examined what they had taken out, and as he did so his enthusiasm grew apace. He could hardly contain himself.

"Holy Mother!" he cried, "but it's like picking up sovereigns. Levi, me son, if I don't have this mine I shall die."

"If it has not already been sold, that may yet be done," said Levi. "I'll see the vendors first thing in the morning, if you like. Now, to what price do you feel inclined to go?"

"Do you think they'd be afther takin' five hundred pounds for it, sonny? I'd not be able to offer more than that."

Levi shook his head doubtfully.

"It's too little, I'm afraid," he answered; "but I'll do my best for you, you may be sure. If you come round to my store about twelve to-morrow, I'll be able to tell you what I've done. But, in the meantime, secrecy as before. Do you understand?"

"I do, me jewel; not a word shall pass me



"'That's the style,' said the Jew."

lips. I'll be as silent as Mooney's pig when the butcher whispered 'Pork.'"

"Come to me at twelve to-morrow, then. Now you'd better be getting home."

Daniel went, and all night long he dreamt of what he had seen.

Next day he was punctual as usual in reaching the store; but Cohen was out, and it was nearly the half-hour before he put in an appearance. When he did, his shifty little face looked craftier than ever. He led his unsuspecting victim into the room at the back of the store, and after he had carefully closed the door that led into the shop, and had drawn the canvas curtain across the doorway that opened into the yard, he sat down.

"Ye're mighty mysterious, Mr. Cohen,

dear," said Dan, as he watched the other's attempts to guard against intrusion and eavesdropping. "I hope it's good news ye have to tell me."

"That's how you take it," remarked the Jew. Then he dropped his voice almost to a whisper and said, "I've seen the parties who own the mine, and I've bought it myself."

"The divil ye have!" Dan almost screamed.

"On your account, of course," the other hastened to explain. "It was a ticklish bit of business, but I managed it at last. The others were most anxious to have it, I can assure you."

"An' phwat have ye given for it, honey?" asked the Irishman.

"Six hundred pounds cash," returned the Jew. "Not a penny less. If they'd known the worth of it they would have asked me five thousand."

"Six hundred pounds. Phwy, ye divil, I said I'd not go above five hundred."

The Jew simulated wrath.

"Call me a devil again and I'll keep it myself," he said. "I thought I was doing you a good turn. You needn't take it unless you like. I will gladly keep it and work it, though I make it a rule not to speculate in gold mines."

At this the other's face went down to zero. He remembered the washings he had seen on the previous night.

"No, no, me son, that ye won't," said Daniel. "I'll take it at the price ye mention, and give ye a five-pound note for yer trouble. I'm obliged to ye. Shake hands on it, bedad."

If it had been possible to close the bargain without doing as he was asked, the Hebrew would have done it. But in the face of so much success he felt he would not be justified in refusing. So he held out his hand and had it crushed in the other's ponderous grasp.

"There's one stipulation, however, that the vendors feel compelled to make," he said, when he had recovered from the pain.

"Bedad, they're as full of stipulations, as ye call 'em, as a dog is with fleas. Phwat is it they want wid me now, me son?"

"That you shall give your promise in writing not to divulge the price you have paid for it," said Levi. "I felt I might give the promise on your account before handing over my cheque for the purchase-money. I suppose it was all right?"

"An' so it was. Ye need not fear that I'll bethray a mining secret, me jewel."

"Very well, then," said the other, producing a half sheet of note-paper on which some words were written. "When you've put your name to this I suppose we can consider the matter settled. You will let me have your cheque at once, of course."

The simple Hibernian fumbled in his breast pocket and brought out a dirty chequebook on a Sydney bank. A pen and a bottle of ink were soon forthcoming, and with much labour, sucking in of lips, and hard breathing, the draft was made out and the promise signed. The Jew wrote a receipt for the money and then went into the store for the papers relating to the mine. Ten minutes later the Irishman was making his way down the street to the Commissioner's office for the purpose of taking out a Miner's Right and also to record his purchase. He walked with a proud step and his head thrown back, for he was dreaming of the future that was to be his when he should have made his pile. As he left the office, with his authority to dig for gold buttoned up in his pocket, the Commissioner himself crossed the street and approached him. Though he had only been on the field a fortnight, everyone knew Dan O'Rourke. His trusting innocence, combined with his irresistible good humour, made him a general favourite.

"Well, O'Rourke," said the Commissioner, who had heard of the other's desire to purchase a tried property rather than to chance his luck on a new claim. "Have you found your mine yet?"

"Mine is it, yer honour?" said Dan. "Bedad, it's a fortune I've just taken out in yer office yonder. I'm the owner of the 'Great Tipperary,' away t'other side of the Creek."

"What?" cried the Commissioner, astounded by the answer. "You've taken the 'Tipperary'?"

"That one and no other," said Dan.

"You don't mean to tell me seriously that you've been idiot enough to purchase the 'Tipperary'?"

Dan's eyes twinkled. He had seen the gold for himself and knew it was there.

"Bedad, and I have, then," he answered.

"Well, all I can say is, you'll lose every halfpenny you have put into it, O'Rourke. Let me give you a bit of advice. I don't know what you have paid for it, but be sure to sell it again if you can find a big enough fool to purchase it, or you'll bite your fingers."

"Not while there's enough gold in it to buy me a dinner, yer honour. Don't be

afraid, sir! I know it's there, and, work or no work, I'm going to have it out."

"Well, good luck to you, but I'm afraid you're a fool."

The Commissioner went into his office shaking his head, and Dan made his way down the street to his tent, where he wrote to his three cousins in Sydney, telling them of his good fortune and bidding them come up and assist him in his work at once. It was consistent with the man's simplicity and generosity that he gave each of them a share in his venture.

As soon as the letter was written he started off to the mail-office and posted it, in order that it might go down by the coach that night.

A week later the three cousins arrived. They were as curious a trio as any man ever set eyes on, and as green as spring grass. They all possessed the same red hair, the same enormous mouths, hands like hams, and the same twinkling blue eyes. They were also invariably in good spirits, and their greeting to Daniel when they descended from the coach was little less than cyclonic. Then and there they were taken out and introduced to the mine, and next morning they commenced work in real earnest.

Now, if there was one man on the field who took a greater interest in their success than another, it was the Jew, Levi Cohen. He knew very well that after the first load was taken out of the drive no more gold would be found, and he spent the greater part of his time wondering what form the Irishman's vengeance would take. However, he had come safely out of one or two little episodes of the same kind before, and trusted to his luck to be able to wriggle out of this as he had done out of the others. But to his thunderstruck surprise the bottom did not fall out of the mine in the time he had predicted. On the contrary, the prospects of the O'Rourke Company, as the field nicknamed the quartette, seemed to improve with every succeeding day. When a week had elapsed, and the field was beginning to talk of the numbers of big finds made in the "Tipperary" drives, Cohen mustered up courage and went over to the mine to inquire for himself.

On reaching the claim he discovered that a stout paling fence had been erected all round it. In the centre of this was a gate, which was kept locked. He knocked upon it, and after a while it was opened to him. When he had passed inside he inquired for Dan, and while he was waiting for him to make his appearance he noticed that the firm had permitted themselves the luxury of a whim-horse, and a large tank in which to keep the washing-water for the cradle. A neat tent had also been erected near the gate, and on the other side of it a canvas stable for the horse.

Presently Dan appeared from the shaft, attired in an old pair of moleskin trousers and a Crimean shirt, and covered with dirt from top to toe. He greeted the Jew with his accustomed cordiality and asked him what he thought of the mine.

"I hear great tales in the township," replied the Jew suspiciously. "But the thing is, are they true?"

"Come along wid ye and see the day's find for yersilf, alannah," said Dan, and led him into the tent. "Another ten minutes an' ye'd have been too late, for I'm just off to the bank wid it."

He unlocked a box that stood in the corner and pulled out a canvas bag, the contents of which he tipped on to the bed. Nuggets of all shapes and sizes rolled out, with dust enough to make a small handful. The Jew looked, and as he looked his eyes bulged nearly out of his head. There was an expression of almost consternation on his face. One question dominated all others. Could he have been fool enough to part with a mine that turned out gold in this abundant fashion for the small sum of six hundred pounds? He asked himself the question, and the only reply he could give nearly made him sick.

"And where's yesterday's find?" he asked after a moment's pause.

"Where should it be, me Jew bhoy," said Dan, "but in the bank wid its little brothers. Ah, me broth of a lad, it was a fine turn ye did me phwen ye sold me this mine for six hundred pounds."

Inwardly the other groaned; but aloud he said he was glad to hear it.

"It's a fortune we're turning out," said Dan, with a chuckle. "Ye're a benefactor of humanity, Levi Cohen, an' so ye are. Now, will ye have a drop of the crature to wish us luck?"

The Jew declined hastily and made his adieux. He felt that a thimbleful of spirit at that moment would have choked him.

A few days later he was standing at his store door, when Dan appeared before him, clad in his best, and carrying a black bag in his hand.

"The top of the morning to ye, Mr. Cohen, me dear," said he. "And how are ye this

fine spring morning, ye benefactor of humanity?"

"How's the mine, Mr. O'Rourke?" asked the other, disregarding the inquiry after his own health.

In reply the Irishman led him into his store and put down the bag he carried in his hand. From it he poured, as he had done at the mine, another quantity of gold upon the counter. When he had let the Jew's eyes feast upon it for a minute or so, he swept it back into the bag and said—



"'Two days' clean up, me son, and divil a day more.'"

"Two days' clean up, me son, and divil a day more."

To make a long story short, I may say that this performance was repeated almost every day, with variations. Sometimes the weekly amount of gold was larger, sometimes it was smaller, but it was never of less value than a hundred pounds, while sometimes it reached even to three. As may be imagined, Cohen was by this time on the verge of insanity. Taking into consideration the debt in payment of which he had originally received it, he had not made more than three hundred pounds on the transaction. And if the evidence of his eyes could be believed, this rascally Irishman must have got back his money and have made nearly a thousand pounds clear profit already. He determined to set his brains to work to try and devise some scheme for getting possession of the property again. On the first available opportunity he sounded the Irishman on the subject, but his offer of five hundred pounds cash was rejected with derision. A fortnight went by and then a month. The phenomenal returns still continued, and three times a week regularly Dan called at the store, and tipped his fifty, hundred, or even one hundred and fifty pounds' worth of gold out on to the counter for the other's inspection. At the same time he invariably took good care to attest his gratitude to the Jew for his assistance in procuring him the means of making such a fortune. The story of the sale, minus the price paid, had leaked out and about the field, and on every hand the Jew was commended for his extraordinarily generous behaviour. As a result he bit his fingers with

rage, in private, and became more anxious than ever to participate in the firm's good fortune.

One morning, towards the end of summer, Dan appeared in the store with a solemn face and dejected bearing. Levi inquired the cause and was informed that Barney, the youngest member of the association, was seriously ill. The next day he was worse, the day following his life was despaired of, the next day he was dead.

On the night of his decease Cohen met Dan on his way back from the undertaker's. He commented on the sad news and inquired after the mine.

"We've not touched it these three days past," said Dan, wiping his eyes with an enormous red cotton pocket-handkerchief. "We haven't the heart to lift a pick. Poor little Barney! Poor little Barney! I've made me fortune, and now I'm of two minds as to whether I won't sell off the mine and leave the field. There's not one of us could bear to work it now the little lad's gone."

The Jew scented an opportunity and hastened to make the most of it.

"If you really think of disposing of the property, Mr. O'Rourke," he said, "I'll gladly make you an offer for it. You know you owe me the first chance for having obtained it for you."

"If ever I do sell it, I'll promise ye the first chance," said Dan, "that I will. Ye're a benefactor of humanity, Levi alannah, as I've so often tould ye."

He squeezed the Jew's hand and left him.

Next morning it was known all over the field that Daniel O'Rourke intended to take his cousin's body down to the nearest railway and send it thence to Sydney, to be buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery. The remaining trio were to accompany it on its dismal journey. Then came the confirmation of Dan's threat of leaving the field, and it was finally settled that, notwithstanding its richness, he intended to dispose of the "Great Tipperary" without delay.

At midday the man himself called at the store. Cohen received him and together they passed into the room at the back.

"I'm going to sell the mine," said Dan abruptly. "I've got three offers for it here. Would ye like to see them?"

He took from his pocket three letters and laid them on the table.

The writers were well-known miners, and their offers ranged from five to ten thousand pounds.

"Now, my lad," he said, "if ye want the mine, ye must say so at once, for I've no time to waste. I leave for Sydney to-night, and I'm niver coming back. Ye did a poor bhoy a good turn when he was a stranger in the land, and I'll do the same for ye. Two thousand is the price I'm askin' ye. Will ye take it at that, just as it stands, tent, whim, palin' fence, an' tank, or shall it go elsewhere?"

"Give me an hour to think it over, Mr. O'Rourke," said the Jew, with almost trembling earnestness. "I can't decide in such a hurry. It's a large price to pay."

"For that beautiful mine that ye said yersilf was worth thousands?" cried Dan. "Phwy, it's dirt chape at the money. Say no more—I'll go elsewhere. Bedad I will, if I'm trated like that when I'm doing a kindness to an old friend."

The other reflected for a moment. If the takings he had seen every week could be in any way relied upon, and Daniel was too simple to have faked them, he would get his money back in less than three months, and the rest would be all profit. It was a speculation, but still he felt he would be justified in risking it.

"Will ye take it, or shall I go elsewhere?"

"I'm to take it just as it stands, do you say?"

"Barrin' the horse and cart and the lad's personal belongings, just as it stands."

"Make it fifteen hundred and I'll give you my cheque at once."

"I've said two thousand, and to two thousand I'll stick. Say 'No,' and I'll go elsewhere."

"Then I'll take it."

"Give me your cheque and make it payable to bearer. I'll collect it before I go, to save throuble, d'ye see?"

The cheque was written and handed over. Then Dan shook hands with his benefactor and went on to the bank.

A week later there was weeping and wailing in the store on the main street. In spite of the gold the unhappy Jew had been shown week after week, the mine had proved worthless, after all. There wasn't as much as an ounce of payable dust in it from top to bottom.

With a fear that was worse than the fear of death in his heart he hastened to the bank where Dan had dealt and interviewed the manager. He begged the latter to tell him in confidence how much gold Mr. O'Rourke had sold them from the "Great Tipperary" every week.

"Not an ounce, as far as I can remember,

Mr. Cohen," said the manager, with a twinkle in his eye. Then he added politely, "I am told you have purchased the mine. I hope you did not give a very large sum for it."

"Two thousand pounds," groaned the unfortunate Jew.

"And, knowing it to be worthless, I believe you originally sold it to my client, Mr. O'Rourke, for six hundred. Well, all I can say is, Mr. Cohen, that I think you have only received your deserts. I should advise you to be a little more careful in your speculations in the future."

The other, however, disregarded this speech entirely.

"But he used to show me gold twice a week, nuggets and dust to the value of nearly three hundred pounds," he insisted.

"He was evidently preparing his trap for you. Ah! Now I come to think of it, we sold Mr. O'Rourke three hundred pounds' worth of nuggets and dust soon after he bought the mine. It was evidently that you saw. You think you must be going? Well, good morning."

But the Jew did not answer; he was too busily occupied thinking about other things.

His reception on the field was not cordial. He had oppressed many, and the many were not sorry to have a chance of paying him back.

That night he left for Sydney by the coach. But he had not reached the bottom of the mystery yet. The morning following his arrival he was walking down George Street with a friend when his constitution received a severe shock. Crossing the road in front of him was an ungainly figure topped with a mass of red hair. On reaching the pavement the man turned round. *It was Barney O'Rourke, the poor lad who had died at Warramindah a fortnight before.*

Cohen clutched a lamp-post for support and came within an ace of fainting. He saw at last how beautifully he had been caught.

Nowadays, Levi Cohen is on a field in Queensland, working with redoubled energy to make up the amount of which he was so cruelly mulcted at Warramindah. If a man at any time wants to hurt his feelings and to reduce him almost to tears, he has only to mention the name of O'Rourke, and to ask him if he remembers the "Great Tipperary" swindle.



COTTAGES AT DAWLISH.



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[Munich, London, and New York.

The Madonna and the Holy Child.

From the Picture by E. Veith.



By F. Klickmann.

Illustrated by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.

AMONG the many objects of historical interest which may be seen by the visitor attending one of the morning services held daily in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the appearance of a number of noble-looking old gentlemen of decidedly military bearing, whose bright scarlet uniforms are so much in keeping with the splendour of the choir, cannot but excite interest as to their origin and history.

These are the Military Knights of Windsor. Their history goes back far into the Middle Ages. When Edward III. instituted the Order of the Garter, he decided to found a resting-place for some of the many officers who had fought bravely for him at Cressy and Poictiers, and who, when they were no longer capable of military employment, had fallen into decay and poverty. He therefore selected twenty-four such veterans, whom he called the "Milites Pauperes," and they, with the Custos (Dean) and the clergy, were incorporated as one body.

He directed that every Alms Knight was to receive twelve pence per diem, with an additional forty shillings per annum out of the revenues of the College of St. George, payable by the Dean; and also each was to receive a red cloak reaching to the ankles, with a purple mantle over it. They were commanded to attend Divine Service daily, to pray for the souls of the Sovereign and Knights of the Garter, to which Order they belonged in a lesser degree.

Shortly after the establishment of the Order of the Garter, the number of the "Milites Pauperes" was increased to twenty-six, the same number as the Knights of the Order. For every absence from Chapel the Alms Knights were fined a day's pay, and the fines divided among the rest. From what we learn of the Poor Knights of Edward III., they seemed to have been a credit to the corps to which they belonged.

Things went on well enough until the reign of Henry VI., when the Knights complained of being robbed by the Dean and Canons of their share of the College revenues. Matters were patched up from time to time, until at length the disputes ran so high between the two parties that in the twenty-second year of the reign of Edward IV. (1483), an Act of Parliament was passed, "That the Dean and Canons, and their successors, should for evermore be utterly quit and discharged from all manner of exhibition, or charge of, or of any of the said Knights."

All kinds of strange accusations were brought against the College by the Knights—a rather amusing one being that the Dean and Canons had refused to share a "last of herrings" which was sent yearly by the Corporation of Yarmouth for the consumption of the College, and of which, as a part of the Foundation of St. George, the Poor Knights claimed a share.

How the Alms Knight existed, when

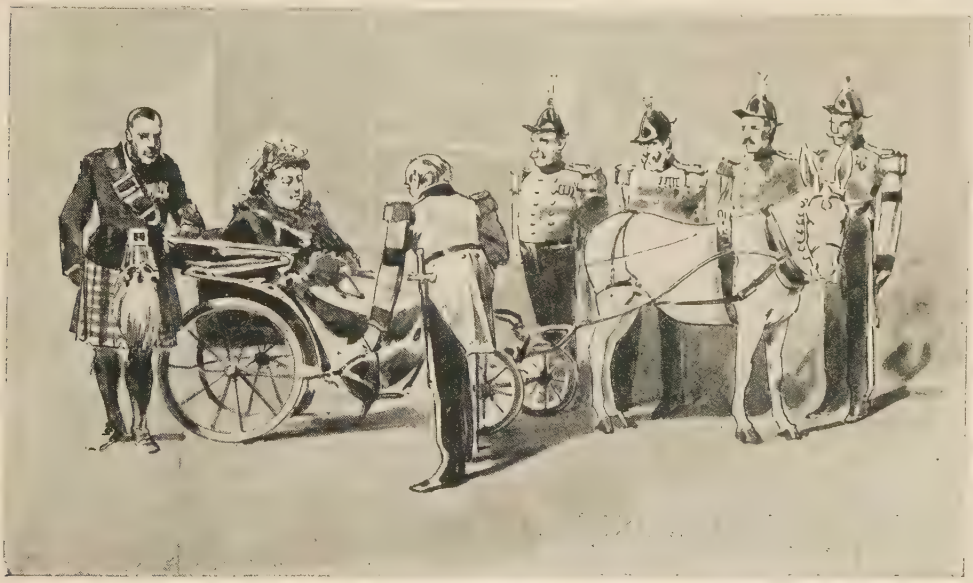
supplies had been cut off from the Chapel, remains a mystery.

It seems that nothing was done for this unfortunate body until the reign of Henry VIII., who appears to have had every intention of settling fresh lands upon them, but before proper indentures were made out the King died. Edward VI., during his brief reign, did a good deal towards what was afterwards completed by his two sisters. It was during the time of Queen Mary that the buildings on the south side of the Lower Ward of the Castle, in which the Military Knights now live, were completed at the cost of £2,750. One of the first acts of Queen Elizabeth was to carry out the scheme of her father in the re-establishment of the Alms Knights. The number was fixed at thirteen, and about £600 set down for their maintenance. Each Knight was to receive £18 5*s.* from the Dean, and an allowance of £3 8*s.* 6*d.* for the red cloak, on which was embroidered the arms of St. George. Many new rules and restrictions were laid down, such as that they were to be unmarried men, and were to come together daily for meals in a central hall now known as the Garter House.

James I. granted them an additional shilling per diem. During the reign of Charles I. a further extension of the charity took place. Sir Francis Crane erected those houses which were situated where the Guard Room now stands, and which were known as "Crane's Buildings" until they were pulled down at the beginning of the present century. They extended along the western side of the Lower Ward between the Garter Tower and the Salisbury Tower. Ashmole says, in his description of the Castle, that "Sir Peter de Maire bequeathed £1,500 to be bestowed and settled to, and in such a manner and form as Sir Francis Crane (who was his brother-in-law) should think fit within four years after his death."

Sir Francis decided that the best thing to do with the money was to erect five additional dwellings for the charity, and, by largely contributing himself, he was able to leave it that every member of the new or Lower Foundation should receive £40 per annum. After Crane's Buildings were demolished and the Guard Room erected in their place, the five Knights were quartered in the Salisbury Tower and in the apartments over Henry VIII. Gateway. These are now known as the Lower Foundation, while the original thirteen are called the Upper or Royal Foundation. It is so ordered that before any Knight can be admitted on to the Higher Foundation he has to pass by seniority from the Lower.

The Commonwealth saw still further improvement in their pay, Cromwell proving a staunch friend. After the Restoration they seemed to have lost all their sources of income with the exception of the shilling a

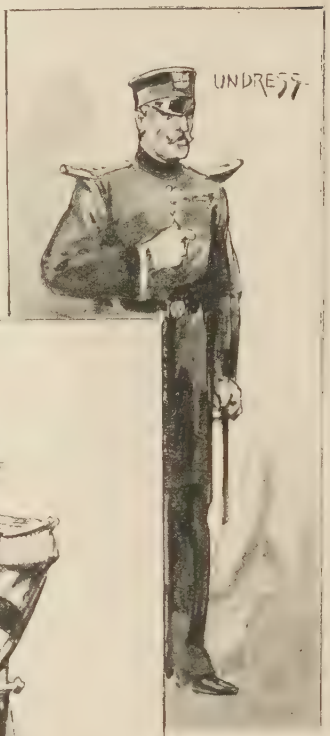


A ROYAL INSPECTION.

day. From this time until the reign of George III. the Knights appear to have greatly deteriorated, and, in fact, past military service was not essential for admittance to the corps.

However, on the accession of George III., whose name is always so closely associated with Windsor, the King immediately set about to restore the credit of the Order. There were men of questionable character within the Foundation. The King went thoroughly into the question and strove to better the existing state of affairs.

William IV. made more than one important alteration. He changed their names from "Poor" or "Alms" Knights to their present title "Military Knights," which is undoubtedly a more desirable distinction and removes the hurtful suggestion of pauperism. In addition to this, he did away with their old dress and instituted the uniform now worn.







But even these marked indications of Royal interest were not sufficient to remove the financial difficulties with which the old Knights struggled—and, indeed, still struggle. The £49 per annum which each man now receives cannot be called an adequate maintenance for even the most frugally inclined warrior! The result is a tendency on the part of the authorities to fill the vacancies, as they occur, with men who are already possessed of some private means—such as officers on half-pay—rather than the really needy, for whose benefit the Order was originally instituted.

The duties of these veterans are by no means arduous, and considerable relaxation has been accorded to some of the most rigorous of former regulations. An unfailing daily attendance at Divine Service in St. George's Chapel is no longer compulsory—indeed, Her Majesty has sanctioned this being dispensed with entirely where the Knights are Roman Catholics; nevertheless, the members of the Order are supposed to be in their stalls as regularly as possible, and this should not be a difficult matter to men whose time is not burdened with much else in the way of official duties.

They are also required to attend at any installation that may be held in the Chapel, such as those of the Knights of the Garter, or of their own Order. They are likewise included in some of the Court ceremonials, and form a picturesque adjunct at Royal receptions.

Funerals, either those of Royal personages, buried



in the historic Chapel, or those of the members of their fraternity, gain much in magnificence by the inclusion of these old officers in their gorgeous apparel, who always form part of the procession.

The scarlet full dress is worn on State occasions, Sundays, and festivals; the undress uniform, with the blue frock-coat, is worn on Litany days, while mufti is permitted for evensong. The undress uniform is provided by the Knights out of their own revenues, and costs them about £15 for each suit. This alone is somewhat of a strain on their modest pension.

SUNDAY MORNING IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.



HONOURED HEROES TO THE LAST.

They are allowed three months' leave of absence each year—not a bad scale of holidays, one would imagine! But no man is supposed to sleep away from his quarters without depositing his door-key with the Governor. This precaution is taken in case of fire breaking out in the building.

Contrary to the usual order of things, the quarters occupied by the "Lower Foundation" are superior to those in which the members of the "Upper Foundation" are domiciled. Consequently, when the order of promotion is given, it is not entirely a change for the better.

The main bulk of the money paid to the Knights is derived from the manor of Carbrook, Norfolk, on which a charge of £230 is annually levied, and out of which £46 is deducted as "Land Tax"—a perceptible diminution on so small a sum! When it is taken into consideration that the Knights have to provide themselves with light, fuel, medical attendance, and such-like items that run away with money, it will be seen that, much as the vacancies are coveted, they are of but small material benefit to the Knights themselves.





THE WHIRLIGIG.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.*

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

CHAPTER I.

MR. BOTHFIELD BEGINS TO TAKE AN INTEREST.

FRANCIS BOTHFIELD, Esquire, was at great pains to convince people that he was an Englishman. They often remained sceptical to the end; and, indeed, a man who has been born in Paris, breeched in Vienna, educated at Göttingen, and domiciled, for varying periods, in half the cities of Europe, is unlikely to retain the insular characteristics. There was not in Mr. Bothfield the John-Bullishness which the Continent, at any rate, considers a part of British nature; there was no beefy exterior, no robust contempt of foreigners, no hectoring display of ignorance. It is sad to confess that these failings make up the Englishman to the other nations; we may at least take credit to ourselves that one member of the race lacked them altogether. He had lost them, perhaps, in the course of his cosmopolitan existence—possibly he had never found occasion to unpack them, as it were, from his trim valise. And in leaving them among the camphor he had, perforce, to leave, too, a certain positive virility upon which we barbarians have better cause to pride ourselves. Bothfield at five-and-thirty was a frog of a man—clammy to the touch, and uninteresting. He was still a wanderer among the civilised places of the earth; blessed with a genteel sufficiency; a dabbler in the arts; negatively entertained by his fellow-men, and rarely pricked enough by their contact to be cynical.

It was Mr. Bothfield's misfortune that he had not run amuck among the passions; that he had been too trained to well-bred indifference to feel hatred; too pacific to understand a quarrel; too daintily nurtured to be gross. As to love, which most of us would fain believe, at least once in a lifetime, to be the pivot upon which this mortal whirligig revolves, Mr. Bothfield knew no more of it than as a lukewarm emotion engendered—for half an hour—of a tempestuous petticoat, a bubble of laughter, or the flutter of a fan. He took life with the imperturbability of a man who has seen it spectator-wise and tasted it never.

By all the fitness of things, Bothfield was born for a neutral-tinted existence; it was an ironical fate that gave him to those upper-class gipsies, his parents, and it was certainly a grotesque conception of the powers that be that pitchforked him into the turmoil of one of the most mediæval intrigues that has stirred to life in nineteenth century Europe; though, to be sure, the immediate cause was the sublime faith in his own impregnable indifference to convulsions, social, moral, or political, that led him over the borders of Amalia at the hour of Gottfried von Incke's arrest and trial. The collision that ensued, which is the subject-matter of this narrative, completed, as will be seen, a neglected education.

The Central Europe express disgorged its passengers in the western station at Amaro just as a winter sun was about to rise over the little gilded capital. Bothfield, who had tumbled, half awake, out of a *coupé lit*, found himself blinking at the rivalry of the electric lights and the dawn while his cab rattled

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across the cobble-stoned streets, and dreamily figuring to himself the hash an impressionist would make of the cold, clear sky, with its vanishing stars, as contrasted with those pin-points of white fire below. He had come to Amalia in response to a whim, which impelled him to revisit its picture-gallery—travellers will remember the medley of priceless old masters and lifeless new ones. The fancy had seized him in Rome, and he had bowed to its ruling, tolerantly, and followed it northward, and eastward, to the Principality. He wondered, in the face of that chilling dawn, if it had been worth while to experience so much discomfort for a very doubtful pleasure, and then he reproved himself for letting the thought of pleasure rub shoulders with that of art, with complete unconsciousness of adopting, for once, a truly British attitude. If it was a question of being bored, well, what matter? He was generally bored.

The cab jolted on, and Bothfield looked sleepily out at the streets, and was puzzled by the presence of little knots of people that buzzed everywhere, and particularly around the newspaper kiosks, which showed signs of early opening. He felt that the breathlessness which is usual in a city before sunrise, the pause between the gaieties and the tragedies of the night and the business of the day, was being in some way disturbed by the march of events. There was a whisper of expectation under the lime-trees that bordered the grey streets, and there was an excitement that showed itself in peering faces, in half-opened doors and shutters, and in gossiping milk-women, as the cab passed by.

The reason was brought home to him when the porter of the Hôtel Bellevue shook his head and shrugged his shoulders at his demand for room and breakfast. The Incke trial was to begin at ten o'clock, and the hotel was filled — chartered bodily, like enough, the porter said—by lawyers, witnesses, and partisans of the Government in the great case of Ferdinand II. *v.* Gottfried von Incke. It was impossible for the gentleman to be given shelter. He regretted it profoundly, but——

After all, a man of intelligence does not permit himself to be cosmopolitan for nothing. Bothfield was conservative in his attachments, and among them he numbered an affection for the Bellevue's cook, which rose, in the face of opposition, to an inordinate heat. There was nobody in all Amaro who could cook macaroni *au parmesan* as this *chef*, and he longed, suddenly, for macaroni *au parmesan* with the yearning of a lover for his mistress. He waved the porter aside and demanded audience of the manager in an inner chamber. It was granted; and he disappeared from view.

Ten minutes later Bothfield and the manager re-emerged, animated by a mutual appreciation, and exchanged cigars in the vestibule, while Mr. Bothfield's baggage departed swiftly to an apartment on the first floor. Its owner chatted with the affable manager, compared notes of mutual acquaintance and the service of trains, and then followed his trunks in satisfaction. Political trials might disquiet the multitude—that was no reason why they should incommode a peaceful traveller.

The sunrise had begun to smoke and blaze when Bothfield entered his room, and he did not respond to the invitation of the snowy bed in the alcove. He washed off the dust of the night, changed, and made a light meal; after which he lit the manager's cigar and snuggled into a fur coat, to enjoy the breezes of morning from the balcony.

The Hôtel Bellevue stands high, and Amaro is spread in panorama about it. She is a very decorous city to the eye, so decorous as to look hypocritical to those who know her character as a *Raubritternest*, a stronghold of bullying free-lances, through the Middle Ages. But Amaro has long since put her ancient sins behind her, and said confession, and built a university and a museum upon the site of the old fortifications. Moreover, her princes no longer run away with fat barons, or practise dentistry upon passing Jews, and they are at least as moral as any other petty European autocrats. Bothfield looked out upon the trees of the Summer Gardens, and the stately *façade* of the Palace, the equestrian statues of Amalian warriors, and the rays of tree-lined boulevards that spread, spokewise, to all the points of the compass. A flag drooped upon the Palace roof; a green-coated sentry could be dimly seen pacing before the gates; later on, when the lime-trees were in leaf, he would be hidden by them. There was already a touch of spring in the air, and the singing of birds struck more keenly upon Bothfield's ear than the hum of the city. He forgot the possibilities of turmoil below—the traitor who was awaiting trial somewhere in the hurly-burly, the prince who was, perhaps, just then waking to the busy day inside the grey walls yonder: and he smoked and meditated, leaning upon the balcony-rail, at peace with all mankind.



"Tumbled, half awake, out of a *coupé lit*."

His profile was projected beyond the iron creen that shut one room's verandah space rom another, and if he had turned his head e might have seen faces in the next balcony aces that peered at his, shot out like tortoise-eads, and withdrew. As it was, he heard scraps of conversation that fell meaningless upon his ears.

"It all depends upon the result; and, my faith! you know there is not a scrap of written evidence."

"Then the Prince——" The voice sank

to a whisper and droned on till another broke upon it.

"That's of no consequence *now*. We can put them off so easily with this—this miracle."

"Tut, tut, dear Count. Your scheme is a wild one. The instrument may not be ready; he may kick, squeal—anything."

"Trust the Count; he could persuade the Devil himself to dance to his piping. Let us go and inquire of Manager Breslauer."

"As you will. But mind, Captain, no violence."

There followed a laugh, some further murmurings, and finally the tramp of departing feet. Bothfield had no mind for eavesdropping, and he was glad when the talkers were gone, for he suspected they did not guess the acoustic properties of the verandah. Their conversation had been unintelligible, and he smoked on, while the sun chased the last flying shadow from the room behind him. A knock at the door ended his meditations abruptly.

"Permit me!" said the manager's agitated voice from the passage.

Bothfield threw open the door. The suave personage with whom he had hob-nobbed had disappeared; in his stead there was a scared, obsequious, hand-rubbing individual who bowed, and wriggled, and introduced three Amalian gentlemen to the visitor's notice.

"Permit me, Excellency! I have the honour to introduce to Mr. Bothfield, of London, the most illustrious Count Merkewitz, the honourable Herr Holseg, and Captain-of-Police Cossebaude."

The Captain, who brought up the rear of the procession, shut the door as he bowed to Bothfield, and left the introducer discourteously on the wrong side of it. He was a big, burly man, and Bothfield noticed that he leaned his back against the panels and folded his arms in a pugnacious way. Apparently the Count noticed it, too, for he included the officer in the arm-sweep with which he prefaced his opening words.

"Mr. Bothfield will pardon an intrusion and permit us to seat ourselves in his apartment? It is an early hour for a call, but—Cossebaude, dear friend, Mr. Bothfield is so exceedingly kind as to request that you should take a chair."

The trio seated themselves. Count Merkewitz was a small, grey-headed person, with a face like a fox, and the ribbon of the Order of the Amalian Sun in his buttonhole. Holseg was black-bearded; a man with a cold eye and a large circumference. He might have passed for a retired butcher, but Bothfield, turning an anxious face from one to another, thought that he had seen him before in some position of authority. He was unable, however, to recall him, and courtesy demanded immediate speech.

"I am highly honoured by this visit, gentlemen. May I ask to what I am indebted for the favour?"

"The favour is ours," said the Count automatically. "It emboldens us to ask a further one."

"And that is——?"

"I have the privilege to be one of his Royal Highness's legal advisers in the case that is to be tried to-day. Herr Holseg, here, is the Chief of City Police, and he has been able to arrange that his Highness's witnesses and advocates should have exclusive possession of the Hôtel Bellevue for the time. Mr. Bothfield was, perhaps, not aware of the fact?"

Bothfield stared at the bland glance that met his, and felt himself a barbarian instantly. He saw the predicament in which he was placed, and the awkward position into which he had plunged himself unthinkingly. For what? On the instant he conceived a lasting distaste for macaroni *au parmesan*.

"I—I—I am sure I very sincerely beg your pardon," he stammered. "The truth is, I was told of the fact, and I considered it a—well, I did not consider it sufficiently. The Bellevue had sheltered me so often that—— In truth I am exceedingly sorry."

The Count turned a triumphant countenance to the others.

"It is as I said, you see," he announced. "Mr. Bothfield had no intention of intruding upon his Highness's favours. It was merely the natural distaste of the brave Englishman to be foregone his right, not—— Oh, observe, gentlemen! Mr. Bothfield represents an enterprising nation."

"A poor representative, I am afraid," mumbled Bothfield, to whom the keynote of the Count's address was a little indistinct. He suspected satire, but the face before him had a glow of appreciation. There was a magnificent wave of the hand in answer to his interpolation.

"Pardon me—but no! A gentleman of cosmopolitan culture, of English birth—is there a more enviable being? It simplifies our difficulty—the one rising from the delicate situation—so as to render it no difficulty at all. For surely, we can count upon your assistance?"

"I don't understand," said Bothfield. "Let me throw myself upon your kindness, and request permission for the porter to remove my boxes."

"I protest—my good sir, I protest! It is through an inadvertence that you have become one of his Highness's guests; I, on behalf of his Highness, as his unworthy deputy, am enraptured of the opportunity it offers me!"

"Tut, tut!" said Holseg, and Bothfield knew beyond doubt that the speakers of the conversation in the verandah were before him.

"Tut, tut, dear Count! It is, I fear, less of an opportunity than a situation."

"An awkward situation," blurted out Captain Cossebaude gruffly.

The Count silenced them with a look.

"A situation—awkward?" queried he. "By no means. Mr. Bothfield will, of course, understand the need for—er—diplomatic action."

"Indeed, I understand very little at present. I know that I have trespassed upon his Highness's domains, possibly infringed some more important code than that of etiquette; all that now remains for me is, with your permission, to remove myself."

"Fortunately by misfortune, if I may so paradoxically express myself," said Merkewitz, with a bland smile, "the permission is not with us to grant. You have unwittingly identified yourself with his Highness's party. There is at present a very strong feeling in the town, and—but you know all the details of the recent terrible scandal?"

"No. You will scarcely credit it, perhaps, but I came to Amaro with hardly an echo of the name of Incke in my ears. I know, of course, that he is to be tried——"

"Oh, yes, yes! You find it difficult to realise the significance to us of our poor affairs, do you not? But they are, unhappily, only too pressing here to-day. The populace, thick-headed numskull, is inclined to sympathise with Incke as opposed to his Highness."

"Indeed!" said Bothfield, with astonishment. "I have read very little about the matter, beyond that there is a Count Incke who is accused of treason and suspected of other political sins, but I understood that there was an intense loyal excitement in Amalia."

"In the provinces, yes. But here—well, the Department of which Herr Holseg is Chief knows where its trouble lies to-day. The protection of the community within the walls of the Bellevue, in which you are now numbered, will be among its duties, for the loyalty of our party constitutes its hourly danger in the open streets. It is especially enjoined upon us to avoid opportunity for friction; otherwise, we of the Prince's service fear nothing from the *canaille*. But it is an express command, and now that you have identified yourself with our little band, you will see, Mr. Bothfield, that your return to neutral ground becomes a delicate matter."

"But I am not known." Bothfield was not anxious to take up the burden of Amalian politics. "Surely I have only to go to another hotel, and the affair will be at an end? I am a stranger, an alien."

"Just so." The Count nodded. "There, dear sir, is the difficulty. The mob is very suspicious of strangers. It has the vileness to fancy that the Prince could stoop to the use of informers—foreign spies, even—to unearth the details of Incke's sedition. I need not say the circumstances are far otherwise; but so it is believed. Consider, therefore, the seriousness of an assault upon your person. Setting aside the risk to your illustrious self, you will conceive how damaging a circumstance would be the report that a suspected foreigner, for whose identity there is no one in the city to vouch, had been brought to book by the rough and ready justice of the streets. Picture to yourself the inflammation of the public mind, and the possible deplorable consequences that would ensue."

"The long and the short of it is," said Holseg, his cold eye upon the perturbed Bothfield, "you must now consider yourself as one of us, and act accordingly, abiding by the instruction of my Department and the order of the State. It is all that there is to be said."

Bothfield looked from one to the other. He began to see that the significance of this early call had in it a reserve of something unpleasant and inconvenient for him, yet he was still in semi-darkness, and he waited for light with his hands deep in his fur-lined pockets.

"I am, then, to consider myself under arrest?" he queried.

"Oh, my very gracious sir, no!" expostulated Merkewitz. "It is only begged of you that you will keep within call of a—a guardian, till further notice, that you will continue to accept his Highness's favour in this charming apartment, and that you will forgive our unwarrantable intrusion upon your privacy. I have introduced to you



"The Count included the officer in the arm-sweep with which he prefaced his opening words."

Captain Cossebaude. You will find in him a safe conduct through the menaces of an eventful day."

He rose and made as though he would retire, looking from Cossebaude to the Englishman as if he had united them by his benevolence in a bond of mutual affection. It was at this moment that a hardly perceptible smile glimmered across Holseg's cold countenance, and Cossebaude found occasion to stare at the ceiling with an appearance of loutish indifference. Bothfield, in spite of the Count's explanation, felt a sense of mystification that was, for some unacknowledged reason, stronger than he could define. He had a momentary vision of a puppet-show he had once seen, where the wire-puller had borne a fanciful likeness to the Count Merkewitz, and where the dolls were at least as stiff-jointed as himself and his other new-made acquaintances.

Holseg's bow followed the Count's, and they left the room together. Cossebaude remained, heaving himself awkwardly out of his chair and fingering his moustache as he eyed his companion. It was evidently in the bond that he was to mount a close guard, and it was equally evident that he had every intention of obeying his instructions to the letter. Bothfield made a dash at conversation, to break the silence.

"Well, Captain!" he said, with an attempt at jocularity. "It seems we are to be stable companions to-day. I bow to the ruling, if I cannot altogether see its necessity."

"It does not much matter whether you see it or whether you don't," commented Cossebaude gruffly. "You can leave the reasons for it to us." Then, as if conscious that his manner was offensive, and not unwilling to mend it a little—"Since we have to be together, suppose we make the best of it. There's no need to stay stewing in this one room all the time. What do you say to breakfasting below in a private apartment, and then driving over to the Palace of Justice? I have a pass to the police gallery, and there is the great trial to be seen. Eh?"

"But—but I thought it was in the open streets that the danger lay," said Bothfield, astounded at the suggestion. "Surely to drive across them——"

"There are such things as closed carriages," said the Captain. "Of course, if you're afraid we will stop here."

The suggestion was probably intended to settle the question, which it did effectually

"It is not by my wish that I am the object of so much solicitude," said Bothfield, with dignity. "By all means, Captain, let us go to breakfast, and see what is to be seen after." Then, with involuntary regretful ejaculation—"Ah, my picture gallery!"

He descended the stairs, wrapped in meditation, and behind him stalked the tall Captain, with creak of boot and clank of scabbard.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRIAL OF GOTTFRIED VON INCKE.

It was five minutes before ten when a closed carriage with shuttered blinds drew up at the entrance to the Hôtel Bellevue, and the little crowd of onlookers on the pavement was hustled back from its vicinity by the policemen on duty. The spectators, indeed, caught hardly a glimpse of its occupants as the door slammed; and Bothfield, who had been propelled with amazing speed across the flags, found leisure to draw a breath and rub his arm, which was smarting under the reminiscence of Cossebaude's grip.

"Well! I don't suppose anybody had time to make out my features then, Captain," he said, still rubbing. "You understand despatch."

Captain Cossebaude had thawed under the influence of an excellent breakfast, a bottle of Marcobrunner, and one of Bothfield's Havanas. He had become less of the boor and more of the officer; it was possible that he was in a state of admiration of his own affability. He and Bothfield had eschewed politics across the table; they had talked, on the contrary, of Vienna, where the Captain had once spent a delirious week, and for which, as a topic, if their amusements had not been equally decorous, they found, at least, a common fund of appreciation. Bothfield's understanding of the situation into which he had been pitchforked was no less obscure, but the edge of his annoyance had been softened, even as Cossebaude had mellowed.

"Yes, I think we did that quickly enough to satisfy Merkewitz," said the Captain. He leaned back in the *coupé* at ease, but Bothfield saw him block a too-open chink with his hand as they rolled on. He could, however, see through the Venetians that they were passing along a boulevard, the edges of which were thronged with faces that flickered into curiosity as the carriage passed, their lips bubbling with a thousand conjectures

and comments. At intervals came a knot of policemen, and then a handful of lancers clanked slowly down the highway; and here and there a boy in the background bobbed a face among the branches of the limes that bordered the scene, or piped in a shrill treble above the voice of the crowd. Bothfield's sluggishness began to diminish.

"H'm! There seems to be some popular excitement," he said.

"There has been no sensation to equal it in Amaro for years," said Cossebaude. The carriage stopped, blocked by a counter-stream of traffic. He stuffed the chink with his handkerchief and accepted a second cigar.

"What is it all about?" yawned Bothfield.

"*Himmel Sapperment*! Do you really mean you came to Amaro in ignorance? To be sure, you could not gather much from our newspapers—we don't approve of people with pens in Amalia—but I understood that the Continental press generally has not been so discreet."

"Bah!" said Bothfield. "I don't read newspapers. Politics and police-courts were never to my taste, and what does it matter to me what happens to-day?"

"It looks as if it might matter very much indeed," said Cossebaude, with a chuckle. Then he became grave again. "This Incke intrigue, now, is the deuce of a business. Since you wish to hear, and we seem to be blocked for the minute, I will give you an outline.

"Count Gottfried von Incke belongs to one of the very oldest families in the Principality. One of its privileges has always been to supply a page to the Royal household, and Gottfried von Incke took office as soon as he could walk. He grew up in the Palace, side by side with the Heir Apparent, who is now the ruling Prince. Then he was attached to the Prince's suite, because they were close friends through their boyhood, and nobody thought there could be a fitter companion for the Prince than a young Incke. They sowed their wild oats together, but—it is not remarkable for our princes to plant out a crop of that nature. Prince Ferdinand's harvest, though, has been supposed to cover a good many acres in excess of the liberal allowance that is winked at for Royal blood. And Gottfried von Incke ploughed the furrows.

"All this is dated some years back, and I would caution you that I am speaking unofficially." The mask of the policeman snapped down, for an instant, upon the softer countenance that had been born of the Marcobrunner.

Bothfield nodded. He was listening with a shade less of his usual listless manner. For once he found himself entangled in an affair, and the circumstance was sufficiently unusual to this unattached nomad to cause a fluttering of interest.

"Two years ago Prince Ferdinand married the Princess Ottilie Marie Brunnhild Dorothea Luise Hildegard of Ottolini-Gutemberg. They say that her Royal Highness did not care for the Count of Incke; they say—pah! I am no purveyor of scandal: we policemen see too much of the trouble it breeds. But after the Royal marriage the Count Gottfried went no more to the Palace, and at last it was observed that the Prince gave him the go-by publicly. More—he was passed over in his regiment, which is equivalent to requesting an officer to resign the service. And he did resign accordingly.

"It was not long after this that a foreign Power began to make use openly of an amount of precise information—of a most intimate nature—which could only have been procured by means of an informer. There was a great sensation; and then there was a greater. For a rumour began to spread that the State secrets concerned had been revealed by a woman to her lover, and that woman no other than the Princess Ottilie. The man was supposed to be an *attaché* to a certain embassy. Furthermore, it was said that the Princess had been driven to her indiscretion by the infidelities of her husband."

"I've heard that kind of story before," said Bothfield. He looked out languidly at the passing show, as the view of it filtered through the Venetians. They were now moving, but slowly, with a stream of traffic that swayed westward through a narrowing thoroughfare, and could be seen to be rapidly becoming congested a stone's-throw beyond.

"The deuce!" said Cossebaude, following his eye. "We shall never get to the Palace of Justice at this rate. They have evidently blocked the Wiener Strasse and thrown this jumble of carts and carriages upon us. We must take a short cut." He drew the check-string. "Drive up the Kellner Gasse, coachman. . . . What was I saying?

"Oh, yes, you have heard that story before. So have I. But I believe no two persons were ever more slandered than our Prince and Princess. It was not till the rumour was common property, bandied about from mouth to mouth, the enjoyment of every *Bummler* and vagabond, that it came to Prince Ferdinand's knowledge. It had lost nothing in the telling, I expect. The Prince



"A girl looked down."

does not let the grass grow under his feet. In fact, his peculiar vice is a hastiness that has caused his Ministers trouble enough. He put his men to work; and they traced the whole fabrication back to Count Gottfried von Incke."

"How?"

"The Count had written a series of scandalous letters to a lady of the Court, more famed for her tongue than her beauty. *She* has gone across the border," added the Captain grimly. "Before she went her house was searched by the police, and the letters seized. After that — well, a—difficulty—occurred."

"I should have thought that the letters, in this autocratic State, would have been sufficient to enable you to hang the gentleman out of hand."

"Oh, you think so, do you? On the contrary, we are very punctilious nowadays with our legal etiquette. Still, after a properly constituted trial, there is no doubt they would have been the means of convicting the Count of libelling their Royal Highnesses—which is, of course, treason, and punishable by imprisonment for life in a fortress. They were proof enough to satisfy even a lawyer; the pity of it is that the other matter—the foreign Power's knowledge—could not be proven to have originated with Incke, though, setting aside the Princess, no one but he could have had the information to supply. The Prince's men had to fall back upon the letters. But then, the difficulty . . . ." Cossebaude reddened.

"Was——?"

"Oh, that fool of a Von Engelstadt! It was sheer rank jobbery that pitchforked him into the higher ranks of the police. Now, if they had sent me . . . Well, the truth of the matter is, the clumsy oaf in charge of the business allowed the letters to be stolen. And before they had even been officially examined, too."

"Oh! Your Count Gottfried von Incke must be a pretty smart man."

"Smart! He's the Devil himself. After he left the Court he took upon himself to become the champion of the Reformers, and *they're* a pretty clever set of rascals. What with their spies and their secret societies and their Revolutionary programme—they have some humbug about establishing a constitutional government—they lead us a dance, I can assure you. Incke was by way of virtuously repudiating the corruptions of the Palace. He posed as a man with newly awakened convictions. They swallowed the bait greedily, and he got them to do his dirty work for him. All men are free and equal with them, you know, and they don't hesitate to make use of the light-fingered gentry if necessary. That's why they have collected such a lot of the scum about them, and how they get their underground affairs managed so well. Incke is a member of their council, I believe, and if he is convicted we may expect difficulties with them. Shouldn't wonder if it might be a bomb thrown into the middle of the Court to-day."

Bombs and Revolutionaries! They had taken such a place in Bothfield's consideration hitherto as the giant gooseberry—vague and exaggerated news items with which the penny public was fed. Now, they suddenly seemed to loom in the foreground of his imagination, grim, life-like, and menacing. He felt a little shiver creep along his spine, and he regretted his lust for macaroni *au parmesan* more heartily than ever. But the nonchalance of the Captain of Police piqued him, and he found himself, for the first time in his life, feigning indifference instead of feeling it.

"If the evidence held is so slight, and conviction so doubtful, why on earth have you brought the fellow to trial?"

"That's the Prince's fault. Naturally he wants the whole lie exposed, and, unfortunately, a prince can't seek satisfaction like an ordinary mortal. He wanted to, though, badly; and so, to save him spitting himself upon Incke's sword-point, the Government made haste to arrest the fellow and lodge him safely out of the Prince's reach. His Highness is moving—and will move—heaven and earth to get Incke to face and fight him; hence the Count's detention under lock and key, in the name of Justice—for which you can substitute Merkewitz, if you like. But I fear it's only a temporary measure, and if Incke is acquitted——" Cossebaude paused. Then his mouth curled into some secret amusement, and again his eye ran over his companion thoughtfully.

Bothfield finished the sentence.

"The Prince will call him out? Why don't your men deport him across the frontier?"

"Exactly what we mean to do—if we can. . . . Look, now. I told you of the Reformers. You are passing through the headquarters of their party now. It is a savoury neighbourhood, eh?"

The carriage was passing, at foot-pace, down a narrow, evil-smelling street that looked as if it were a legacy from the days of

Amaro's unregenerate youth. High, small-eyed houses with overhanging roofs, low doorways, and a green mouldiness of exterior, propped each other crazily on either side, their walls throwing the echoes to and fro as the carriage laboured over the cobble-stones with the horses' hoofs among the garbage in the middle gutter. Bothfield wondered at the deserted look of the place. Rickety shutters barred most of the windows; not a door stood open; and the only living creatures to be seen were a few lean fowls that scattered, shrieking, as they advanced.

"It is a slum," he said, "and a dead one, too."

"Oh, no! Our friends here come out mostly like bats, by night. To be sure, you would generally see a little more life, but to-day I have no doubt the population of the Gasse is swelling the crowd round the Palace of Justice. You won't see them, because we're going another way. . . . Do you see that sign swinging above a doorway on the left? Look well at the house as you pass, for it is the tavern of the Weissen Hirsch, the headquarters of the Reformers in Amaro. Enough mischief has been brewed there to wear the entire police force to a shadow, yet we can never lay hands upon the conspirators in consultation, because the inn is riddled like a rabbit-warren, with passages and secret hiding-holes into which they can scuttle."

Bothfield looked. The place was as evil-looking as any in the street; its face unwashed, its walls bulging and cracking through the dirt, and the doorstep filthy with the grime of years. It seemed to sleep, a sodden, drunken sleep; and then suddenly an eye opened. High above the street a casement was unlatched, and a girl looked down.

The glimpse that Bothfield saw first made him glue his face eagerly to his spy-hole in the carriage-blind. For the face above was rosy and piquant, and it flashed through the sordid outlook like a jewel upon a dung-heap. It looked down, smiling with eager curiosity, and the lips parted in a bewitching curve. A white, dimpled arm leaned upon the sill, and some vagrant curls tossed in the current of air that pierced the funnel-like alley. Something within Bothfield melted, and a warm spring of life, delicious, tantalising, and indefinable, bubbled in his mediocre breast. The vision was so unexpected, and the feeling to which it gave birth so unfamiliar, that he remained gazing, dumb and motionless, till the passing of the carriage left the Weissen Hirsch behind. Cossebaude, who, from his seat on the other side, could not see higher than the ground-floor of the tavern, looked suspiciously at his companion.

"What are you staring at there?" he said, in his gruff, official tone.

An impulse, which was as inexplicable as the quickening of his pulse with which it came, made Bothfield lie glibly.

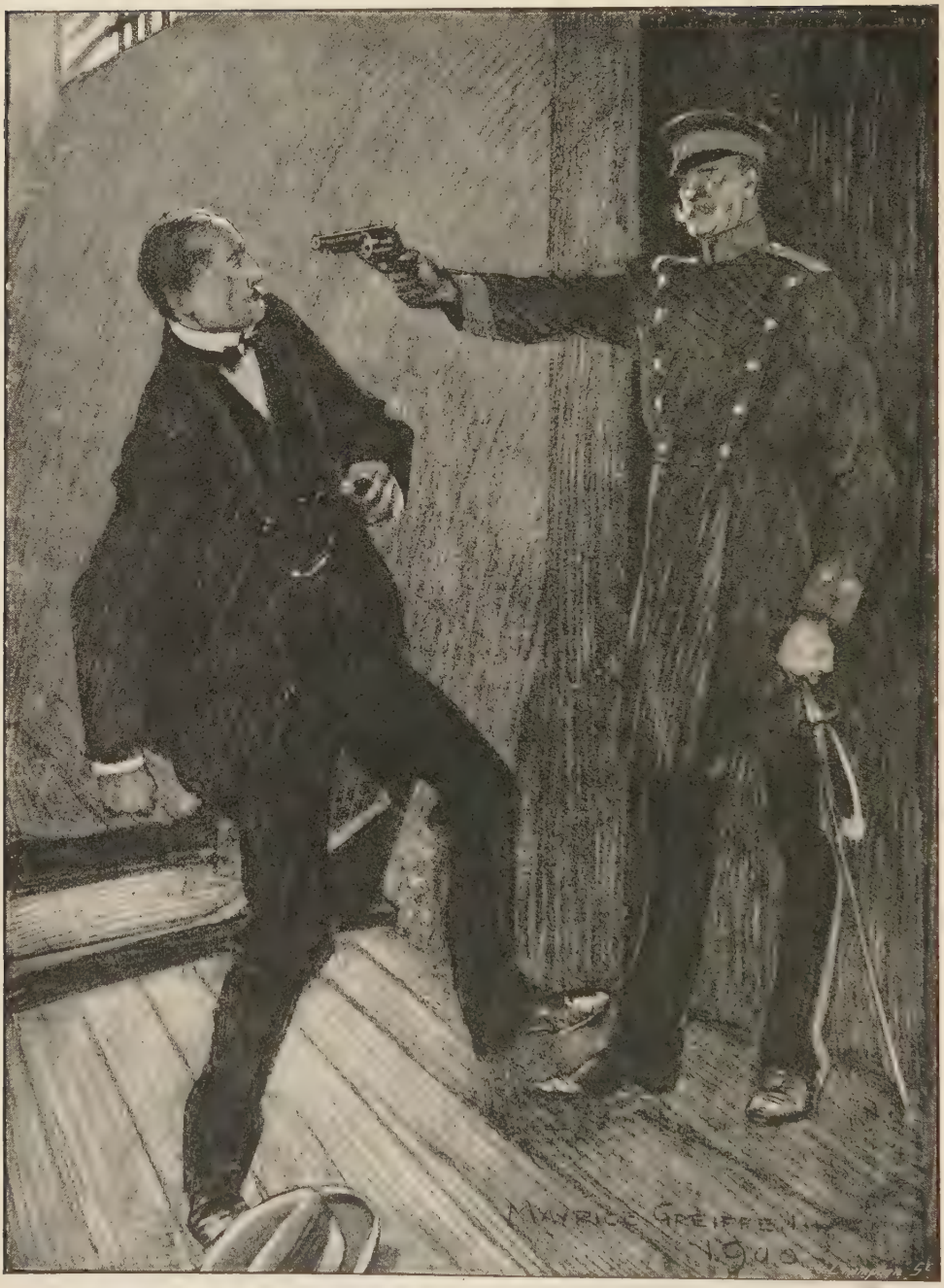
"Nothing; I thought I saw a shutter move—that is all."

"There was the unshaven face of some scoundrelly Revolutionist behind it, I make no doubt," said Cossebaude. "Kindly keep your nose out of that crack. It is most important that you should not be seen. Here, now, you are running the greatest risk by exposing yourself for even a second."

Bothfield could not help marvelling that he had been allowed to incur the possibility of risk, when it would have been so much simpler to have left him under lock and key at the Bellevue; and a doubt of Count Merkewitz's disinterestedness skimmed through his mind, propelled in part by the suggestion of some secret, cynical amusement that was once more visible in Cossebaude's face. But the surprise of the minute before did not allow him to dwell upon anything but itself, and he sank back into his corner and tried to recall it, yet more vividly, to his mental vision.

He was lost in this pleasing occupation while the carriage rattled out of the alley into a broader thoroughfare, and so with a few more dives and cross-cuts through a gateway in the high, blank wall that guarded the flank of the Palace of Justice. Here a hoarding, which had been newly erected across the only way to the front of the building, shut out all possibility of onlookers, and the Englishman and his guardian rolled through, after being challenged by a sentry, and found themselves in an obscure court-yard. It seemed to Bothfield to belong to the coal-cellars of the Palace; and the conjecture was confirmed when he stepped out upon a gritty flagstone, and heard through an open window the roar of the furnace which worked the hot-air system that warmed the building. A heap of cinders and slack was piled outside the door. Cossebaude slipped his arm through Bothfield's and picked his way round it, and plunged through a dark entry into the bowels of the Palace.

They stumbled down a passage, and up a flight of fireproof steps. The staircase wound onwards in a spiral, and the Captain



"Bothfield hopped back smartly, with the nose of a revolver not ten inches from his face."

of Police, his hand still upon Bothfield's arm, fled over it at a pace that left his companion no leisure for observation. It was only when they halted, after a final breathless rush down a sky-lighted corridor, in a little anteroom upon some upper storey, that Bothfield could draw breath for speech.

"Upon my word, Captain, this is worse than our exit from the hotel! What makes you in such a hurry here?"

What answer Cossebaude had ready was not to be known, for at that moment the door behind them swung open, and he wheeled round with an exclamation. It

died away as his eyes fell upon the face of a fat young man in the police uniform, and he greeted the intruder with a scowl.

"*Ach!* So it is Herr Braun! And what the deuce is Herr Braun doing with his impertinent nose in this apartment?"

Herr Braun's rather flabby countenance flushed, and he shrank back towards the doorway.

"A thousand pardons, Herr Captain. The trial has begun, and the President of the Court has sent me to fetch something for him; that is all. I must have mistaken the room." Then his glance fell upon Bothfield, and a look of amazement crossed his face. "Why! . . . Oh, I beg pardon again, Herr Captain, but really for the moment I thought I saw a likeness——"

This time Cossebaude fell upon him and literally hustled him out of the room.

"You thought—you thought, did you, you booby? Since when have you been allowed to think before your superior officers? *Tausend noch einmal*, and this is the stuff they would make into an officer of police!" He plunged forward with a look so threatening that his subaltern gave one bewildered gasp and fled, his feet clattering away with all speed down the corridor.

"Hold your idiotic tongue about your thoughts!" boomed Cossebaude's voice, by way of speeding the parting guest. Then he turned to Bothfield once more.

"These youngsters!" he said, "they must be kept in order. And now I must leave you for a moment, in order to make a few arrangements. I will return—by and by."

The door clanged to, and he was gone; and Bothfield stood alone, with time at last for meditation. And the tumult of his thoughts was hastened by the unmistakable grating of a key as it turned in the lock and left him his late companion's prisoner.

It was a feature of that bewildering day that the first thing of which he thought was not the puzzle that had been begun in the Hôtel Bellevue, but the face that had looked down from the window of the Weissen Hirsch. And it was also in keeping with the topsy-turvydom of affairs, that his first impulse of anger was not because he had been duped, not because of the outrage to the liberty of the British subject, but because his imprisonment meant that he could not follow the promptings of the new man, and trace his way back to see if the window in the Kellner Gasse were still open. The rage within him was so strong at the thought that it set him rattling the door-handle and kicking the panels like a schoolboy, till the gibing echoes showed him the futility of his efforts. The part of the building in which he was confined was evidently remote from the scene of national interest that was being enacted somewhere beneath the same roof.

Bothfield sat down on the bench which was the only stick of furniture, besides a row of hat-pegs, in the cell-like room, and turned matters over in his mind. It did not require much circumspection to understand that he was a pawn in some game upon which his visitors of the morning were intent. Was he the instrument that had been mentioned in that fragment of conversation from the balcony? For what purpose was it necessary that he should have been seduced from his quarters in the hotel to kick his heels inside four blank walls? Was it true that it was disinterested kindness that had kept him so anxiously from the public gaze? He had been smuggled into this room with great caution; but why? Question after question buzzed through his brain, and the minutes flew on into an hour, and left him no nearer the root of the mystery than before.

He looked at his watch. Twelve. And the trial began at ten. It was clear, then, that Captain Cossebaude had no intention of allowing him to witness the day's proceedings; certain that he had used the notion only as a bait with which to catch this remarkably easy prey. He was to be put out of the way for a span—Bothfield had no fear that his imprisonment would be anything but brief—while the drama, in which he was beginning to suspect that he was intended to take an unknown part, unfolded itself in the Hall of Justice below. He racked his brain for a clue to the puzzle; he stamped and swore, and paced his little prison, and all the while the day fled on, noon passed, the afternoon passed, hunger nibbled below his waistcoat, an unaccustomed sensation, and the golden hours in which he might have been laying siege to the fortalice of the Weissen Hirsch dawdled after each other into limbo. Oh, the blank, maddening bewilderment of it all!

A ray of the setting sun streaked at last across the chamber, and Bothfield, with his wits sharpened by that absence of luncheon which had become not the least annoying part of his detention, became aware that an outlook from the tiny barred window, high against the ceiling, might be gained with a little agility. He reared the bench on end against the wall, and with a flounce and a scramble

hauled himself up to it and found his reward. For, by clinging to the bars, elevating himself on tiptoe and resting his chin upon the sill, he discovered that he had regained for himself a peep-hole into the outer world.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN COSSEBAUDE'S EVENING DRIVE.

A RESPECTABLE cosmopolitan of thirty odd summers, balanced betwixt his toes and his chin for the purpose of gazing upon the world that was his birthright, would have been a sufficiently sad spectacle, had anyone been there to view it. As it was, Mr. Bothfield remained unlamented, without even a twinge of self-pity to mark his predicament. For his attention was engrossed by what he saw below him.

The little window looked down from the third storey into a courtyard. The Palace wall held, presumably, a doorway opening upon it, and people bustled, antwise, across the yard and disappeared into the main building. The open space was flagged, and it was bounded on two sides by high walls, beyond which came the free trees and boulevards of Amaro; and on a third by a gloomy-looking building, in appearance a cross between a fortress and a county gaol, which Bothfield assumed to be a place of detention for prisoners on trial in the Hall of Justice underneath him. His surmise was justified by the appearance of the human ants, who were policemen and warders to a man, and by the ceremony with which the door out of which they buzzed and crept was unlocked and relocked for each newcomer. The grey wall of the prison from which they came boasted only a few windows, and these small and cross-barred; and it was topped, no higher than the second storey, by a flat, ugly roof with but one squat chimney above it. The aspect of the place spelt captivity; and to Bothfield the word was already too familiar. Yet he felt his heart beat as he looked, for the ferment below was increasing every moment, and he guessed that its excitement was caused by the drama from which he had been excluded. He was, in a manner of speaking, at the wings; he could see only a small portion of the stage, but even that was worth looking upon.

The Palace swallowed up the policemen, and then disgorged them almost immediately, so far digested as to be a procession where before they had been units. They came issuing from the unseen door with a glitter of arms, the ring of their boots upon the flags coming clearly to the spectator's ear. And in the centre of the steel-girt ring walked a prisoner. He strode jauntily, looking about him with a nonchalant air, and Bothfield was ready to swear to it that he must be Gottfried von Incke, with the words of condemnation or acquittal still tingling in his ears. He was bareheaded, but his face could scarcely be seen from the third storey. And it was the more to be regretted because Bothfield became convinced at the first glance that his style and figure were familiar to him. It was a short journey, and the door in the grey wall snapped upon prisoners and gaolers and shut them out of sight. Bothfield followed their progress till the lock grated, and then remained peering and tiptoeing, as if his eyes had been able to penetrate the solid stone, too engrossed by the man he had seen to return to solid earth.

Where, and how, had he seen Gottfried von Incke before? He was dressed in a drab, full-skirted overcoat that was a commonplace garment enough; but his walk, the shape of his head, the appearance of the outer man, were all to Bothfield's mind as those of someone he knew and knew well. The set of the head upon the shoulders, the neutral-tinted hair — nay, even the points of a waxed moustache—were all unaccountably familiar. Yet his friends were not too many to count upon his ten fingers—in the true sense of the word he could not boast of one—and not a man among them resembled the prisoner. Could he have met him in some hotel in his wanderings? It was possible; but the strange thing about him was that he seemed too familiar an object for a chance acquaintance or a fellow-traveller. Bothfield not only knew the way he walked, but he was able to forecast correctly the little sharp jerk forward of his chin that he gave when he had to bend under the low doorway, and the way he thrust one hand behind his back.

"Why, what a trick for my memory to play me!" he said. "Deuce take the fellow! I know him as well as if he were my own brother. Where can I have seen him?"

"*Tausend noch einmal!*" came the thundering answer. It was irrelevant, but its force was enough to set our athlete tottering upon the top of his edifice. "*Tausend noch einmal!* Will you have the goodness to step down from the ceiling?

Herr Jé, was the man planning an escape up there ? "

The voice was the voice of Captain Cossebaude, and Bothfield, between a desire to pick his bone with him, and confusion at being discovered in such an undignified position, let go, lost his balance, and came flying to the ground with the bench in hot pursuit. There was a clatter and a thud, and a strong hand swung him to his feet and withdrew to let him feel for his bruises.

"So ! " said Cossebaude, and the Teutonic monosyllable was expressive. He surveyed the smarting Bothfield leisurely and swung the door-key from his finger.

"So ! indeed," said Bothfield. "I want an explanation of all this. Confound you, sir ! what do you mean by leaving me to starve all day in this dog-hole ? It's infamous ; it's an outrage that you shall pay for. You decoyed me here under false pretences—I don't believe you meant me to witness the trial at all—and I shall write to the *Times* this evening." His pent-up anger choked him when he thought of his indignities, and with them, and yet above, the tormenting vision of the face at the Weissen Hirsch. And to think that but for this surly boor he might have been already on at least speaking terms with its owner !

"Oh, I regret your detention," said Cossebaude. "I am glad you took upon yourself to enliven it, though—that's a nasty bruise on your wrist, eh ? To tell the truth, I would gladly have sent you up a light lunch, if only by way of acknowledging our breakfast, but I thought it best not to agitate you too soon. You see, you *had* to stay in some safe corner for to-day, and so there was an end of the matter."

"I cannot believe you," said Bothfield. "Why you wanted me out of the way passes my comprehension ; but you shall not deceive me any longer with your stuff about foreign spies and the populace. I came into Amaro freely enough."

"Well, if you won't believe it——" Cossebaude shrugged his broad shoulders. "At any rate, be so good as to calm yourself a little, and then we will go and have a—a late luncheon—an early supper—what you will."

"We ! Is it likely ? Stand back from that door, sir, and let me pass. I have business in the city."

He pushed forward. The Captain's sturdy form still blocked the way. The next moment there was a concussion, and then Bothfield hopped back smartly, with the nose of a revolver not ten inches from his face.

"There, you fool ! It had to come to that. My orders are explicit, and if you want to quarrel with anybody you can go and talk to his Excellency the Count Merkewitz by and by. But at present you will please to understand that you are still in my charge, and that I don't mean to stick at trifles to keep you in it."

It was an ultimatum, delivered with the revolver levelled, and with the same lowering air of determination on Cossebaude's face that had been there in the beginning. There was again nothing to do but submit.

"I warn you that you shall hear of this later."

"The present is what matters to me. Now, Mr. Bothfield, suppose we go and get something to eat."

They went ; and the revolver lay in the Captain's pocket, into which his thumb was hooked artlessly. It was a silent progression, for Bothfield's sense of helpless exasperation was too acute to allow him speech. It was not until they had passed down the corridors and the stairs, and found themselves in what appeared to be a deserted refectory, that he allowed his curiosity to master his indignation.

"That was the Count von Incke I saw in the courtyard ? Tell me now if—no, where, for I am sure it has happened—I have seen him before ? He looked as familiar as my own brother, and yet I know I had not heard his name, and I can't call to mind any chance encounter."

Cossebaude looked at him with a sudden convulsion of his heavy countenance.

"Oh ! ha, ha ! " he exploded. Then he drew into his shell once more. "How should I know where you have come across him ? Perhaps his photograph has caught your eye in one of the shop-windows. Very singular idea about his face seeming familiar, though. Ho, ho ! "

"'Twasn't so much his face as his general appearance," said Bothfield, forgetting his irritation in his interest. "I can't think . . . Oh, by the way, what happened at the trial ? Was he convicted ? "

"That's the bother of it all," said Cossebaude. He had locked the door, and was producing raw ham, sausages, bread and wine, from a cupboard. He put them on the table and began to rummage for knives and forks. "It fell out as I told you. There wasn't a tittle of direct evidence for the Crown, and the fellow was acquitted."

"But I saw——"

Cossebaude gave a great horse-laugh.

"You were able to see a great deal, then, from the top of that erection? I give you credit for some ingenuity, Mr. Bothfield."

"I didn't see much," said Bothfield stiffly.

"No? But you were going to say—oh, yes, I understand. You saw Incke returning to the guard-house, eh? Ah, that was only because it would not be advisable to let a prisoner walk out of the dock into the company assembled; there would be demonstrations and disturbances, and a hundred things. It is, besides, as I explained to you, considered expedient that the Count von Incke should be persuaded to cross the frontier. . . . But you're not eating anything! Come, take a little more sausage!"

"Confound you and your sausages!" said Bothfield, in a feverish outburst. The deliberation of the Captain, who had a certain lumbering air of mischief, as of a schoolboy who impales a butterfly, rasped upon his nerves. "I want to get to the bottom of this. It's granted that I am not kidnapped in this disgraceful fashion from a philanthropic motive. There is some intrigue behind it all. I am a tool, it appears; or an obstruction. For God's sake let me have a mouthful of solid truth!"

"I refer you to Count Merkewitz again," said Cossebaude. "But I can tell you this much, that we don't mean to let you go till you have done a little something for us. You can call that being a tool if you like. If you choose to put in a claim for services afterwards, I don't believe you will find the Government ungrateful."

"Hush-money!"

"Stuff and nonsense. I really wish you would make a better meal, because the next thing we are going to do is to go for a drive, and it may be a long and a cold one."

"A drive!" Bothfield sank back in his chair. "Ah! Am I to be deported across the frontier, then?"

"Oh, no. I assure you that your company is much too precious to lose. No, no; you and I are going to drive out together, that is all the business; and as you omitted to bring an overcoat, and it may be cold, I have taken the trouble to provide you with one. Am I not considerate?"

"Stop a bit!" said Bothfield. A ray of hope lighted him for the moment. "Shall we—are we going by the Kellner Gasse?" There was in his mind a wild resolve to submit so far, and then to make a dash for freedom at the spot where he had seen the vision of the window. The Weissen Hirsch was a rabbit-warren of Revolutionaries. Well, what better place could he, who had been the victim of a vile conspiracy of bureaucrats, choose in which to find help and shelter? How far the face had helped to bring to birth this frantic scheme was not to be known, for Cossebaude strangled it in its infancy.

"You have some mischief brewing in your head," he said, and again his fingers, perhaps by chance, fumbled in the bulging pocket. "Be advised by me—I assure you, if you were an Amalian I should almost have a liking for you, and I wish you nothing but good—and resign yourself to a little more mystification. You will know what it means presently, and, after all, you will not find a great cause for offence. No; we are not going to drive through the Gasse. Far from it; we are going for a nice little spin into the country. And now let me assist you into this overcoat."

He stepped forward and shook the coat out of its folds. His persistence, and the schoolboy air which had been before in him, helped Bothfield to fresh suspicions. He looked and looked again. Then memory came to his assistance, and he started back, as a fly might do that finds the web clogging its unwary feet.

"Why!" he cried. "I have seen that only a little while ago. That is the coat in which Von Incke walked across the courtyard!"

"Well?" said Cossebaude, and held it out invitingly. "Why not the Count's coat as well as anybody else's? He is going south, where, I understand, a light paletot is sufficient. You, on the contrary, are going for a cold evening drive. There is this much to be said for the scoundrel—you need not be afraid of his tailor. It is a well-made garment. Come!"

"I won't!" said Bothfield despairingly. He felt desperate; the spider was advancing upon its victim, and, alas! he was but a helpless midge. "This is some more of your devilry. In Heaven's name! what game is this that you are playing with me? Why am I to borrow the Count von Incke's plumes? I implore you to tell me. Let me go—I appeal to you, sir, as one gentleman to another—let me go!"

"Gad! it is not my doing," said the Captain, with a solemn shake of his bullet head. "I give you my word, though, I'm doing the best I can for you. And it's no

good kicking. Come! Else——" and the coat remained suspended by one hand only, while the other sought his pocket.

The next minute he and Bothfield were walking side by side out of the dismal eating-chamber, and the latter was perspiring in a steam of perplexity, inside the obnoxious garment.

upon a noble portico; on the right, more massive doors, with emblematical panels, shut off what was presumably the great Hall of Justice. The dusk was already thick in the corners, the gilded ceiling lowering dimly through the gloom, and when the pair wheeled towards the outer air Bothfield saw the lamps were once more gemming the city



"An arm of the fir swept above the box and caught the driver by the throat."

A few paces brought them to an imposing staircase. It was evident that their hiding among coal-entries and closets was over, for Cossebaude descended with the greatest assurance into a vast entrance-hall over which Justice, in winking white marble, balanced her scales and raised her sword. The chequered pavement bore the dust of footprints, and an attendant in a crimson livery was sweeping up a litter of torn paper and *débris*. On the left, glass doors opened beyond the trees. They stepped out into the crisp air, the last of those interested in the great trial to leave the building.

An open carriage was standing on the gravel. Cossebaude motioned to Bothfield to step in, and he followed him. As he shut the carriage-door a policeman came out from the shade of the portico and saluted.

"Ah, that's you, is it, Heinrich?" said Cossebaude affably. "Well, you can tell his Excellency that we left at"—he looked at

his watch—"five-thirty exactly. *Vorwaerts*, coachman. The Muspringen road, if you please."

Bothfield sat silent, and the carriage swept out of the portico into the gathering dusk. The shadows of the lime-avenue into which they dashed were merging into smudges of twilight, except where a lamplighter at work made twinkle after twinkle prick out like fire-flies. Bothfield found a sweeter simile. It was so, his fancy cried, that a bright vision of loveliness had sparkled in the dinginess of the Revolutionist quarter. Perhaps it was looking out now—smiling, perhaps—at a friend, a lover, a—no! That delicious creature had not yet stooped to marriage, to the embrace and the indifference of some greasy Amalian. He was ready to swear it from the solitary glimpse upon which his starved imagination had still to feed. When he was a free man once more. . . .

His reverie was interrupted by an incident. As the carriage rolled swiftly past the lime-trees, a man dashed out of the shadow and reined his horse back on to its haunches within finger-touch of Cossebaude. For one short second his eyes took in the Captain and his prisoner, and then they left him behind them, and heard the scuffle of hoofs as he wheeled and thudded back into the twilight whence he had come. The event had happened in the indrawing of a breath, and Bothfield's impression of the observer was limited to a sharp, rapid scrutiny and a remarkable agility of movement. The spy—if spy he were—was in a prodigious hurry. And his haste seemed contagious, for Cossebaude's next words were to the coachman.

"Faster, man, faster! *Gott im Himmel!* have you snails inside the harness?"

The horses had been going at a quick trot; but now they broke into a canter under the whip, and the carriage, rolling like a ship at sea, spun from the avenues into the encircling town, jolting over cobbles, rattling in and out of tram-lines, skimming past the sluggish traffic of the city, and so through a confusion of budding lights, staring passers-by, and objurgatory coachmen, it won its way into the quieter roads that stretched through the suburbs into the open country.

"Are we going far?" said Bothfield, a hand on either side steadying him in the swaying and jarring. "Are you going to lock me up in some distant fortress? What have I done? And Muspringen—ah! Oh, I am not to be deceived, sir; that is a frontier post. It is our destination?"

"Don't ask so many questions, there's a good fellow," said Cossebaude. "It will do no manner of good, and I assure you that you will find the philosophical attitude the most sensible one."

Well, so it might be. Bothfield had no other course before him now than to await events, and, as the evening was raw and chilly, he wrapped the borrowed coat about him (with a side-thought to its mystery) and gripped the cushions while the suburbs flitted by, and the scattered pines and firs began to draw together and shoulder boldly to the roadside. They spun on for mile after mile.

The night deepened about them, and the stars began to glimmer, and the wild, uncultivated country of forest and swamp encircled them. The metal ceased, and the carriage thumped over rough ground, while the beat of hoofs was deadened in sand-ruts. There was a lonely silence before; but the road over which they had passed was not so dumb. For, even as the clatter of their equipage became stifled by the sand, and their pace lessened, the night began to grow alive with a pulse-throbbing behind them. It beat upon Bothfield's ears at first unheeded, unable to find its way to a brain already over-burdened with reflection, and then it became insistent and finally clamorous.

He turned to Cossebaude and saw that his hearing was on the alert.

"You hear it, too, then? It sounds like pursuit!"

"It *is* a pursuit," said the Captain, with a grin, "no question of that. And not far behind us, either. One—two—three; three horsemen, I should say." He checked them off on his fingers, his body half-turned, and his head tilted sideways in an attitude of attention.

It was impossible not to suspect that the event was not only anticipated, but that it was even desired. There was an expression of positive glee upon Cossebaude's face as the gallop of the pursuers crept nearer. The coachman, on the contrary, seemed anything but anxious to risk an encounter, and fled onwards, lashing and driving his steeds with the recklessness of a Phaeton. The carriage bounced over the road with an incredible celerity and with ever-increasing momentum.

"Why are they following us? What will happen when they overtake us? For God's sake tell the driver to be cautious! We shall be over in a moment." Bothfield, clinging to the cushions, jerked out the sentences between the bounds and rebounds of the coach.

Cossebaude was still flinging side-glances into the darkness that held the enemy, and still, with inconceivable callousness, he seemed engaged in some private calculation.

"Five miles to the border of the city; seven miles to the edge of the forest; seven and five—and say another two. Yes, I think it is what the Count will consider a practical diversion. Coachman! what's the hurry? You will drive us all to hell in another minute."

The man turned his head for a second, and Bothfield saw that he was pale with fright. Then he returned to his pulling and lashing, a few guttural ejaculations flying over his shoulder as he bent to his task.

"*Himmel!* Didn't the Captain say the Reformers would be on our heels? Didn't he say they would slit my windpipe if I stopped? Thunder-weather, and he expects me to drive as if we were out for an airing!"

"This," said Cossebaude, "comes of lying freely. I did certainly mention a contingency, and here we have the result of my little word-picture."

The off-wheels of the carriage ran nimbly up a pine stump and leapt from the top. They came down square, by a miracle, and whirled forward again.

"Halt, you blockhead! The Reformers are not within ten miles of our track. . . . No! He will not stop. You must sit tight, Mr. Bothfield, for the final catastrophe."

"But isn't it the Reformers?" said Bothfield between his flights.

"Eh? No; certainly not. If you really want to know, it's—— How far do you think they are behind us now?"

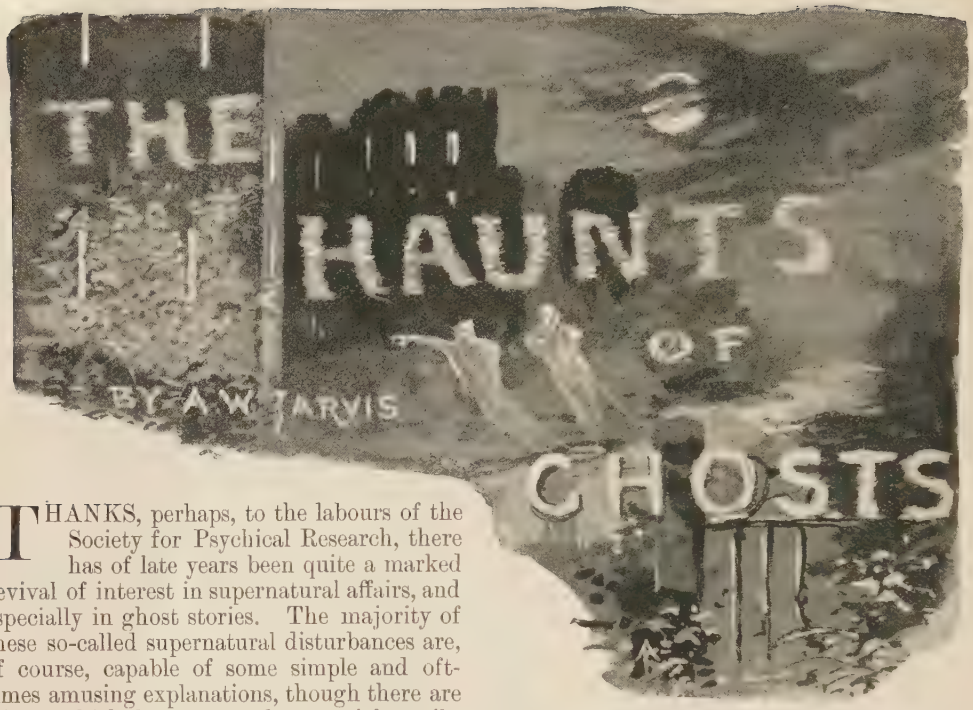
"*Who?* About thirty yards, I should say. They must have splendid horses."

"The best in the Royal stables, my dear sir. Well, I may as well enlighten you now. You see, it's this way. When the Prince heard of the acquittal of Von Incke, we knew that he would want to fight to satisfy his honour. And it's not expedient that Royal personages—ah! the wheel's off . . . no . . . still safe—but—one can't refuse Royalty—so—so—best thing—remove his adversary! *Ach—h—h!* It's the end!"

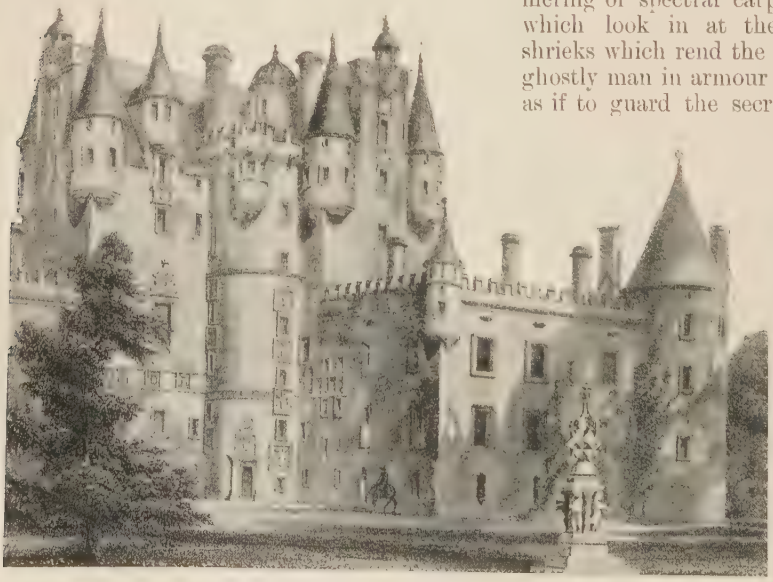
It was. The thunderous hoofs, so close behind them now, had urged the coachman to desperate effort. His place of action was ill-chosen, for the forest had narrowed the road into little more than a cart-track, and that arched with pine-branches and knotty with roots. An arm of a fir swept above the box and caught the driver by the throat, and he toppled backwards with one last clutch at the reins. The horses reared and shied, and the carriage made a gallant but unsuccessful effort to climb the nearest tree. There was a shout, a crash, an upheaval, and the stars that twinkled overhead danced in Bothfield's eyes. He shot out, the Captain underneath him, and the twain embraced their mother earth with outspread arms.

(*To be continued.*)





THANKS, perhaps, to the labours of the Society for Psychical Research, there has of late years been quite a marked revival of interest in supernatural affairs, and especially in ghost stories. The majority of these so-called supernatural disturbances are, of course, capable of some simple and oft-times amusing explanations, though there are others which have never been satisfactorily cleared up. Scattered about, up and down Great Britain, there are many ivy-covered old halls and castles about which weird tales are told; where at midnight hour strange sights and sounds are said to be seen and heard, the rattling of chains, and the wailing of perturbed spirits—perhaps revisiting the scene of some foul crime committed in days gone by.



GLAMMIS CASTLE.

Ghost-lore flourishes with peculiar strength among the ancestral halls of Scotland; but of all its haunted dwellings none seem more troubled than the glorious old Castle of Glammis, the ancient Forfarshire home of the Lyons family. Here, according to tradition, Duncan was done to death by Macbeth; and many another blood-curdling tale is told of the historic old pile—the knocking and hammering of spectral carpenters; ghastly faces which look in at the windows; horrible shrieks which rend the midnight air; and a ghostly man in armour who patrols at night as if to guard the secret chamber, which is supposed to be hidden somewhere in the ancient part of the Castle, where this gentleman delights to wander. This haunted room, about which so much has been written and so little is known, is supposed to contain some terrible secret which is very jealously guarded by the family. It seems, however, tolerably certain that there is a secret

concealed somewhere within the depths of the old Castle which is known only to three persons: the Earl of Strathmore for the time being, the heir apparent, and one other individual whom they think worthy of their confidence. Thus is the mystery handed down from Strathmore to Strathmore. Various wild tales are, of course, told concerning this ominous chamber; but even its locality is unknown save to the three, and access to it is said to be cut off by a stone wall.



BOWLING HALL.

"There is no doubt about the reality of the noises at Glammis Castle," writes a correspondent of Dr. Lee. "On one occasion, some years ago, the head of the family, with several companions, determined to investigate the cause. One night, when the disturbance was greater and more violent and alarming than usual—and, it should be premised, strange, weird, and unearthly sounds had often been heard, and by many persons, some quite unacquainted with the ill-repute of the Castle—his Lordship went to the haunted room, opened the door with a key, and dropped back in a dead swoon into the arms of his companions; nor could he ever be induced to open his lips on the subject afterwards."

There is a local tradition which might explain the horrible sight his Lordship is supposed to have seen. In the olden time a party of the Ogilvies, flying from their enemies the Lindsays, begged shelter from the Lord of Glammis, which was granted; but, under the plea of hiding them, he secured them in the ever-afterwards haunted chamber and left them to starve; and there, it is averred, their bones lie to this day.

Another version of the mystery is that



LINDISFARNE ABBEY AND CASTLE, HOLY ISLAND.



ST. OSYTH'S PRIORY.

the beautiful and unfortunate Lady Janet (the widow of the sixth Lord), who was burned as a witch on Castle Hill in 1537, was in league with the Evil One, and that her familiar demon, an embodied and visible fiend, endures to this day, shut from light in the mysterious chamber of Glammis Castle!

An altogether different tale, given by Howitt, is re-told by Ingram. The famous "Earl Beardie," popularly known as "the wicked laird," was playing at cards in the Castle. Being warned to give over, on account of his heavy losses, he swore an oath that he would play until the Day of Judgment, whereupon the Devil suddenly appeared and took charge of old "Beardie" and all his company, who were never seen again. Nor has the room ever been discovered; but many people firmly believe that old "Beardie" and his company are still playing on, and will continue to play until the end of time, and that on stormy nights the players are heard stamping and swearing with rage over their play.

There is a story of another spendthrift gamester told of the fine old manor house of Bowling (anciently Bolling) Hall, Yorkshire. The last of the Tempest family who reigned there was one Richard Tempest, who, in the time of the Commonwealth, partly by his own extravagances, and partly through his attachment to the Royal cause, became considerably embarrassed. The story goes he had been losing heavily at cards, and having used up all his available resources, he, in a fit of desperation, staked his ancestral home, exclaiming—

> 'Now ace, deuce, and tray,
> Or farewell, Bolling Hall, for ever and aye!"

The game went against the unfortunate man; his ruin was complete, and ultimately poor Richard Tempest died a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench.

One of the chambers in the old Hall is pointed out as the "haunted room," used by the Earl of Newcastle, commander of the King's forces during the siege of Bradford, in 1643. Tradition tells how the Earl, enraged at the slaughter of the Earl of Newport, had determined to show the citizens no quarter, when, one night, just before the town capitulated, a female, arrayed in white, appeared to the Earl in this room and prayed him to "Pity poor Bradford," and hence his orders that neither man, woman, nor child was to be killed.

A strange superstition clings to the beautiful ruins of Lindisfarne Abbey, which



NETLEY ABBEY.

lie within sight of Holy Island, near the scene of Grace Darling's memorable exploit. In days gone by St. Cuthbert ruled the Abbey, and tradition tells many wonderful tales about the Saint—how he entertained the angels at Ripon; of his being fed with loaves brought hot from heaven by an angel; of a regale of fish presented him by an eagle; and one or two other little personal favours accorded him. On stormy nights he is said to



HYLTON CASTLE.



LINLITHGOW PALACE.

visit his old home, and, sitting on a rock by the shore of the island veiled in the sea mist, to make beads for the faithful and leave them on the shore.

This legend brings to mind one told of poor St. Osyth. On an estuary formed by the junction of the Stour and Black-water, some ten or twelve miles south-east from Colchester, are situated the ruins of her Priory, and once a year her phantom is said to visit her old home. In the year 653 it is recorded that a band of Danes ravaged the neighbouring country, and, attacking the nunnery, led its young abbess forth into the Nuns' Wood, and ordered her to worship their gods. She steadily refused, and, in spite of all their efforts to terrify her into submission, the brave woman remained faithful to her



BISHAM ABBEY.

creed: "she would worship only Christ." In a fury, the leader of the band ordered her to lay her head down to be cut off. Meekly obeying, her head was immediately severed from her body, near to the fountain that bears her name. According to local tradition, St. Osyth, on one night in every year, revisits the scene of her martyrdom, carrying her head in her hands!

There is a pathetic story told of Bisham Abbey, where Princess Elizabeth was confined, in the custody of Sir Thomas Hobby, by Queen Mary. The story goes that the wife of this gentleman was most unnaturally severe with her little son, who, it seems, had a great aversion to writing, and in his obstinacy would wilfully blot his copy-books. One day his mother, enraged at his perverseness, lost her self-control and beat the poor boy so severely and so unmercifully that he died from the effects. Since then, the tale goes, one of the bedrooms at the Abbey has been haunted by the spectre of the cruel woman, who glides through the chamber in the act of washing the blood-stains from her hands in a visionary basin before her. Dr. Lee mentions a very remarkable fact in connection with this legend. He assures us that, some years ago, when an old oak window-shutter of the sixteenth century was removed, "a packet of antique copy-books of that period was discovered pushed into the wall between the joists of the skirting, and several of these books, on which young Hobby's name was written, were covered with blots."

Most of our readers have heard of the haunted ruins of Newstead Abbey. Here, at midnight, the ghost of "Sir John Byron the Little, with the Great Beard," used to put in an occasional appearance; and once a year the phantoms of the hard-hearted "Devil Byron" and his unhappy sister ride forth from their old home together. According to tradition, this amiable gentleman, in consequence of some family scandal, refused to speak a word to his sister for some years preceding her death.



THE BANQUETING-HALL AT LITTLECOTE.

Here also comes the spectre of a sad-eyed Saracen maiden; but *the* ghost of the Abbey is the famous Goblin Friar, whose appearance is said to portend some dire misfortune to the master of the mansion.

Instances of supernatural warnings are by no means uncommon in the history of ancient castles and halls. Such a tale, and a very terrible one, is told of the ruined Castle of Berry Pomeroy, in Devonshire. Whenever



HEATH HALL.

death was about to visit the inmates of the Castle, the spectre of a lady, richly dressed, and wringing her hands as if in the deepest distress, was seen to wend her way towards a certain apartment. Here, it is said, the daughter of some former baron of Berry Pomeroy had strangled her own child.

Another tale of a supernatural warning is told in connection with Netley Abbey, the lovely ruins of which lie some eight miles from Southampton. In 1704, Sir Bartlet Lucy sold the materials of the Abbey to a carpenter, of whose death Browne Willis, and others after him, have left us the following account. While the purchaser was treating with Sir Bartlet about the Abbey business, he was much terrified and frequently haunted in his sleep by the phantom of a monk, who foretold some great evil would certainly happen to him if he proceeded with the transaction. One night he dreamed that a large stone fell from one of the windows and killed him. A friend to whom he related all this advised him to drop the undertaking; but, others advising him not to lose such a profitable job, he struck the bargain. However, it proved fatal to him, for, as he was endeavouring to take some stones out of the bottom of the west wall, not a single stone only, but the whole of the window fell down upon him, killing him on the spot.

A somewhat similar story is told in connection with the impressive ruins of the



THE GREAT HALL, SALMESBURY.

ancient jointure-house of the Queens of Scotland, where poor ill-fated Mary is said first to have seen the light — Linlithgow Palace.

The story goes that one night, when James V. was sleeping in the Palace, his slumbers were rudely disturbed by the apparition of a nobleman whom he had recently sent to the block for treason. With looks that seemed to upbraid and threaten him, the unearthly visitor announced to his Majesty that he would next day *lose both his arms*. Believing himself to be the victim of a practical joke, the enraged monarch summoned his attendants and ordered a strict search to be made for the intruder; but without avail; and next day James received the distressing tidings that one of his sons had died at Falkland Place, and the other at the College of St. Andrews!

In days gone by, the kitchen of the ancient Castle of the Hyltons, in Durham, Surtees tells us, was the favourite haunt of a peculiarly mischievous and contrary specimen of the ghostly band—a "brownie," or fairy, who rejoiced in the cognomen of the *Cauld* or *Cowed Lad of Hylton*. This gentleman was seldom seen, but as soon as the servants had retired for the night he commenced his pranks, throwing everything into the utmost disorder, knocking the furniture about, and breaking the plates and dishes. Or, if he found the things in disorder, a practice it was deemed most prudent to adopt, he would arrange them with the most careful precision. At length means were found to get rid of this nocturnal visitor by the usual expedient of presenting him with a suit of clothes.

It has been supposed that there is some connection between this and another story which is told of the old Castle. One of the barons, enraged at the slowness of a stable-lad in obeying his orders, in his wrath struck him a mortal blow with a hay-fork, afterwards throwing his body into a pond. The tale goes that the ghost of the unfortunate boy used to roam about the Castle, until, by the exorcisms of a priest, he was at last confined to a particular apartment which was walled up. As a matter of fact, a free pardon for the manslaughter is duly recorded, and years afterwards the skeleton of a boy was found in the pond.

According to tradition, the fine old Hall of Littlecote, in Wiltshire, was, in the days of Elizabeth, the scene of a horrible and mysterious crime. Since then the apparition of a woman with dishevelled hair, in white garments, is said to have haunted the par-



THE BANQUETING-HALL, WYECOLLER, CHRISTMAS, 1650.



Photo by G. B. Cowen, [*Ramsey.*

PEEL CASTLE AND ST. PATRICK'S ISLE.

ticular chamber in which the tragedy was committed. The mansion was built by one of the Darrell family, from which it passed into the hands of Judge Popham—it is said, as the price of his corruptly allowing the murderer to escape—and still belongs to his descendants.

When it came to his time, the unrighteous judge was not allowed to rest in his grave. According to popular tradition his ghost is said to haunt the grounds of the historic old Castle of Kimbolton, where he sits astride the park wall or lies in wait for rogues and poachers under the great elms.

The third Queen of the fickle-hearted Henry—Jane Seymour—seems also to have been unable to rest comfortably in her grave. At all events, Jane's apparition, it is said, occasionally puts in an appearance at Hampton Court Palace at nightfall, and, carrying a lighted taper, wanders about the "Queen's Apartments."

At this Palace also, if report be true, may sometimes be seen at midnight the unhappy spirit of Henry's later love, Katherine Howard, who from time to time revisits the spot where she parted from her lord for ever. The story goes that the Queen had gone to meet his Majesty in the chapel, where she found him at his devotions; but, before she could speak a word, she was dragged away by the soldiers on guard and taken shrieking and expostulating with them along what is now sometimes called the Haunted Gallery. And ever and anon, it is said, the stillness of the night is broken by her shrieks and cries, as the heartrending scene is acted over again at midnight hour. A more peaceful queenly visitor to the scenes of her former glory is Good Queen Bess, whose ghost has but lately been re-affirmed to "walk" in Windsor Castle.

Another ghost who refuses to be comforted is that of Lady Bolles, of the old Hall at Heath, near Wakefield. Though her spirit was once solemnly laid in a hole in the river, known to this day as Bolles' Pit, she still persists in taking her walks abroad, and pays an occasional visit to her old home. As to the cause of the lady's restlessness, tradition does not seem very clear, though various reasons are assigned. Some suppose that she is troubled by her father's death, which was attributed to witchcraft; others, that the non-observance of certain clauses in her will is the cause of the bother.

We are indebted to the "Legends of Lancashire" for the story of the ghostly lovers who are said to meet in the grounds of the grand old Hall of Samlesbury, there to renew the troth which the lady's father, Sir John Southworth, so bitterly opposed—away back in the days of Good Queen Bess—because "'No daughter of his should ever be united to the son of a family which had deserted its ancestral faith.' Difficulty, however,

only served to increase the ardour of the devoted lovers; and after many secret interviews among the wooded slopes of the Ribble, an elopement was agreed upon, in the hope that time would bring the father's pardon.

"On the evening agreed upon both parties met at the hour appointed; and as the young knight moved away with his betrothed, her brother rushed from his hiding-place and slew both him and two friends by whom he was accompanied. The bodies were secretly buried; and Lady Dorothy was sent abroad to a convent, where she was kept under strict surveillance. Her mind at last gave way—the name of her murdered lover was ever on her lips, and she died a raving maniac."

Some years ago three skeletons were found near the Hall; and the story goes that, on still evenings, a lady in white can be seen passing along the gallery and the corridors into the grounds. Here she meets a handsome knight, who accompanies her along the walks to a certain spot—perhaps the lover's grave. After lingering awhile, uttering soft wailings of despair, they embrace each other, and then their forms rise slowly from the earth and vanish into the darkness.

Another remarkable ghost story, included in the "Legends," is that of the Spectre Horseman of Wyecoller Hall. The apparition is supposed to be the ghost of one of the Cunliffes, who in years gone by is said to have murdered his wife in a room at the Hall. Once a year, the story goes, he is doomed to visit the scene of the tragedy.

"He is attired in the costume of the early Stuart period, and the trappings of his horse are of a most uncouth description. On the evening of his visit the weather is always wild and tempestuous. There is no moon to light the lonely roads, and the residents of the district do not venture out of their cottages. When the wind howls the loudest the horseman can be heard dashing up the road at full speed, and after crossing the narrow bridge he suddenly stops at the door of the Hall. The rider then dismounts and makes his way up the broad oaken stairs into one of the rooms of the house. Dreadful screams, as from a woman, are then heard, which soon subside into groans. The horseman then makes his appearance at the door, at once mounts his steed, and gallops off up the road he came."

Most of our readers will be familiar with the highly dramatic version of the story of poor Amy Robsart given by Sir Walter Scott in his "Kenilworth"; Cumnor Place, the scene of the alleged murder, is supposed to be haunted by the spirit of the unfortunate lady.

The Isle of Man is a veritable home of superstitious belief, of which the ancient Castle of Rushen is a notable example. Tradition reports that it is haunted by the ghost of a woman who years ago was executed there for the murder of her child; and Waldron tells of some mysterious chamber which has never been opened in the memory of man.

Peel Castle also has its ghost stories. Eleanor, wife of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was confined here until her death, on a charge of witchcraft, and ever afterwards it is said her unquiet spirit at midnight haunted the place. Nor must we forget the curious apparition, in the shape of a shaggy spaniel and known as the Mauthe Dhoo, which, Waldron tells us, loved to roam about the Castle, but had a particular fancy for the guard-room fireside.

The spaniel used to come through a certain passage, which also led to the captain's quarters; and at night, when the Castle gates were locked, the man whose duty it was to take the keys to the officer was always careful to be accompanied by a comrade. One night, however, a fellow being drunk, laughed at the simplicity of his companions, and swore he would go with the keys alone and see whether the Mauthe Dhoo was dog or devil. Presently a great noise was heard, but none was bold enough to ascertain the cause; and shortly afterwards the adventurer returned horror-struck and speechless. Nothing intelligible as to what had happened could be got from him, and in three days he died in great agony. The Mauthe Dhoo, however, was never seen again.

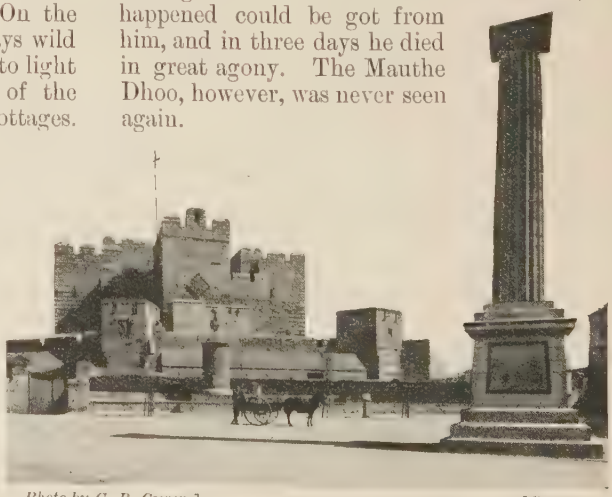


Photo by G. B. Cowen, [*Ramsey.*

CASTLE RUSHEN.



"WITH SLACKENED REIN." FROM THE PICTURE BY J. VESIN.

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A MAD CHRISTMAS.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.*

Illustrated by A. Forestier.



CERTAINLY if there is one time more than another when a bachelor commences to doubt whether his state of single blessedness is the most desirable form of existence, it is at Christmas-time. The joys of the season are essentially domestic joys; and everyone is either looking forward to convivial meetings with a circle of relations and friends, or a happy reunion within his own family. At such a time a middle-aged bachelor with no relations feels rather out of it.

Now, although I must plead guilty to many years of bachelorhood, I never was one of the misanthropical type. I was single (observe the past tense) not from principle, but merely from force of circumstances; and I was never addicted to shutting myself up with my books and a cat and growling cynical remarks at the pleasure-seeking world. On the contrary, I am of a somewhat jovial disposition, and was always fond of society. Christmas-time I liked to spend at a jolly country house, and could turn my hand to charades, dancing, romping with the villagers or children, conjuring, and many other accomplishments. In fact, I may say, with due modesty, that I once heard myself described by a country hostess as an "extremely useful sort of man."

The idea of spending Christmas in my solitary rooms, with only my landlady and her domestic to talk to, was a contingency which I had never contemplated for a moment; but last year I was very nearly brought face to face with it. I generally had two or three invitations, at least, to select from, and chose the one where I should be likely to meet the most interesting set of people; but on this occasion my usual invitations did not arrive. The Harwoods, with whom I had spent the Christmas before, had lost a child and were in mourning; the Houldens were wintering at Nice (Mrs. Houlden was delicate); and at Houghton Grange both the girls were married, and the Christmas house-parties were things of the past. These were my stock invitations; and as I recollected others amongst my circle of acquaintances to whom something or other had happened since last year, it slowly dawned upon me that if I desired to avoid a Christmas in London, I had better make arrangements to remove myself either to a Northern hydropathic establishment which I had occasionally honoured by my presence, or to a Brighton hotel, where I was sure of falling in with some pleasant company. Just as I had arrived at this melancholy decision, however, a letter came which afforded me the greatest satisfaction. It was an invitation to spend a week or two with my old friend, Fred Hallaton, at his place in Leicestershire; and with the vivid recollection before me of a pleasant Christmas spent at Gaulby Hall some three years ago, I lost no time in penning a cordial assent to the welcome invitation. A few days later beheld me, followed by a porter carrying my various impediments, on the platform of St. Pancras, prepared to take my journey down to Leicester by the 3.30 Manchester and Liverpool express. The Pullman was crowded with a pack of noisy schoolboys, so I eschewed it and selected an empty first class carriage. I took possession of my favourite corner seat, with my back to the engine, and wrapping my rug round my knees and unfolding the *Times*, glided away from the

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city of smoke in a remarkably good humour, partly inspired, no doubt, by a capital lunch, and partly by pleasurable anticipation of my forthcoming visit.

Fred met me at Leicester station, and I saw with regret that he was looking pale and ill and much thinner than when I had seen him last. He seemed pleased to see me, however, and greeted me warmly.

During our drive to Gaulby I hazarded a few remarks, with a view to ascertaining what sort of a party there was collected at the Hall, but I got nothing definite out of

We all three entered together, and the moment we passed through the door I felt convinced that my expectations of a jolly Christmas party were doomed to disappointment. There were no decorations about, only one doleful-looking servant, and apparently nothing stirring. I felt sure something was wrong, but at any rate I consoled myself with the reflection that I had lost little by coming, as it had been a choice between this and an hotel. But, all the same, I did not feel particularly cheerful as I followed the doleful-looking servant



"'I wouldn't have it known for the world—but my wife is mad.'"

him. He was quite unlike his old self, and I came to the conclusion that he must be ill. As we drove up the avenue I leaned out of the window to gaze at the fine old mansion, and it struck me at once as looking cold and uninviting, while the grounds were certainly very much neglected. Something seemed wrong all round, and I began to feel almost sorry I had come. We overtook Mrs. Hallaton at the Hall door, just returned from a walk. She was as gracious and as pleasant as she had ever been to me; but I fancied that I could detect in her manner and appearance something of the ill-being which seemed to exist around her.

up stairs, along wide corridors, across passages, up stairs again, and then down a long corridor, until at last I reached my room in the west wing.

My surmises were correct. When I descended, after a prolonged and careful toilet, my host was lounging about in a shooting-jacket, and he and his wife were the only occupants of the room. I was the only guest.

"I've something very serious to say to you, Neillson," he said slowly (Neillson is my name). "I'm going to make a confidant of you, if I may, old man."

I bowed my head and listened.

"You haven't noticed anything particular about my wife, I don't suppose, have you?" he asked, with a searching glance.

I admitted that I had thought her strangely silent and apparently having some anxiety weighing on her mind.

He laughed—a short, uncertain laugh—and leaned over to me confidentially.

"I rely upon your discretion, you know, Neillson. I wouldn't have it known for the world—but my wife is mad."

"Mad?" I put down the claret jug and stared at him incredulously.

"Yes, mad!" he repeated impatiently. "It was the sun in India last year that did the mischief. She would expose herself to it. The doctor whom I have consulted advised me to send her to a private asylum, but I haven't the heart to do it. She's perfectly harmless, you know; but, of course, it's an awful trial to me."

I stammered out an expression of sympathy. To tell the truth, I scarcely knew what to say. I was bewildered at this painful explanation of the gloom which reigned over the house. Presently Fred closed his eyes and left me to digest this strange and unwelcome piece of news. I am naturally somewhat selfish, and before very long my sympathy was diverted in some measure from my host to myself. It occurred to me that it was by no means a pleasant prospect to be a guest in a house the mistress of which was mad. It was not altogether kind of Fred to invite me, I thought, under the circumstances, without some explanation of his wife's state. I began to feel quite an injured man. The only consolation was the claret, and there was no telling how long that would last out. It had struck me that Burditt had been a long time bringing up the last bottle. By the by, Burditt was an old friend of mine. Why shouldn't I look him up and have a chat? I was quite tired of my own company, and Fred was fast asleep. So I opened the door softly and made my way down to the hall. As I passed an open door, Mrs. Hallaton appeared and beckoned me in. I had no alternative but to obey her invitation.

"Mr. Neillson," she said in an agitated tone, "as you are going to stop here for a day or two, there is something connected with this household which you ought to know. Has my husband told you anything?"

I bowed, and told her gravely that I knew all, and that she had my profoundest sympathy.

She sighed.

"Perhaps you are surprised that I should ask whether Fred has told you," she said, turning a little away from me. "It seems strange, doesn't it, that one should be mad and be conscious of it? It only comes on in fits, and they are terrible."

She shuddered; and so, to tell the truth, did I.

"Such a phase of madness is probably not incurable," I ventured to suggest timidly.

"Incurable! Of course it is not incurable," she answered vehemently.

I edged a little towards the door. I had had no experience in talking with lunatics, and felt anything but comfortable in my present position. Mrs. Hallaton was beginning to look very excited and dangerous.

"Of course, if you are frightened, Mr. Neillson," she said a little contemptuously, "you can leave us whenever you please. These fits do not come on often, but they are anything but pleasant things when they do come on."

"I should imagine so," I assented, devoutly hoping a fit was not then pending. Soon I managed to make my adieu, and with a sigh of relief found myself once more in the hall. I made my way to Burditt's room, but he had gone to bed; and seeing it was nearly eleven o'clock I decided to follow his example, and, preceded by a servant (I could never have found the way myself), I mounted again the wide stairs and threaded the numerous passages which led to my room. It was at the end of a wide corridor, on either side of which were six doors.

"Does anyone sleep up here?" I asked the man as he bade me good-night.

He pointed to a door exactly opposite mine.

"That is the master's room, sir," he replied; "and the one at the bottom end is Mrs. Hallaton's. No one else sleeps in this part of the house. The servants' rooms are all in the north wing."

I was generally able to sleep at whatever hour I retired; but it was early, and the fire looked tempting, so, instead of immediately undressing, I changed my coat for a smoking-jacket, and lighting a pipe made myself comfortable in an easy-chair. Soon I heard Mrs. Hallaton's light footsteps ascend the stairs, and the door of her room open and close; and a little while afterwards Fred halted outside my door to bid me a cheery good-night, and then entered the room opposite.

How long I sat there I cannot tell, but I



"He slowly forced me backwards against the outside rail."

fell into a heavy doze ; and when I woke up with a sudden start, it was with the uneasy consciousness that something unusual had awakened me. I sprang to my feet and looked fearfully around. The flickering flame of my fire, almost burnt out, was still sufficient to show me that no one had entered the room. But while I stood there with strained senses I heard a sound which made my blood run cold within me, and, although I am no coward, I shivered with fear. It was the half-muffled shriek of a woman in agony, and it came from Mrs. Hallaton's room. For a moment I was powerless to move ; then I hastily unlocked the door, and, hurrying down the corridor, knocked at hers. There was no answer. I tried the handle ; it was locked ; but, listening for a moment, I could hear the sound of a woman gasping for breath. I rushed back along the corridor to Fred's room. The door was closed, but unlocked, and I threw it open.

"Fred!" I cried. But Fred was not there, nor had the bed been slept in. A candle was burning on the dressing-table, and in the right-hand corner of the room was what appeared to be a hole in the wall ; but when I stood before it I saw at once that it was a secret passage running parallel with the corridor. Looking down it, I could see a light at the other end, and, knowing that it must lead into Mrs. Hallaton's room, I caught up the candle and, bending almost double, half ran, half crept along it, until I reached the other extremity and found myself in Mrs. Hallaton's room. I stood upright and glanced half eagerly, half fearfully, around.

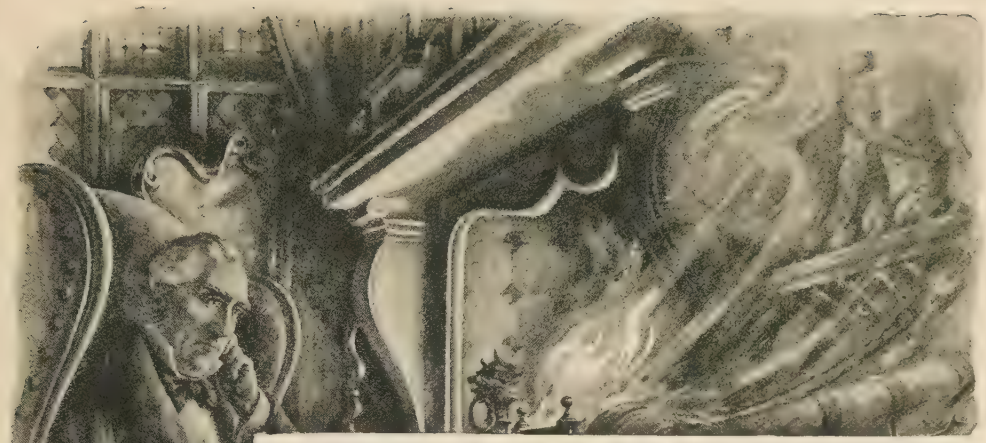
The room was empty, but the window directly opposite to me was open, and as my eyes fell upon it I stood petrified with a dull, sickening horror, and the candle dropped with a crash from my nerveless fingers. There was a miniature balcony outside the window ; and on this stood Fred Hallaton, holding in an embrace, which was certainly not of love, the fainting form of his wife. The moon was shining full on his face, ghostly and demoniacal, with the raging fire of the madman in his eyes, and the imbecile grin of the lunatic on his thin lips. In a moment the truth flashed upon me, and as I stood there gaping and horror-struck, he saw me and burst into a fit of wild laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! You, Neillson? What a joke! See what a glorious view of the grounds! Come and bend over, man ; don't be afraid. Does the height make you dizzy? It's made her" ; and he motioned to the insensible figure of his wife, whom he still held clasped in his arms. "Do you know what I am going to do with her? I'm going to chuck her over down there" ; and he pointed to the garden below. "A mad woman is no use to anyone. Come and lend me a hand."

Mechanically I rushed to the balcony and strove to wrench from his encircling grasp the fainting form of his wife. Like a flash his imbecile grin vanished, and his eyes filled with a malignant fury, as he let go his grasp of his wife and sprang at me like a tiger-cat. It was in vain that I wrestled with him. His long arms were around me and held me as if I were in a vice. I tried to shout for help, but my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and a faint gurgling was all the sound I could command. Nearer and nearer we drew to the parapet's edge, until at last I could see the lawn below, studded with flower-beds like the pattern of some fancy work ; for Gaulby Hall was built high, and we were on the third storey. I felt his hot breath in my face, and caught his diabolical look of triumph as he slowly forced me backwards against the outside rail, which creaked and swerved with my weight, and then my struggling feet seemed to part with the earth as with a wild yell of—

"Leicester! Leicester!" I opened my eyes and sat up with a start. The *Times* had slipped from my fingers, and the train was slowly steaming into Leicester station, and there, standing upon the platform, smiling and robust, looking the very picture of health, was Fred Hallaton.

The Christmas party at Gaulby Hall was the most enjoyable I was ever at, and the people (the house was crammed full of visitors) the most entertaining and agreeable I ever met. There was one young person especially—a Miss Alice Pratison she was then—with whom I got on remarkably well. I never enjoyed a visit so much in my life as I did that one, nor a ride so much as one afternoon when Miss Pratison and I, after a capital run, rode home together with her little hand in mine, and our horses very close together. Next Christmas, if Alice doesn't object, I mean to have a jolly little house-party of my own.



SHIP-LOGS.

By Sir Edwin Arnold.

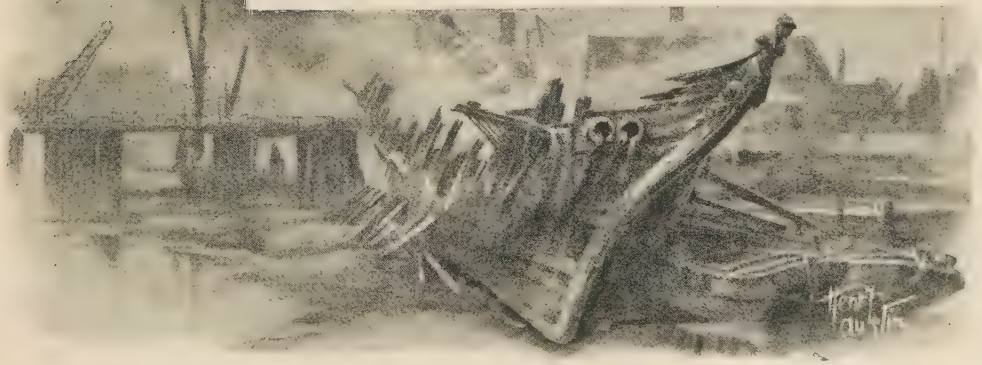
YOU lack romance?—your mind's all fret and fog,
In London, on this black mid-winter day?
Make more house-sunshine, with another log
On the warm hearth; then watch with me the play

Of blue and gold and purple tongues that leap
In quick caresses to the new-fed wood;
How eagerly they curl! how close they creep!
How passionate the flame is for its food!

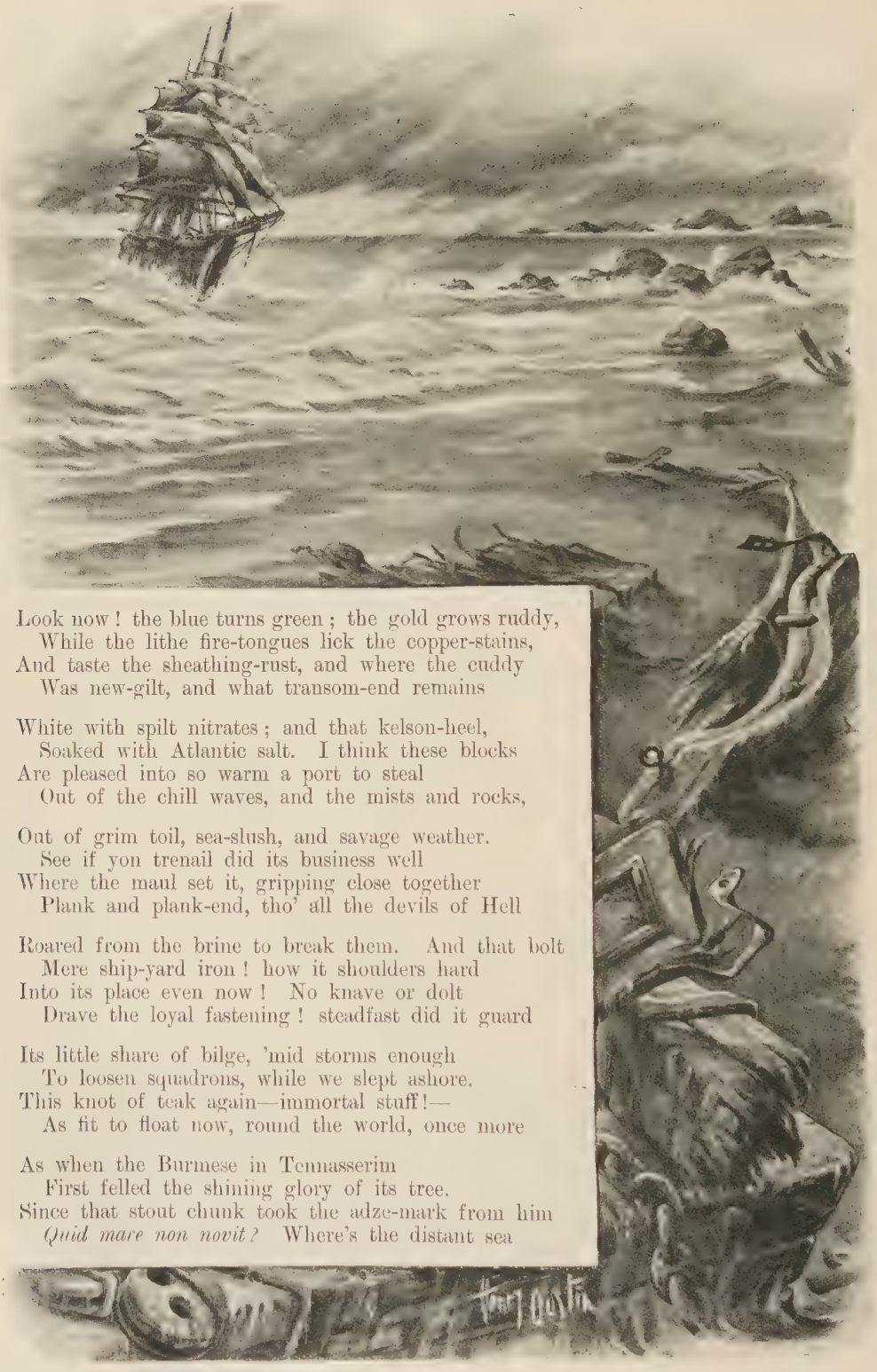
How willing seem the rugged blocks to yield
Fibre and grain and sea-grime to the flame!
How the pitch laughs and bubbles! seeing revealed
Nature's deep secret, that life comes, and came,

Now, and from old beginnings, forth from death.
Thus these—which have been trees and spars and ships—
Give gladly back their cosmic stuff, their breath
Of chemic gases, that the Mother's lips

May kiss them to fresh being. "Merest fancies!
You style it? Yes! that's what these sea-logs are!
Brimming with fancies; by the ton romances
Shot in our cellar from the Millbank car!



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Look now! the blue turns green; the gold grows ruddy,
  While the lithe fire-tongues lick the copper-stains,
And taste the sheathing-rust, and where the cuddy
  Was new-gilt, and what transom-end remains

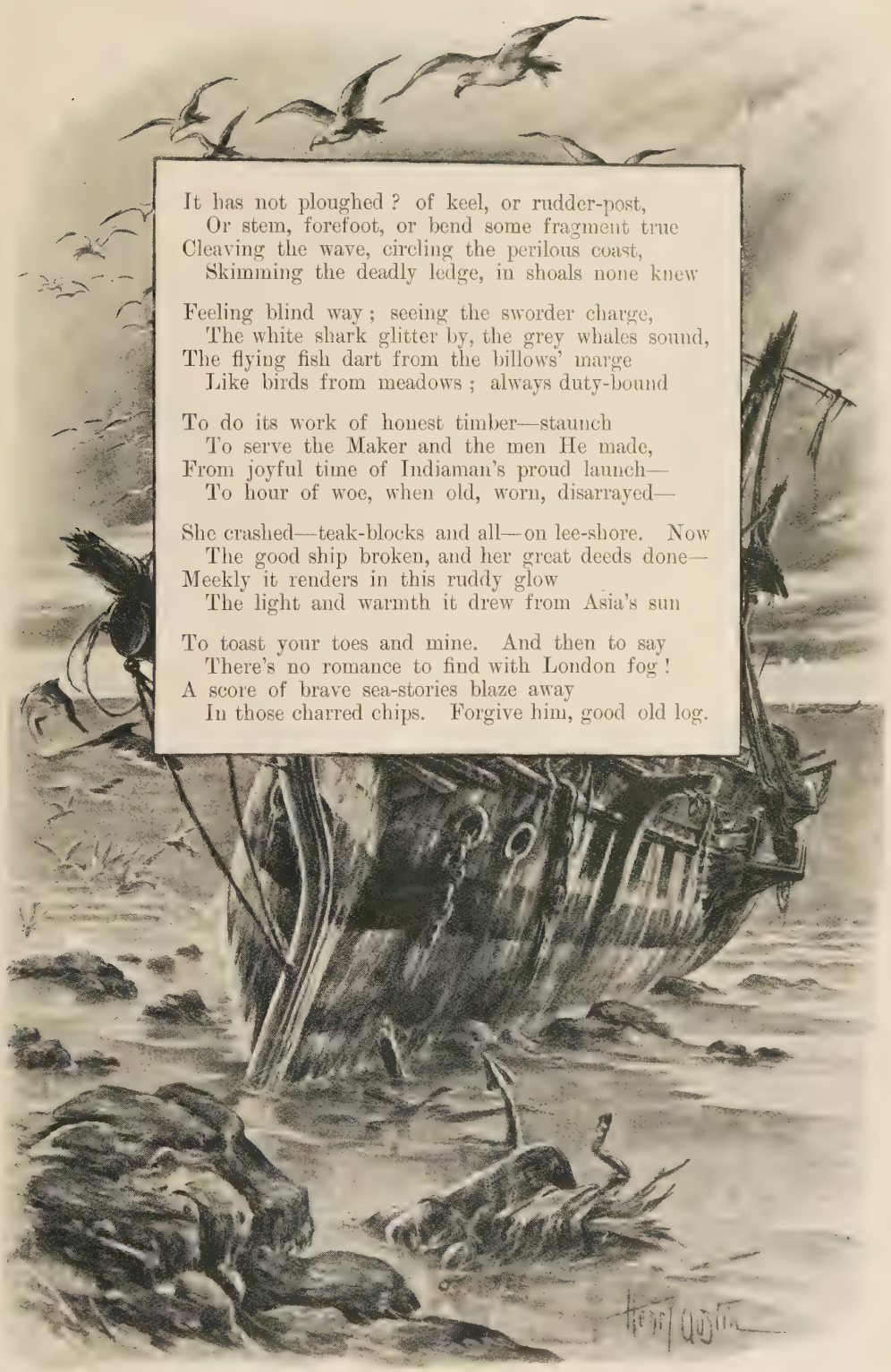
White with spilt nitrates; and that kelson-heel,
  Soaked with Atlantic salt. I think these blocks
Are pleased into so warm a port to steal
  Out of the chill waves, and the mists and rocks,

Out of grim toil, sea-slush, and savage weather.
  See if yon trenail did its business well
Where the maul set it, gripping close together
  Plank and plank-end, tho' all the devils of Hell

Roared from the brine to break them. And that bolt
  Mere ship-yard iron! how it shoulders hard
Into its place even now! No knave or dolt
  Drave the loyal fastening! steadfast did it guard

Its little share of bilge, 'mid storms enough
  To loosen squadrons, while we slept ashore.
This knot of teak again—immortal stuff!—
  As fit to float now, round the world, once more

As when the Burmese in Tennasserim
  First felled the shining glory of its tree.
Since that stout chunk took the adze-mark from him
  Quid mare non novit? Where's the distant sea



It has not ploughed ? of keel, or rudder-post,
  Or stem, forefoot, or bend some fragment true
Cleaving the wave, circling the perilous coast,
  Skimming the deadly ledge, in shoals none knew

Feeling blind way ; seeing the sworder charge,
  The white shark glitter by, the grey whales sound,
The flying fish dart from the billows' marge
  Like birds from meadows ; always duty-bound

To do its work of honest timber—staunch
  To serve the Maker and the men He made,
From joyful time of Indiaman's proud launch—
  To hour of woe, when old, worn, disarrayed—

She crashed—teak-blocks and all—on lee-shore. Now
  The good ship broken, and her great deeds done—
Meekly it renders in this ruddy glow
  The light and warmth it drew from Asia's sun

To toast your toes and mine. And then to say
  There's no romance to find with London fog !
A score of brave sea-stories blaze away
  In those charred chips. Forgive him, good old log.

AN INCIDENT OF AFRICAN HISTORY.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.*



TWENTY years have elapsed since I sauntered one morning out of my little house at Pretoria, in the Transvaal, to smoke an after-breakfast pipe in the garden before I went down to the office, for at that time I was Master of the High Court of the Transvaal. My house was above the town, not very far from the *poort* or pass through which the road ran to Heidelberg and Natal. If a person stood looking towards this *poort*, about five hundred yards away to his right, and almost in a line with him, he could see a white building roofed with galvanised iron. This was the stable in which the Government mules were kept, and I mention it because it plays its part in this short record of some of the incidents of a troublous and exciting time.

My friend, with whom I lived, and I were making a garden round about our house, which was very prettily situated, looking on to a little valley, where grew mimosa trees, and the bold outline of the stony hills beyond. In this garden we had recently been setting vines, for which the shaly soil was suitable, and planting an avenue of blue-gums leading to the roadway. Also I had arranged a bed with roses, and in the centre of it placed a gardenia bush.

Only a year or two ago a gentleman forwarded me a photograph of this place, which came to be known as "Jess's Cottage," taken just before it was pulled down to make room for improvements, and there in the photograph I recognised my gardenia bush, grown big now, but the very same off which I used to cut the fragrant white blooms more than twenty years ago.

Well, on this particular morning I was contemplating my vines and roses, when suddenly I heard the shrill voice of an old Hottentot washerwoman vehemently explaining something to my Basuto servant, who filled the offices of cook and valet. Presently the old lady emerged from the little tin-roofed kitchen, carrying in a bundle the linen for which she had come. She was a curious-looking creature, with a flaming red handkerchief tied round her head and a wizened countenance not unlike that of an amiable monkey. Another handkerchief, bright yellow, was pinned upon her ample bosom.

"Well, old vrouw," I said, "and what is the news with you this morning?"

"Ah, Baas," she answered, "bad news, very bad. Cetywayo the King has attacked the *rooibaatjes* (red-jackets—*i.e.*, English soldiers) down yonder in Zululand and killed them by hundreds. Yes, yes, they lie like leaves upon the plain, red winter leaves—leaves steeped in blood."

I was startled, for we were all waiting with anxiety for news of the Zulu war, which was then being waged by our troops after a fashion of which many of us who knew the natives and their method of warfare did not approve. But I did not show my surprise, as it is not wise to betray any emotion when talking with black people.

"Indeed!" I said; "and when did this happen, old lady, for the Government have no news of such a thing?"

"It happened, Baas," she replied, "not yesterday, but the day before; for on that evening those who were left alive of the white men were swimming across the Buffalo, and after them the children (*i.e.*, the warriors) of Cetywayo."

"Oh," I said, "and how did you learn that?"

* Copyright, 1900, by Perry Mason and Co., in the United States of America.

"It was told me, Baas," she answered, and no more would she say.

"Then a lie was told you, old vrouw, for where is the man who can run, or the horse that can gallop, over more than three hundred miles of veldt in thirty hours, even to bring bad news?"

"As you will, Baas," she answered good-naturedly; "a lie was told me—oh, yes, a lie was told; but all the same the *rooibaatjes* lie dead. Good morning, Baas," and she departed.

I sent for my horse and rode into the town to the office of a high official who, with two or three exceptions, knew the Zulus better than any man living, for he had spent his life among them.* I told him what I had heard, and asked if the Government had any such intelligence, to which he replied "None."



Photo by Neville Edwards, [*Littlehampton.*

CHURCH STREET, PRETORIA, MUCH AS IT WAS IN 1879.

"Then, thank God! it must be all nonsense," I said, "for the news could never have reached here in the time."

We had no telegraph in those days.

"Don't you be so sure of that, young man," he replied. "The Kaffirs have ways of sending messages of which we know nothing."

"Yes, we do," I answered, "they call them from hill to hill; but there are no hills on the high veldt, so it must be nonsense, unless it is magic."

"Never be cocksure about anything in this wide world, my boy," said my mentor, oracularly, and we parted.

I think that it was nearly forty-eight hours later that a special messenger galloped into Pretoria with the news of the frightful disaster at Isandhlwana, the Hill of the Little Hand, in which



Photo by Neville Edwards, [*Littlehampton.*

"JESS'S COTTAGE," PRETORIA, WHERE MR. HAGGARD LIVED.
The square part of the building on the left was added later.

* The late Sir Melmoth Osborn.

we lost over eight hundred soldiers killed, besides Kaffirs and camp-followers, who were not counted.

Now, how did that old Hottentot come by her singularly accurate information? That was a sad and never-to-be-forgotten day, especially for those who had friends and relatives among the slain. I knew nearly all the officers of the 24th; with Colonel Durnford I had been fairly intimate, while it seemed but the other day that there in Pretoria I was chatting with poor Coghill, who, together with Lieutenant Melville, died in a desperate attempt to save the colours, which were found wound about their bodies.

In those pre-cable times it must take a long while before reinforcements could arrive from England, and as the situation in Zululand was very urgent after this disaster, there was a great demand for volunteers, and especially for volunteers who could ride, shoot, and knew the country and the natives. Under these circumstances the authorities allowed a mounted corps of Englishmen to be raised at Pretoria, of which corps I was elected adjutant and lieutenant.

In Africa, I may explain, volunteers always tried to insist upon the right to elect their own officers—at any rate, in my day—so that they might choose men in whom they had confidence to be their masters when the lives of all of them were at stake.

This corps, which was named the Pretoria Horse, was about sixty strong, and for the most part composed of Colonial-born men of more or less gentle birth. A smarter body of irregular cavalry than it became after a month or so of steady drill, it would, I think, have been difficult to find, as every trooper in it could ride well, while many were fine rifle shots, and almost all of them were thoroughly acquainted with the country and the natives whom they were to fight.

The plan was that we were to proceed to Zululand to join another corps, named, I think, the Border Horse, which had been raised by Colonel Weatherley. At the last moment, however, this arrangement was upset, for the Boers of the Transvaal became so threatening in their demeanour, that the Administrator, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, whose son George had been killed at Isandhlwana, dared not allow so many Englishmen to leave Pretoria.

George Shepstone's body, by the way, was not discovered till long afterwards, when his bones were identified by means of some false teeth. A native, in whose possession his revolver was found, gave an account of his end to a friend of my own. It was a gallant one, for he seems to have died fighting in a little cleft of rocks with his back against a boulder.

Fortunate was it for us of the Pretoria Horse that events shaped themselves as they did, seeing that Weatherley's corps, which



Photo by Neville Edwards, [*Littlehampton.*

THE BATTLEFIELD OF ISANDHLWANA.



MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S PHOTOGRAPH OF OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE PRETORIA HORSE OF 1879.

"There is only one of my comrades that I expect to see again, and the picture itself is not ornamental, but I possess few things which I value more."

we were to have joined, was utterly wiped out by the Zulus, with the exception of six men only, at the fight of Inslobane, where Colonel Weatherley himself was assegaied in the vain and desperate attempt to defend his fifteen-year-old son, whom he had been so rash as to take on service with him as an *aide-de-camp*.

One day, shortly after the enrolment of the Pretoria Horse, as I was sitting in my office, to which I still attended in the intervals of my military duties, I observed a Boer gallop past at full speed, riding in the direction of Government House. A quarter of an hour later I saw another Boer, also galloping hard, with dismay written on his features and heading the same way. Then I thought it time to inquire into matters, and heard an interesting story.

It seemed that these two Boers and others, who lived in the bush veldt beyond a place called the Salt Pan, at a distance of about five and twenty miles from Pretoria, had been interviewed by a mounted Kaffir wearing the head-ring and the Zulu military uniform, who gave out that he was one of King Cetywayo's big *indunas*, or confidential chieftains, and himself a member of the royal family. This man told them that he had been sent by Cetywayo with an *impi*, or army, of between twenty and thirty thousand men, to fall upon Pretoria and destroy it utterly.

His *impi*, he said, was now resting in the bush veldt after its long and rapid march through the veldt which lies at the back of what was known as Secocoeni's Country. He added that the rush on Pretoria would be made on the following night, the plan being to storm the town at the break of dawn. Further, he told them that he had come forward with only a few attendants to warn them to make themselves scarce with all their people, as he knew that the Boers and the English were at variance, and the orders of his King were that he was not to kill any Boers unless he was forced to it. Having said this the man departed.

Now, although this scheme came as a surprise to us, for we had not heard through our spies that any considerable body of men had left Zululand, there was nothing impossible about the story. All who were acquainted with Zulu history knew, indeed, that in the days of the black Napoleon, Chaka, who built up the Zulu power, his *impis* had upon different occasions made even longer and more difficult marches, carrying annihilation at the end of them to some unfortunate tribe that had earned his enmity.

Moreover, it was quite possible that an army might have moved through the vast districts uninhabited by white men which lay behind Secocoeni's, without our being advised of its presence.

Great, therefore, was the consternation. Let the reader, sitting comfortably at home in some English city, imagine what the thing meant. It meant that within four and twenty hours a vast concourse of

armed savages, among the bravest that the world has ever seen, might be pouring through the unprotected streets of the little town, putting every man, woman, and child—yes, and every living thing, to the assegai—and giving its dwellings to the flames, so that before another day dawned it would be but a blackened ruin peopled by mutilated dead. Leaving their own fate out of the question, for husbands and fathers this was a terrible possibility.

The consultations at Government House were hurried and earnest, and very soon orders reached us from the Commandant of the small body of British troops in the town, whose name, if I remember rightly, was Colonel Rowlands. They were to the effect that my senior officers, Captain Jackson and Lieutenant Fry, were to take horse at once and ride out to the Salt Pan to see if they could come in touch with or find traces of the Zulu *impi*. This meant that I was left in command of the Pretoria Horse, no light responsibility for a young man of one or two and twenty who had not been through any regular military training.

Before he rode away my captain found a minute or two to address me, telling me that he relied upon me to do my duty in any emergency, to keep up the credit of the corps, and if it came to the worst, and we were overwhelmed by the Zulus, to see that they fought the thing out like men.

Then off they galloped, leaving me to make the best of the situation. It was not an easy situation, for this reason: only one or two days before this time our horses had been served out to us, a mob of sound and good-looking but half-broken brutes which had been bought up by the Imperial authorities from the Free State herds and delivered in Pretoria for our use.

Hardly had Captain Jackson vanished when an orderly galloped down from camp, bringing me urgent orders from the Commandant that I was to "mount and parade my men." If these lines should ever chance to be read by a cavalry officer, let him reflect on what would be his feelings, if he were told suddenly to mount sixty men on sixty horses, many of which he had reason to believe had never yet felt the weight of a saddle, and to parade them instantly for very active service.



Photo by Neville Edwards, [*Littlehampton.*

TYPICAL BOER HORSEMEN.

However, the thing, or the nearest approach to it possible under the circumstances, had to be done somehow; so, the corps having fallen in, their saddles and bridles were served out to them from store. Then off we marched through the town towards the Government stables of which I have spoken, I leading them, gallantly mounted on my best horse, a great black stallion, while after me followed what might have been a double line of gigantic mushrooms, for each warlike trooper carried his saddle on his head, while the bit and stirrups dangled gracefully round his neck.

As we went, a dreadful problem agitated my mind: upon what possible principle was I to serve out the horses, seeing that every trooper would naturally wish for the best



"Some of the horses were rearing high into the air, others were bolting in every direction."

and tamest? By the time that we reached the stable where they were tied up, I had come to the conclusion that it would be wise to allow them to settle the matter for themselves. Accordingly, having paraded the corps in a long line in such fashion that all might have an equal chance, I shouted in stentorian tones—

"Men of the Pretoria Horse, select and saddle up your horses!"

Before the words were out of my mouth the line of human mushrooms was dashing madly at the shed, whence there arose presently a most indescribable noise of neighing, whoaing, quarrelling, and swearing. All this while the sky had been banking up for thunder, and now it came—such a storm as I have never seen out of Africa—accompanied by torrents of rain and blinding flashes of lightning. In the midst of this hideous tempest my troopers began to reappear, each of them dragging after him, or being dragged forward by, some snorting and fear-stricken brute.

At length all were out, and getting them into line as best I was able, or into something which was meant to resemble a line, I ran my eye down that dripping company. Never afterward, although in later days I passed some ticklish hours in their company,

did I see the Pretoria Horse look half as frightened as at that moment —that is, all of them who did not happen to be provided with horses of their own. I also was frightened, for, watching the aspect of the Free State equine mob, I guessed what must happen. However, my orders were imperative, so there was no help for it.

"Mount!" I roared, and they mounted like men, or tried to. There was a scramble, and in an instant it seemed as though a couple of shrapnel shells had burst among those squadrons. Some of the horses were rearing high into the air, one or two had thrown themselves down, others were bolting in every direction, their riders clinging to their backs, till they were lost to sight in the blinding mist of rain. And to my dismay I saw the sergeant-major, the officer on whom I most relied for assistance, being dragged along the ground past me, his foot fast in the stirrup, with the brute he had tried to mount kicking viciously at his head.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.] [*Baker Street, W.*

MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD.

At length something resembling order was restored. The sergeant-major was carried off insensible to hospital with another man, and the injuries of several others were attended to on the spot by the doctor of the corps. Then we rode, or rather bucked off, to our *rendezvous*, those men whose horses had proved utterly unmanageable following on foot.

Never shall I forget the night which followed. My orders were to post pickets all round Pretoria; so I obeyed, sending out men two by two to patrol the various approaches to the town, and telling them that they would be relieved at certain points at midnight. But they never were relieved, for the simple reason that the darkness this night was so impenetrable that nobody could even attempt to find them, until the break of day, when they were discovered in all sorts of strange places, such as deep ditches and quarry-holes into which they had fallen.

Meanwhile the tumult in the town was very great, for, as darkness began to close in, panic seemed to get the people by the throat. In every direction Kaffirs, carrying their children with them, might be seen flying to the hills, to be out of the road of the Zulu assegais when they arrived at dawn on the morrow. White men, too, were burying their papers and valuables, while some of the women had given way to hysteria: all of which was little to be wondered at, seeing that everybody was convinced that the Zulus were about to attack the town in thousands, and that our chance of seeing another sun was of a very shadowy nature.

On the market square defence meetings were being held, at which Government officials were engaged in serving out rifles and ammunition to all able-bodied citizens. At other points, also, attempts were made to arrange barricades and *laagers*, but I do not think that they progressed much in the darkness.

About eleven o'clock, to make matters worse, someone on guard in the outskirts of the town managed to let off a rifle, which, of course, was supposed to be the beginning of a Zulu onslaught. But no Zulus came, and when at dawn we sallied forth to search the surrounding country, the red rays of the rising sun fell only on the green veldt and the rocky hills, instead, as we half feared, of being reflected from the broad blades of twenty thousand stabbing assegais.

Before midday my captain and the lieutenant returned, having been unable to see or hear anything of the *impi*, whereupon the Pretoria Horse was ordered to start out and thoroughly search the great sea of the bush veldt. I think that we were absent about eight days upon this task, and by the time that we returned, having seen nothing of the Zulus, an explanation of the mystery was forthcoming.

It seemed that the Kaffir who caused the scare was a madman. With his madness, however, was mixed sufficient cunning to enable him to personate a well-known Zulu general and to tell a story so circumstantial that it was difficult to disbelieve. The warning to the Boers also that they might stand aside in safety, as the King had no quarrel with them, showed a knowledge of current politics which madmen would scarcely be expected to possess.

When the times are considered, and we remember that tidings of slaughter reached us nearly every day—also that news of the Zulu advance into the white men's country was hourly expected—it is not wonderful that even those best qualified to judge were deceived by this tale of Cetywayo's *impi* lying hid in the Salt Pan bush.

When I began this sketch of a personal experience it was my intention to tell of some of the subsequent adventures of the Pretoria Horse. For instance, there is the story of how I was sent out with six men to watch the great Boer camp beyond Ferguson's, and of how, when they rushed us, we saved ourselves from a very awkward situation by pretending that beneath the floor of the house where we were quartered was stored a ton of dynamite. Afterwards the Boers hunted us in, and, expecting to be attacked by three or four thousand of them, we fortified the Government mule-stables, which we held for several weeks until the danger passed by for a while.

Afterwards, during the siege of Pretoria, the old corps lost twenty-five per cent. of its men, killed and wounded, but that also is a different tale.

Hanging on the wall of my room is a fading photograph of the officers of the Pretoria Horse, together with that of thirty or forty of the men gathered outside the barricaded building in which we were quartered. There is only one of my comrades that I expect to see again, and the picture itself is not ornamental, but I possess few things which I value more.



Photo by Neville Edwards, [*Littlehampton.*

TRAVEL DANGERS IN THE TRANSVAAL: ONE MULE ENTIRELY UNDER WATER.

CITY CHRONICLES.

By BARRY PAIN.*

Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills.

No. I.—A MODERN SIBYL.



MESSRS. GRANWICK & SHINE called it No. 42, Doddington Street, W. But their business—they were in the furnishing trade, and had not been doing well at it of late years—only occupied the ground floor and a part of the basement. The upper storey was let as bachelor chambers, and had a separate entrance, and on the fanlight the house was described as Doddington Mansions. The remainder of the basement was the abode of the porter and housekeeper to the chambers. It was an old-fashioned house, occupying a good deal of ground space, with wide passages and staircase. There were nine sets of chambers altogether, and the names of the residents were painted upon a board in the hall. The last name on the board was S. Bywater Soames, Esq.

Mr. Soames was a man of thirty. His father had been a successful dentist, and his parents had intended that Samuel (that was his first name) should follow the same profession; they had educated him with a view to that end. They died when he had just completed that education, and six months later Soames sold his father's practice, and intimated to his near relations that he had given up the idea of being a dentist himself. The only reason he could give was that he felt he had not the energy for it; he would have four hundred a year, and could live on that. They spoke of the possibility of marriage, and remonstrated with eloquence but without much hope; they had always said among themselves that Samuel was most extraordinary, and there was no knowing what he would do. He said that he should not marry, and that if he ever wanted more money he hoped that he would be able to make it without having to work for it. Soames was a fair-haired, clean-shaven little man, of almost boyish appearance; he always looked tired.

At the age of thirty—a critical age with many men—Soames woke up. He never gambled at all seriously; he had no vicious tastes, and believed he had no extravagant tastes; but for the last few years he had been spending a good deal more than his annual four hundred. He was not in debt, but he had begun to nibble at his capital. He paid a hundred a year for his chambers and went abroad for three months of the year; he entertained his friends, not ostentatiously, but well; his tailor was expensive; the booksellers sent him particulars of anything good on the Stuart period, and he could rarely resist the purchase; there was the Opera, of course, for Soames was rather by way of being a musician; and there were hansoms, for Soames never walked if he could avoid it. He still looked tired, but he was awake now. He noted with surprise how many things there were on which one's money slipped away; but he did realise it, and he realised, moreover, that it is with capital as it is with cake—you cannot both eat it and have it. What was to be done?

Money can be made in two ways—by doing and by knowing—as Soames was well aware. The man who does, makes little and makes it slowly; the man who knows, makes much and makes it quickly. There are, of course, cases where the man both does and knows, but in those cases the knowledge is the essential factor. Knowledge without labour presented strong attractions to Soames. But not all knowledge has a commercial

* Copyright, 1900, by Barry Pain, in the United States of America.

value ; Soames was learned in the Stuart period, and knew something of heraldry and more of Wagner, but such things do not replace the thousands lapsed from one's treasury chest.

There was also a possibility of economy. The chambers at Doddington Mansions might be given up, and Soames might live on two hundred a year until his finances were on a proper footing again. There were certainly bachelors in London who got along on two hundred a year, and among the very poor there might even be some who got along on less. But Soames thought of this with horror ; he had got used to his comfortable way of life and he did not want to change it. It made him so depressed that, in order to recover his self-respect, he took a hansom to Hesketh's to order some more clothes.

He happened to arrive at the moment when Hesketh's manager was turning a client out of the shop—customers are "clients" at Hesketh's. The customer was a tall, portly man, with a ragged, black moustache, and a very shining hat tilted back on his head ; he was very angry and the manager was perfectly calm.

"We decline to make for you, and we don't want to have you about the place. That's all I've got to say."

The customer blustered and swore badly. He was excited, his face was flushed, his eyes seemed to be starting out of his head. The manager took no notice of him, but escorted Soames into the shop.

"Very sorry, sir," he said, "that you should have arrived just when that little scene was going on. Unfortunately, there was no avoiding it. Brought it on himself."

"What was the row, Bland?" asked Soames. "Is that the way you treat us when we're broke?"

"No, sir, no, Mr. Soames, I hope you don't think that. That man's worth half a million, and as far as his money's concerned he's all right. But he doesn't understand the ways of a place like this. He comes here half drunk and uses the most offensive language ; he loses his temper without any reason, for it's not our fault he's grown so stout. He's Mr. Walter Chive, and one never heard of him till last year."

"Do anything?" asked Soames lazily.

"Oh, yes ; he's one of the Anglo-Foreign Hotels Syndicate. Minting money, they tell me. Quick elevators, ice-water, servants not too formal, and everything to suit the foreigners visiting England. He's a man who



"A few days later Soames came across this same Mr. Walter Chive again."

might have introduced a lot of valuable business, and I put up with him for a bit. The other day he was carrying on when Lord Carris came in. His Lordship said to me privately, 'I wonder you let that filthy bounder into the shop at all, Bland.' Oh, I was quite ashamed! What could I say? However, we've seen the last of him now. He came in to-day in his usual state, and began, 'Where's that —— fool Bland?' Oh, I very soon showed him where I was. If we do lose the custom of his friends, it won't ruin us."

And then Soames refused a whisky-and-soda, lit a cigarette, and permitted patterns to be shown him. The incident mildly amused him. It seemed to him a queer thing that a man who was clever enough and knew enough to make money could not pick up a way of behaviour which would spare him the contempt of strangers that he met and the humiliation of being turned out of his tailor's.

A few days later Soames came across this same Mr. Walter Chive again. Soames was coming slowly down the stairs at Doddington Mansions, drawing on his gloves as he went. Chive was in the hall at the bottom of the stairs, in earnest conversation with two other men.

"Well," he was saying, "you've seen it yourselves, and you like the position. G. and S. have only two years to run, and we know for a fact that they will be glad to clear out any time. Shearing's going the deuce of a pace and will have to part with something soon."

"Vell, vell," said a middle-aged man whose appearance as well as his accent bore evidence to his nationality, "dat may be ver' true. But vy do nod Aston and Blaig know somedings? And vot about dese?" he tapped with his stick on the board on which were the names of the residents.

"Yearly agreements, all of them. Aston and Blake are old-fashioned people. They did this property for his father before him, and they think things are going on the same way for ever. Besides, he won't tell 'em before he must."

"I must think over it," said the third man, who was a handsome old gentleman of a rather military appearance.

And then Soames passed through them and got into the cab which was waiting for him. He told the man to drive to his club. He was now in possession of some information that interested him. It seemed that the Anglo-Foreign Syndicate had cast their speculative eye on No. 42, Doddington Street. If they purchased it from Lord Shearing, they would probably pull it down, and put up a nice little hotel, five storeys higher, on the site. They expected that they would have no trouble in getting Granwick and Shine to part with their lease, and the occupants of the residential chambers had only yearly agreements. He thought things over, and realised that there was the knowledge which might be profitable. He called up through the trap and altered the direction of his cab. A few minutes later he was sitting in Mr. Blake's room at Messrs. Aston and Blake's offices, and Mr. Blake, a gentleman of venerable and kindly appearance, was asking what he could do for him.

"Well," said Soames, "I want those chambers of mine redecorated, if you don't mind."

"By all means," said Mr. Blake. "Redecorate them."

Soames explained that he had wanted rosewood panelling in the three rooms, with a deep frieze above. And he wanted painted ceilings—he knew an artist who was just the man for it. "I thought the landlord paid for these things," he added plaintively. He looked the image of an ignorant boy who has had his enthusiasm damped.

Mr. Blake was much amused. He became patronising and informative. He used the phrase, "When you have lived a little longer," with great effect.

"Well," said Soames, "there's no help for it; as you won't do it, I must. Only, how am I to know that you won't turn me out as soon as I have spent my money on the place? It would be quite fair, wouldn't it?

"It would be quite legal," said Mr. Blake. "But it is not the sort of thing we should dream of doing."

"But suppose Lord Shearing died or wanted to sell the place, and it passed out of your hands. I've only got that thing I signed, and that only lasts a year. Couldn't you fix it in some way so that I couldn't be turned out? You see, this will cost me a lot of money; you said so yourself."

"His Lordship is not at all likely to sell. Yes, I know there are some ill-natured stories about, but we attach no importance to them. However, you are a good tenant, if I may say so, Mr. Soames, and we'll make an exception for you. You shall have a lease. Do you know what a lease is?"

And Mr. S. Bywater Soames was so forgetful of the sacred character of truth that he said he was afraid he was not very clear

upon it. A week later he had a seven years' lease of his chambers.

That was precisely what he had gone to Mr. Blake to get. If he had asked for it straight out, he might have aroused suspicions. Also, it was no part of his game to pose as the hard-headed business man. His youthful appearance had been in his favour, and he had played up to it. He was regarded by Messrs. Aston and Blake as a luxurious young ass, and this estimate of his character might very possibly come in useful.

He went back to his chambers and thought it over. If Lord Shearing and the Anglo-Foreign Hotels Syndicate never came to terms, he would be in the same position as before, with the exception of the money that he laid out on the redecoration of the chambers. A sum had been named, and its expenditure had been made a condition of the lease. But Soames had the right to sub-let to an approved tenant. He could go elsewhere and economise, or he might be more successful in his next attempt to make use of knowledge commercially.

If, on the other hand, the property were sold — then, he thought to himself with some pleasure, the fun would begin.

* * * *

A month later Messrs. Granwick and Shine, crushed by the competition of Tottenham Court Road, went suddenly and savagely bankrupt. They owed a year's rent at the time. Lord Shearing wrote a letter to Messrs. Aston and Blake on the subject which made that venerable firm feel extremely sick. Mr. Blake said sadly that his Lordship's father would never have written such a letter.

A few days afterwards Lord Shearing's brown filly, Fiametta, annoyed by three false starts, stopped and kicked when she should have been otherwise engaged. Lord Shearing watched the performance through his field-glasses. His smile was a trifle metallic and artificial ; but, considering the amount that the mare was losing for him, it did him some credit that he was able to smile at all. When, a few days later, Messrs. Aston and Blake wrote to him that the Anglo-Foreign Hotels Syndicate had offered to give a fair price for No. 42, Doddington Street, his laconic Lordship wired back the simple word "Sell."



"'Do you know what a lease is?'"

To Messrs. Aston and Blake, Mr. Walter Chive, representing the Syndicate on this occasion, came as somewhat of a shock. He swore heavily and he smoked in the office ; he spoke with marked disrespect of Lord Shearing ; and he was always suspecting Messrs. Aston and Blake of sharp practice that had never entered their innocent and venerable heads.

"Now," said Mr. Chive, after a little preliminary conversation, "all this talk won't buy the baby a new frock, will it? Let's get to business. Give me your lowest price, and I'll say if we will buy. And for goodness' sake don't try anything on with me ; I don't like it."

"We received this letter from his Lordship this morning," said Mr. Blake. "You will see that he states in it the amount which he is prepared to accept."

Mr. Chive read through the letter and

put it down. Then he got up, turned his back to Mr. Blake, walked to the window and looked out. The price asked was less than the Syndicate had been prepared to give. After a minute's reflection Mr. Chive turned round again.

"Well," he said, "this plunger of yours has got his mouth open quite wide enough. However, we'll buy his shanty at that price if we can have immediate possession."

"There is a lease, and there are certain yearly agreements. But I do not anticipate any difficulty. These people are all old tenants of ours, and I think we can deal with them on a footing that would not be possible for a stranger. Besides, they are gentlemen who would not care to reside at the Mansions while your builders and housebreakers were at work. The noise and dust would be unpleasant to them; in fact, I feel pretty sure that they will be glad to have the chance to leave at once. I will guarantee that you shall have possession in nine months.

"You might as well talk about nine blooming years," said Mr. Chive. "Look here, I'll put my cards on the table and let you see how we're placed. There's a bit of rivalry going on. Some people have picked our brains and are going to put up an hotel or two on our lines. They've got a site in this neighbourhood, and they'll begin to clear it next week. Our hotel has got to be ready before theirs is. See?"

"Of course, it is possible that we might be able to get the tenants out before the nine months. I only say that we will not guarantee to give you possession before then. But we will do our best—you may depend on that."

"I don't depend on that or anything else. Let's see the lease. And what sort of a chap has got it? The yearlies can be managed, anyhow."

After a good deal of talk it was arranged that the Syndicate should make the best terms they could with Soames and the other tenants, and that a sum of £500 should be deducted from the purchase price.

When all was signed and settled Mr. Blake permitted himself to ask, "And if Mr. Soames refuses to go?"

"He won't. I shall put it to him in a gentlemanly way."

"But if he won't be persuaded?"

"A little ready money has a great effect on these young asses about town. You've told us the kind of fellow he is."

"And if even that doesn't work?"

"I shall cut off the water, the electric light, and the staircase."

"I'm afraid you did not read that lease very carefully."

"Can't I do that? Oh, well, I'll find something else. Soames be hanged! He's not going to block us."

* * * * *

The two men whom Soames had seen in conversation with Chive in the hall at Doddington Mansions were Mr. Eugene Mandelbaum and Mr. Farshaw. Mr. Farshaw was more attractive in manner and appearance than the other two men. He had a truthful blue eye and bore himself erect; there was something simple and soldierly about the old gentleman. He had probably made more money out of burst straights than any other poker player in the kingdom.

He had no difficulty at all in persuading the yearly tenants at Doddington Mansions to hasten their departure. He was extremely sorry, but the place had to come down. There would be workmen all over it, and dust and noise everywhere. The porter and housekeeper would be turned out of the basement at once, and there would be nobody to attend to the chambers. His Syndicate regretted—really regretted—all the inconvenience and discomfort they were causing. Was there anything that they could do? That was all he wanted to know.

With every appearance of generosity, and very little actual expenditure, he got them all to go. But he did not get Mr. S. Bywater Soames to go.

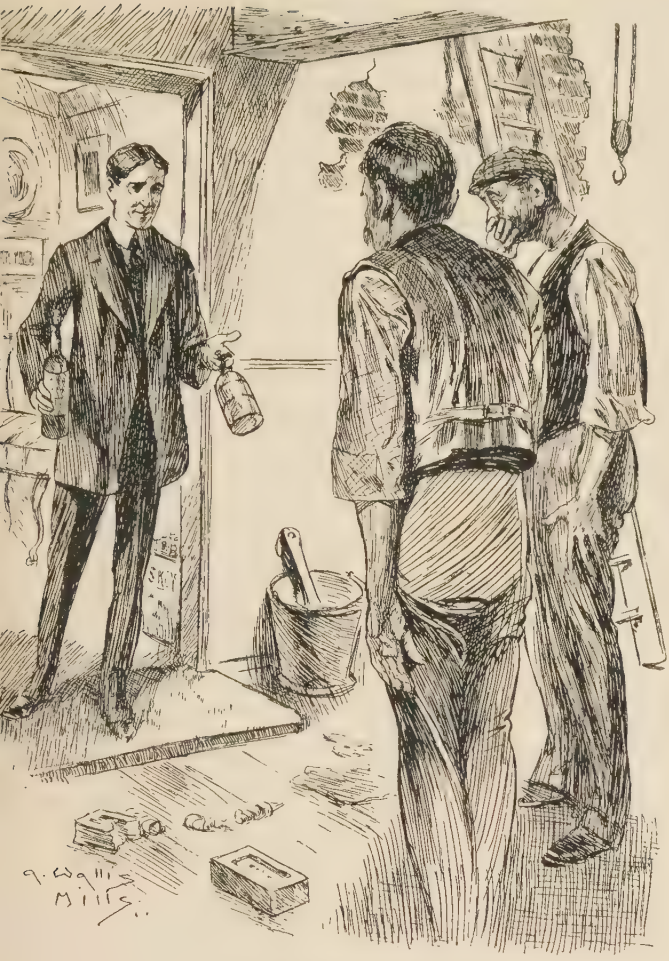
Mr. Farshaw called upon Mr. Soames one morning by appointment. He was afraid Mr. Soames was not very glad to see him.

"On the contrary," said Soames, who looked very tired, "I'm charmed. I had been expecting to hear from the Syndicate."

"What I wanted to see you particularly about was the panelling in these rooms. We understand from Mr. Blake that you put this in quite recently at your own expense."

"That is so."

"The other directors and myself wish to say that if you care to remove this panelling, they are not disposed to press their rights in the matter. In fact, we shall be having some experienced workmen of our own in the place in a fortnight, and if you like they shall take it down and pack it for you free of charge. We can do that for you, and of course, as we are making the chambers absolutely uninhabitable, we will cancel the lease and decline to take any rent that may be still due. Is there anything else we can do? People who



"Soames came out and suggested that they might like a drink."

keep hotels cannot afford to make enemies, and I am afraid that at the best we have given you a good deal of inconvenience."

"Not at all," said Soames politely. "And I shan't have to trouble your men about that panelling, because I am not leaving."

"Mr. Soames," said Farshaw, "I can see that you are angry with us, and I confess that it doesn't surprise me. This is hard lines for you. But do you think you are well advised in making bad worse? Let us suppose that you stay. It may give us a little trouble, but it will make no difference in the end. The hotel will be built, and your chambers will remain, just in the middle of the kitchens and the servants' quarters. You will have to use the servants' stairs and entrance. Will that be pleasant for you or for friends who come to see you? I say nothing of what you will have to go through in consequence of the building operations."

"It won't be pleasant, but I am going to stay. I shouldn't have thought that the first-floor front was the best place for the kitchens and servants' bedrooms, but——"

"One moment, Mr. Soames. Now, suppose that you have the good sense to make up your mind to go. I will sit down now if you like and give you a note to the manager of one of our hotels in Jermyn Street. You can stay there for a week or a fortnight while you are looking for other chambers. You will get special attention and comfort there, and there will be no bill—you will be the guest of the Syndicate. We will do your removal free of charge, and hand you our cheque for twenty-five pounds to cover any incidental expenses. In your case we would sooner err on the generous side than on the other. Now, I'll write that cheque and the note to our man in Jermyn Street, and I'm sure——"

"No, thanks," said Soames. "I don't feel that I know your Syndicate well enough to be its guest. Besides, I don't want to leave."

"Well," said Farshaw, "I'll let you think it over. In less than a week our men will be at work. If you change your mind then, let me know, and I will do the best I can for you. But, of course, I can't promise that I shall be able to get the other directors to offer you the same terms then that they do now."

"Quite so," said Soames. "Good morning."

The next three months were occupied with a series of minor hostilities. The Syndicate pulled down as much of No. 42, Doddington Street, as they could, carefully watched on behalf of Soames by a builder and a solicitor, and that builder and solicitor worried the Syndicate a good deal. They got letters of solemn warning from that solicitor about once a week. Soames thought that rather more dust and rubbish fell on him as he went up and down the stairs than was absolutely necessary, and he did not like

the Syndicate's builder's foreman's smile; so he ordered in a case of the most atrocious whisky that could be bought for money. Next morning bricks appeared to be falling against Soames's door, and an iron girder was being beaten with a hammer continuously until the dinner-hour. Then Soames came out into the passage, found a couple of the men, and suggested that they might like a drink. He handed out four bottles of the destructive whisky to them, and Nature did the rest. Five men were too hopelessly drunk to work that afternoon, and the foreman did not smile any more. The builder required measurements which could only be got by entering Soames's chambers; Soames refused to allow the man to come in. The Syndicate's builder's foreman then punched Soames's servant's head, and was given the usual option; Soames distributed the rest of his paralysis brand of whisky and got a new servant; the Syndicate's architect went mad; and things came to a deadlock.

It was Mr. Eugene Mandelbaum who was next deputed by the Syndicate to interview Soames. He looked like a cross between a philosopher and a pig, and appearances did not belie him.

"I am a man of few vortz," he said to Soames.

"I beg your pardon?" said Soames.

"I mean, I am a man that has not moch to zay. And vot I zay is, how moch for you to go?"

"Three thousand pounds," said Soames.

"My frient, I am not kom here to shoke."

"That's all right. I'm not joking. My offer's good for twenty-four hours."

Mr. Farshaw was of the opinion that the three thousand should be paid. "He's on top and he knows it. While we thought he didn't know it, it was all very well to try to shunt him on the cheap. But it's no good to go on fighting when you're beaten. He's done us, and it can't be helped."

But Mr. Farshaw's opinion did not prevail. It was decided to offer half the amount; the offer was refused by return of post.

Soames had made up his mind quickly, but not easily. He was playing a big game, and it was quite possible that they might turn obstinate, in which case he would lose everything. Fifteen hundred pounds was a large sum to risk. But the offer was a sign in itself that the Syndicate was weakening, and he guessed that the weakening would be a gradual process. Also the workmen, whose intoxication he had so obligingly financed, were not ungrateful; they had talked to Soames and had told him what they knew. Soames was aware that the new hotel could not be erected without a certain iron girder which would have to pass through the middle of his chambers. Besides, the lust of battle had entered into him. He felt now that he would sooner lose all than give in.

A month passed, during which the Syndicate's builder did next to nothing, and the Syndicate's rival's builder did quite a good deal. It was during this month that the hair of Mr. Eugene Mandelbaum began definitely to go grey. Soames came out of his chambers and wandered about the site of the proposed Doddington Hotel; he examined the excavations and asked the foreman why he did not get on. And all this time Farshaw was urging the other directors to give Soames his price; three thousand was, after all, a very small sum in comparison to what they were in danger of losing.

Mr. Eugene Mandelbaum observed, "I should like to haf that yonk man as a pardner," and reluctantly assented to Farshaw's proposal.

Mr. Walter Chive said, "Then I suppose it's no good my sticking out. The only thing that I stipulate for is that I hand him the cheque myself; and then at least I shall have a chance to tell him what I think of him. And I will, too."

"I should nod blay aboud with dat Zoames, if I vos you," said Mandelbaum. "It will be no goot. He is a deffil."

"And he'll find he ain't the only devil about, too. I'll give him a dressing down that will take some of the edge off his enjoyment. You leave him to me. My belief is that if I had gone at the first we should never have been put in this infernal hole."

So Mr. Walter Chive went, with the Syndicate's cheque for three thousand in his pocket. He had seen a good many men, and they had most of them "taken another" with him, and he was not quite at his best that morning.

"No, thanks, I won't sit down," he said in answer to Soames's invitation. "I'll say what I got to say standing, Mr. Bugwater Soames, or whatever your name may be. If there were law and justice in this country you would be on the treadmill. You're asking three thousand; if it were a railway company, with Parliamentary powers to buy, I doubt if you would get three hundred. You're a swindler, a dirty swindler. You may find yourself in the dock on a charge of conspiracy yet. It's blackmail, that's what

it is. However, the worse the vermin, the more one is willing to pay to be quit of them. Here's your three thousand. Sit down and write the receipt, and be out of these premises before this time to-morrow."

Soames had been lying lazily back in his chair with his eyes closed. He now opened them.

"My price *was* three thousand; it is now six thousand, and in twenty-four hours it will be twelve thousand. If a cheque is sent, I shall leave on the day it is cleared, and not



"'My price *was* three thousand; it is now six thousand.'"

before; and the cheque must be sent by post or by some decent messenger." He paused and rang the bell. "Now get out. I can't have drunken swine like you about the place."

The bell was answered by Soames's new servant. Soames had seen the necessity of getting someone who would not be likely to have his head punched. The new man was a quiet, steady-looking fellow, but he was powerful and clever with his hands.

At first Mr. Chive was unable to speak. He gesticulated with a clenched fist. Then he burst into a flood of stuttering blasphemy and obscenity. He seemed smitten with a desire to say all the bad words he knew in the shortest possible time. Saliva trickled from one corner of his mouth down his chin.

Soames jerked his thumb in the direction of Mr. Chive and turned to the servant. "You can clear that away, James," he said.

James approached. Mr. Chive caught up his hat. "Threat of assault!" he cried. "By God! you'll pay for it! You've let yourself in for it now!" He had more to say, but by this time James had shut the door on him.

* * * * *

Soames received a cheque for six thousand next morning, with a very polite letter from the Syndicate. He cashed the cheque, warehoused his furniture, and went down to the sea to rest.

The Doddington Hotel is now completed and doing very well. Mr. Chive, who, after all, decided to do nothing about that threatened assault, has retired from the directorate. It is always better to retire than to be thrown out.



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The Fast before the Feast.

From the Copyright Picture by E. Grützner.

THE RAID OF THE BOLD BUCCLEUCH.

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.*

Illustrated by W. G. Simmonds.



CARLISLE and its raid by the Bold Buccleuch are still remembered in Marshcotes parish, though good Queen Bess has been dead close upon three hundred years; and why they know of it is because Long Ratcliffe was the fourth man to reach the outer court of the Castle, by way of the breach beneath the postern gate, with the Bold Buccleuch behind him.

Thirty and two of the Ratcliffes, the Sunderlands, and the Waynes had ridden to join the Westmorland Beethams in a foray; cattle was their most pressing need, but they were short of horses, too, and the vales about Appleby were said to be rich in both sorts of portable goods. Lord Scrope had been busy of late with the duties of the Wardenry, but the reivers, five-score strong, cared as little for Lord Scrope as they did for Her Majesty of England, and they rode to Appleby in the full sunlight of a crisp November day, wishful a little that the Warden's men would cross their path and give them sport fit for gallant gentlemen.

For the West Yorkshire raiders were ever a wilder and merrier folk than their neighbours of the more northerly counties. It was well enough that Cumberland men and Westmorland should live by a set of laws of their own; but the Yorkshiremen cared little whether they reived the goods of Scots or English, so only the spoil were rich and the fighting brisk.

The sun glanced off from the steel of their leathern jacks, and caught the tips of their spears, and played on the steel caps of the leaders; and down they rode toward the fat green lands, with jest and song and rattle of well-tried weapons. Never a Warden's man they met, but they found rougher sport than they looked for, since ten-score Scots had ridden south on the same errand as themselves. They met in Appleby, and they did not part lightly; and the English fought with their backs to the wall, till only a score and ten were left.

"Shall we kill them out of hand?" said the Scots leader suavely, as they bound their prisoners. His name was Johnnie Armstrong, and they thought well of him across the Border.

"Nay. Let them fare with us to the Bold Buccleuch, for he is an ill man to thwart," answered one of the seven-score Scots remaining.

So they tied their arms behind their backs, and their legs to their horses' bellies, and off they set, with the cattle and sheep and women taken, toward the Border.

The Duke of Buccleuch was the Warden of the Scottish Marches, and a kindly eye he had for such raids as troubled his English neighbour, Lord Scrope. Keeps were few and far between in the Scotch half of the debatable land; and such as there were had proved ill-fitted for the housing of prisoners; and the Bold Buccleuch accordingly had a fair reputation, such as many an occupant of the Bench has since enjoyed, for decreeing a short shrift and a rope of hemp to his prisoners. None knew this better than Long Ratcliffe; and he cursed as they took him north, that so mean an end should be in store for a charmed life and a merry; but neither he, nor those who guarded him,

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guessed in what curious temper they would find the Bold Buccleuch.

For, while Johnnie Armstrong and his prisoners were nearing Branxholme, the Bold Buccleuch was striding up and down the great hall; and in his face was that which his wife, cowering over the hearth, misliked to see there.

"They have taken Kinmont Willie!" he roared for the twentieth time, and set both hands to the table, newly spread for supper, and dashed it so hard to ground that three of its solid legs gave way, and the wine spurted red across the floor-rushes.

His lady muttered something in protest, and not for all her trembling could she forbear, womanlike, to chide Buccleuch for such wanton hurt to "insight gear." And the Warden, who was only the Bold away from the goodwife, looked sheepish a little, and tried to cover the wine-stains by kicking a heap of rushes over them.

"It is an ill wind that blows Willie harm," said the wife. "How did they take him?"

Whereat Buccleuch began to rave and to storm afresh, like one gone mad. "On the day of truce they took him, between sunrise and sunrise," he cried. "Am I Keeper of the Scottish side, or does Lord Scrope want to have that lesson taught? May the curse of the saints light on me if I look on while Kinmont Willie is hanged! If only there were war between the countries! I would sack Carlisle, and burn Carlisle, and crumple Lord Scrope like a corbie's egg between my finger and thumb. But peace it is, peace! And the Lord knows what Jamie the King would say if I went to war." He was a violent man, Buccleuch, when the fit was on him. He looked at the one firm leg still left to the table and christened it Lord Scrope; he took down his two-handled sword from the wall and clove the stout wood in two, and, "Ye are dead this day, Lord Scrope," he yelled, with a wondrous childish sort of zest in his voice.

But his lady bided her time, as a clever wife will. Swift to blow hurricanes, and swift to drop to a calm, was Buccleuch; and if those about him escaped the first wild outrush of his fury, they had little to fear from him until such time as the next storm was due. The slaying of Lord Scrope's wooden image would seem to have comforted him somewhat, for he went to the end of the hall and called lustily for a flagon of Spanish wine; and, when that was drained to the dregs, he ordered a second. So the goodwife saw that the time to speak had come.

"Tell me, now," said she, "was it Lord Scrope that took our Kinmont Willie?"

"False Salkeld took him; but I warrant the deputy had a clear command from the Warden. A fat man is Salkeld, and curse him for the same; there never was grace in a man that waddled as he backed a steed."

"Then send to Lord Scrope, and pray that he will punish the ill deed done by his deputy. There is danger in open violence, when peace might serve as well."

"What! to have him laugh in my face? To have Salkeld's grossness flounder and roll with laughter, as he names the Bold Buccleuch a fool? Hast woundily proper counsel to give thy goodman, wife. I tell thee, I will harry this corbie's nest, Carlisle. What is't, fellow?" he broke off, as a man-at-arms came into the hall.

"The Armstrongs have taken three-score and ten of English thieves and have brought them for trial at your court."

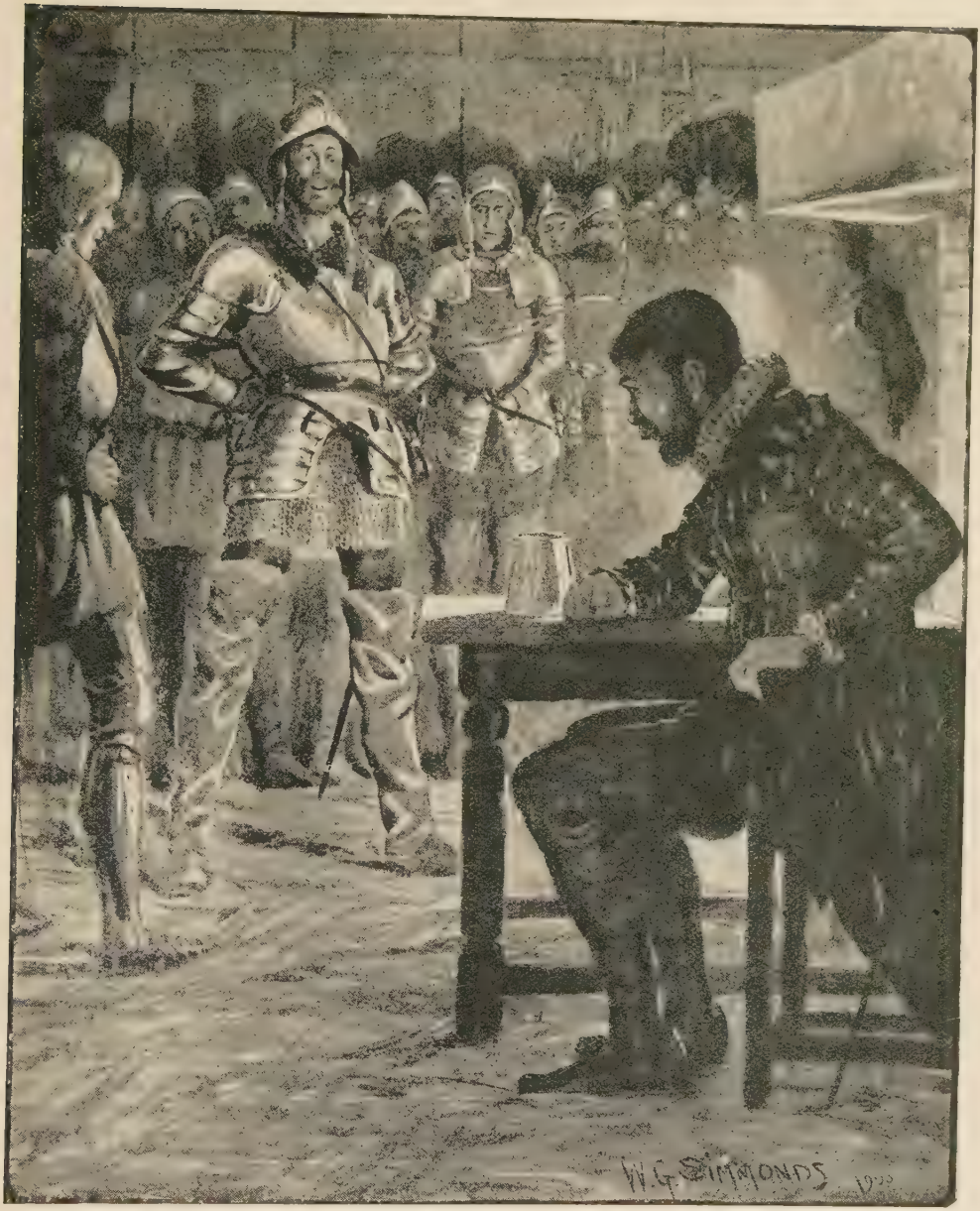
"Ho, ho!" chuckled the Bold Buccleuch, as he finished his third flagon. "English thieves, say'st thou? Get ready the bonnie ropes of hemp, for I'll give the corbies a feast. They could not have come at a better time; by these presents shall I know Lord Scrope—and his presents shall swing to the tale of three-score and ten. Have them brought in forthwith, and a flagon of wine along with them!"

Two by two the prisoners were brought into the great hall and ranged at the further end. Long Ratcliffe was in front, and he eyed the Warden with as devil-may-care a glance as if he were here to sup with him, though he read in the face of Buccleuch that his time was measured by the length of a cord and the height of a stout tree-branch. Johnnie Armstrong and his fellows came close behind their captives, and Johnnie, a privileged jester, took the Warden's flagon from the serving-man as he passed and drank off the wine.

"Well, ye have deserved a fair drink," laughed the Bold Buccleuch. "What have these fellows done?"

"Herschip and slaughter," answered Johnnie gravely. "We went on the Warden's quest into England——"

"Stay, stay! *My* quest could not lead you beyond the Border," put in Buccleuch, with a grin that was hid by his flagon, "saving ye went for the purpose—for the purpose——" he added, and stopped for lack of a ready lie.



"'Is that what the Lord Warden commands? *Peccavi-avi-avi.*'"

"Just so; that was the quest we rode on!" cried Johnnie Armstrong blithely; "and we found these men doing hurt to cattle, and women, and insight gear. We minded that Lord Scrope was full of great business elsewhere, and for courtesy's sake we saved him the trouble of hanging them."

"For courtesy's sake?" murmured the Warden reflectively. "'Twas very well done, lads, and if Lord Scrope gives you no thanks —why, ye can well do without them. Heirschip and slaughter, ye said? We must daunton all rascal thieves for the peace of the realm. Prisoners, prepare your souls for the next world, and determine, as best ye may, to lead better lives than ever ye did on earth. Another flagon, curse ye! Are ye crippled and deaf, ye that wait on the Bold Buccleuch?"

The Warden's Court had given its award, and Johnnie Armstrong was about to march off Long Ratcliffe, for he liked to have as proper a man as could be had when hanging was toward. The rest of his followers, such of them as had taken prisoners, chose each his man. It was plain that in a very few minutes there would be three-score and ten fewer men alive in Scotland than now stood on the Scotch King's soil.

"Well, not content?" snapped the Warden, seeing that Long Ratcliffe was loth to go to be hanged.

"Nay, I am content enough, which way the matter goes. Ye jest with talk of law and the Warden's Court, as we should jest if we got you safe to our English Warden. 'Tis all one, my lord, and I will laugh at your wit, if it please you, instead of saying my prayers."

"Why, then, thou art a stark fellow," said Buccleuch, with a quick look at Long Ratcliffe. "Beshrew me, but I have none so long and broad of beam in all my band. Such bulk will need a deal of hanging—and 'tis a pity to strain a good rope over-far——"

"Nay, but hanged he must be!" broke in Johnnie Armstrong noisily. "Loth am I to miss the reward of toil, and 'tis a se'nnight and a day since last I hanged a man."

"Well—if it must be; but I would a worse fighting-man had served," muttered the Warden.

Long Ratcliffe was thinking all this time—not hard enough to trouble his wits, but carelessly as he did everything, in hopes that his luck would do all the hard work for him. He did not know of the foul taking of Kinmont Willie; but he did know, right well, that there never was much love spilled between the English and the Scottish Wardens, and so he drew a bow at a venture.

"Shall I tell you a tale, my lord?" he said. "Or is the rope's hunger over-keen to be longer stayed?"

"Not if the tale be a good one," laughed the Warden. "Johnnie, stand back and give this bold fellow breathing-room."

"'Tis not much, but may be 'twill help the wine to run down more smoothly," went on Long Ratcliffe. "It touched Lord Scrope, who is bosom friend to the Scottish Warden, if report be not a liar."

"Go on, my lad. Lord Scrope is such a warm friend of mine that I wish he were warmer yet, in the flames of his own castle."

The eyes of Long Ratcliffe brightened, as he saw that he had aimed true. "We care not much about Lord Scrope in Marshcotes, as it chances, and once we had the laugh of him. He was riding by Gallows-Tree Rigg—not far from Weardale the place is—and we met him in the way, and routed his men, and took the Warden."

"Aye, so?" chuckled Buccleuch. "Shouldst have sent him north to me."

"We stripped him stark to the skin and carried him to the gallows-foot hard by. We fitted the chain to his neck, with three stout lads at the other end to hoist him skywards when I gave the word. And then we held a Court of the Corbie Crows, and recited the list of the Warden's misdeeds. We named the free-living gentlemen whom he had done to death, one by one; and as each name reached the ears of good Lord Scrope I bade my three stout lads tickle his neck with the chain until he chanted '*Peccavi*.' 'Twas a long list, my lord, and the Warden was loth at times to go on with the sport, until the cold iron, with its arms about his neck, wooed him to complaisance."

Loud and long laughed the Bold Buccleuch, with a call for more Spanish wine in the midst of it. And then he would have the tale again; and after that he swore that Long Ratcliffe had earned his pardon, on one condition.

"I have scant objection to cry '*Peccavi*' from now till the morrow midnight," said Ratcliffe soberly. "Is that what the Lord Warden commands? *Peccavi-avi-avi*"—with so droll a voice, in mimicry of Lord Scrope, as set even Johnnie Armstrong laughing, though Johnnie was still sore at the loss of such a weighty prisoner.

"Wilt help me to avenge a foul deed done by this same Lord Scrope?" went on Buccleuch.

"And gladly."

"If even Carlisle Castle is to be taken?"

"I once took the great Lord Scrope himself, as I told you, and, after that, the seizing of a castle or two looks a little matter. Help you I will, if ye will set these friends of mine free to go their ways."

Buccleuch frowned down upon the prisoners; but his heart was fuller of Scrope just now than of lesser men, and this giant from Marshcotes was just the fellow for a wild enterprise.

"Have it as ye will, for the thing ye did to Lord Scrope!" he cried at last.

So the board was spread afresh and the ropes unbound. English and Scots fell merrily to and drank and jested together as if no delicate matters of a tree and a dangling

thread of hemp had lately rested between them.

"Right well I should have relished the hanging of thee; but we let that pass," said Johnnie Armstrong, as he kissed flagons with Ratcliffe the Long.

Now, the Bold Buccleuch, though he knew that naught would come of it, followed carefully his goodwife's advice—partly because it was sound, so far as it went, and in part since such policy defrauded his lady of the right to say, "I made true prophecy," should matters go ill after he had neglected her advice. He appealed to Fat Salkeld, the deputy, who vowed that he had no say in the question now that Kinmont Willie was safely housed with the Warden. He appealed to King James VI., who in turn demanded redress from Lord Scrope, who in turn replied that Kinmont was so notorious a malefactor that he dared not let him go free without an express command from Queen Elizabeth. And the Queen, as Buccleuch was well aware, had not the smallest intention of granting liberty to Kinmont Willie, whether he had been taken by fair means or by foul; and James VI., though his sympathies were all with Buccleuch, was not so secure upon the Scottish throne that he could afford to enforce his wishes. Altogether, Buccleuch did his best to keep up appearances, as behoved a good Warden; but all the while he was arranging a quiet little plot of his own, with Long Ratcliffe and the Armstrongs to help. And the more he saw of Ratcliffe the Long, the better he liked the tart quality of his wit and the devilry that lurked in every slight suggestion for the taking of Carlisle.

At last it grew plain that, unless prompt measures were taken, Kinmont Willie would soon be swinging on Haribee Hill. So the Bold Buccleuch and Long Ratcliffe rode to a horse-race at Langholme; the Armstrongs and many another friend of Kinmont's had likewise business there; and before the races were over it was settled that, come what might, Carlisle Castle should fall on the morrow. The news crept abroad; and all the next day the folk were laughing up and down Dumfriesshire at the Bold Buccleuch's daft threat to take Carlisle. The city hostile, the castle fortified from top to toe—what could a handful of men effect? But all day through Long Ratcliffe went about with a laugh on his comely face and a song at the merry heart of him; and he blessed the Ratcliffe luck, that had brought him to see so rare a junketing.

A strange company it was that met by the swollen water of Sark on the next night. Graemes and Scotts, Armstrongs, Bells, and Elliots—ten-score lusty fellows were here, with picks and crowbars and scaling-ladders, to show Lord Scrope the Warden what a handful of men could do. The wind roared, the rain belched out of the murky sky; but ringing laughter sounded above the storm, and the voice of the Bold Buccleuch, as he gave his men a last word.

"Heed ye well, there must be neither spoiling nor needless slaying. There is peace between the countries, and the Warden can ill afford to sack Carlisle, though a year of his life would he give to do that same."

Not often were the Armstrongs, the Elliots, and the Scotts disposed to see the laughter-moving side of a matter. Yet to-night they were full of jollity, and their mirth could no way be held in check. Warden Buccleuch gave the word, a ringing cheer answered him, and big bay horse and little Galloway pony rattled cheek by jowl across the sodden land. Esk was in flood, but through it they went, never heeding that the water licked at their jerkin belts; then on over moss and meadow again, with the rain ever thickening and the wind from the north crying after them, and thus to the banks of Eden, where the water was wading deeper than their horses liked. Biggest of the troop was Long Ratcliffe, loudest his laugh, as he drove his horse at the racing bank of water and crossed in safety to the further bank. On a sudden the skies opened, the lightning rippled and zagged, the deep-bellied laugh of the thunder drowned Long Ratcliffe's noisy mirth. He turned in the saddle, and a second flash showed him the struggling press of his comrades as they fought with Eden river for the mastery. A moment more and all had landed, and it was off and away through the murk again until Carlisle city showed black in the lightning-streaks, not the half of a league ahead.

"Lord Scrope will be fain to win speech of me a second time," shouted Ratcliffe the Long. "*Peccavi-avi-avi*—my good Lord Scrope."

"*Peccavi!*" roared a score of lusty voices. For the stress of the night was in their blood, and the pace went like wine to their heads.

In at the town gate they went, by force of axe-head and of hand-pick, and the first they met in the streets was false Salkeld himself.

"What is your business, ye merry loons?" cried Salkeld the Fat, as he barred their way with his meal-tub bulk.



"Then off they rattled again."

"None of thine, false Salkeld, none of thine," answered Buccleuch; "and 'twould be well for all traitors to take their way betimes, since to-night we are loth to slay."

Now, slaughter was in truth far off from their thoughts; yet Dickie of Dryhope could not withstand the round, fat look of Salkeld. Like honey to the bee was that curved, rolling plumpness to the point of Dickie's spear, and he itched to be at him all through the flow of words that followed Buccleuch's rough speech; and at last he could bear it no longer, but spitted the deputy so daintily that the spear-head came out into the rain again on the far side of him.

"Dickie of Dryhope, what dost mean? Did I not forbid all bloodshed?" said Buccleuch. "But there, I will settle the score with thee when occasion serves! Yonder is the castle, my mason lads, and a-top of it lies a corbie's nest."

Black as pitch was the street, save for the lightning flashes; the rain came down uninjured; it was a rare night for the work, since the city was empty of folk. Up they ran the ladders against the outer castle wall, and mightily they cursed to find them a good three yards too short. Get in they would, though, and a fresh way must be found. A brighter flash than ordinary showed them a postern close at hand; Long Ratcliffe it was who thought to undermine it. With cheery haste they set about making a breach under the gate, till they had hollowed a biggish hole; thunder and wind, meanwhile, kept the sound of their delving from the ears of

the watchman behind the wall. One by one they crept through—Dickie of Dryhope first, then he whom they called Red Rowan and another, then Long Ratcliffe, with the Scottish Warden creeping head-to-heel behind him. They seized the watch and gagged him, opened the postern from within, and the outer court was theirs.

"Up to the jail, lads, some of you, while we keep the postern!" cried Buccleuch.

Red Rowan was foremost up the narrow stair, with Ratcliffe the Long and a score of men behind him. Down went the door of Kinmont Willie's chamber, and up went the reiver, heavy chains and all, on to Red Rowan's shoulders. Long Ratcliffe set his mouth to his trumpet and gave a call that rang through castle and city both.

Now, Lord Scrope had only just ended his supper when they set to making a breach beneath the postern. My lord's mind was easy, his body well bolstered with fish, flesh, and the best of malmsey wine; not a happier man was there in the realm than the English Warden, as he got up from the table and chuckled and hugged himself anew to think that he had Kinmont Willie so fast by the heels. Kinmont had mocked his own person many a time and oft; Kinmont had harried his officers; Kinmont had been the longest and sharpest of all these Scottish thorns in the sides of the English folk. Well, Kinmont should swing at the end of a rope before to-morrow's sun went down, and the Bold Buccleuch might rant of his boldness as he would, for aught the English Warden cared. Chuckling thus, Lord Scrope fared up to the bower of May o' the Bramble Braes, to while away a pleasant hour in foolery. May o' the Bramble Braes had been plighted to Kinmont Willie, and it pleased the Warden's humour to think that she and he should be prisoners at the self-same time, for thrice in the day he had taunted Kinmont with his double loss, of love and liberty.

"Say, then, bonnie May, what ails thee?" asked the Warden, as she turned a cold face from him.

"A foul deed done to a better man than yourself," answered she, all fire from her comely face to the sole of her foot that tapped the floor-rushes.

Lord Scrope was sick in his conscience a little, and a hint of the rascal Kinmont was a lash on the raw to him. "*Better*, says May the wanton!" scoffed he. "Will he be better to-morrow, think'st thou, when the crows are at feast on his body?"

"Aye, my good lord; dead or alive, my Willie is worth five-score and ten of such as you."

Lord Scrope lifted his heavy hand, and the lass would not flinch, and the dawn would have been long in coming to May o' the Bramble Braes, had a trumpet-call not sounded through the castle. The Warden dropped his hand, and a second clarion-call came up from the outer courtyard, with such shouting and laughter and din of feet as convinced jolly Scrope, on a hasty reckoning, that there were five or six hundred foemen within his castle walls.

"They have come to take Kinmont Willie—pray Heaven they will not forget thee in the hurry!" mocked the lass, and slipped between Scrope and the door and ran to the foot of the jail stairway.

All was dismay and frantic terror. Up on the topmost tower the beacon flames glowered up at the sky. The alarum-bell sent its brazen call of warning to the bells of the cathedral, the bells of the city houses. The garrison followed Lord Scrope's example and hid to the best of their knowledge; the townsfolk came thronging into the streets and gaped at the beacon-fire, and saw the reivers, coal-black against the red, moving on the castle walls, and thought all Scotland had been blown here by the Devil's breath.

Sixteen stone of right good iron had gone to the fettering of Kinmont Willie, and Red Rowan was scant of breath when he reached the stairway foot, with fetters and fettered slung over his back.

"Come, hasten, Rowan the Red!" cried Buccleuch from the postern gate.

"And well it is to say hasten," growled Red Rowan, "when iron and flesh between them are squeezing your body dry. Well away, but if this be not May o' the Bramble Braes, the smoke has bleared my eyes."

"And May it is, and right sore her heart has been for want of Kinmont Willie," said the lass, as she came and clung to her lover, so that Red Rowan could bear the weight no longer, but let the pair of them find lodging on the floor.

"My arms are bound, May, and my feet are clamped with iron, or it's little that Carlisle Castle should see of thee and me," cried Kinmont; and his voice was fain of her.

"Is Red Rowan the only man with a pair of arms, then? And shall the lass be left for want of carrying?" cried Long Ratcliffe, as he picked up the delicate burden.

"Bide, bide," said Kinmont Willie, as they were about to set off with him again.

"I want a word with my Lord Scrope before I leave him. Scrope, ho! Scrope! What, is he fled? A pest on——"

"Scrope! Scrope the Warden!" yelled Long Ratcliffe, with a rollicking laugh.

"He is in the chamber at the bend of yonder stair," said the lass, from her perch on Long Ratcliffe's shoulder.

"Come out of your lair, friend Scrope!" cried Kinmont. "I have a debt to you—a debt for lodging mail. Will ye ride beside us till cock-crow and take good Scottish cheer with me?"

"Do ye mind the Gallows-Tree Rigg, old Scrope?" roared Ratcliffe the Long. "*Peccavi-avi-avi*——"

Again the rest took up the chorus. Bang went the alarum-bells, crash rattled the thunder; and above them all rang the "*Peccavi-avi-avi*," until the Bold Buccleuch would brook no more delay.

"Holy Saints! but I am not like to forget the Gallows-Tree Rigg," muttered Warden Scrope. He was ashen grey, as he cowered in a corner of the chamber and told himself that the witches must be making exceeding merry at his expense this night.

Up went Kinmont Willie into the saddle. They set him sideways, with both feet dangling from the one side; and he laughed as he vowed that never since he was breeched had he worn such spurs as these of the heavy iron. Then off they rattled again, fast as they could pelt, to the banks of Eden River; and May o' the Bramble Braes sang blithely as they rode.

But the English Warden had recovered from his fright before ever they had ridden half to Eden brink, and he was up in the saddle along with three-score of his men. Rage and shame drove the rowels deep into his horse's flanks, and his men had much ado to keep the pace. The weeping cloud-wrack parted and the full moon lilted through.

"Faster—faster yet!" cried Lord Scrope, as he spied the Scotsmen swinging over the further brae.

"Faster—faster yet by the half, or 'twill be '*Peccavi*' once again," shouted Long Ratcliffe, as he turned to glance at their pursuers.

But for all that the Carlisle men were gaining fast on them, for they were hampered by the slowness of Kinmont Willie's nag.

"How many ride with Lord Scrope, think ye?" asked Buccleuch.

"Twice our number, I should hazard," panted Kinmont Willie.

"And we swore to do them no hurt; so the river it must be, lads—heugh! Rattle these beasts of yours forward," said the Scottish Warden, with a laugh.

The brink was a half-mile off now, and Lord Scrope not fifty yards behind them, with his two-handed sword swung loose in the watery moonrays. Kinmont Willie, seeing that the case was desperate, lifted his heavy feet and let them fall with a thud on his galloway's hide; and truly he had never plied spurs to such good purpose, for the beast leaped forward fast as the rushing, sweltering flood before them. A quarter-mile now, and the Carlisle men were but a few score yards to rearward. But the rush of hoofs so close behind drove the Scotch horses to a merrier pace, and Scrope could make scant headway. Red Rowan was in the stream—Ratcliffe the Long, with his burden safe at the saddle-front, dashed in after him—all were afloat, save Kinmont Willie and Buccleuch.

Down swept the English Warden's sword; but the moon was shy and the light uncertain, and he struck out a good two seconds too early. A moment more, and every one of the merry band was safe from cold steel, if not from colder water. Warden Scrope looked once at the struggling horses, and twice at the thundering torrent; and he checked his nag on the brink.

Somehow or other Kinmont Willie fared across, though his sixteen stone of iron was fain of the river's bed. "Well, lads," he cried, as his pony struggled up the further brink; "they have tried to hang me, and they have tried to drown me, and it seems I was born for neither death."

The raid was over. On one side stood the English Warden, black with rage; on the other the Scottish Warden, with all his men behind him. The Scotsmen stayed awhile, to breathe their horses and to bid their foes a courteous farewell.

"Ye shall answer for this!" stuttered Lord Scrope.

"Aye, at the Gallows-Tree Rigg," answered Long Ratcliffe.

"The Queen shall visit you for this—Her Majesty—ye knaves!" began Lord Scrope, all beside himself.

"Should the Queen deign to visit me, I will make her sides split with a Border-tale," answered the Bold Buccleuch—"the tale of how her Warden kept her Castle of Carlisle."

"And I will whisper '*Peccavi*' in her ear. Go home to bed, my good Lord Scrope; this wet air is not good for such as you," said Long Ratcliffe.



"A moment more, and every one of the merry band was safe from cold steel."

Whereat they wheeled about, and raised a mighty chanting of "*Peccavi*," and so won home again.

"A couple of flagons of Spanish wine—aye, and a couple more to back them!" thundered the Bold Buccleuch, as he strode into the hall of Branxholme.

But Kinmont Willie tarried in the outer hall; and May o' the Bramble Braes reached up her lips and kissed him in the darkness.



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From the Picture by C. T. Garland.



Photo by Spicer,] [*Dover.*

THE ETON ROWING-BOAT SINKING IN THE ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

LONELY VOYAGERS.

BY

FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

ON July 4th, 1897, the steamship *Holbein*, during her passage from New York to Manchester, spoke a small boat, not larger than those which frequent our seaside resorts, apparently drifting hither and thither at the mercy of the Atlantic waves. Closer examination proved that the diminutive craft had a passenger on board, and consequently the captain of the *Holbein* inquired if any assistance was wanted. A faint answer in the affirmative was the response from the solitary traveller, and he was accordingly hauled on board.

The strange passenger so providentially rescued proved to be Captain Andrews, who had set sail from Atlantic City, New Jersey, sixteen days before in a little argo measuring only fifteen feet in length. He had travelled 700 miles when he was picked up, though he had been hailed by passing vessels on two or three previous occasions, but had hitherto declined assistance. He had suffered terrible privations and his limbs were considerably swollen, probably the result of the prolonged exposure.

Captain Andrews is absorbed with a desire to cross the Atlantic in a small boat, and has already gained extensive notoriety by his several attempts in this direction. He successfully accomplished the achievement in 1878, but failed in the successive endeavours of 1888 and 1891 respectively, though he succeeded in reaching the Azores from the American coast in less than a month in 1892.

Captain Andrews is not the only individual who has essayed to cross the Atlantic in a small boat navigated entirely by himself. On June 18th of last year Captain Howard Blackburn set out from Gloucester, Massachusetts, *en route* for Gloucester, England, in the *Great Western*, a small cutter-rigged boat, measuring 30 feet in length, 8 feet beam, 4 feet draught, and 4½ tons register. He arrived at his desti-



THE LITTLE "FAIRY," IN WHICH CARL JENSEN ATTEMPTED TO CROSS THE NORTH SEA.



H. BLACKBURN, OF MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A., WHO CROSSED THE ATLANTIC IN HIS LITTLE VESSEL—

nation on August 19, after a passage of 60 days. Speaking of the voyage, Captain Blackburn said: "I hove to every time I wanted to light a pipe or to go down into the cabin, and I was also hindered by head winds and rough weather. When it began to blow, I fastened the cabin door, locked my legs about the binnacle, and went straight ahead. While off the American coast, and also when I was nearing England, I slept in the afternoon, and sailed during the night, because passing vessels could see me in the daytime and could thus steer clear of me, but at night I had to look out. On two occasions I was nearly run down. Once in the fog off Newfoundland, while in the cabin, I heard a steamer coming along. I seized my fog-siren and hurried on deck, but falling down I broke the siren and thought I was done for. I shouted lustily, and the next moment a big liner steamed past so close that water from her propeller was washed on my deck." Captain Blackburn's intrepid achievement is rendered further remarkable by the fact that he has no fingers on either hand, having lost those limbs as well as his toes in 1883 by frostbite, while fishing off the Great Banks, Newfoundland. Indeed, Captain Blackburn is familiarly known as the "Fingerless Navigator," on account of his strange deformity.

One of the most memorable of these transatlantic adventures was the voyage of the diminutive rowing-boat *Fox*, navigated by two Norwegians, Samuelson and Hano. The boat had been specially constructed for the trip. It was provided with watertight compartments fore and aft, in which the provisions were stored, while it also rendered the craft more buoyant. She likewise carried all the necessary navigating instruments and charts. The two Norwegians sailed from New York on their hazardous expedition on June 6th, 1897.

During the day the men rowed together—a pair of oars each—only ceasing in the task to partake of meals. The night was divided into shifts of three and a half hours each. While one slept the other rowed. By this means they made constant headway both by day and night, though perforcedly, under the circumstances of alternate rowing, the rate of progress during the night was only half of that attained in the daytime.

Although they were following the general track of steamers, strange to say they spoke no vessel for ten days. Then a German liner hailed them, and the captain, under the impression that the two adventurers were survivors of a wreck, offered to take them on board. To his surprise his request was blankly, though courteously, refused, and the *Fox* proceeded on its way.

Hitherto their passage had been uneventful, but now they fell in with contrary winds and squally weather. During the night of July 10th a gigantic wave struck the frail boat, capsizing her in an instant. Both men had then to battle with the waves. The boat, owing to her peculiar construction, was unsinkable, and could be returned to her original upright position. After a prolonged struggle this was accomplished, and the two men crawled into the *Fox*



—THE "GREAT WESTERN," WHICH IS ONLY THIRTY FEET IN LENGTH.

Photos by H. Watkins, Portishead.

more dead than alive from exhaustion. Their predicament was a very unenviable one, since a large portion of their limited stock of provisions was lost, together with many navigating instruments, and they themselves were drenched to the skin and without any means of drying their clothes other than by the sun. Still they pushed on undaunted, and, the weather moderating, they entertained high hopes of successfully completing their journey in spite of their mishaps.



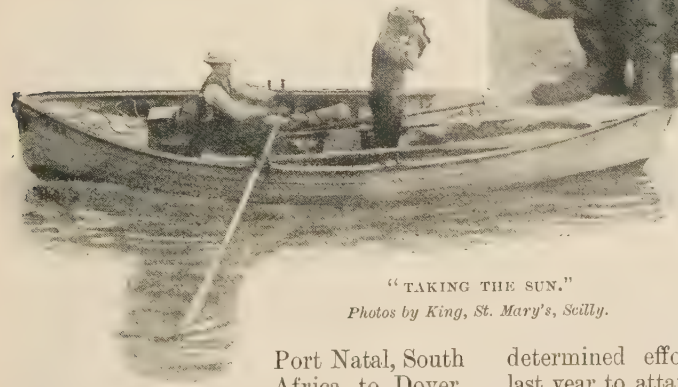
THE INTERNAL FITTINGS OF THE "FOX."

On the morning of August 1st the *Fox* entered the harbour of St. Mary's, Scilly Isles, where the two intrepid voyagers landed. Their first efforts at walking caused considerable merriment among the inhabitants who witnessed their arrival. They had indulged in no exercises other than rowing for nearly two months, so that they experienced considerable difficulty in guiding their feet. The hardy Norwegians looked little the worse for their remarkable cruise, except that their hands were thickly covered with sea-boils.

One of the most memorable voyages ever accomplished in a small boat was that from Port Natal, South Africa, to Dover. The name of the vessel was the *Homeward Bound*, and her dimensions were: length 20 feet, breadth 7 feet, draught 3 feet, and of $4\frac{3}{4}$ tons register. She was manned by three men, and the voyage occupied no less than ten months, during which period she only touched at two ports. Since such a long time was spent in covering this tremendous distance, the little craft experienced some terribly heavy gales, and her passengers passed a very anxious time, during the stormy months, lest the vessel, unable to withstand the tempestuous seas, should capsize. But the boat behaved grandly, and weathering all gales and seas—even the stormy Bay of Biscay, in which it would seem such a cockleshell could not possibly live—arrived safely at Dover on Monday, March 26th, 1887. The *Homeward Bound* was subsequently exhibited at the Crystal Palace, where she aroused considerable interest.



THE TWO NORWEGIANS WHO CROSSED THE ATLANTIC IN THE SMALL OPEN BOAT, "FOX."



"TAKING THE SUN."

Photos by King, St. Mary's, Scilly.

Carl Jensen made a determined effort in the early months of last year to attain notoriety by crossing the North Sea. So far as his ambitions for fame were concerned he was decidedly successful, but all he actually succeeded in accomplishing was an immersion in the German Ocean, which might have considerably hindered his chances for a future career had it not been for the timely assistance of



TWO VOYAGERS WHO ROWED FROM THE ISLE OF WIGHT TO CHERBOURG.

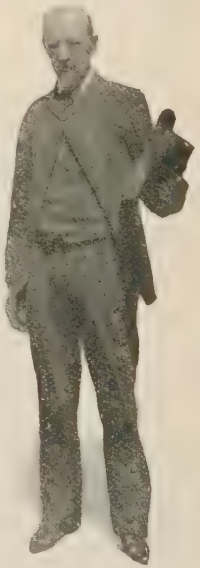


a passing vessel. The boat in which the Norwegian attempted the voyage was a light canoe named the *Fairy*. A more appropriate appellation could scarcely have been conceived, since the frail craft was more suited to the conveyance of the capricious immortals of fairyland than a typical native of Norway. It was not much larger than the model yachts which are such a common sight upon our large spaces of ornamental water. Jensen left the mouth of the Tyne inspired with the greatest hopes of success, but those who witnessed his departure pitied him for his folly and prognosticated early disaster. Nor was their perspicacity doomed to disappointment. Jensen had not travelled more than a few dozen miles when he was overcome with exhaustion, and was picked up in a most alarming condition.

Probably the disastrous attempt by a crew of five old Etonians to cross the English Channel from Dover to Calais in an ordinary four-oared coast regatta-built galley, on August 27th, 1897, is still fresh in the minds of all. The boat put off from the English port at seven o'clock in the morning, accompanied by the Dover tug *Lady Vita*. They started on the slack of the ebb tide, their object being to catch the flood an hour later. For the first two miles they suffered a very trying time in the choppy seas of the Channel, the little boat being tossed up and down like a cork. Presently, however, smoother water was reached, and the crew settled down to some hard rowing. But they were doomed to failure. One of the crew was afflicted with seasickness, and had



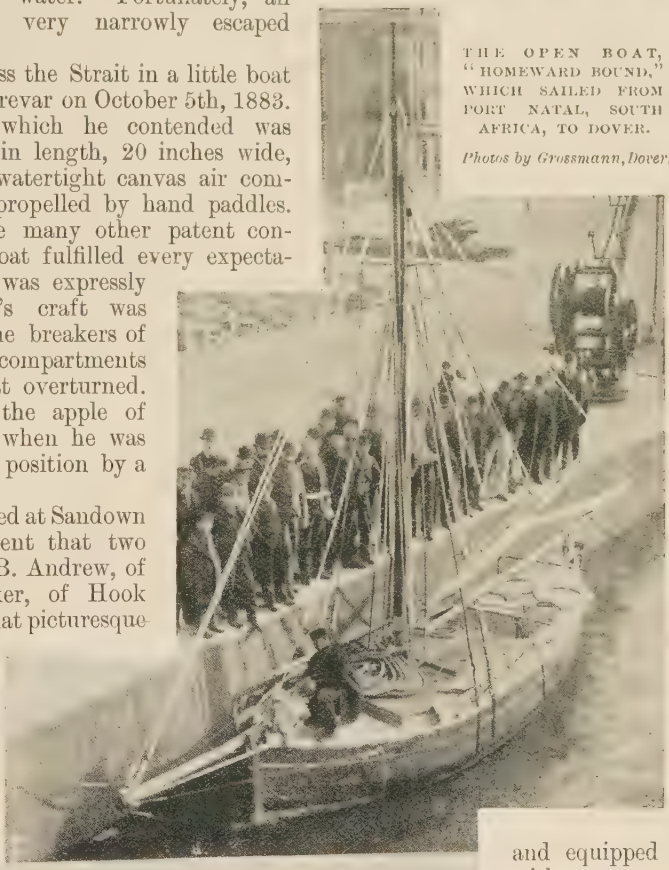
THE "SPRAY."
From Photos by W. S. Gillard



CAPTAIN SLOCUM, WHO SAILED ROUND THE WORLD BY HIMSELF IN THE "SPRAY."

to be transferred to the tug, his place being taken by one of the men on board the latter vessel. A nasty sea was again encountered shortly after the fresh start, and the boat rapidly filled with water. The captain of the tug recognised the desperate situation and ordered out a boat. He was not a moment too soon, for presently the skiff foundered, and the crew were thrown into the water. Fortunately, all were rescued, though two very narrowly escaped drowning.

A previous attempt to cross the Strait in a little boat had been made by Captain Drevar on October 5th, 1883. He had invented a boat which he contended was uncapsizable. It was 6 feet in length, 20 inches wide, 18 inches deep, fitted with watertight canvas air compartments at each end, and propelled by hand paddles. Unfortunately, however, like many other patent contrivances, the uncapsizable boat fulfilled every expectation except that for which it was expressly designed. Captain Drevar's craft was carried by the tide on to the breakers of the Goodwin Sands, the air compartments were stove in, and the boat overturned. Captain Drevar clung to "the apple of his eye" for half an hour, when he was rescued from his dangerous position by a Walmer fishing-lugger.



THE OPEN BOAT, "HOMEWARD BOUND," WHICH SAILED FROM PORT NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA, TO DOVER.

Photos by Grossmann, Dover.

Quite a sensation was caused at Sandown last year by the announcement that two gentlemen visitors, Mr. W. B. Andrew, of London, and Mr. R. Tasker, of Hook Titchfield, had rowed from that picturesque Isle of Wight seaside resort across the Channel to France. The gentlemen who accomplished this unique record purchased the boat *Jubilee*, only 15 feet in length over all, from a local boat-builder,



and equipped it with compasses, lifebelts, and other necessary *impedimenta*. They left Sandown at 5.25 on the afternoon of Thursday, August 17th, with the avowed intention of rowing to Cherbourg. Owing to an unfavourable wind and rough seas, the port of destination was altered to Barfleur, which was safely reached at midnight on

Friday, after about thirty hours' rowing. They had thus covered between eighty and ninety miles—it being impossible to row a boat as the crow flies—at an average speed of almost three miles an hour, a very creditable performance, considering the character of the route and the unpropitious circumstances under which it was achieved. Two days were spent at Barfleur, when the rowers again embarked on the *Jubilee*, and sailed along the French coast to Cherbourg, another twenty-five miles. Here they took the night steamer for Southampton. They again entered their little boat and rowed back to Sandown, distant thirty-five miles from Southampton, which was safely reached at 11.45 Tuesday night.

Although the attempts to gain notoriety by embarking on long, solitary sea passages in ridiculously small boats have been innumerable, no achievement has yet equalled that of Captain Slocum, an enterprising American hailing from Boston, who circumnavigated the globe in a diminutive craft, 40 feet in length, by 14 feet in width and 5½ feet in depth. He sailed from Boston in April, 1895, and finished his lonely tour a few months ago. From the first this feat was remarkable, and worthy in every way to rank with those accomplished by Defoe's redoubtable "Robinson Crusoe." Unaided, and with the most primitive of implements, Captain Slocum laboriously fashioned his own boat, which, if not exactly symmetrically beautiful, was yet substantial and soundly constructed. Nor could she boast any pretensions to weatherly capacity, since she occupied no less than one month in passing through the Strait of Magellan. The route followed by the indomitable mariner was from Boston to Australia, thence to Mauritius, and *viâ* Cape Town to Boston. The many thrilling adventures through which Captain Slocum passed during his voyage would fill volumes—indeed, they have been already chronicled in book-form, and they constitute fascinating reading.



CAPTAIN DREVAR IN HIS "UNCAPSIZABLE" BOAT.



THE CORONATION.

By Elizabeth W. Mainwaring.

"On earth be peace, be peace," the angels sang.
"To men good-will," the last notes earthward rang.

Long stood the shepherds lost in deep amaze,
Fixing upon the Star their awe-struck gaze.

Then one said: "Let us find Him; it were meet
We lay our homage at this Saviour's feet."

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And each one ran in eager haste to bring
His humble gift unto the new-born King.

But one there was who went with footsteps slow—
He had no gift, no offering to bestow,

Though sore his longing, for too poor was he.
But lo! with eyes downcast, he chanced to see

A little tree which stood hard by the road,
Near to the place o'er which that strange Star glowed.

With sudden inspiration he bent down,
Plucked its few leaves, and fashioned a rude crown.

So, joyful, entered at the lowly door,
And to the new-born King his tribute bore.

From their rich store the Wise Men did unfold
Their royal gifts of frankincense and gold;

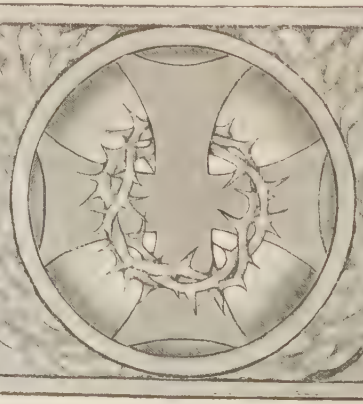
And what their scanty store could best afford
The reverent shepherds laid before their Lord.

But out of all the offerings which were
So heaped before Him—frankincense and myrrh,

Trinkets, and ointments, and the yellow gold—
The Child's hands chose that clumsy wreath to hold.

The Mother laid it gently on His brow:
"The Kings wear crowns," she whispered; "so must thou."

Again they crowned Him for the world to see—
His second crowning was on Calvary.





A WOMAN'S AMBITION.

By E. F. BENSON.*

Illustrated by Adolf Thiede.

TOWARDS half-past five on a certain June afternoon, a soft opalescent light, London's inimitable rendering of bright sunshine, bathed the town, turning the plainest of streets to pictures. Down the roadway, slowly and with many checks, flowed the flood of vehicles, and passage along the pavements was hardly less deliberate, for it was the hour when locomotion is at high-tide, and from house-wall to house-wall, from shop-front to park-paling, the river-beds of men were full. Democratic principles ruled the traffic, and at every street corner of Piccadilly, policemen, impartiality incarnate, opened and shut, irrespective of the quality of the stream, the spouting weirs, giving to each its turn, now to a string of nodding wagons, now to a medley of omnibuses and fretting hansoms in a seemingly inextricable knot of overlapping wheels, now to a section of winking black lacquer and liveried drivers. All took their turn, for none was exception made, and the waters of human life moved as orderly as the courses of the moon.

At no point did the race set stronger than at the corner of Hamilton Place, and in one of the victorias waiting there sat two women, both observing the streets with attentive avidity.

"This must satisfy your democratic sense, Marie," said one; "but if we are to get home at all, hadn't we better turn back and drive through the Park? It is the longest way round, I know, but I am certain it will be the shortest way home."

Marie Laridoff transformed her abstracted smile into a conscious one.

"You English are for ever proving things by proverbs," she said. "There is no such proof possible. You can only prove the truth of proverbs by observing things. Besides, dear, how can we turn? There are five omnibuses between us and the pavement on one side, and sixty-four hansom cabs on the other."

She spoke English with a singularly crisp and charming intonation, but perceptibly foreign.

"Quite impossible to go anywhere but where your policemen allow us," she said, "and I am sure they would not allow us to turn round. Besides, whether they would or not, we could not do it. So be patient and observe. Ah, there is Sir Herbert."

Sir Herbert, in fact, was likely to remain there. He had conceived the ill-starred idea of walking between carriages to gain the north side of Piccadilly, but the crush was too thick, and, despairing of getting across till the forward movement began, he had come to a halt just opposite Madame Laridoff's victoria.

"Sir Herbert," she said again, and as he turned, "get in and talk to us till we get to the corner. You will never get across on your feet. There is a seat there; put it up or pull it down. Of course you know Lady Tempest."

He stood, hat in hand, in foreign fashion, as he took the place indicated.

"I am certainly very lucky," he said, "for I was just wondering under the wheels of which omnibus my destiny would be accomplished. It is far pleasanter to accomplish it in your victoria."

A man talking to two women never addresses both quite impartially; his words are always spoken to one or the other. These were clearly spoken to Madame Laridoff.

"The hand of Fate is everywhere," she said. "But how has it led you to London now?"

"I came only yesterday," he said, "on a

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month's leave. In fact, I left Brussels only yesterday."

"You came earlier surely than you intended?"

"Yes; my plans were changed."

Lady Tempest instantly trampled her way into a subject off which the man evidently wished to warn intending trespassers.

"Is it about Petersburg?" she asked. "Are they going to send you there?"

"Nothing has yet been settled," he said. "Ah! we move again."

The block of carriages began to stir, like a queue of people waiting at a narrow doorway, and in a minute or two they reached land at Hamilton Place. Here Sir Herbert Vivian got out.

"A thousand thanks for my rescue," he said to Madame Laridoff. "Shall I see you this evening at the Foreign Office?"

"I shall be there," said she. "Whether we shall see each other is another matter."

Lady Tempest looked for a moment at her companion's raised colour, and devoted herself to a rapid review of data. The high-heeled boot of drama seemed to peep for a moment from below the curtain, and the dramatic, whether bound between the narrow walls of a theatre, or, as she preferred it, set on the world-wide boards of existence, was her consuming passion. And Marie Laridoff she always considered the great artiste of her acquaintance—one, too, who had not yet played her drama out, but was standing, as it were, behind the wings for a moment, before her appearance in the third act. What the third act should be Lady Tempest, with all her skill and experience in forecasting destiny, could not determine. Certainly the first two acts had been rich in material for a climax, the looms of life had woven a fragment of a strangely fantastic pattern, but the climax was inconjecturable.



"He stood, hat in hand, as he took the place indicated."

For who had ever begun the play with so vivid and fateful a series of incident? Marie, Russian born, had married, at not yet twenty, a countryman of her own—a man rich, powerful, with all the brutality of nature which makes strength dangerous, and none of the gentleness which forges it into so noble a weapon. For four years she had lived the life of a Russian of her class,

cosmopolitan, restless; and then quite suddenly had come her separation from her husband and her banishment from Russia. Sympathy, if not complicity, with revolutionary spirits had been the charge against her, and the affair at the time had roused some little stir even outside Russia, for the picture, evoked by sympathetic journalists, of her husband reluctantly giving evidence of the most serious import against his own wife, having the truth torn from him, was piquant to the public. The wife, so they learned, had taken up her permanent abode in England after this, and there, for all the world, the story stayed.

Even this unshaded profile of a tale, the account of which might have been found in any contemporary paper, contained adventure enough to claim the attention of every student of human affairs; but the complete portrait, as known to the few, was far more dramatic. The charge against her was essentially false, a structure built on a laudable foundation—namely, a greater care for and intimacy with her husband's peasants than was usual. She had set up a village school in her remote home thirty miles from Kieff; she had taught in it herself; she had tried to raise the bestial standard of the people's being. Technically, she was within reach of the law for having used other text-books than those prescribed by Government; the rest was villainy, almost melodramatic, and that her husband's. After a year of married life he had tired of her in the invariable manner in which a bad man tires of a good woman, and would almost have murdered her, had there not been other ways of getting rid of her. Letters had been forged, imaginary conversations reported. In a word, his treachery had been apt and thorough, and in six months after he had obtained his separation he married again.

Madame Laridoff was still only twenty-four, a type of that patrician beauty which is a speciality of Russia, clever to a piercing point, and of so human a strength of character that all she had gone through had left her unembittered. No standard external to herself affected her own fastidiousness of morals; and though by her religion and her laws she was free to marry again, she had vowed a self-imposed celibacy so long as her husband lived. In this resolve she stood immutable. For three years now Sir Herbert had been openly at her feet; for him the world held no other woman; for her, too, so it was thought, the world no other man. Each waited for the other unconsoled, to the extreme annoyance of many of both sexes, and yet scandal had no finger to point at them. Even Lady Tempest, whose power of believing the worst about everyone fairly bordered on the miraculous, would have staked the fast-vanishing remnant of her once ample fortune on her friend, and even her amiable habit of determining character by reversing the natural conclusion of appearances was in abeyance when she looked on the child-like beauty of Marie. She was the only nice good woman Lady Tempest knew, also no one was so *bien-posée*.

Madame Laridoff dropped Lady Tempest at the corner of Hertford Street, and went on alone to her house in Grosvenor Square, *Joie de vivre* of a quiet, steady-burning kind was habitual to her, and this afternoon she had a great sense of well-being. Underneath a superficial stillness, which in itself was but a flower of breeding, moved and ran in her a strong vivifying sap; she saw more keenly, more enjoyed sight than most of the world. Like all people to whom mankind is the dominant interest, she was very self-conscious in a large, central manner, and her reflections were founded on the unformulated basis of how things struck her, not on how things in themselves really were. The latter, it is true, may be the correct philosophic attitude, but it little concerns speculation of a practical order. Interesting, for instance, to an historic sense was that very picturesque figure, Sir Herbert Vivian, whose diplomatic career had at present been so short, but was already so brilliant; but far more interesting to her was the man. Though she was not ambitious for herself—few women really are—she was very ambitious for others, and in particular for him; and this offer to him of the Embassy at Petersburg, while he was yet but just forty, pleased her immensely. She saw in him the makings of a big man, and she loved the large scale. She would blithely sacrifice anything, so she told herself; she would shred the fibres of her own heart, if by that something big might be.

Two hours later Lady Tempest would have pledged her immortal soul to be admitted to the silent drama which was being played by her favourite actress. Destiny, crude and banal as ever, had turned her attention to Madame Laridoff's third act, giving her data for a climax of the most ordinary kind. Alexis Laridoff had died very suddenly that morning, and the telegraph had brought the message to the widow. Here was the third act blatantly indicated—



"Lady Tempest followed his eye, and her own kindled."

she would marry Sir Herbert and live happily ever afterwards. Thus was the curtain rung up.

Madame Laridoff, like all clever women, abhorred what was contrary to convention; and though it might be supposed that no one in London but she knew of her husband's death, she would naturally have cancelled all her engagements. Instead she dined with friends and went on to her party at the Foreign Office. Already the crowd was thick, and she, well known to all, and popular with everyone, made but a slow progress. The English upper class always have an idol—he may be an explorer, a music-hall star, a singer, and there is no reason why he should not be a crossing-sweeper or an engine-driver. This year Madame Laridoff occupied that envied but precarious position, and, it must be confessed, enjoyed it very much. For four years England had found her delightful, this year it found her essential. She had, as Claude Davis (who goes to more parties in a week than are given in a fortnight) remarked, the quality of centrality; and though Claude Davis does not much matter, and seldom speaks the truth, he had done so on this occasion.

* * *

To-night there was an extraordinary brilliance about her, and even if she had not been the idol, she would yet have been the most beautiful woman there. Her appearance at a big crush of this kind was not usual, and for that reason the more interesting. Sir Herbert, it was known, had been offered the Embassy at Petersburg, and the world was anxious to find out how Madame Laridoff took it. Though she would not marry him while her husband lived, all the world knew how great was their intimacy, and it was even thought that she might use her influence with him to make him decline a post which, owing to her banishment from Russia, so completely separated them. Lady Tempest, in fact, was discussing this very point with Claude Davis, as Madame Laridoff reached the bottom of the stairs.

"He will refuse it, you will see," said the latter, making a gesture of dismissal with his small, plump hand. "His doctor will forbid him to go, or he will have losses and be unable to afford it. My dear lady, I have studied that woman."

Lady Tempest reserved the right of being rude.

"To little purpose, then," she said. "My dear Claude, she is too clever to be so obvious as that. A stupid woman with great power over a man might act as you suggest, but Marie never."

"What is the use of her cleverness, then?" asked Claude characteristically, "if it doesn't get her what she wants?"

"What does she want?"

"The monopoly of Sir Herbert."

"She has that in any case. Claude, you don't understand women in the least, and least of all Marie. If she is as devoted to him as we think, she is quite certainly very ambitious for him. She would not stop his career in order to keep him near her."

"And she would not let him out of reach,



"'You understand,' she said, 'if—if I cared less, I would keep you.'"

if she gave him fifty careers by it. Besides, now that she is free——"

"Free? What do you mean?" asked Lady Tempest.

This was what Claude liked; indeed, it may be doubted whether all time held for him moments more palatable than those in which he imparted fashionable intelligence to fashionable people.

"Is it possible you have not heard?" he asked. "Her husband died suddenly this morning."

"But I was driving with Marie till after six to-day."

"They got a telegram at the Russian Embassy soon after seven. He was a cousin of the Ambassador's. I was dining there."

"Then Marie must have heard by now. So she will not be here to-night."

On the moment Claude caught sight of her coming up the stairs.

"You think not? Here is her wraith, then!"

Lady Tempest followed his eye, and her own kindled.

"Claude, promise me one thing," she said. "Tell nobody, nobody. There is something going on which I cannot fathom in the least. Given that Laridoff was her greatest enemy, it is utterly unlike her to appear in public just on the news of his death."

Claude had the *beau rôle;* he had scored two points already.

"Dear lady, it is as clear as her own diamonds," he said. "Surely you would not expect her to shut herself up for the death of that bear? Also, I tell you plainly, she has come here to capture Sir Herbert and make him refuse Petersburg. There, he has joined her."

Lady Tempest shook her head.

"Poor Claude," she said. "Your power of drawing perfectly obvious deductions is colossal. You think that Marie will behave like an ordinary, stupid woman. It has been reserved for you to attribute stupidity to her. Come, it is stifling here. Let us go on!"

Madame Laridoff meantime had passed through the lobby at the top of the stairs, exchanging a hundred greetings as she went. Sir Herbert was still with her, and after a populous ten minutes they penetrated the thickest of the crush and came out beyond, where it was possible to hold an isolated conversation. At present they had hardly exchanged a word.

"I particularly wanted to see you to-night," she said. "Let us sit down. They have offered you Petersburg?"

"Yes."

"And you will, of course, take it."

"I have not settled," he said.

"It would be a madness, an unheard-of madness not to," said she. "Think of your career. It is not possible to refuse. You might as well retire at once."

"Even so. But a man's career is not all his life." He paused a moment, "Oh, if you were free," he said, "if you would only consider yourself free."

"There is no profit in going over that again," she said.

"You are still of the same mind?"

"Absolutely. You have also got a chance which I suppose has never come to a man of your age."

"But Petersburg," said he.

"Is it so easy for me to urge you, Herbert?" she asked with a sudden earnestness. "Do you think I want to banish you, to send you to the place I can never come to? Do you think I find it easy?"

"You command me to go?"

"I ask you to go. I even ask you to accept at once, to-night."

The room where they were sitting began to fill up, and after a moment's silence Sir Herbert rose as two friends of hers approached.

"I will do so now," he said. "*Au revoir!*"

"No, it is good-bye. I leave London to-morrow."

He looked at her a moment, then turned, too well bred to ask further, too wise to take advantage of intimacy for purposes of remonstrance. But she rose, too, and just laid her closed fan on his arm.

"You understand," she said, "if—if I cared less, I would keep you. Therefore go."

For a moment, but no longer, he wavered, then, without a word, turned from her and threaded his way out through the crowded room. That fraction of a minute was too intimate to risk, and that he did not attempt to lengthen and so to ruin it was a thrill to each. Then she was swallowed up in commonplace greetings. But her heart rejoiced, though all but the best of her was angry and bitter at what her best had done.

She was sitting next morning in her room looking over the square, when a servant entered to ask if she would receive Sir Herbert. She had foreseen and feared another interview with him, and now that it was upon her she knew that, in bare justice to him, she could not refuse it. For all that,

she hesitated, and the servant, thinking she had not heard, repeated the message. At length—

"Yes, I will see him!" she said.

Herbert entered and, without greeting her, sat down in the chair she indicated.

"I have seen the morning papers," he said simply. "May I ask you one question?"

"You need not. I will tell you that I knew what you have seen before we met last night."

"That is what I would have asked you," he said. "Yet—yet—— Oh, I do not believe that you have merely given me my *congé*. But what have I done? What have I done?"

This was exactly what Marie feared. Only a man, she thought, could have asked such a question. For herself, there was no slight, no insult the world could hold, which, if levelled at herself, could have made her ask the reason for it. Silence, she thought, was the only answer to such a blow. But he had asked for an explanation, and went on without pausing—

"For years, as you know, I have waited for your freedom, and without murmuring," he said, "for years, as I thought you have been waiting. I was wrong, it seems. I have been under a gross delusion all the time. Oh, I do not reproach you; but it is not that I would not. Simply face to face with you I cannot. I accepted the post at Petersburg as you told me. This morning I learn you are free, that you knew when you made me accept it that you were free. Even now I can scarcely believe it; but when I do, I shall take it as I should take anything, my death, even, or my dishonour, from you. But, but—Marie!" he said suddenly.



"Next moment he had seized her in his arms."

She answered nothing, and his eyes, downcast, did not see her. The silence grew till it sang in his ears.

"I have no defence to make," she said at length.

"Be it so. I do not understand—that is all."

Suddenly she got up, stung by the surge of her own blood, stung almost to shame by a trust at once so dog-like and so worthy, so craven and so man-like.

"Are you blind?" she cried. "Are you utterly blind? I send you away. I send you where I cannot come, yet knowing when I send you that by a word then, by a word now, I could make you not go. Yes, and how hard this word was not to speak, you do not even guess. Why, do you ask why? I love you. There is the fact in all its nakedness, and is it not enough? For that reason you shall not spoil your life for me; you shall not sacrifice it, for I will not take that sacrifice. Oh, I am stronger than you, so much stronger, and you shall know it."

He had sprung up from his seat, even as she did. Next moment he had seized her in his arms and covered her face with kisses.

"No, no," he cried; "I am as strong as you are weak. Do you think I am a child, to be bribed with bright medals and coloured ribands? It is not so. Marie, what do you think the world holds for me which can weigh against what you have said? Look you, I am your master; what I choose, that shall I do."

With an effort, physically powerful, but spiritually, compared with that, as is the moving of a world from its orbit to the upsetting of a tea-cup, she wrenched herself free from his embrace.

"Now go," she said.

Slowly he won back sanity, the fire was quenched in his eyes; his arms dropped, he stood like a chidden boy.

"Go?" he said stupidly. "Go?"

Simultaneously her own passion left her.

"Yes, go," she said. "Go."

At that her voice broke and she sat down, limp, unresisting, and it was her very abandonment, her confessed weakness which called back his manhood to him.

"My poor darling," he said, "I frightened you. I am more sorry than I can tell you. But I will not even ask you to forgive me, for that is no word between us. But think, only think what you are doing. Think to what emptiness of soul you send me."

"I have thought. Am I so happy?"

"Why, then, make two tragedies?"

"For this reason. I will not, I do not choose to spoil your life. I will not mar it in the making. No man shall be maimed through me—least of all, you. There are splendid things in front of you—life, and its prizes. Win them, hold them, be master of them. But, Herbert," and the firm voice broke, "if you come back to me when your work as a man in the world no longer parts us, if you come to me when you are eighty and dying, you will find me waiting."

"Good-bye, then," he said.

"*Au revoir*," said she.





Miss Kitty: Now, John, if you prevent my jumping another fence, I'll borrow Tommy's knife and cut the leading rein!

(*John thinks Christmas holidays ought to be stopped by "Act of Parliament."*)

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

A well-known Church dignitary tells a good story of an East End woman and the Boer war. This good creature, like many other denizens of the East, regards the Boers as black savages. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "black or white, heathen or Christian, they're all mother's sons, every one on 'em. The Queen can't bear this horrid war, she can't. But there, bless her, she can't say nuffin'. *It's as much as her place is worth!*"

In his new volume of poems, "The Finer Spirit," Mr. T. W. H. Crosland pays the following tribute to "Audrey," the good and unlearned, home-and-housekeeping wife of the brilliant "Touchstone":

Touchstone, shaping a career,
Shines at each exclusive house:—
"Such a clever man, my dear,
Tied to—just 'a country mouse'!

"Married ere he dreamed of *us*,
Ere he knew what gifts he had—
Strange that Fate should yoke him thus,
And very, very, very sad!"

Touchstone (let them mark it well),
When the social round is trod,
Bored by dame and demoiselle—
Goes home softly, praising God.

Small Youth (to chemist): If you please, you'll find the smell in the bottle, and I want twopenn'o'th of it.

"We've had a terrible time in our flat this autumn."

"Sickness?"

"No, we got our folding-bed open and can't get it shut."

The S.P.C.A. inspector insisted that the horse was unfit for work in consequence of lack of food.

"Well, that's a good 'un!" replied Coster. "He's got a bushel and a half of oats at home now, only he ain't got no time to eat 'em."

Surgeon (addressing students at the hospital): The muscle of the left leg of the patient has contracted till it is considerably shorter than the right leg, therefore he limps. Now, what would you do under such circumstances?

Intelligent Student: Limp, too!

One of the local correspondents of a contemporary evidently finds "sermons in stones and good in everything." Recently he wrote: "Yesterday was another delightful day. During the afternoon Her Majesty's ship *Daring* arrived, with the corpse of a foreign seaman in tow."



A Dream of Christmas.

By Hilda Cowham.



THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

DOCTOR (who has shot a beater in the leg): Never mind, my good man, I'll take 'em all out for nothing!

IMMACULATE HOUSEWIFE: My good man, did you ever take a bath?

UNWASHED TRAMP: No, mum; I've never took nothing bigger'n a silver spoon.

HEIRESS: I married him at last because he said he could not live without me.

HER DEAREST FRIEND: I do not doubt it.

MISTRESS: Mary, who is that man I hear talking in the kitchen?

MARY: Please 'm he's—er—my long-lost brother.

MISTRESS: Then perhaps you'll kindly lose him again, and as quickly as possible.

LITERARY ASPIRANT: I can write about anything.

TIRED PUBLISHER: Then please right about face.

"No, I am not going out in the evenings just now to anything but strictly informal affairs," said the young man sadly. "Why? Well, because at present I am not the possessor of a dress suit, and lack the wherewithal to purchase another. It happened this way. I had a friend, a good fellow, who came to me one night and asked me if I would lend him my swallow-tail. I consented, but I told him I wanted the clothes back the next week, as I had a function to attend myself.

"Well, to make a long story short, the week went by, and not a word from my friend and not a sign of my clothes. I had to miss my date, and was pretty mad, but I didn't say anything. Another week went by, and still no word. Then I decided to go and hunt him up and find out if he intended to keep my garments for ever.

"I called at his lodgings and rang the bell. His landlady came to the door. When I asked if my friend was in, she gave a start of astonishment and exclaimed, 'Why, didn't you know he was dead and buried?'

"It was my turn to be knocked out. After I recovered my breath I explained that I had not heard the news, and had merely called to take back my dress-suit. It would doubtless be found among my friend's effects, I said.

"The landlady turned pink, white, and then pink again. 'Why,' she gasped, 'that must have been the suit we buried him in. It was the only good one we found among his wardrobe.'

"So you see the reason why I say 'No' to R.S.V.P. notes just now."

SHE: Why are artists always so careful to sign their paintings?

HE: To indicate which is the top and which is the bottom of the picture.



AN ILLOGICAL REVENGE.

MRS. MARMADUKE: Girls who are disappointed in love, Mr. Surplice, generally plunge headlong into Church work. MR. SURPLICE: Yes. But I don't see why the clergy should be punished for what other men don't do.

FARMER: Hi, there! What are you burying in that hole?

NEIGHBOUR: I'm only replanting some of my garden seeds.

FARMER: Garden seeds? Looks remarkably like one of my hens!

NEIGHBOUR: That's no matter, the seeds are inside.

SCHOOL EXAMINER: Can you tell me the difference between a man and a brute?

SMALL GIRL: A brute is an imperfect beast, and man is a perfect beast.



A Christmas Conference on China.

By Arthur Cooke.

NERVOUS LADY PASSENGER: Why are we stopping out here at sea?

CAPTAIN: Fog, ma'am. Can't see up the river.

NERVOUS LADY PASSENGER: But I can discern the stars overhead.

CAPTAIN: Maybe; but until the boilers burst we aren't going that way.

TEACHER: What is an octopus?

SCHOLAR (after a pause): An eight-sided cat.

SENIOR PARTNER: That new clerk seems reliable; you can always tell what he is going to do next.

JUNIOR PARTNER: And what is that?

SENIOR PARTNER: Nothing!

ASPIRING YOUNG AUTHOR: Can you advise me how to become a good poet?

EDITOR: Certainly. In the first place, you must die; all the good ones are dead, you know.



LONGFELLOW ON GOLF.

MRS. NEWPORT (looking at book cover, "Evangeline—a Tale of Acadie"): Here's the very thing to get George—a tale of a caddie. He's so fond of golf, you know.



A Dying Dynasty.

From the Picture by John Innes.

"LONDON TOWN."

By FLORA ANNIE STEEL.*

Illustrated by Frances Ewan.



"YOU must find this dull, sir, after London town," said a thin, old voice.

Jack Dacre turned quickly from the window. He was a man of forty, without anything to boast of save a very charming manner with women; for, as his faults had never lain towards their injury, he had kept his respect for them.

So he smiled pleasantly, even though the woman who spoke was old—sixty or thereabouts, small, frail, worn exceedingly like the lappets of lace concealing her thin hair and her thin throat and hands, the *tout ensemble* suggesting a wonder as to how long the covering, both of body and soul, could last.

"You used to live in London, I suppose?" he asked, phrasing the question in the past tense, because the long journey to Monte Carlo seemed impossible to her present condition.

The faint tremble of her head and hand grew fainter, she sat straighter in the big arm-chair by the cold marble mausoleum of a mantelpiece—for there was no fire in the *salon* of the *pension*.

"I *do* live there," she replied sharply. "I have only been detained here by my health. I shall return next spring. It must have been looking very pretty when you left. The hyacinths out in the parks, I suppose. It always seems a pity to go away for Easter; but one must, of course. Everyone does."

There was that indefinable tone of conviction in her voice which comes with the constant repetition of any formula of faith.

"I suppose one must," replied Jack Dacre politely, though it was years since he had been of those who recess at Easter. The recollection made him return to his previous occupation of frowning out of the window at a blank wall, though you cannot expect a view, even at Monte Carlo, in a four-lire *pension!* Not that he would have cared for one, his chief wants in life being a cheap bed and breakfast, and proximity to a gambling-table. The "Hôtel et Pension de Londres" supplied him with both for two francs a day. His frown, therefore, was for the world beyond the blank wall. He was getting tired of it; yet there seemed no way out of it, for even a bullet through one's brain did not fit with the steady meanness of his luck, which habitually gave him enough cash for cigarettes and absinth, but no more! If he could only lose that five-pound note he kept sewn up in his coat pocket, or win enough to let him start decent stakes, he might be able to make that choice between death and life. He could not now.

There was an impatient tapping, as of a foot, on the parquet behind him as he stood silent. Then the thin, old voice began again.

"Lady Dashford's ball must have been a great success. I hear she brought out her youngest daughter. A pretty creature; though, naturally, no one has a chance against Miss Abiram Cent, the Chicago heiress, for looks, if, of course, you except the Duchess of Bedlam, who is also American, isn't she?"

Jack Dacre felt as he used to do in school when called upon for a declension. For a second he felt inclined to tell the truth—namely, that the society of ladies and duchesses was far from him; but there was something so wistful in the old face, raised appealingly to his, that he replied in the affirmative.

The shrunken figure leant back contentedly.

"I thought so," it said. "But one can scarcely be expected to know everybody when

* Copyright, 1900, by Flora Annie Steel, in the United States of America.

one's health prevents one taking much notice of new comers. But I shall begin my social duties again next spring, and it really doesn't matter this year. The season must be dull with the Court in mourning. How pretty the poor Princess was, wasn't she ? "

"Very pretty," assented Jack. He was not thinking of the Princess at all, but of the face before him. It must have been very pretty once. He moved closer to it and stood leaning against the marble mausoleum, a gentlemanly figure despite its seedy clothes.

"It was dreadfully sad, wasn't it ? " went on the thin, appealing voice. "I don't remember anything more so for years, except, of course, poor young Davenport's death. What a charming fellow he was, wasn't he ? "

Jack Dacre did not hesitate this time. He said young Davenport was perfect, though he did not know him from Adam ; and five minutes afterwards, when Tonio, the *factotum*, appeared with a flourish of a very dirty serviette and an announcement that breakfast was ready, Jack Dacre felt it was time. He was beginning to inhabit a world where all the men were charming, all the women beautiful.

This one had been so, at any rate ; beautiful and beloved—witness the little dignified wave of her thin hand with which she had dismissed him to his breakfast with the hope that they might renew their conversation later on.

Who the dickens was she ? And was there no one else in the dreary little *pension?* Tonio, the *factotum*, was dignified also over both these questions. The chief rooms were being kept, of course, for the English milords, who thought the hotel the finest in Europe. The Signor could see this under their signatures in the visitors' book. As for the Signorina Bellasis, she had been there a long time, on arrangement. The *maître d'hôtel* was always open to moderate reduction, on arrangement, and if the Signor—— Jack Dacre, who, despite years of wandering from watering-place to watering-place, was still curiously observant of the stains on the tablecloth, and the smeariness of knives and forks, interrupted this digression sharply, and Tonio returned to the Signorina. She had been there ? Yes ! for years, but she was going to return to London next spring, certainly. She had a *palazzo* in London. They would be sorry to lose her, for she never complained of the food or said a harsh word of anyone, or failed to pay her bill weekly, with a *pourboire*, of course, for attendance.

The Honourable John Dacre, as he chose to call himself, ate the rest of his greasy meal in silence. He refused a *compôte*, made of orange peel and melon rinds, politely. He did not call the claret vinegar. He even sipped the decoction Tonio called "*café nero*" without a murmur.

Such virtue was not unattainable, and *pourboires* were a necessity of personal comfort. But he had not paid a *pension* bill weekly for years, and he did not intend to ; yet a faint twinge of remorse rose with him from the stained tablecloth as he went off to gamble.

He did not return from the Casino till play ceased for the night, so he saw no more of the little old lady. But as he went up to bed, the guttering candle, left out for him by Tonio (and a *pourboire*), showed him a pair of very small, very well-worn shoes outside the next door to his. His own boots when he put them out stood close beside the shoes, and the comparison in size and delicacy struck him.

Tonio and the *pourboire* knew better than to disturb a man who required a candle left for him overnight, before noon ; but when he did rouse Jack Dacre, he brought with him a neat white packet sealed with wax. It was from the Signorina, he said gravely. Her room was next the Signor's. She had been disturbed by hearing him cough once or twice in the night. So she sent her compliments, some *pâté de guimauve*, and advised him to stay in bed, as chills caught on a journey from London were apt to settle on the lungs. Her brother had died of one.

Jack looked at the packet with a kindly smile, but ordered his usual glass of absinth.

Nevertheless, he felt bound to give a word of thanks to the little figure in the *salon* when he went downstairs. It was great kindness on her part, he said, to a total stranger.

"No one is a stranger to me," she said with dignity, "who comes from London town. Besides, you belong to *us*." And then with infinite *aplomb* she handed him her card, saying there was no need for him to return the compliment, as she had read his name in the visitors' book.

Jack Dacre, as he read "The Honourable Eva Bellasis" on the card given him, felt another twinge of remorse, though, as he told himself cynically, her title might be of the same class as his own. Meanwhile they could converse on equal terms about the aristocracy ; which they did, for Jack Dacre was a man of the world, and had given himself relations as well as a name. So, once more, the Honour-



"'You must find this dull, sir, after London town.'"

able John Dacre went back for a few minutes to a life where all the men are honourable, all the women virtuous ; for the Signorina's London town was peopled by heroes and angels.

It bored him on the whole, and he would most likely have eschewed the *salon* altogether, but for a chance meeting that day with an old friend, a frequenter like himself of gambling resorts, who prided himself on knowing everybody and everything connected with them.

"So you're at the 'Londres,'" said this worthy. "That's where 'London Town' boards. What? You don't know the story? She was Charley Raymond's half-sister. Years older, but they say one of the prettiest girls you ever saw. Money, too. Mothered him, refused to marry, and all that. He went to the bad utterly, but she hadn't an idea of it, and the doctor didn't tell her. So she brought him south, and talked of lungs and inherited delicacy. Young cub! He might have done her the service of dying decently, but he didn't. Shot himself one night at the Casino. They hushed it up, of course. I don't think even she knew the truth ; but they couldn't hide the fact that he had not only lost all his money, but got at hers. She had brain fever and never got quite right. Refused to budge—though the Syndicate would have paid her way home—until Charley had a tombstone! So, as her people only allowed her bare bread, Charley is waiting for a monument still. Ha, ha!"

Jack Dacre, to his own surprise, felt so much inclined to fling his absinth in the laugher's face that he swallowed it at a gulp and walked back to the Casino. But he was off play ; so he took a cigarette into the gardens. Their beauty, however, did not satisfy him, and he passed on aimlessly, till, again to his own surprise, he found himself wandering about the cemetery. If he sought anything, he did not find it, so he strolled back to the "Hôtel de Londres" at such a virtuous hour that Tonio, aghast, asked what was the matter? Whereupon Jack Dacre swore at himself for a cursed fool and straightway returned to the Casino, where he had a turn of slightly stronger luck, the result being that his candle guttered very much indeed on its way upstairs just before the dawn, and he nearly stumbled over the little shoes which had worn so thin upon the path of virtue! He did not, however, otherwise disturb their owner, for, when he came down, still later, next morning to the *salon*, the inmate of the chair by the mausoleum began by congratulating herself and him on the soothing effect of the *pâté de guimauve*. The memory of the unopened packet in his room upstairs, and the headache remaining over from a very different sedative, gave Jack Dacre a third twinge of remorse, and that made him discourse still more affably of the beautiful and the good. So that when Tonio summoned him to the stained table-cloth, he remembered, as he sat down to it, that people sometimes said grace. He did not say it, however.

But, after this, it became a recognised part of his day to go into good society for a few minutes with the Honourable Eva Bellasis. It made him feel a little dizzy sometimes ; for his recollections of London town were not hers. So far as *they* went it was a heaven upon earth!

So the days passed and his slightly better luck at the tables continued. Nevertheless, when at the end of the first week he found himself actually paying his bill, he swore at himself under his breath once more and told himself that he must not get into the bad habit.

Still he was not sure of himself, and felt quite grateful when Providence put it out of his power to be so virtuous again, since on the very next settling day he found something better to do with his money. For the arm-chair by the mausoleum was vacant when he came down to the *salon* that morning, and Tonio, when he came in with the perennial flourish of the dirty serviette, brought him a note—a pretty little note full of sweets and sentiments. Mr. Dacre had been so kind, it ran, that the writer was going to ask a tiny favour, as Tonio was always so busy in the morning, and she had had a bad fainting fit in the night. But as Mr. Dacre must pass the flower market, would he order a two-lire wreath to be sent to her? The note was signed, "Ever yours, dear Mr. Dacre, *most* sincerely," and there was a postscript, "It is my dear dead brother's birthday, and I want it for him."

Jack looked at the note many times during his barmecidal breakfast, began an answer on some flimsy paper loaned by Tonio, tore this up again because the flimsiness seemed to invade the words, and finally sent a message that Mr. Dacre would be glad to help Miss Bellasis in that and every possible way. He kept his word, too ; for, finding the market people demur to sending the wreath at once, he took it back himself.

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed Tonio when he saw it. "How pleased the Signorina will



"He nearly stumbled over the little shoes which had worn so thin."

be! It is a wreath fit for a saint! The Signor must show it to her. She is in the *salon* now, though she ought to be in her bed."

Of that there could be no doubt, and Jack Dacre, noticing a faint droop of her lip and a hesitation in her speech, told himself that the fainting fit was possibly a slight stroke. Yet her mind was clear enough, for after one look at the wreath she flushed up and said nervously that flowers must be very cheap that morning if it had been only two lire!

"They were dirt cheap," replied Jack calmly, and then in a sudden impulse he asked if—as she was manifestly unable to get out herself—he could take the wreath for her anywhere? She flushed up again like a girl and laid a trembling hand on the flowers. He was very kind, she said, very, very kind. She had meant to ask Tonio; but it would be far nicer if he did not mind, for he was one of themselves, as it were, and Charley had always been so sensitive.

Jack Dacre found the suicide's grave this time. There was a dead two-lire wreath hanging on one of the arms of the plain black cross, and he felt uncertain whether to say it was good enough for the memory of the man who lay underneath it, or admire himself for the superior merits of the new one which had prevented him from paying his bill! For, naturally, a man must have a margin for cigarettes and absinth!

When he and the guttering candle went upstairs that night there were no shoes outside the door next to his; the feet to which they belonged had not been strong enough for the path of virtue.

Nevertheless, their owner was down in the *salon* before him next day, and looked up with a sigh of relief as he entered. "I've been wanting to explain so much," said the thin voice. "I forgot you did not know and would wonder at the wooden cross. It is only temporary. There is really a white



"'It looks beautiful.'"

marble Runic cross. His mother was a Cornish woman, you know. It has three steps to the pedestal, for the name and date; but there is nothing on the cross itself but the text, 'Blessed are the pure.' That seems to suit him best, doesn't it?"

Jack Dacre said gravely that it was most appropriate, adding, why he scarcely knew, that he had quite understood the wooden cross to be purely temporary. But she sat twisting her trembling fingers together nervously.

"It ought to have been put up long ago, but—but——" She paused, looked at him, and then went on. "You will understand, Mr. Dacre, for you are one of us, as it were. But after the bills are paid there is very little left—sometimes nothing at all; and, of course, the bills must be paid, mustn't they?"

Jack replied hurriedly that it was quite out of the question not to pay bills, and tried to change the subject by talking of the Countess of Clewers's fancy ball. But even "London Town" could not divert her attention. It was getting close to the end, she said; spring would soon come; it seemed, sometimes, as if it—the cross—would never be begun.

It seemed so, indeed; and as he sat down to the stained tablecloth he remarked to Tonio that the Signorina was not so well that morning.

Tonio gave a flourish of the dirty serviette towards his eyes; but if he was tearful, he was also frank with the frankness of his class. "Not so well?" he echoed. "The Signorina will never be well. She will never see the *palazzo* in London town, for she will never leave the 'Hôtel de Londres' till the good brothers carry her downstairs feet foremost. The Blessed Mary be praised! It is better so; she will not weary for a monument when she is in Paradise."

In the meantime, however, she wearied for one sadly. Something ought to be done, she said helplessly, and Jack Dacre, as usual, assented to the proposition. He even talked of estimates, of payment by instalments, of

men being able to manage tradesfolk better than women.

Finally, he never knew exactly how, he found himself one day buying a child's paint box and some tracing-paper with which he sat up in his room instead of going to the Casino. And next morning there was no need to distract attention artfully by tales of "London town," since there was a real plan and estimate of a Runic cross in white Carrara marble to discuss. It took a long time, a very long time, to thresh out all the contingencies, partly because they seemed to come fresh each time to the brain which had puzzled over them so long.

Thus nearly a fortnight passed, and yet the faint reflection on that blank wall—which was all the "Hôtel et Pension de Londres" had for view—of a sunset that was making all the rest of Monte Carlo into a dream city, found him one day still bending, with the plan in his hand, over a sofa set in that upper room, at the door of which the well-worn shoes had stood.

"'Sacred to the memory of Charles,'" he read mechanically. The quiet head—its lace covering had given up its task for some days now—upon the pillow stirred. "'The Honourable,' please," said the thin voice. "I wonder at your forgetting *that*, when you are——"

Jack Dacre interrupted her. "Certainly! we must not forget 'The Honourable.'" Then he read on.

"It sounds right. I—I should like to see how it looks again, please."

He slid his arm beneath the pillow and raised her. The pale reflection of the sunset had almost gone. The room grew grey to match her face.

"It looks beautiful. I don't think they could have done it better in London town," said the thin, old voice. "Thank you so much. It will be such a comfort to think of it when I am there; for I must go back, of course, when the recess is over."

* * * * *

The Honourable John Dacre and Tonio were chief mourners at the funeral. The former brought a magnificent wreath of lilies to lay on the little heap of new-turned earth whence, for a time, the black wooden cross had disappeared; but Tonio stuck to a two-lire offering of immortelles. They would last longer, he said, and the dear dead were always content in Paradise; even the Signorina would not care now what lay above her and her brother.

"*It will be such a comfort to think of it when I am there.*" The words, contradicting Tonio's, haunted Jack Dacre as he sat at the tables trying to recoup himself for lost opportunities and the wreath of lilies.

"*Faites vos jeux, messieurs! Le jeu est fait! Rouge gagne et couleur perd!*"

The monotonous chant went on, but the muck-rake spared Jack Dacre's stake so often that he rose from the table with eighty pounds in his pocket. Not a *grand coup* in itself, but enough to make a *grand coup* on the morrow.

Yet next morning, to Tonio's astonishment, Jack Dacre came down to the empty *salon* early and asked for his bill. He paid it, wrote his name in the visitors' book once more, opposite an assertion that he had found *nothing* to complain about in the "Hôtel de Londres." Then, having presented Tonio with a liberal *pourboire*, he bade his luggage be sent to the station, and so, with the remainder of the eighty pounds in his pocket, strolled into the town. There he paid a few trifling bills, including his washing—a thing he had not done for years!

It was well on into the afternoon before he picked his way, through a forest of broken pillars, and funeral urns, and weeping angels, to the office of the largest marble works in Monte Carlo, and gave a most business-like order for a Runic cross to be placed over grave 4016 in the cemetery. The money was lodged with the English chaplain, who had promised to see the order properly executed.

He had just enough money when he arrived at the railway station for a glass of absinth, a daily paper, and a second class ticket, somewhere over and above, of course, the five-pound note which he always kept religiously sewn up in his coat pocket. But he had often been in similar case, so it was not that which made him hesitate whether to take that ticket east or west. To Nice and its naughtiness, or to Genoa with its harbour whence one man at least had sailed to find a new world.

What held him irresolute before the booking-office was the fact that, for many a long year past, he had *never* left a place as he was leaving Monte Carlo that day, without owing a farthing!

So he stood, a solitary figure in the sunshine, looking at his portmanteau on which was emblazoned—

"The Honble. John Dacre."

After a time, a train came up and he got into it. Whether he went east or west is uncertain, but, whichever it was, he had paid off some old scores.

LEADERS IN THE AUSTRALIAN COMMON-WEALTH.

By Frederick Dolman.

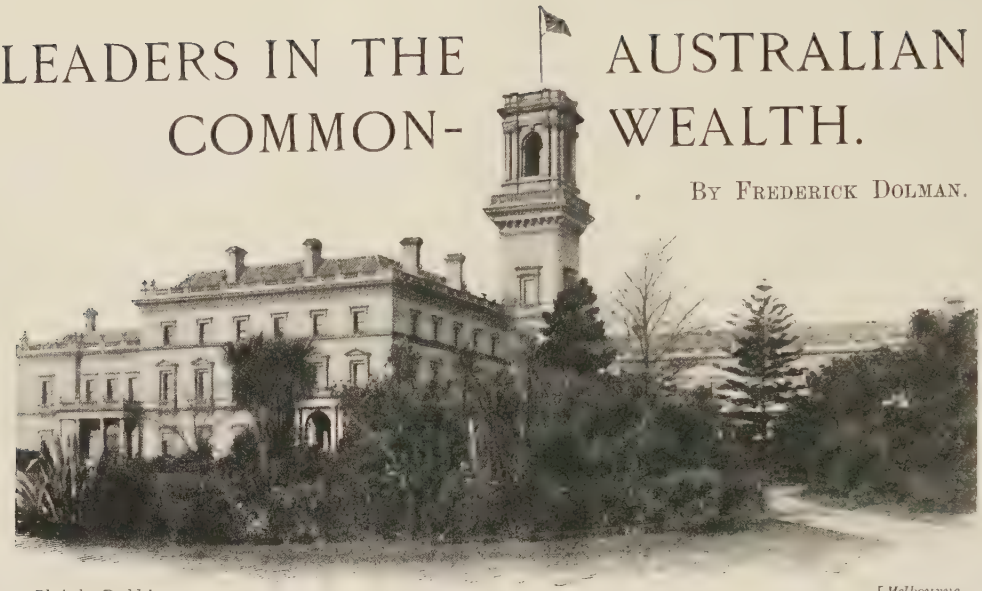


Photo by Rudd,] [*Melbourne.*

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD HOPETOUN.

AUSTRALIAN politics have at present no such commanding figures as Mr. Cecil Rhodes in South Africa or Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Canada. The conspicuous place occupied by the late Sir Henry Parkes in Colonial statesmanship for so many years has not yet been filled, and to that circumstance more than to any other was probably due the long delay in the federation of Australia. The Federal movement during its latter period, however, may be said to have revealed the latent powers of one man—Mr. Edmund Barton, to wit—as a spokesman and a leader of Australian nationality and sentiment.

Mr. Edmund Barton, Q.C., M.L.A., can scarcely be regarded as a "coming" man in his own Colony, New South Wales; he "arrived" long since. At the age of fifty he has enjoyed in turn pretty well every honour that New South Wales could confer upon him—member of the Legislative Assembly, member of the Council, Attorney-General and Acting Premier, Speaker of the Assembly, delegate to the Federal Convention. It is true that Mr. Barton never formed a Government of his own, but this was because he 'verted from Free Trade to Protection in 1889, and since that date the Protectionists of New South Wales, with the exception of one brief period, have been in a Parliamentary minority.

But from the Imperial point of view, and in the eyes of the future historian of Australia, Mr. Barton may be said to occupy a position of greater honour and distinction than that of any of its Premiers or Opposition leaders. He has been the Galahad of the Federation cause; Australian unity he made the one and only object of his political career under circumstances which reflected the highest credit upon his courage and enthusiasm. At the first *plébiscite* the New South Wales Parliament raised the necessary majority for the Bill to 80,000; the electors failed to give this majority, and thus the declared wishes of the Colonies concerned were for the time being frustrated. In these circumstances Mr. Barton, who had been a leading figure at the Convention which framed the Bill, resolved to devote himself to the task of bringing "the Mother Colony" into agreement with her more enlightened daughters. Having resigned his membership of the Upper House, Mr. Barton at the last General Election in New South Wales fought the Premier, Mr. Reid, in his own constituency, attributing the mishap to his Laodicean tactics, and undertook a crusade throughout the Colony in favour of the Federation Bill. Mr. Barton practically won his battle. In East Sydney he did not succeed in ousting Mr. Reid, but he continued the contest with such unwearied energy and zeal that at the second referendum the victory of his cause was assured.

The man whom the force of events has thus made the leader and the saviour of the Federal movement must be regarded

as the finest orator in Australasian politics. That was the opinion, I believe, which Lord Rosebery formed when visiting the Colonies a few years ago. Lord Rosebery, I may add, had an exceptional opportunity of judging, inasmuch as he was entertained to a dinner at the Athenæum Club, Sydney, at which Mr. Barton, as chairman, is said to have made thirty-three speeches, whilst the guest of the evening fell short of this record by only one or two.

A native of Sydney, Mr. Barton passed through its Grammar School and at the early age of sixteen matriculated at the University. When Mr. Barton went to the Bar, in his twenty-third year, it was with pretty well all the "honours" which Sydney University could bestow upon him. In 1877, when the University was given Parliamentary representation, he became a candidate for its suffrages against Sir William Windeyer, and was defeated only by six votes. The result did not mortify Mr. Barton's love for his *alma mater*, and two years later, when Sir William became a judge, the desire of his heart was gratified. The member for Sydney University, having risen to the position of leader at the Colonial Bar, was appointed Speaker by the Assembly in January, 1883, and occupied the chair for four years. On his retirement Mr. Barton accepted nomination to the Legislative Council, where in later years he occasionally defended the policy of the Protectionist party with an eloquence which strongly contrasted with the feebleness of its advocates in the popular Chamber. Having put the fiscal question



THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE HOUSTON REID.

altogether aside in his enthusiasm for Federation, Mr. Barton now appeals to Free Traders and Protectionists alike.

The Right Hon. George Houston Reid, with whom Mr. Barton may be said to have fought the battle of Federation, was Prime Minister of New South Wales for the long period—in Colonial politics, at any rate—of nine years. It is rather a rare combination of qualities which gave him this staying power, although not one of them, perhaps, is of the highest kind. He is ready of speech—Sir Henry Parkes once compared Mr. Reid's fluency with that of a



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE.

waterspout after heavy rain—as those who heard him in London during the Diamond Jubilee will remember. He is skilful in Parliamentary tactics—probably more so than any man in the New South Wales Parliament since the retirement of Sir George Dibbs. He has a genial temper, which never failed even during the time of sharp personal antagonism between him and the late Sir Henry Parkes. He has persistent belief in his cause, as was shown by the way in which he set to work to restore Free Trade to New South Wales in the hour of Protectionist triumph.

Mr. Reid was born at the town of Johnstone, near Paisley, where his father was minister of the Scotch Presbyterian Church. At the age of seven, however, the future statesman was taken by his parents to Australia, first to Melbourne and afterwards to Sydney. In Sydney Mr. Reid entered the Civil Service, and in 1878 had risen to the position of Auditor-General. Having written some essays on Free Trade—the question of the hour in the Colony—which attracted the notice of the Cobden Club, Mr. Reid gave up his appointment in the Civil Service in order to contest an East Sydney constituency as a Free Trader at the General Election of 1880. Three years after his election he became Minister of Public Instruction, and from that time was regarded as Sir Henry Parkes's chief lieutenant, until the retirement of the veteran statesman in 1891.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE TURNER, P.C., K.C.M.G.

No one would pretend that Mr. Reid fills anything like the place in the popular mind of Australia which Sir Henry Parkes did. But in New South Wales there is on the part of both friends and opponents a personal liking for the man which his more famous predecessor could not always command. For one thing, Mr. Reid has been in his time an enthusiastic and fairly successful cricketer, and anyone who knows Australia will know that the athlete counts for much in politics.

Sir William J. Lyne, the Prime Minister of New South Wales, has not perhaps so marked a personality as Sir George Dibbs, the ex-Premier, who is now out of Parliament. Sir George had a most curious experience of Parliamentary success—he was three times Prime Minister, and yet altogether his reign did not much exceed a year. Considering the disadvantages, personal and otherwise, against which Sir George Dibbs had to contend, only his shrewd management of men could have thrice placed him at the helm. As a leader Sir William is not primarily distinguished for this quality, and his skill in debate is outmatched by more than one of his opponents. On the other hand, he holds a good administrative record under Sir Patrick Jennings and Sir George Dibbs; as both Minister for Lands and Minister for Public Works he showed abilities which may yet be of much service to the Colony and the Empire.



THE HON. ALEXANDER J. PEACOCK.

Sir William has been in Parliament nearly 20 years, having been returned at the same election as Mr. Reid. He was born in Tasmania in 1844, and



THE HON. A. DEAKIN.



SWANSTON STREET.



COLLINS STREET, LOOKING EASTWARDS.

TWO OF MELBOURNE'S GREAT THOROUGHFARES.



THE GAP, WATSON'S BAY, SYDNEY.

on his mother's side is of Scotch descent. The son of a farmer, Sir William first started life as a squatter in Queensland. But the Fates—in the shape of drought and fire—proved unkind, and he gave up his sheep station to become clerk to the local district council. This position he held till 1875, when he again tried his fortune as a farmer in the Albury district of New South Wales. Sir William's success had for its sequel his appearance as a candidate for the Assembly. In the circumstances, his choice of party must count to him for righteousness. The farming class in New South Wales have certainly nothing to gain from Protection, whatever may be the case with the manufacturers.

Of Mr. Reid's colleagues in the Free Trade party the ablest Parliamentarian is, I think, Mr. William McMillan. Mr. McMillan made his mark at the last Federal Convention, and took charge of the Federation Bill during Mr. Reid's absence in England. He is a nephew of the late Sir William McArthur, for many years a member of the House of Commons, and is a partner in the firm of McArthur and Co., the Australian merchants. His father was a Presbyterian minister, first at Londonderry and afterwards at Melbourne. Mr. McMillan, who is on the right side of fifty, has been in the Assembly twelve years. With Mr. Murray Smith, he is probably the most Conservative member of the Free Trade party, a fact which may prevent both gentlemen reaching the position in Colonial politics to which their abilities entitle them. Shortly after his first appointment as Treasurer, in 1889, Mr. McMillan brought the Parkes Ministry into great disfavour with the Labour party by his language



SYDNEY HARBOUR, FROM THE NORTH SHORE.

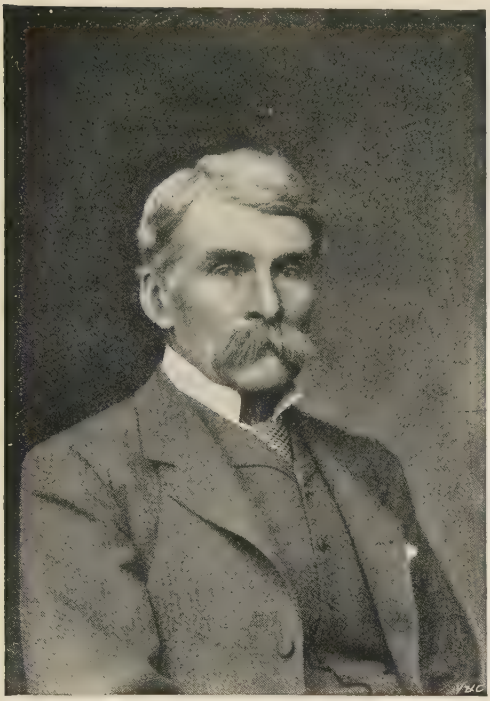


Photo by Elliott & Fry,] *[Baker Street.*

THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD N. BRADDON, K.C.M.G.

about strikes, and as a consequence retired from office for a time.

Mr. Barton, Mr. Reid, and Mr. McMillan have all been chosen as representatives of their Colony on the Federation question. Sir Joseph Abbott, another New South Welshman, who has taken a useful part in laying the foundations of the new Dominion of Australia, is now Speaker of the House of Assembly. At the memorable Sydney Convention of 1891, Sir Joseph was elected Chairman of Committees, a position only second to that of Sir Henry Parkes as President of the Convention. He has presided over the Legislative Assembly in Sydney for eight years, and with Lady Abbott, one of the most agreeable of hostesses, is personally esteemed by almost every member. The Speakership is by no means a bed of roses, for the popular Chamber is much given to all-night sittings as well as "scenes."

In the House of Commons the Speaker has no political future except membership of the House of Lords, but in the Colonies it is, of course, otherwise. Before becoming Speaker he had been a Minister for two or three years, and for a short time the leader of an ephemeral Third Party of Federal Protectionists. Sir Joseph Abbott is a solicitor by profession, but now employs his leisure in pastoral pursuits on a delightful estate within easy distance of Sydney. He was born in New South Wales fifty-seven years ago, and was knighted in 1892.

Victoria's financial *débâcle* in 1892–1893 left its mark upon the politics of the Colony. More than one statesman of reputation and promise in Melbourne found his career cut short by the personal consequences to himself of the collapse of the land "boom," these gentlemen retiring into private life (from which they have not yet returned) for the purpose of repairing their shattered fortunes. If it thus unmade leading Parliamentarians, however, this sudden turn in the tide of prosperity was the means of proving to the Victorians, on the other hand, the statesmanlike qualities of their present Prime Minister—Sir George Turner. It was the conjuncture of the hour and the man.

When Sir George became Premier, about six years ago, he had to do for the State what most of the citizens of Melbourne were trying to do for themselves. He had to make both ends meet. This was his most urgent as well as most important duty,



Photo by Lafayette,] *[Dublin.*

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES C. KINGSTON, Q.C.

seeing that the expenditure stood in something like the proportion of nine millions sterling to six millions of revenue. A highly successful solicitor, who had been mayor of St. Kilda—Melbourne's fashionable seaside suburb—then a member of the Assembly, and two years later Commissioner of Customs during the unfortunate Premiership of Mr. Munro, Sir George Turner's record by no means suggested any brilliant exploits. In point of fact, he has not attempted to do anything brilliant. He believed from the outset that the situation could not be retrieved by any amount of financial jugglery;

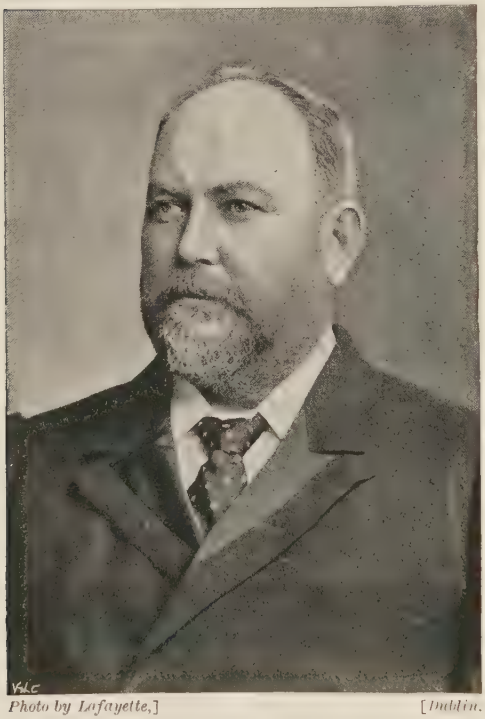


Photo by Lafayette, [*Dublin.*

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN FORREST, K.C.M.G.

to his mind only one policy was possible—that of rigorous retrenchment. Rigorous retrenchment meant cutting down official salaries, withdrawing grants, cancelling various projects, and other disagreeable things calculated to excite enmity and uncharitableness. But the qualities which some people thought they had discovered in him as solicitor, mayor, and Commissioner of Customs, now found full vent. The Prime Minister stuck to his unpleasant but necessary task with dogged pertinacity, showing a cheeseparing care for detail and a callous indifference to personal feeling which could never have been expected of a statesman of more brilliant parts. In less than three years, having given endless offence to a great number of individuals, and the greatest satisfaction to the community generally, the ex-mayor of St. Kilda had done what was bargained of him—he had balanced the books in the national exchequer. A K.C.M.G. in January, 1897, and the Jubilee junketing of the following summer, constituted his well deserved reward.

Of Sir George Turner's Parliamentary rivals the most prominent is Mr. Alfred Deakin, M.L.C., J.P. Mr. Deakin was in office from 1886 to 1890, sharing the direction of affairs, as Chief Secretary, with Mr. Duncan Gillies, as Premier, the two gentlemen being leaders of a coalition of Protectionists and Free Traders. At forty-four, he is the finest debater in the Assembly, and has a keen, intellectual interest in politics which has not been affected by the vicissitudes of recent years.

The story of Mr. Deakin's career, as it has been told to me by one of his friends, sounds like a romance of politics. The prime mover in the Australian Natives' Association proudly acknowledges Melbourne as his birthplace. Mr. Deakin went to Melbourne University, but did not stay long enough to graduate. He was called to the Bar at the age of twenty-one, but, instead of waiting for a practice, obtained immediate employment on the staff of the *Melbourne Age*. When Mr. Deakin had been at work there for a few months, a deputation waited upon Mr. David Syme, the proprietor of the paper, to ask him to contest as a Liberal a pending vacancy in the constituency of West Bourke, which was regarded as a Conservative stronghold. Mr. Syme declined the invitation for personal reasons, but said he had a young man in his office who, although quite unknown, would make an excellent candidate. Mr. Deakin was introduced to the deputation, and such was the impression he made that they at once resolved to recommend him to the constituency. The young journalist fought the election with splendid energy, speaking with the fluency of the debating society and the plausibility of the leading article, and, with the gallant assistance of the *Age*, captured the seat by a majority of fifty-six.

But this brilliant success was to be short-lived. It was found that there had been a hitch in the polling arrangements—enough votes to possibly convert a majority of fifty-six into a minority had not been recorded.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

seizing vital points. In order to understand a subject of the first importance to Australia—the subject of irrigation—Mr. Deakin visited India, Egypt, and Italy, and studied the system adopted in those countries. The conscience Mr. Deakin brought into politics when he resigned his hardly won seat for West Bourke has given him something of John Morley's reputation in Victorian politics; when attending the London Colonial Conference in 1887, Mr. Deakin declined a knighthood because he regarded it as inconsistent with his democratic principles.

Having made a distinguished Parliamentary *début* by moving the Address, Mr. Deakin voluntarily resigned his seat. Political virtue had on this occasion to be its own reward, for at the second election Mr. Deakin was defeated by an exceptionally strong candidate, the majority being fifteen. After these trying experiences Mr. Deakin philosophically sought relaxation on a special correspondent's trip to the South Sea Islands. At the General Election twelve months later—in February, 1880—Mr. Deakin returned to the fray. But the irony of misfortune again awaited him; this time he lost his goal by thirteen votes. Then in six months the unexpected happened in another General Election, and Mr. Deakin for the fourth time in eighteen months fought the constituency. West Bourke could not withstand such indomitable courage, and Mr. Deakin entered upon a most successful Parliamentary career. His great capacity carried all before him. In three years Mr. Deakin had entered the Ministry as Commissioner of Public Works; in less than five, at the age of twenty-nine, he was leading the dominant party in the Colony.

Mr. Deakin's career has not been the triumph merely of the clever debater. His speeches show knowledge and thought as well as mental quickness in

Next to Sir George Turner and Mr. Deakin, the most influential political leader in Victoria is Mr. William Arthur Trenwith, the John Burns of Australia. It is understood that Mr. Trenwith was more than once offered a seat on the Treasury Bench, but



OUTSIDE THE STOCK EXCHANGE, MELBOURNE.

not until after the recent General Election in Victoria was he induced to leave the Independent Labour party.

As his name suggests, Mr. Trenwith is of Cornish origin. His father was a bootmaker, who emigrated to the new Launceston across the seas, and in that pleasant Tasmanian town Mr. Trenwith was born in 1847. At thirteen he was working at the boot trade and maintaining both himself and his brother. At twenty-one he was in Melbourne, and from that time forward was foremost in its trade unionism and labour politics. Mr. Trenwith was returned to the Assembly for the Richmond division of Melbourne in 1889, having previously suffered two defeats. He was chosen a Commissioner for the Melbourne Exhibition, and has been president of that formidable institution, the Melbourne Trades Hall.

Sir George Turner has been fortunate in his Ministerial colleagues. They include a man of considerable promise in Mr. A. J. Peacock, the Minister for Education. He has distinguished himself by his enterprising administration of the elementary school system, as well as by a clear, straightforward method of speech. He is thirty-eight in years, and in spirits much younger. He became president of the Australian Natives' Association in 1886, and, with a reputation already made, went into the Assembly three years later. Before making politics his profession, Mr. Peacock was a teacher in the Melbourne Grammar School, and afterwards the manager of a gold mine.

The most distinguished man on the Free Trade side is Mr. Duncan Gillies, Mr. Deakin's partner from 1886–90, now at the age of sixty-six one of the veterans in Victorian politics. The Protectionist tide in Victorian politics has been running very strongly for several years past, and, since the break-up of his compromise with Mr. Deakin he has been out of office, and there now seems small prospect that Mr. Gillies will ever again have the direction of affairs. He has fought a long fight with the *Melbourne Age*, and in the end, it must be admitted, the newspaper has conquered.

A Glasgow man by birth, Mr. Duncan Gillies went to Australia in the gold rush of 1851–52. For seven years he worked as a miner on the Ballarat fields, taking an active part during that time in the rebellious movement which culminated in the exciting episode of the Eureka stockade. It was as a representative of Ballarat diggers that Mr. Gillies was returned to Parliament at the age of twenty-five, being four times re-elected by the same constituency. Mr. Gillies, who refused a knighthood in 1887, has a refinement of speech and breadth of culture truly remarkable considering these circumstances of his early life.

Politically speaking, South Australia resembles Victoria very closely, the dominant party combining Protection with what in England would be considered advanced Radicalism. As the leader of this party, the Right Hon. C. C. Kingston, Q.C., held the Premiership for more than six years. A native of Adelaide, he was educated at its Educational Institution, the predecessor of the University. And at the age of fifty Mr. Kingston is a typical "cornstalker" in some respects, although his strength has been shown to be proportionate to his great height, which is not always the case with tall Australians. Mr. Kingston has been one of the hardest workers in Australia. For ten years or more he worked assiduously at the Bar, and then as Attorney-General and Chief Secretary.

Sir John Cockburn's acceptance of the office of Agent-General must by no means be regarded as the close of his career in Australia. Still well on the right side of fifty, with an undiminished ardour for legislative work, Sir John will doubtless return to Adelaide at the end of his term of office in London to again take his part in the Parliamentary fray. He was the most popular Minister of Education South Australia ever had, holding that portfolio in three different Administrations between the years 1885–97. An enthusiast for technical education, he founded the South Australian School of Mines and Industries, and introduced into the elementary schools science teaching and manual training. But perhaps his most striking act, in the eyes of children and parents alike, was the institution of "Arbor Day." Since 1886 the children of South Australia, in every town and village, have every year spent a delightful holiday in planting trees.

Sir John Cockburn was born just over the Border, at Duns, near Berwick, but was educated in the Metropolis. Having attended King's College, he graduated M.D. at London University in 1874, and in the following year went out to Australia. He settled at Jamestown, then a little town of about a thousand inhabitants, and practised there for ten years. Having been three times Mayor of Jamestown, Sir John was elected a member of the Assembly for the Burra division in 1884, and within a



Photo by Cameron,] [*West Maitland, N.S.W.*

A SON OF EMPIRE.

Roy Clayton Welch is probably the youngest mounted soldier in the world entitled to wear the Queen's uniform. He is seven years old, and was born at West Maitland, New South Wales. He was able to ride and canter alone at the age of two years and ten months, and rode in the Maitland Show Ring at the age of three years, in the presence of Lord Hampden, then Governor of New South Wales. He was awarded a special ribbon by the judges for his qualifications. Since that date he has received fourteen ribbons for riding at various shows, having won five first prizes in March of last year. He was appointed honorary supernumerary trumpeter to the Maitland half-squadron of Lancers (3rd Squadron N.S.W. Lancers) early in 1900, and accompanied the troops on a three days' touring march in May, travelling each day not less than twenty-five miles, camping out, and taking his full share of roughing it.

year had won for himself a leading place among the public men of the Colony. From June, 1889, till August in the following year Sir John was Prime Minister, but when his party again returned to office preferred to return to the Education Department. A Radical of the Radicals, he has been largely responsible for the "advanced legislation" for which in recent years the Parliament of South Australia has been distinguished.

Tasmania, like Queensland, is Conservative compared with most of its sister Colonies. Sir Edward Braddon, who shares with Sir Philip Fysh the leadership of the "Garden Colony" at the present time, is not, it is true, in any sense a product of Tasmania. His training for public life was, on the contrary, obtained in India, where for many years he administered the affairs of large tracts of country, and where, as a volunteer officer, he took a valiant part in the suppression of the great Mutiny. Sir Edward only went to Tasmania in 1878, when he retired on a pension from the Indian Civil Service. He was then about fifty, and looked forward to a life of rural quietude and ease in his chosen home. But the Tasmanians promptly discovered the statesmanlike knowledge and experience of the new-comer, and in the following year induced him to accept a seat in their Legislative Assembly. Once in Parliament, Sir Edward Braddon interested himself as keenly in the affairs of Tasmania as he had in those of Hindustan.

A staunch Free Trader, Sir Edward Braddon soon became leader of the Opposition to the ultra-Protectionist Ministry which then held sway at Hobart. He gradually consolidated his party, and in March, 1887, succeeded in carrying a vote of censure on the Government. Then there occurred an incident which was characteristic of the man who, in this Parliamentary work after a successful career in India, had been clearly actuated by devotion to principle and love of effort for its own sake. When sent for by the Governor to form a new Administration, instead of becoming Premier himself, Sir Edward Braddon handed over the post of honour to Mr. Philip Fysh, on the ground that this gentleman was a Colonist of much older standing, and accepted office under him as Minister of Lands.

Next year Sir Edward Braddon came to London as Agent-General, one of the greatest pleasures of his six years' stay doubtless being renewed intimacy with his sister, the distinguished authoress of "Lady Audley's Secret" and more than fifty other novels. Sir Edward during this time was a most popular member of London-Colonial society, and there were many regrets when he was called back to Tasmania, in 1894, to become Prime Minister for nearly five years.

Sir Philip Fysh is essentially a man of business, and has won his best laurels in the management of Colonial finance. He is a Londoner by birth, and went to Tasmania to make his fortune, which he quickly succeeded in doing at the age of twenty-four. Seven years later he was elected a Tasmanian M.P., and in 1877 became Prime Minister. For four years, it is worthy of note, the ex-Prime Minister served as major in the Tasmanian Volunteers, and served with an energy that belied his years, which were then between forty-five and fifty.

Sir John Forrest, K.C.M.G., has achieved success in two careers, that of the explorer and that of the statesman. He has been Prime Minister ever since the establishment of responsible government in Western Australia. The personal strength of the statesman is, of course, largely due to the prestige of the explorer. A man who has led several expeditions through the unknown interior, who has added to the map thousands of square miles, is naturally regarded as a father to the youngest of the Australian Colonies. As a boy his imagination was filled with the idea of exploring the vast "back country," and he obtained at the age of eighteen an appointment in the Survey Department. Such was the confidence inspired by his great physical strength, quick intelligence, and large amount of useful knowledge, that the very next year the young man was entrusted with the command of an expedition in search of the famous Dr. Leichardt. This was the first of several such commands during the next few years, the valuable service to geographical knowledge thus rendered being rewarded in 1876 by the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society and the grant of five thousand acres of land from the Imperial Goverment. After a term of service as Commissioner of Crown Lands, Sir John was appointed to a seat on the Governor's Council. When Western Australia ceased to be a Crown Colony he became Premier by general acclamation.

Our portraits of Sir George Turner, the Hon. A. J. Peacock, and the Hon. A. Deakin are reproduced by kind permission of "The Sydney Mail."

"SOLD AT STEVENS'S":

THE WORK AND PLAY OF A CELEBRATED AUCTIONEER.

By Wilfred Mark Webb, F.L.S.

Illustrated from Special Photographs by Mr. Henry Stevens.

THERE are few people to whom the mention of "Stevens's," of Covent Garden, will not conjure up the memory of some wonderful relic, some curiosity of curiosities fallen at last under the hammer. Many who are familiar with the time-honoured sale-rooms are inclined to maintain that no one's education is complete until he has in some way mastered their usual contents.

One can only surmise as to what a wealth of information must exist in the brain that has conducted the business during a period of many years. The experience of "Stevens" himself is, in fact, absolutely unique in its way, and perhaps some slight idea of the astounding variety of objects that from time to time fill the "great rooms" in Covent Garden may be gained from the following small handful of items which we enumerate almost at random, selection being a difficult matter amid such an embarrassment of eccentricities and novelties.

Many are the interesting facts that may be gleaned from a chat with the head of the firm at 38, King Street, who is in reality Mr. Henry Stevens, the well known amateur photographer. He is able, therefore, while speaking of the wonders which he has "knocked down" from the rostrum, to point to the no less remarkable pictures of them "taken" with the aid of his camera.



MR. HENRY STEVENS ("J. C. STEVENS").

This portrait was taken by himself; the exposure was made by means of a pneumatic tube, the controlling ball of which he held in his left hand.

By the courtesy of Mr. Stevens we are able to reproduce a number of his works, the majority of our illustrations being from his original photographs.

We can recall many families whose members have



THE EXTINCT GREAT AUK AND ITS EGG.
The winning bid for the two specimens was 600 *guineas.*

joined a love of natural history with artistic capability, and Mr. Stevens springs from one of these. It is hardly necessary to go back to his grandfather, but we may mention his uncle, Samuel Stevens, F.L.S., who died in 1899. For fifty years this naturalist was a member of the Entomological Club, and he has been described as the *doyen* of the insect-loving fraternity in this country. At the age of thirteen he gained the Society of Art's medal for two drawings.

Mr. Henry Stevens was born at the old house in King Street, Covent Garden, where the business was founded in the middle of the eighteenth century and has remained ever since. His father, Mr. J. C. Stevens (by whose name the firm is still known), became a partner in 1818, and on his death Samuel Stevens, already mentioned, who at one time was also a partner in the business, came back and carried it on until his nephews were old enough to look after it. When a boy Henry took up the study of shells, and he recalls with considerable pride and pleasure the interest which the great conchologist, Hugh Cuming, took in him and his collection.

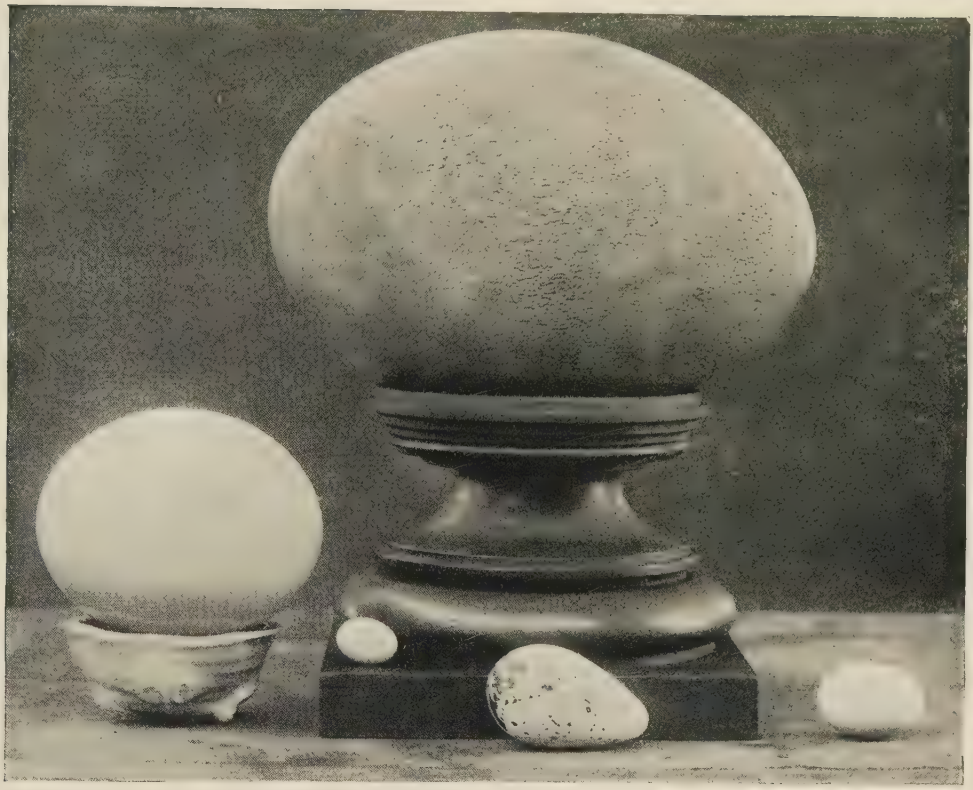
His life as an auctioneer began when he was seventeen years old. There is a special interest about the portrait we give of him, for in this case the sitter was also photographer. Careful scrutiny will reveal the pneumatic tube from the shutter of the camera running across the floor to the ball held in Mr. Stevens's left hand.

It is, of course, possible to put the more important objects that pass through the auctioneer's hands under general headings, but it is by no means easy to say which group is the most interesting—curiosities of natural history, personal relics, and the works of primitive peoples may alike command phenomenal prices and individually arrest one's attention. Perhaps the most striking series of sales is exemplified in the word chosen for the firm's telegraphic address—"Auks." The ever-increasing prices obtained for the eggs of the Great Auk, which seem to be the monopoly of the great rooms, have without doubt authorised the implied pun of "Great Auktion Rooms." Mr. Stevens remembers selling examples at £30 apiece, while last year even a cracked one fetched 300 guineas.

Our illustration shows a specimen of the extinct Auk, or Garefowl, and its egg, for which the winning bid was 600 guineas. There are some seventy-nine known examples of the bird in existence, but the recorded



A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT FROM PARAGUAY.
The drum is made from the skin of the victim who furnished the skull and the hair.



AN EGG OF "AEPYORNIS MAXIMUS" COMPARED WITH OTHERS.

It will hold six times as much as the ostrich egg on the left of the picture, and 150 times as much as the hen's egg next to it.

eggs are in number nearer to seventy and consequently rarer and more valuable. Some of the eggs have been in collectors' hands for many years, others have been unexpectedly discovered. As an example of this, Mr. Stevens told me of a young fellow in the South of England who, a few years ago, rode over to a furniture sale in the hope of getting a bargain. He was not disappointed. Among a "lot" of shells and eggs in a basket taken from the lumber-room, one of the latter specimens attracted his attention on account of its uncommon appearance, and he determined to buy it. If he was anxious to get the egg, a lady present was equally desirous of obtaining the shells, and prevented him from buying the collection for ten shillings by starting to bid. In the end, however, the "lot" was knocked down to the young fellow for thirty-six shillings, and he found on examination that there were two of the large eggs. These he tied up in his handkerchief, and having parted with the rest of the specimens rode off home with his prizes on his bicycle.

Both eggs were those of the Great Auk; one with a tiny fracture, but well marked, Mr. Stevens afterwards sold for 280 guineas, and the other, in much worse condition, fetched 175 guineas at the same sale. Mr. Stevens has recently received another egg, which is finer than any of the others which have passed through his hands.

As we are speaking of eggs, we must not forget to mention those of the *Aepyorn's*, which surpass all others in size. The bird has long been extinct, and its remains consist of only of a few odd bones. It is the Roc, which plays so invaluable a part in the "Arabian Nights," and was able, if we are to believe everything that is told us in the tales of old-time travellers, to carry off an elephant and a rhinoceros together in its claws. The egg, though not "fifty paces round," as Sinbad the Sailor would persuade us, is more than a foot long and nearly a yard in circumference, and will hold two gallons of water. Mr. Stevens's photograph shows a specimen accompanied by other eggs so that its size may be more accurately judged. It would take the contents of six ostrich eggs, or of seven score of hen's eggs, to fill that of

the *Aepyornis maximus*. An example sold in November, 1899, realised forty-two guineas, while in 1895 another cost its buyer thirty-six guineas.

The sales of well known natural history collections at Stevens's are of interest on account of the associations that surround the naturalists who made them, and large sums of money are obtained for them in many cases. For individual specimens of rare or extinct forms good prices will be offered; scarce variations of common species also attract bidders. Well authenticated British specimens of the Large Copper Butterfly, now no longer to be found in this country, may fetch £12, though a Continental example may be bought for a penny. The same price will buy a foreign "Camberwell Beauty," so called, it is said, because the first specimen was collected in a Camberwell omnibus; but an English insect of the kind is likely to cost several guineas.



THE SILKEN UNDERVEST WORN BY KING CHARLES I. ON THE SCAFFOLD.

A marvellously fine piece of workmanship, quite authentic, and still showing the bloodstains upon it. It sold for 200 guineas.

Selling the surplus waterfowl belonging to the London County Council, at Battersea Park, must have reminded Mr. Stevens of the great six days' sale of Lord Derby's menagerie, at Knowsley, in 1851, when the original J. C. Stevens presided. The catalogue consists of fifty large quarto pages, and is well worth examining. There were 345 mammals, and 1,272 birds, of which 207 and 549, respectively, were born in the menagerie, including a number of emus hatched in an incubator. Perhaps the most interesting animal sold was a quagga, for this species is now unfortunately extinct.

We ought not to forget, before leaving the natural history "lots," to mention the mermaid "put up" by Mr. Stevens. This was not one of those ingenious concoctions of fish and monkey which Frank Buckland immortalised, but a stuffed specimen of an exceedingly fine manatee, the animal from which the idea of the mermaid was most probably taken by sailors. It would require little more than



THE CORONATION SHOES AND BREAKFAST CUP OF KING GEORGE IV.
Left as a legacy by Mrs. Fitzherbert (the first wife of George IV.) to her housekeeper.

some curly locks and a comb to convert the sirenian into the mythical lady with the fish-like tail. The manatee has no hind limbs, while with their front flippers the mothers often hug their young ones to their breasts, and the heads of the creatures at a little distance have a very human appearance. Mr. Stevens parted with his "mermaid" for twenty-five guineas.

Turning now to relics, several are worth special mention. A spear belonging to a rebel dervish who assisted to massacre General Gordon may well have been the weapon with which he was killed—anyhow, it was run up to thirty guineas. Perfectly authenticated was the beautiful silken under-vest that was worn by King Charles I. at his execution. The garment was given to Dr. Hobbe, who was a friend of the unfortunate King, and it remained in his family until sold at King Street for 200 guineas. The illustration does full justice to the fine piece of work, and the blood-stains are still apparent upon it.

Numerous belongings of royalties, as well as relics of celebrated men, have come under Mr. Stevens's hammer. Recently the dressing-gown of George III. appeared in one of the catalogues, together with several Nelson relics, one pendant containing the hair of the same King and of Queen Charlotte, that was presented by the former to the Admiral. There is an interesting history given on the framed card seen in the picture of George IV.'s breakfast cup and coronation shoes. These objects were left as a legacy by Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom George IV. (then Prince of Wales) married morganatically in 1785. Though only twenty-nine years old, Mrs. Fitzherbert had been married twice previously, and after George IV. left her and married Caroline of Brunswick she lived forty-two years, dying in 1837, at the age of eighty-one.

The other category of curiosities which we have indicated comprises those objects



"PAST AND PRESENT."
The heads are those of tattooed Maoris which have been preserved after death.



A COLOSSAL STONE HEAD.

This was found in Peshawur by Colonel Carmichael in 1852, *and appears to be one of those heads of Buddha showing traces of Greek features, a result of the invasion of India by Alexander the Great.*

which have been made by ancient or savage peoples. A strange coincidence happened to Mr. Stevens himself with regard to the first of the wonderful carvings from New Zealand which he had to dispose of. As a matter of fact, the carvings fetched double the price set upon them, and the auctioneer went in person to hand the cheque over to his client's agents. Having done this, he jumped into a 'bus to return home. Lying on the seat was a weekly illustrated paper, and on the page to which Mr. Stevens turned, upon picking it up, was an article upon the very carvings he had been paying for. Pictures were also given, showing how the dwellings of the makers were ornamented with them. Seeing that Mr. Stevens at the time thought that he knew more than anybody else in this country about the matter, he was not a little surprised.

Wonderful is the Maori tattooing, and much might be said about the torture undergone during the process. We are here interested, however, in the heads of the chiefs, which were preserved after death, and, still showing the fine arabesque patterns, have found their way to the sale-rooms at Covent Garden.

Mr. Stevens has made a picture of two of these dried craniums, with a pretty little model of his between them, giving it the title of "Past and Present."

In another human head sometimes sold, the skull has been removed and the skin shrunk by a process known only to the Jivaro tribe of Indians in South America, so as to retain the original features. The mouth is sewn up, so that no secrets may be revealed, and the result kept as a trophy. As such heads are no longer allowed to be exported, owing to the action of the authorities in Ecuador, they are becoming rare, and a specimen may fetch from ten to thirty pounds.

Nothing more gruesome could well be imagined than the musical instrument from Paraguay which we are able to represent. The skull acts as a sounding-box, and is made into a drum with the aid of the victim's skin, and ornamented with his hair. It is rendered still more ghastly by the lower jaw, which is attached but remains freely movable.

Of considerable recent and historical interest are the "Benin bronzes," of which three are here pictured. Most of those which have reached this country were discovered in a storehouse in the King's part



SOME BENIN "BRONZES."

These include a large bell, a typical plaque, and a fine head. The latter sold for thirty, and each of the others for twenty guineas.



"A HAPPY FAMILY."

Some of the members, including Mr. Stevens's trained dog.

of the town a little time after it was captured at the beginning of 1897. Though designated bronzes, these works of art are really made from a mixture of copper with lead and zinc. All sorts of theories have been advanced as to the origin of the work—on the one hand it has been suggested that in it we see relics of an older and higher stage of civilisation; on the other, that the plaques and bells and figures generally were taken in war and kept as fetishes. It is known, however, that the pure negroes of Benin were discovered by the Portuguese in the fifteenth century, and it seems almost certain that under the influence of these Europeans the "bronzes" were made. Indeed, in the designs are many representations of what are evidently Portuguese, with their characteristic clothes, accoutrements, and matchlocks. In a large plaque, weighing forty or fifty pounds, all the figures sacrificing the bullock are in native dress, while the single figure in the background is undoubtedly a European. Only one copy in metal was taken from



OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY.

The kittens are the most difficult animals to keep in position during the taking of their portraits.



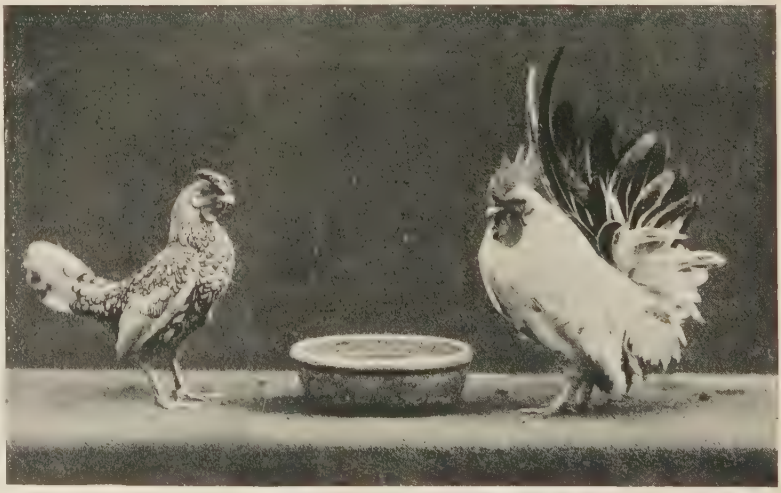
"CHINA AND JAPAN."

Two feathered pets that often have to pose before the camera.

each wax model, which, after a mould had been built round it, was melted out and the alloy run in to fill its place. To get out the casting the mould had to be destroyed.

In several pieces of this exquisite metal-work stone axes were shown, and in many representations of the elephant's trunk the end was modified to represent a human hand. It is almost needless to say that the "bronzes" realised very good prices, quite a number selling for fifty or more guineas.

The heterogeneous character of these sales is one of their endless charms. Every region under the sun, every age and degree of civilisation, take a share in building up the most extraordinary medley. We may start with Rome or Troy and jump from Mount Carmel to Japan, or from Peru to the bed of the Thames. We may find objects from tropical Africa touching the felt jacket that Nansen wore in the Arctic regions, or a horned toad and a tarantula spider over against a priceless print of treasure trove. There seems to be no word in the English language that would cover even a small



"JAPAN" IN FRESH COMPANY.

portion of the series. Bric-à-brac might perhaps be useful for a time, but a few dozens of glass-rope sponges soon crop up to show its weakness. The opportunity is taken to include under "China, etc," the mummy of an Egyptian princess, the skull of an insurgent leader killed by the Spaniards, a piece of the skin of Burke, the murderer, which has been tanned, and a slipper worn by Queen Victoria. After what has been mentioned it would only be a work of supererogation to allude to any of the series which the auctioneer himself terms miscellaneous.

When speaking of the sale at Knowsley, mention was made of emus hatched at that place. This presupposes that the birds can be induced to lay their eggs in England, and thereby hangs a tale. Some years ago Sir Henry Peek gave a new-laid egg to Mr. Stevens, and the latter conceived the idea of making a dish of it to set before his friends. Pressure of business, however, caused the entertainment to be put off until the egg could not even be claimed as "equal to new." Since then Sir Cuthbert Peek has come into the title and estates, and one day, not long ago, Mr. Stevens told him of his former plan, with the result that the first egg produced was carried down to King Street. Some days after, Mr. Stevens assembled his guests at the Camera Club, to the number of eight or so, and the writer was privileged to be among them. The great event of the luncheon was, of course, the "emu's egg omelette," but among other dishes were "kangaroos' tails *à l'Australienne*" and "saddle of reindeer." One must not forget, too, that the Queen's health was drunk in prime port of 1851, of which Mr. Stevens brought a "magnum" from the King Street cellars. The omelette was pronounced to be excellent, and second helpings were asked for all round. Thanks to the size of the egg, which weighed two pounds, they were forthcoming. The kangaroo was also very good, and the reindeer was like mutton, somewhat, but with a grain as in beef.



A STUDY IN WHITE.

A most successful photograph of white orchids.

The work which Mr. Stevens does for love will almost speak for itself, though we can only show some of the many kinds of subjects with which this all-round photographer has been successful. Having dabbled with the wet process in years gone by, Mr. Stevens more recently turned his attention to the dry process. The energy which he put into his pursuit, and the good taste and excellent judgment he brought to bear on it, resulted

in his gaining the medal of the Royal Photographic Society in the first year of his work. Twice since has he obtained the same distinction, and he was awarded the *Graphic*'s prize for his picture, "Worn Out," over the heads of some thousands of competitors. We reproduce this photograph of the old, old woman, with her equally aged donkey and cart literally tied together with string. Mr. Stevens's portrait of himself stands at the beginning of this article, and he is equally happy in catching the expression of others. He never touches up a negative; any one that he considers faulty is condemned. Skill in lighting inanimate objects, and in bringing up their details (no easy matter in many cases), is shown by the illustrations having reference to the other part of this paper, and is still further evidenced by the photograph of the white flowers which we reproduce. The difficulties that beset such a subject are well known to everyone who has the slightest knowledge of the art of the camera.

Most of the pictures are careful studies; none are snapshots, and perhaps in nothing does Mr. Stevens's aptitude and patience manifest itself more clearly than in his excellent portraits of animals, often in "happy families." Think what the preliminary training of the cats, dogs, and rabbits must be! and even Mr. Stevens has to allow that before he can make his time-exposure, to get the detail he requires, a recalcitrant kitten—for these animals are the most difficult to deal with—may attempt to depart and have to be put into place thirty times or more. Such a picture as that of the two chanticleers, entitled "China and Japan," could only have been obtained as a result of an untiring patience.



"WORN OUT."

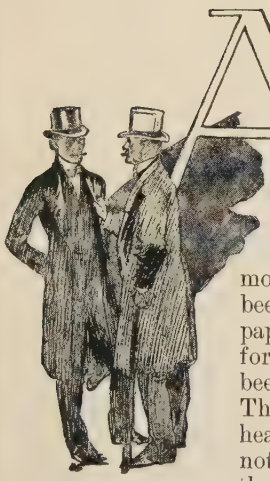
Mr. Henry Stevens's celebrated photograph which gained the prize given by the "Graphic."

CITY CHRONICLES.

By BARRY PAIN.*

No. II.—GREASEWELL'S HOUSE PAINTS.

Illustrated by A. Forestier.



A VERY nervous condition characterised the speculative and investing public at the moment. A few months before it had been tickled by the papers into coming in for a boom; and it had been caught in a slump. Then it wiped its forehead and said that nothing was safe except the old-fashioned respectable concerns that gave you five per cent. in a good year. Next week Leslie's broke and altered the suicide statistics.

All this was noted by Mr. Alfred Peach, millionaire and company promoter. In the present state of the markets he felt especially glad that he had never been caught out yet. He was spoken of with respect. His companies were all of them flourishing; they were all dividend-payers, and some of them paid a very fair dividend indeed. As long as they did that, no inconvenient questions were likely to be asked as to how Mr. Peach had made his money. As a matter of fact, his system had always been to give the public as much as he thought good for them, and scoop the rest. Some people diddle the public; Mr. Peach thought this a mistake, except within reasonable limits—you may want them again. There were one or two inventors who walked about the City, raging against Mr. Peach; but in the City they allow a special extra broad margin for inventors. They go on their knees to be financed; terms are fixed and the financier adheres to them; and then the inventors think they have a right to go about grumbling. The inventors did Mr. Alfred Peach no harm, and the public confidence in him did him a lot of good. In spite of the nervous tension, Mr. Peach had no doubt that the public would come into his "Greasewell's House Paints, Limited," as soon as it had a chance, seeing that Mr. Peach was the chairman, and remembering that Mr. Peach had done them good aforetime. That, indeed, was the general opinion, and the stags prepared to be busy.

Alfred Peach was a dried-up man of fifty-five, taking little or no pleasure in the things that money can bring, and immense pleasure in making more money. He was fond of chess, but chess is cheap. He was no sportsman, and had never owned a yacht or a racehorse. He was very abstemious, more from temperance than conviction; he smoked one cigarette per diem after dinner and drank a very little claret-and-water. Personally, he cared nothing for splendour and luxury, and he did not want a title; but he meant to be a baronet one of these days; his wife wished it. He mostly did what his wife wished.

One morning, shortly before the public appearance of "Greasewell's House Paints, Limited," Mr. Peach was in his office in conversation with Mr. St. John Bulstrode, of Somnerley Park, Weybridge. The two men were strangers to each other, but Bulstrode had written to Peach with reference to an electrical invention, and this interview was the result. Bulstrode was a clean-shaven man of thirty-five, tall, good-looking, and well turned out. Peach looked almost insignificant beside him.

"Well, now, Mr. Bulstrode," said Peach, "what have you got and what do you want? First, what have you got? I don't know anything about electricity; so put it simply. Excuse me if I seem abrupt, but my time's precious."

"Certainly. My invention gets electricity direct from heat. At present you get only fifteen or twenty per cent. out of your coal."

* Copyright, 1900, by Barry Pain, in the United States of America.

"Where's the rest go?"

"Up the chimney and in the latent heat of steam. My invention gets seventy-five or eighty per cent. out of the coal."

"I see. That cuts down the coal bill. What other bills does it run up instead?"

"None. My generating plant is cheaper in the original cost, as well as in the working, than any other."

"Pardon me if I don't seem enthusiastic. You see, if this were all right, it would be such a very, very big thing. Now, I get a lot of things brought me; and it's my experience that most of the very big things are all wrong. To come to the second point, what do you want?"

"As I said in my letter, I want you to take this thing over and sell it to the public. I'm not a man of business; I was never brought up to it. I'm an electrician that has worked on one thing for ten years and has got it. Of course, I have private means, or I could not have done it; electrical experiments on a large scale are costly. Now I have got it, I want to sell it well. There you can help me; you understand company business and you have a great name with the public."

"And, putting it plainly, where should I come in?"

"If you took the thing up, you would come in as partner on even terms."

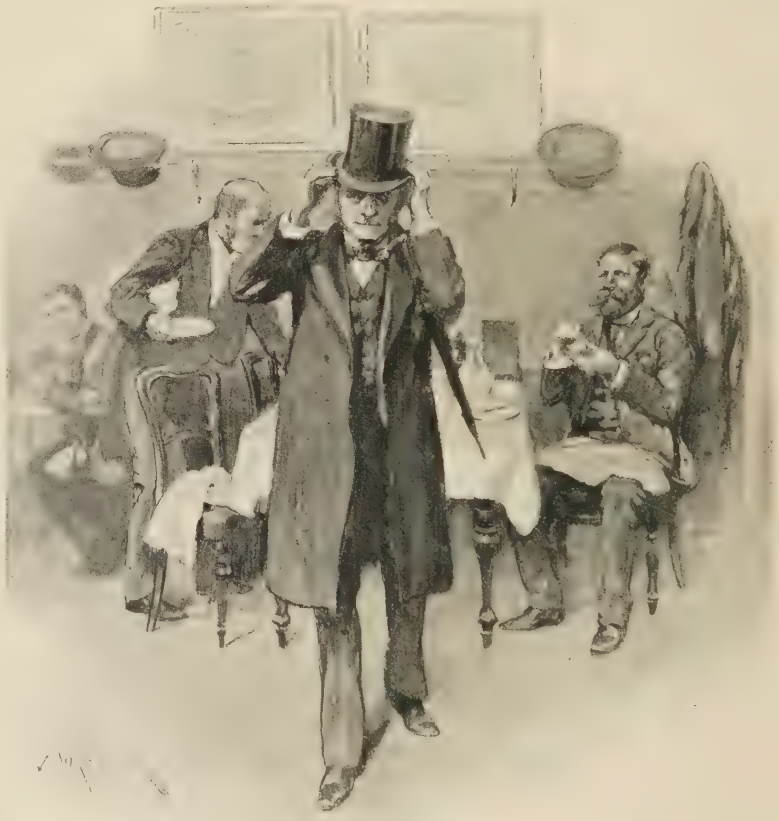
"It's worth looking into. Where's it running?"

"At my place Somnerley Park, Weybridge."

"When could I send a man down?"

"Whenever you like, if you come as well. Not at all, if you don't. You see what I mean? It is, as you say, a big thing. For that reason—and I don't say you're wrong—you suspect it already. If your own engineer comes down without you, you will be but little more convinced than you are now, and the thing will drag on. Come down yourself; don't leave me alone with your man for a moment; that's what I want. I mean the examination and report to be beyond the possibility of a doubt. I am offering you a half share in a thing that is going to revolutionise the electrical business and decrease the price of the electric current something like three hundred per cent. But, understand me, Mr. Peach, I am not offering this for nothing. It must have your time and personal attention from the start. What have I to gain if you do come down and find the thing rotten?"

"Nothing, that I can see. You don't want money, and the thing is finished instead of being still in the air—two points in which you differ from the ordinary



"Twyford, watching his departure, wondered if Peach had ever trusted anybody."

inventor. Still, you might be a crank, just a plain crank, deceiving yourself. You don't look that type, though. I don't see how I can come; I'm too busy; I've got this company on my hand just now. . . . Well, I don't know; if I did, it would have to be an evening. . . . But you might just as well let me send an expert."

"You may bring twenty experts with you, if you like."

"Now you're getting simply obstinate," said Mr. Peach.

But his mind was already made up. It was something more than an ordinary big thing; it was gigantic. Apart from his profits from the partnership with Bulstrode, the mere knowledge that such an invention was completed would turn to millions. It was a chance that could not be let go. And, now that he had decided that, his one fear was that somebody might get in before him.

"Well, then," he continued, "if you must have your own way, would Tuesday night next week do?"

"Perfectly."

"I can't make it quite a certainty. Our lists (that's Greasewell's thing, you know) close on Wednesday at noon. By Tuesday afternoon I expect to know that everything is all right. Barring accidents, I shall be there. What time?"

"If you could meet me at Waterloo for the five ten, we might travel down together. Of course, I shall be only too glad to put you and your experts up for the night. I think we can make you comfortable. The only thing I don't like is asking you to work after dinner."

"That's very kind of you. I never mind work; I don't do much sleeping. It will be all right about my being at the office here early on Wednesday morning?"

"You shall breakfast any time you like."

"That's good. Then, if my man likes the look of your machine, we can go into the question of the patents and so on afterwards. In a fortnight I should be able to give my time to you almost entirely."

"I've got counsel's opinion on the patents already. I thought you would want that first."

"No, I begin at the beginning. First, is the thing worth patenting? Then, are the patents good? See?" Mr. Alfred Peach rose from his seat. "Well, Mr. Bulstrode, you may expect me at Waterloo on Tuesday. I shall be there by five."

"That is, barring accidents," said Mr. Bulstrode, also rising.

Mr. Peach smiled. "To tell you the truth, we are not very much afraid of them. We haven't underwritten a single share. The public have always followed me, and they've always had something. Leslie's was a bad business, and I wish it hadn't happened. Of course, we knew in the City that they were weak a year before. But this is quite a different thing, and I don't fancy Leslie's will hurt us. In fact, though I don't often give tips, you might do worse than to apply for a few Greasewell's, and resist the temptation to sell them at a profit on the day they're allotted. Let me see, is there anything else? If I want to leave my engineer for a day or two to look into things a little more thoroughly——"

"Certainly, he can stop until he's satisfied."

"Thanks. And, look here, whom else have you taken this thing to?"

"Nobody else. You are the only man we want."

"That's all right. And—well, I shouldn't talk much about it, if I were you. You see, it can't do any good, and might——"

"Of course. You may depend on me. Address at the Cecil till Tuesday. I don't return to Somnerley Park till then, but I'll write to my engineer to have everything ready. Good-morning, Mr. Peach, and many thanks for your kindness in coming down."

"Not at all; I hope it will be to our mutual advantage. Good-morning, Mr. Bulstrode."

Then Bulstrode went, and Mr. Peach spoke through the telephone to his old friend Twyford, the electrical engineer, and arranged to lunch with him that day. At luncheon Mr. Peach said—

"I want you to go down to Weybridge with me next Tuesday evening, to look at something for me and report on it."

"Very well; what is it?"

"Probably the usual mare's nest. In that case I lose nothing but a little time and your fees. If it's not that, it's the biggest thing I ever heard of."

"I must put the fees in proportion," said Twyford jokingly.

"If it's right, you won't want any fees. You'll make a fortune. I've got to let somebody else in because I don't know anything about electricity, and I've picked you because I think you're a man I can trust. But, mind you, I don't want anybody besides you let in. Two's enough. You must come prepared to stop a week at the place, and

perhaps longer. Tell 'em at your office and at home that you have to go down into the country on business for a few days, and you'll let 'em know when you'll be back. You meet me at Waterloo at five on Tuesday. You'll be there?"

"Yes, I suppose so. You're very mysterious."

"Don't you mind that, Twyford. If this is right, you won't regret a little preliminary mystery. And, in any case, you'll be no loser. Two o'clock! Bless my soul, and I've got six hours' work before me! Goodbye. See you on Tuesday."

Mr. Alfred Peach hurried away. Twyford, watching his departure, wondered if Peach had ever trusted anybody. Mr. Peach himself would have confessed that he had not often been guilty of that weakness. But he had trusted somebody that morning—to wit, Mr. St. John Bulstrode.

* * * * *

Mr. Bulstrode lunched at the Hotel Cecil; his companion was a man of quiet manners and gigantic frame, whom he addressed as Bill; and Bill addressed Mr. Bulstrode as Jeff or Captain. Bulstrode did most of the talking.

"He's in mortal fear that somebody else will get hold of it," said Bulstrode. "You may take it for a certainty that we shall only have the two to deal with, Peach and his tame expert. Peach thinks he's going to make another fortune, and he is not a man that cares to share things more than he can help. You, myself, and the Frenchy can manage the two all right."

"There'll be a week of it, Captain, and one has to sleep sometimes. If we had Jim as well——"

"Won't do. Jim must be here to watch the market and operate at the right time. Besides, there must be no traceable connection between him and us. Your wife and Berthe can help at plain watching, so long as there's one of us in call. If all goes well, we shall be able to take a long rest afterwards; you must not mind a little discomfort for a time. It's a pretty big *coup*, you know."

"It is. About the hottest thing you've done yet. I wasn't thinking about discomfort, though. My only idea was that it would make us sick if we got him and then didn't keep him."

"We shall keep him. My fear is that we shan't get him—he's a very shy bird, and if he gets any suspicion he'll be off, and we shall have lost our trouble and a good deal of money besides. To start with, you meet us at the station with the carriage. For Heaven's sake don't forget that you're my coachman! Your livery's all right, and as you've got nothing to say, you can't go wrong there; but there are some little points. For instance, when we first come up to the carriage you will want to look round to see what sort of a man Peach is. Don't. Look straight before you and touch your hat like this. See? The Frenchy will be all right as butler, because he was used to that kind of work before——"

"Before he got into bad company," said the big, quiet man, with a grim smile.

"Quite so. Besides, anything odd in his manner would be put down to his being a foreigner. Berthe's rather a mad little devil, and I'm not sure she won't make a fool of herself when she's waiting at dinner. You and the Frenchy must coach her well when you get back. Remember that the house must look as if it were inhabited by a wealthy bachelor of position, of refinement, of scientific tastes. You'd better buy a few pounds' worth of really good works on electricity—they must be recent books—and put them about; for, though Peach knows nothing, his expert will know a lot."

"Won't he bowl you out?"

"Not a bit. I decline to talk shop till after dinner. It is not until we are smoking our cigars after dinner that they are to find out that there is anything wrong. Your wife's a clever woman, luckily, and will cook to perfection, and she will see that the table looks right. Think out each detail, practise, rehearse. I want the thing to go smoothly—artistically, in fact."

"You're a little doubtful whether we shall get him. I'm afraid he or the expert will get away, or manage to get a message sent, unless we take the rather forcible measures to which you object. Frenchy is quite sure we shall get him and keep him; but then he's afraid of something else."

"Yes," said Mr. St. John Bulstrode. (And if that was not his real name, neither was it Jeffrey, neither was he a captain.) "Frenchy is not used to doing things on the large scale yet. He thinks that the bigger the *coup*, the greater the risk must be. But it is not so. In fact, the total risk is less. The little sneak-thief has to be always at it in order to make a living, and we know what happens to the pitcher that goes often to the well. The man who conducts an operation, as we are doing, with a view to influence

the price of a stock in his favour, can afford a long rest. If we get him and keep him, I don't admit even the possibility that we could be caught."

Then the waiter entered with the coffee and found the two men discussing with animation the new piece at the Gaiety.

* * * * *

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Peach and Mr. Twyford found Mr. St. John Bulstrode said Bulstrode. "Perhaps he will find that there is nothing in my little invention, and that I have merely wasted your time. I have been very busy, and have only just posted my modest application for the House Paints myself."

"The funny thing is," said Peach, "that some fool is selling them. I fancy I know who it is, and he'll burn his fingers over the job. It's not the first time he's come up against me, but I am pretty sure it will be



"Suddenly he made a dart for the window and yelled 'Murder!'"

waiting for them on the platform at Waterloo. Mr. Peach was in good spirits. "Greasewell's House Paints" had already been subscribed twice over.

"If poor electrical engineers had any capital to play with," said Twyford, "I'd have some more of them."

"Ah!" said Peach, "Mr. Bulstrode here is going to give us all more capital than we shall know what to do with."

"That will be for Mr. Twyford to decide," the last." The little man looked quite fierce.

But Mr. Peach did not know, though he thought he knew, who was selling. Mr. St. John, who had not, as a matter of fact, applied for any shares, really did know; the shares were being sold under different names on behalf of the Bulstrode gang.

Mr. Bulstrode's brougham was waiting for them at Weybridge Station.

"I shouldn't much care to have a row

with your coachman. Mr. Bulstrode," said Twyford, after they had got in and driven off.

"He's a big man, isn't he? Fortunately, he's not pugnacious—one of the quietest of men, really."

"He's driving us very fast," said Mr. Peach rather nervously. "You are sure he has the horses under control?"

"Quite. I always keep fast horses. You see, Somnerley Park, my little place, is a good many miles from the station, and a long drive is apt to be tedious. As a rule, I have the dogcart and do the driving myself. By the way, this is a neat little thing I bought at Waterloo. Seen it? Opens just like a pocket-book, and takes no more room."

It was a pocket chess-board; the pieces were so arranged that they could not be upset by the jolting of a carriage; and if a game were interrupted, the board could be folded up and put in the pocket without disturbing their position.

"I've always been meaning to get one of those. It's a capital idea."

"You play, then?"

"Yes; I'm not first class, but I'm very fond of it. But for the fact that Twyford would think us unsociable——"

"Oh, don't mind me!" said Twyford. "I'll watch the game; or it is not impossible that I may take a nap."

The game was prolonged, both men playing very carefully; it was still unfinished when the carriage drew up.

"Here we are," said Bulstrode.

Twyford awoke and stretched himself. "Had a good game?" he asked.

"Excellent. We must finish it to-night."

The front doors were thrown wide open, and a servant of slightly foreign appearance came down the steps to the carriage.

* * * * *

Dinner was over. It had been a simple but pretty little dinner, well served, but for the fact that the parlourmaid who helped to wait on them had a curious tendency to smile when anybody said "electricity." And the word was used quite a good deal, for it was at dinner that Twyford was first told the nature of the invention that he was to examine. He at once became as keen as mustard, slightly incredulous, and full of questions. It seemed to him that Peach's one daily cigarette took an unusually long time to finish this evening, and even then Mr. Bulstrode lingered, sipping his coffee and talking chess. At last he seemed to notice Twyford's impatience.

"You're eager to get to work, I see. Very well, we'll give you ten minutes start of us. The machine's running in the *annexe;* my man will show you the way. You'll find it very simple, and wonder that you never happened to think of it yourself. My engineer's there to tell you anything you want to know."

Twyford did not need much persuasion. As soon as he had gone, Mr. Bulstrode turned to the sideboard and picked up the pocket chess-board that they had used in the carriage. "The fact is," he said, "I can't get this game of ours out of my mind, and I've got an idea that I see my way now. Do you mind?"

"To tell the truth, it's been rather haunting me, too. Let's see. It's your move."

They played on in silence for a few minutes, and then Mr. Peach, after a careful scrutiny of the board, rose from his place. "You're too strong for me," he said; "it's your game."

"Yes," said Mr. Bulstrode meditatively, as he cut off the end of his second cigar, "it's my game."

"Well, now," said Mr. Peach, "it is not for me to suggest, but perhaps Twyford will be expecting us. Eh?"

"I can answer for it that he will not. Pray sit down again, Mr. Peach. There are one or two explanations with regard to this electrical invention of mine which I should make before we go any further. Won't you sit down again?"

Mr. Peach looked somewhat surprised, but sat down. "Well?" he said.

"Firstly, there is no electrical invention for you or Mr. Twyford to see. My knowledge of electricity is elementary, and I have never invented anything. If I had invented anything, I should not have brought it to you. If I had offered it to you, I should not have offered it on those terms."

"Are you mad? What on earth does this mean?"

"No, I am not mad. I wished to get you away from London at this juncture for a week. I have got you. You will remain here for a week——"

"I shall do nothing of the kind," exclaimed Mr. Peach excitedly.

"Don't interrupt me, Peach, or you may make me angry. You will remain, because you will not be able to get away. You may shout for assistance, for instance. The house stands a quarter of a mile back from the road, and it is a lonely road. You will not be heard. Similarly, you will not be able to



"He went to the balustrade and peeped over."

bribe my servants to send a telegram for you or let you out. For, just as there is no invention, so also there are no servants. Those you have seen are my partners, playing the *rôle*. Your friends will not be able to trace you when they miss you, for you have left the address, 'Somnerley Park, Weybridge.' Just as there is no invention and there are no servants, so also there is no Somnerley Park. The house you are in is called something quite different, which I will not bore you with. Also, they will not find you at Weybridge, because this house is twelve miles away from Weybridge. It was a long drive, as you might have noticed if you had not been wrapped up in your game. I do not want any vulgar violence, and, so long as you do not try to escape, there will be none. You will not be locked up or chained, and I will make you as comfortable as I can. But one or other of us will always be near you, and any one of us would much sooner shoot you then let you escape."

"This is not just a joke?"

"It has its amusing side," said Mr. Bulstrode, "but that is accidental. From your point of view it is deadly earnest."

"Now, look here. I've got to be back in town to-morrow. If it's not a joke, it's money. I'll give you a thousand and my word of honour not to put the police on—not to say a word to a soul about it. I'm a man of my word. One of you can go up early to-morrow, send a wire for me—which you can read—to my office, and cash the cheque over the counter at ten. When he's got the money he can wire back to you to release me; so that I don't go until the money's actually in your hands."

"You still seem to think I'm a baby, Peach. I wouldn't trust you, but we can leave that point out; the absurdity is in talking about a thousand. What do you think it has cost me to get you? I've had to take this place furnished for three months—couldn't get it for less—and we shall not occupy it for three weeks. Do you think a man can live at the Cecil for nothing? And don't think that I am fool enough to spoil a big *coup* by any silly little minor swindle; every penny is paid. Then there are four of us—apart from the two women—three here and one in London; and the one in London is forced to spend a lot to cover his tracks, as you will discover later when you try to track him. We four expect at least two thousand five hundred each, after all expenses are paid. If you could put down eleven thousand, now, I might let you go and take my chance. But you yourself would be a fool to do it. Sit here quietly till your week's out, and you won't lose a penny. Other people will, but you will be all right."

"Don't you see?" moaned the millionaire, his head between his hands. "The public's as nervous as a cat just now. Mysterious disappearance of the chairman of Greasewell's House Paints! They'll drop like lead, and they were a quarter premium this afternoon and will be better to-morrow until the news comes. Look at the disorganisation, too."

"The other directors will rub along all right without you."

"They're all fools—that's why I picked 'em; they can only do what they're told."

"Your fault; not mine. The shares will drop, of course, and there are likely to be some queer stories about you. But what does that matter to you? Behave nicely, and we will let you go back in a week. You and Twyford will tell the story of the way you were kidnapped. Then the reaction will set in and the shares will go bounding up again higher than ever. In fact, it would be idle to deny that it was in view of such fluctuations in the market that we arranged to get you here and keep you here a little."

Mr. Peach glared at him for a few moments in silence. Then he sank back in his chair. "What an infernal scoundrel you are!" he moaned. "This is criminal conspiracy, you know. And when you're caught, you won't like it."

"Don't talk rubbish, Peach. I don't take immense trouble to make money unless I am pretty sure that I am going to keep it when I have made it. And do behave nicely; for if you don't, I shan't, and you won't like that. Don't, for instance, use offensive language."

There was a long pause. Mr. Peach sighed. He looked broken and dejected. "What have you done about Twyford?" he asked at last.

"A friend of mine—who acted as our coachman to-night—has in all probability just finished explaining the situation to Twyford; and, unless I am mistaken, Twyford will accept it. He is a commonplace man and will see that he is losing nothing; he is here on your business, and you will have to pay him. If he attempts to get away, he risks losing a good deal—his life amongst other things. I am sorry to inconvenience him in any way. But you must see for yourself that we have no choice."

Mr. Peach stared blankly before him and

said nothing. Then his shifty eyes roamed round the room. Suddenly he made a dart for the window, flung it open, and yelled "Murder!" at the top of his rather small voice. A dog barked. Mr. Bulstrode laughed. Nothing else happened.

"Now," said Bulstrode, "you have been behaving like a child and must be treated like one. You will have no breakfast to-morrow morning. Take my advice and let us make your enforced stay here as little unpleasant for you as possible. Accept the situation; come into the library with me and see if you can't improve your game at chess. At present you are only good second class."

locked from the outside. Later, when they would have got tired of watching, and satisfied themselves that he was safe for the night, it would be worth while to reconnoitre.

At three in the morning he dressed himself, put his boots under his arm, opened his door noiselessly, and stole out. The passage was quite dark, but there seemed to be a glimmer of light coming from the end where the staircase was. When he reached the staircase he saw that the light came upward from the hall. He went to the balustrade and peeped over. Below him in the hall sat the pretty French girl who had helped to wait upon him at dinner. She



"'Good-bye,' said Twyford. 'Awfully obliged for those electrical books.'"

Mr. Peach paced the room once or twice.

"All right," he said at last. "I'm done. Come and show me where I went wrong in that game." And he followed his captor into the library.

But when he got to his bedroom that night the idea of escape again occurred to him. He was not an athletic man, and he did not fancy the idea of letting himself down from the window by a rope extemporised from his sheets and blankets. But what else was there to be done? He pushed up the window very softly and looked out; from below came the deep growl of a dog. He pulled the window down again hurriedly—that was no good. But his door was not

was no longer dressed as a servant. She wore a somewhat elaborate tea-gown, and was smoking a cigarette and reading a yellow-covered book. On the low table beside her were a cigarette-case and ash-tray, a small bottle of champagne and a glass, an electric reading-lamp, and a revolver. Mr. Peach watched her for a minute or two, and then—as stealthily as before—crept back again to his room.

Mr. Peach had no breakfast that morning, and he did himself unusually well at luncheon. At that hour, in London, the newsboys were shouting, "Mysterious disappearance of a millionaire!" the evening papers were selling remarkably well, and people were tumbling

over each other to sell "Greasewell's House Paints."

* * * * *

A week later Mr. Bulstrode's carriage, driven by the same coachman as before, drew up in the road about four miles from Weybridge Station. The blinds were drawn. Mr. Bulstrode stepped out, followed by Mr. Alfred Peach and Mr. Twyford. The latter was in the best of humours and had taken the whole thing as a splendid joke.

"Sorry we can't take you any further," said Mr. Bulstrode politely. "However, it's a pleasant morning for a walk, and you will have no trouble in finding your way. Your bags will be waiting for you at Waterloo. I'm afraid my hospitality has been of rather a rough order, but under the circumstances we couldn't have any regular servants, you see. Good-bye, both of you. Your friends will get a surprise when they play chess with you again, Mr. Peach."

"Good-bye," said Mr. Peach sulkily. "Come on, Twyford."

"Good-bye," said Twyford. "Awfully obliged for those electrical books."

"You're most welcome," said Mr. Bulstrode. "They are of no more use to me."

Twyford turned to the coachman. "I forgot to settle over our piquet last night. Twenty-three and six, wasn't it? Good-bye."

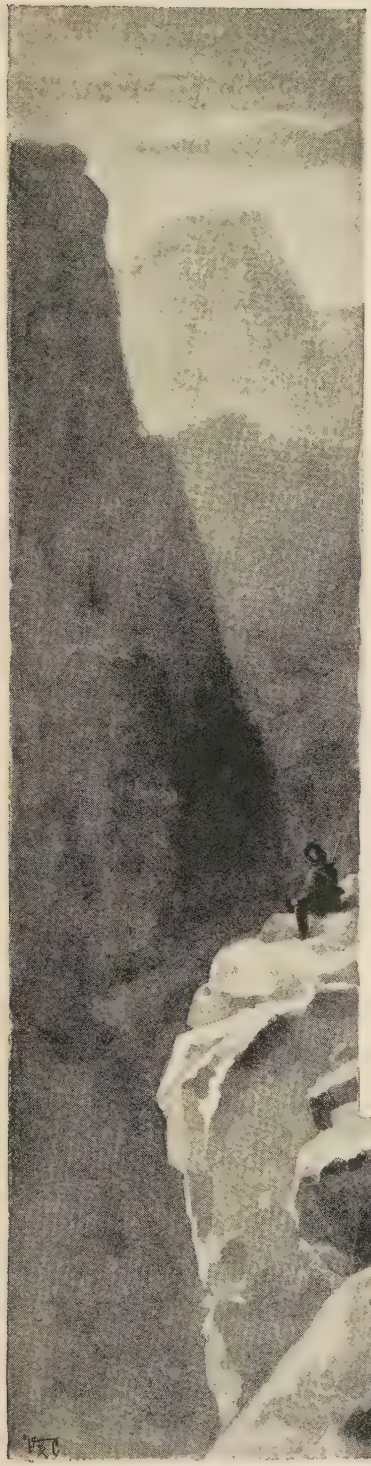
The gigantic coachman took the money, touched his hat solemnly as if he had received a tip, and then burst into a hearty laugh. Twyford also laughed. Mr. Peach did not. "Come on," he called impatiently.

* * * * *

Scotland Yard succeeded ultimately in finding the house to which Mr. Peach had been taken. When they found it, it was in charge of a policeman and his wife, who were acting as caretakers. They were paid by the owner by arrangement with the tenants, who had been compelled to leave before their term was up. But though that owner gave the detective every assistance in his power, they never found Mr. St. John Bulstrode or any member of his gang.

"Greasewell's House Paints," which ran down to ½ during the period of Mr. Peach's disappearance, in spite of the energetic protests and declarations of the other directors, rose to $2\frac{3}{8}$ within a fortnight of his return. If the Bulstrode gang are taking a much-needed rest, it is probable that they can very well afford it.





FIELDS FOR FUTURE EXPLORERS.

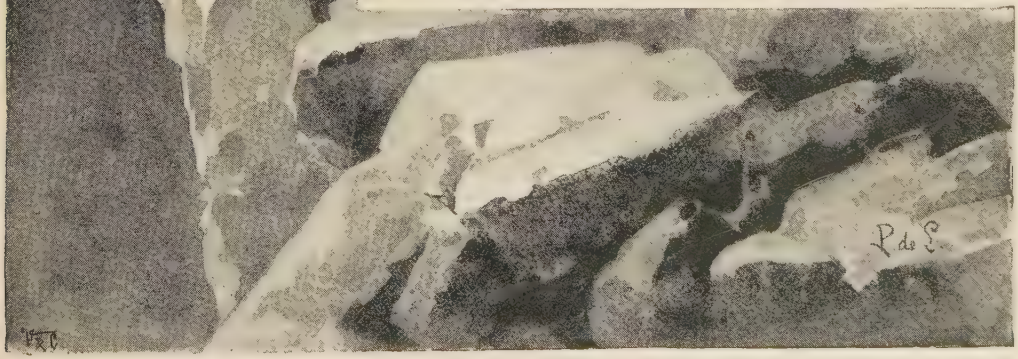
By SIR HENRY M. STANLEY.*

THE last half of the nineteenth century has been remarkable, among other things, for the many geographical novelties that explorers have brought from Africa. In less than five decades this long-neglected continent has been opened by enterprising pioneers, converted into civilised states and protectorates, become thickly dotted with Christian missions, and fairly laid open to civilised enterprise.

In the first decade, 1850–60, we had the sources and course of the Great Zambesi River, with its wonderful Victoria Falls, made known to us. The Tanganyika, the longest lake in Africa, was also discovered.

During the second decade, 1860–70, we obtained a rough outline of the Victoria Nyanza. The Nile was thence descended throughout its whole length. The Albert Nyanza, another feeder of the Nile, was discovered, and soon after Lake Nyassa appeared to grace our maps, while various surveys in other parts assisted to convince us of the profound ignorance of those earlier geographers who had described Inner Africa as a vast desert.

Between 1870–80 was still more fruitful of results from exploration. We had first the sources of a new river of the first magnitude, and its lakes, Mweru and Bangweolo, revealed to us. This river a short time afterwards was proved to be the Congo, by a descent along its entire course from where the discoverer of its head waters had left it. Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika were circumnavigated. An ascent of the snow mountain Kilima Njaro was made; Kenia, another snow mountain of similar magnitude, was discovered; a better knowledge of the Lower Niger and its principal tributaries was gained;



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the Ogowai was explored; and the gorilla haunts of Northern Gaboon were visited.

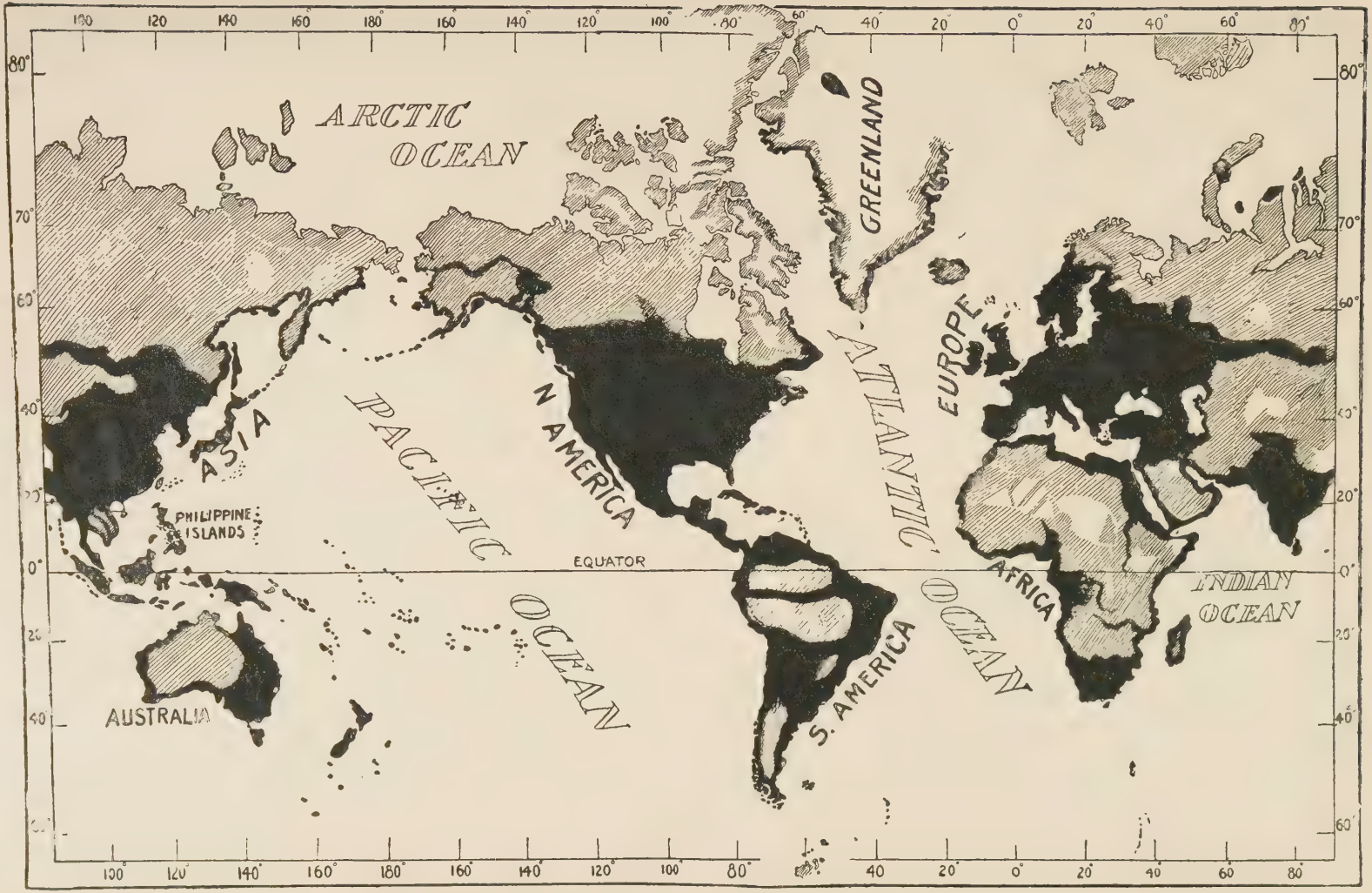
The fourth decade, 1880–90, was still richer in results, and so great had been the progress of exploration that all the civilised Powers in Conference responded to the general wish that the ownership to the territories discovered should be acknowledged, and certain rules and principles laid down for future procedure. Out of the Berlin Conference the Congo Free State came into existence, a free trade zone was delimited, French Congo was defined, and the limits of Portuguese claims made clear. At the conclusion of the Conference the European Powers commenced a scramble for African possessions, which lasted several years. German warships coasted round the continent, and seized upon the Cameroons, the Gold Coast, Namaqua and Damara Land, and a large section of East Africa. French travellers distinguished themselves by annexations to the North of the Congo and in the Western Soudan, until many countries, whose names had been hitherto unknown, had been converted into a French colonial empire of unprecedented extent. Italy entered Abyssinia, established Erythrea, and made the whole horn of Eastern Africa an Italian protectorate. Finally, England became infected with the land-hunger, and, though reluctant and protesting, extended British rule from the Cape to the Tanganyika, absorbed a large portion of East Africa, and expanded her West African possessions. During this period South Africa advanced in popular esteem by leaps and bounds, on account of its increasing outputs in diamonds and gold, and the Congo region disclosed its wealth of ivory, rubber, and hard woods, and a forest which rivalled that of the Amazon for its extent and possible productions. Its tributaries were explored to their sources, and new lakes were found, and almost every month something new and strange was told of its hydrography and topography. The Niger region came also prominently forward because of its human myriads, who were discovered to be past their savage state and already developed into industrious barbarians. Nyassaland, which in the sixties was deserted for its deadly record, took a new start and became a land of promise for coffee planters.

In the last decade of the nineteenth century the scrambling for territory ceased, and most of the Governments have, of late, turned their attention to the development of their African possessions. They have ringed them with custom-houses and garrisoned forts, and are jealously policing their frontiers. Regiments of natives have been drilled and uniformed, missions, schools, and churches are flourishing, and every symptom of the slave trade, which was fast devastating the interior even in the eighties, has completely disappeared. The enormous area of Inner Africa, which but twenty-three years ago was only a white blank, is now known to geographers and governments as the Uganda and East African Protectorates of Great Britain, German East Africa, Mozambique, Rhodesia, Angola, Congo Française, Congo State, the Cameroons, Nigeria, and Southern Soudan, which are administered by their respective governor-generals and thousands of European officials.

It will thus be seen that geographical novelties have already become scarce even from Darkest Africa. Societies devoted to the science of geography still hold their *séances*, but their halls are no longer crowded with breathless audiences thrilled with the stories of startling discoveries, and applauding the newest thing from the heart of mysterious Africa. It is now the period of railways and telegraphs and steamers. The Congo's broad waters are disturbed by hundreds of steamers, the Nyassa is rapidly becoming like a Swiss lake with its many steam ferries, the Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza have already seen the pioneers of the steam fleets which are to follow. The Congo and Uganda Railway, the trans-continental telegraph line from the Cape to Cairo, which is hourly advancing towards the north, with Lord Kitchener's railway from Cairo to Khartoum lately opened for traffic—make mystery and novelty impossible, and greatly narrow the field of the pioneer explorer.

And yet the first decades of the twentieth century may still reveal to us astonishing things from Africa which are little suspected now. While the world lasts we shall never quite exhaust the region. Even at this time there is a company being floated in London to utilise the discovery of a nitrous deposit just found near the site of ancient Memphis. If any spot on earth may be called old, surely that is; and yet, after 6,000 years of human occupation, it has rewarded the explorer.

Therefore, though Africa's main geographical features are fairly familiar to us, in its recesses are to be found many and many a secret yet. Nay, I venture to say, despite my preamble, that the continent remains, for most practical purposes, as unknown to us as when the Victoria Nyanza and the



MAP WITH SPACES LEFT SHADED TO INDICATE TERRITORY STILL TO BE EXPLORED.

Congo were undiscovered. The map is well filled, the late white blank has become black with the names of mountains, towns, villages, settlements, and tribes. But what of that? They are but the distinguishing terms of their respective localities, and are useful for reference. This work has occupied twenty-five centuries, and the devotion of countless explorers, whose object was not to examine detail, but to reach some *objectif*, and who had no time or opportunity to do more than note the more prominent features along their routes. What lay underneath their steps, or lay hidden in the forests and woods they passed through, remained unnoticed until accident revealed it. Thus English travellers and settlers in South Africa passed over the diamond-fields and occupied farmsteads over the treasures of the gold-mines for scores of years, without once suspecting the immeasurable wealth beneath. Thus several travellers whose business it was to explore—came within viewing distance of Ruwenzori without once suspecting that its snowy crown might have been seen three miles above their heads. Consequently it may be inferred that, though the map of Africa has been darkened with names, the investigators of the future may make brilliant discoveries little dreamed of by the pioneer surveyor.

The work of the old class of African explorers may be said to come to an end with the last year of the nineteenth century, though there remain a few tasks yet incomplete, which I shall presently mention. The twentieth century is destined to see, probably within the next decade or two, the topographic delineation of a large portion of the continent by geodetic triangulation. For the more the various states and protectorates ripen under the influence of their civilised governments, the more will exact surveys be needed to settle conflicting international claims, as well as for purposes of revenue and administration and the security of property in land. Good work of this kind has already been done in Somaliland, along the Anglo-German frontier in East Africa — between Nyassa and Tanganyika, along the Anglo-Portuguese boundary line south of the Zambesi, in Tunis, Algeria, and Abyssinia. If all the Powers owning territories in South and Central Africa were to unite in this necessary work, we should not have to wait many years for an accurate map of the continent.

Meantime, however, there are certain exploring tasks of an interesting character which might well invite young men of means and character to undertake them. Those who are fond of Alpine climbing, and aspire to do something useful and worth doing, might take either of the snowy mountains Ruwenzori, Kenia, Mfumbiro, and thoroughly explore it after the style of Hans Meyer, who took Kilima Mjaro for his subject. There are peaks also in the Elgon cluster north of the Victoria Nyanza over 14,000 feet high, which might well repay systematic investigation. It is not the tourist who runs up a mountain and starts for home to say that he has done it that is wanted, but the intelligent explorer who undertakes to make his mountain his special study, and will give us a full and accurate monograph of these lofty heights which in the not distant future are destined to be often resorted to for the recuperation of the wearied lowland toilers in the tropics.

British East Africa contains two sections about which we are very ignorant. One embraces all that region lying between the Jub River and Lakes Stephanie and Rudolf. The other extends from Lake Rudolf to Fashoda on the one hand and Southern Abyssinia on the other. A thorough knowledge of these two regions would throw much needed light on the main routes taken by the ancient migrants from Abyssinia, whose blood, blending with that of the primitive tribes south, has produced that warlike race who have fought their way down to Zululand. Two exploring expeditions, well conducted, would settle the sources of the Jub and the Sobat, define the northern reach of the Mau Plateau and the southern limits of the spurs extending from the mountainous mass of Abyssinia. Between these some interesting lakes ought to be found.

Another region which is very promising is that which extends between the Tanganyika and Albert Edward Lakes. A knowledge of its geography and hydrography is very much needed. A dozen explorers have touched the edge of the region, but only one can be said to have crossed it. His intelligent observations have rather excited than allayed interest. We wish to know where is the separating line between the head of the Kivu Basin and that of the Albert Edward. We are told of active volcanoes and clusters of mountain peaks of unusual height. A thorough investigation of this part would discover the south-western sources of the Nile and the eastern sources of the Congo. The people inhabiting the region would be

found to be among the most interesting of any in Africa, from the fact that, unless we are much mistaken, they are relics of a great prehistoric migration cooped up in that peculiar recess formed by the Tanganyika to the south, the mountain chains to the east, and the great Congo forest to the west, while the war-loving races marching to the south moved past them apparently unheeded and unheeding.

The next bit of real interest for the explorer, where there is no doubt he would find something worth the telling, is a lengthy strip barely fifty miles wide, but 700 miles long, lying between 28′ 40″ E. and 29′ 30″ E. and between 4′ N. and 8′ S. Earnest and systematic work in this part of the Congo Free State would settle many geographical questions, such as the exact line of the great upheaval which occurred at the subsidence of the vast trough wherein lie Lakes Albert, Albert Edward, Kivu, and Tanganyika. From the western slopes of this long upland, which is believed to be now mainly forested, rise the head waters of the Welle-Mubangi, Aruwimi, Chofu, Lowa, Lindi, Lira, Luama, and other rivers How far east does the forest extend along this line ? How far west does the open country reach ? In what part of this region should be located the centre of the seismic disturbance which made such a huge earth-rent ? How many volcanoes are still in operation along the gigantic mole which has been piled west of the chain of lakes ? Though several explorers have crossed this region, their traverses are mere threads of travel and disclose but little of its character; consequently it forms, in my opinion, an ideal field for an intelligent explorer.

Beyond these there are no great virginal tracts unexplored, though included within the rapidly developing countries above-mentioned there are abundant opportunities for sound geographical work. Nor must we forget that the great lakes of Africa also offer tempting objects for intelligent research. We have no idea as yet of the nature of their beds, or of their depth, or of their fauna, and their outlines have been but imperfectly sketched. Yet these lakes cover about 75,000 square miles of Inner Africa. Young explorers, properly equipped with instruments, and intellectually and constitutionally fitted, would find the charting of the lake-beds absorbingly interesting. If strength and inclination permitted, the various lake-basins might also be included, which would be sure to yield important results.

It might be mentioned also that every

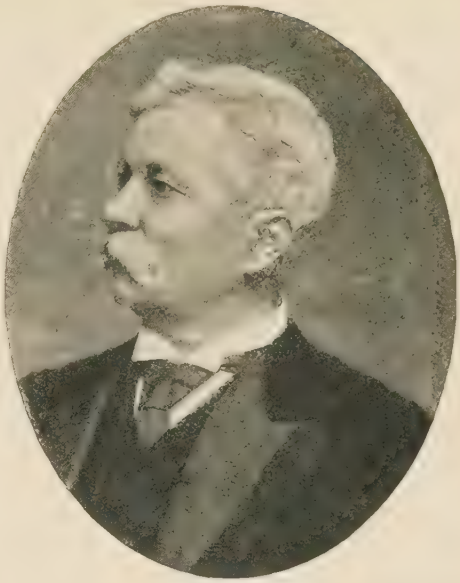


Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry*

SIR HENRY M. STANLEY.

traveller is in the habit of bringing his own altitudes, above sea-level, of these lakes. It is really time that some explorer should come forward with the determination to ascertain the altitude of the Victoria Nyanza or Tanganyika by the theodolite and spirit-level, previous to making a trustworthy survey of these lakes.

The President of the Royal Geographical Society lately said that South America contained a larger unexplored area than Africa. Though the statement should not be taken too literally, it is certainly true that there are considerable areas awaiting exploration. West and North-West Brazil contains several parts as little known to the European world as the darkest parts of Africa. The debatable territory between Ecuador and South-Eastern Colombia, parts of Cuzco and La Paz in Bolivia, the Peruvian Andes, the upper basin of the Pilcomayo, and an extensive portion of Patagonia are regions of great promise to geographical investigators, and whence valuable results may be anticipated. Young students of maps should not be led astray by seeing them crowded with names, but remember that these are often set down on hearsay for the purpose of distinguishing by a word little-known regions. One of the latest explorers of the extremity of South America, Dr. Moreno, says that he could not be accused of exaggeration if he stated that where Darwin received the first impressions

of his grand ideas was among the least-known regions of the earth, and one which should awaken the greatest interest. He continues: "A great part of the Andean Cordillera is completely unknown, both as to its topography and its geology."

The formation of the plains of Argentina, of its renowned Pampa, and of the Patagonian tableland, are still waiting solution. The fauna of the Andean Lakes is still a mystery; those who are engaged in the study of the past history of mankind would find an ample harvest.

Of late, since Colonel Prejvalsky's explorations in Mid Asia, the world has been interested in the exploits of explorers like those of Younghusband, James Rockhill, Littledale, and Sven Hedin, who have found something new even in that old continent. The twentieth century will not find Central Asia so difficult of access as it was during the nineteenth.

The Great Siberian Railway will afford many a starting-place for explorations to the south, and the fifth part of the Asiatic continent which lies between Lake Baikal and the Himalaya range furnishes a very large field for them. Sven Hedin has made a brilliant record by his late exploit in traversing the heart of Asia, and it will be singular if his successful exploration will not stimulate others to emulate his hardihood and daring. Tibet has long withstood the attempts of travellers to penetrate it for a systematic survey. Our knowledge of the country, though on the whole considerable, has been gained furtively and by snatches or short rushes, and resembles somewhat the manner by which Europeans during the early part of this century endeavoured to reach the interior of Africa. Malaria and savage man opposed them everywhere, just as the jealousy of the Chinese and superstitious ignorance of the Tibetans oppose modern travellers. Perseverance will conquer in the end, and both Tibet and China will have to yield. Arabia and Persia also have much to unfold, and await the Wallins, Palgraves, Burtons, and Doughtys of the future, wise and tactful travellers, accomplished in the language of Omar and Ajim, learned in Oriental history and saturated with Eastern lore. The mission of such will be to resurrect the dead past, delve among old ruins, revive the forgotten histories, and forecast the methods by which these venerable races may be brought into touch and communion with the busy world which abhors exclusiveness.

There are many tracts in Australia still unknown, but these may safely be left for the Australians, who have shown themselves peculiarly qualified in every way to solve all geographical questions affecting their interests.

Those of the twentieth century who may be more inclined to the icy regions than to the tropics or temperate zone have ample space to test their powers of endurance. The last half of the nineteenth century has been exceedingly indifferent to polar lands and seas, though we are not altogether without splendid examples of what we could have done had we been so inclined, and the map shows only too clearly what territory we have gained from the once unknown North. Still there is a vast region remaining for the explorers of the twentieth century. North of 60° parallel of latitude in the Northern Hemisphere lie Greenland, Baffin Land, Northern Canada, and Alaska, which contain large patches of white through snow and lack of geographical delineation. The last years of the century have witnessed a growing interest in the northern extremity of our globe, and we are yet in doubt as regards the fate of poor Andrée and his companions, among the last to essay the North Pole. In 1900 we have heard much of the departure of an Antarctic expedition to explore that vast circumpolar area, extending over thirty degrees of latitude, which lies in the Southern Hemisphere.

In this necessarily brief sketch it must not be imagined that I have included all the tasks that must engage explorers. Hundreds upon hundreds will find ample work in correcting, revising, and refining the hasty work performed by pioneers in Africa, America, Asia, and Australia, until the highest point of accuracy and precision has been attained. There are signs that the world is getting impatient with sloven and inexact work, and expects superior merits in the explorers of the future. This is but natural, after being satiated with novelties; and another reason is that perhaps the increase in the number of geographical societies has been so great that the geographical public has become more learned and fastidious in its tastes and requires the best that can be obtained. As the societies are so willing to coach intending explorers and prepare them for their tasks, I have no doubt that such men as they need will be forthcoming, as amply endowed with physical powers and mental fitness as any who ever ventured into the unknown.

THE WHIRLIGIG.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.*

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

The opening chapters of this story introduce Francis Bothfield, a cosmopolitan Englishman of thirty-five, who had been "born in Paris, breeched in Vienna, educated at Göttingen, and domiciled, for varying periods, in half the cities of Europe. He was still a wanderer among the civilised places of the earth; blessed with a genteel sufficiency; a dabbler in the arts; negatively entertained by his fellow-men, and rarely pricked enough by their contact to be cynical." Arriving at Amaro, with the intention of studying the picture gallery, he finds the city in a state of almost revolutionary excitement over the impending trial of Count Gottfried von Incke, who is accused of intrigues both political and scandalous. His arrival at the hotel arouses the sudden interest of three officials who are acting on behalf of the Crown, though it is not till a considerably later date that this is explained by the fact that he bears an extraordinary resemblance to Gottfried von Incke. He is kidnapped by these officials for their own purposes, and, while crossing the city in a closed carriage, falls in love with a girl whose face he sees for a moment at a window. He is subsequently compelled to undertake a hasty journey towards the border, dressed in the overcoat of the man whom he so strangely resembles. The journey ends in a carriage accident, which enables the fugitives to be overtaken by the Prince, who imagines he is pursuing the acquitted Count von Incke, and is determined to fight a duel with him to satisfy his own honour.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. BOTHFIELD REGAINS HIS LIBERTY—



It was the strong arm of one of the pursuers, tugging and hauling at him under the *débris* of the carriage, that brought Mr. Bothfield back to the knowledge of a world of trouble. He tried to sit up and nurse his head, which had grown painful and unaccountably heavy. Presently he understood that the body of the vehicle was resting upon it, and he made haste to find fresh air, with the help of the arm. His rescuer was lying on his belly, groping at such portions of the hidden human as he could grip, and by his assistance, and his own blind endeavour, the Englishman was dragged to light. It was not a very brilliant illumination, consisting merely of a horn lantern, and the rather amateurish effort of a few stars, and for a second or two Bothfield saw nothing but some indistinct figures about him and the crowding wall of the forest. Presently, as his sight grew clearer, and the night air sharpened his senses, he made out Cossebaude.

The Captain was sitting against a pine trunk, bareheaded, imbibing something from a flask that another man, in Bodyguard uniform, was holding to his lips; and Bothfield fancied he was not so much injured that he could find no pleasure in the occupation. The wreck of the carriage blocked the road before them. The significance of the group, however, lay in the fact that Cossebaude's sword was hanging by its belt where it had been pitched into the thicket, and that the ministering angel's left hand held a revolver. Nevertheless, the parties seemed on friendly terms.

Bothfield tried to scramble to his feet, and a hand, grasping him by the skirt of his borrowed plume, plucked him back again, while he understood, rather than felt, that the muzzle of a pistol was somewhere near his ear. So he, too, was a prisoner. And again the freak of human intelligence made him think, first, that he was near to solving the matter of his kidnapping, and, secondly, that Cossebaude would now learn by personal experience how irksome his situation had been, before he remembered that he had only exchanged one gaoler for another.

"Is the Prince here?" he heard the Captain question faintly.

"He is not far behind. I would not be in your shoes for something. This is the most flagrant violation of his Highness's demand, as transmitted from him by me directly the verdict was given."

"I act under the order of my superior."

"Who is the Prince's subordinate. Merkewitz and Holseg are in disgrace."

"Oh, they'll scrape out of it somehow,

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"The muzzle of a pistol was somewhere near his ear."

and, if promises are anything, I shall get off equally lightly. The Prince cannot make an example of his officers for preventing him doing an unconstitutional act. He'll see that when his anger cools. . . . *Lieber Gott*, how my head aches! And there is something infernally wrong with this left wrist."

A man, whom Bothfield afterwards understood to be the young Army surgeon who was the Prince's household doctor, left the recumbent and groaning coachman and inspected the injured member.

"Only strained," he said, and proceeded to extemporise a bandage. Then, to distract his patient's attention—"Well, let's hear all about it before the Prince comes."

"He is furious," put in Bothfield's captor.

"I expect so." Cossebaude gave a weak chuckle. "I'll tell you the whole story. It was this way: Merkewitz and Holseg came to me just before the trial, and said that the Prince was determined Incke should not escape punishment by his hand. If he were condemned, he would go into his cell

and fight the duel *à l'outrance* with him there; if he were acquitted, his men should seize him as he left the prison, and convey him to a shrubbery in the Palace gardens."

"Yes, I know." The doctor nodded. "I had instructions to attend."

"It had to be prevented. How could the Prince be allowed to jeopardise his life, perhaps fling it away heedlessly? Incke is one of the cleverest scoundrels in the country, and if not the Prince's equal in honest sword-play, he would be more than a match if an opportunity to play false fell to him."

Bothfield felt his guard's grip tighten on his arm. He gave an involuntary wince and was about to speak, when a hand was clapped over his mouth.

"Not a word, you rascal. It is true, and you know it. *Ach*, that Amalia should breed such a reptile! Go on, Captain. The fellow does not seem to like your criticisms. He struggles."

"Who?" said Cossebaude. "How? Ah, yes, I see." He went off into as hearty a guffaw as his condition would allow. "Keep his mouth shut for him, good friend; he will have enough to say presently. . . . Well, as I was saying, it was arranged that, in the event of an acquittal, Incke should be deported out of his Highness's reach. For my part, I was entrusted with the charge of a—certain person, to convey him from the Palace of Justice along the Muspringen road, and to get a good start before the hue and cry began. The Prince sent Lieutenant von Clausewitz——"

"That is I," nodded the guardsman.

"I believe so—sent you to tell the Governor of the House of Detention to deliver Incke to him, immediately after he had been withdrawn there to await the dispersal of the crowd at the end of the trial. An answer was returned——"

"That he had been released already. That was false," broke in Bothfield's captor. "We suspected as much and set a watch on the exits of the Palace. I was in the main alley leading to the town at dusk, and I saw you leave. But why, in God's name, did you not sneak off more quietly? We are none of us anxious to risk our Prince. It might have been a Royal procession dashing out of the gates."

Light had been long in penetrating to Bothfield's mental vision; but it burst upon him now. An exclamation bubbled to his lips, to be choked back by the hand of his guardian. He was ready to foam at the mouth as he saw the egregious fashion in which he had been trapped and tricked, to play a walking part in this petty State drama. He saw Cossebaude's explosion when he remarked upon the familiarity of Incke's features; he recalled the secrecy with which he had been hurried through the streets, and the misrepresentation of the feeling of the populace that had been used to keep him out of sight. His memory flashed back to the conversation in the balcony—the conversation to which he had listened so carelessly, and which had been the foundation of all his subsequent calamity. Familiarity! The counterpart of Incke's face—not exactly, it was true, but sufficiently like to make him the instrument of the Prince's deception—looked at him from his glass every morning. It was a curious resemblance, accentuated by the coincidence of the moustache, and as it appeared to the trio, projected beyond the screen of the hotel balcony, it must have looked like a shaft from the bow of Providence, drawn to ease them of their dilemma. And the overcoat put the finishing touch to the likeness. As a false scent, dragged across the real traitor's trail, how well it had served its purpose! Now, if he could only explain—only protest that the fraud must be unveiled—only get rid of this insolent hand that stifled his eloquence, he would unmask the Captain's perfidy and be free. Free! Bothfield felt as if liberty were a possession to which he had been a stranger for years.

He writhed and struggled, and the diversion caused the conversation in his ears to break off suddenly. What Cossebaude's explanation of his tactics might have been was not to be known, for the demand for it was forgotten in the zest with which Clausewitz also fell upon him. Breathless, man-handled, and choking with rage, Bothfield opposed the double onslaught tooth and nail.

"He is certainly the Devil himself," said the other, when the victim was successfully mastered, and lay with his arms pinioned and a handkerchief stuffed in his mouth, face downward in the road. "He fights like an angry woman." He stood upright and wiped his face. Then he held up his hand and pointed a warning finger.

"Hark! I hear hoofs approaching; it must be the Prince. Here, doctor, give us a hand to lift this fellow out of the road before his Highness comes upon us."

The doctor obeyed, and Bothfield was swung up by the head and the heels and placed against a tree stump. When the jar

of the removal, which was not too tenderly carried out, had passed, he found that the hoof-beats were throbbing rapidly nearer. His captors sprang to attention, the doctor swinging the lantern so that its light played down the road. It touched the sandy track and the thicket, and glanced from pine to pine as they fanned their drooping branches in the breeze, and then it died against the velvety blackness of the forest, and the curtain of listening silence that closed upon the scene. The drum of hoofs grew at a mad pace, and out of the night dashed a horse and his rider, galloping so furiously that they almost overrode the men. They reined back within half a dozen paces of the overturned carriage.

"What's this?" demanded an imperious voice.

"Your Highness's servants — Noden, Clausewitz, and Kretschmar," said the doctor, as spokesman. "And your Highness's prisoner—as desired."

His tone found an echo in the triumphant manner in which his companions saluted. Cossebaude, blundering to his feet, followed their example, and the Prince dismounted.

Bothfield saw a fair, good-looking young man of some thirty-eight years of age, a man whose face showed hot blood and determination, and whose carriage evinced a sense of his position. The tightening of the impatient mouth, and the quick frown that came as he took in the details before him, betrayed the stubborn temper against which Merkewitz and his men, too often defeated in the open field, had flung a forlorn hope in their latest stratagem.

The Prince's glance fell upon the wreck.

"What the devil does this mean?" he said, and he looked from one man to another with a cold stare before which their air of victory melted. "My orders were that there was to be no violence; but this place looks like a battlefield. Dr. Noden, explain."

"It is an accident, your Highness," blurted the doctor. "We—we had nothing to do with it. They were running away, and they ran too fast and upset, and then we overtook them. Captain Cossebaude was in the carriage, as reported, *and*——" he indicated the muffled Bothfield with a motion of the hand. "Captain Cossebaude has suffered a little, and the coachman has a slight concussion; but I assure your Highness the injuries are not serious."

"It is enough," said the Prince. He took a couple of strides towards the coachman and seemed to make a note of his battered appearance, and then he retraced a step and stood before Cossebaude.

"And so," he said slowly, but with cutting emphasis, "this is how my faithful officers of police follow out my wishes! I am to be thwarted and disobeyed in my own city, by a knot of treason-mongering busybodies? And you, sir, *you* have played a part in to-day's disloyalty!"

"I obeyed orders, sire," said Cossebaude, in a meek voice, which Bothfield scarcely recognised.

"Orders, sir, when your Prince was in question? Oh, I know the value to put upon your fealty henceforth. There will be heavy punishment meted out to those who have participated in this disgraceful affair, be they high or low. I see your sword has been taken from you, as I instructed. You must wait before you wear it again in my service."

He turned away from the policeman with a scornful gesture, and Bothfield felt his heart beat quicker as he saw that he was now, for the first time in his life, to be the object of Royal attention. His grievances surged to his tongue. The Prince paused in front of him and contemplated the muffled, shapeless bundle in silence for a moment.

"At last!" he said, and a great sigh of relief came into the words. Then, in a tone which was not intended for other ears—"Ottilie, I dedicate my sword to thee! God will defend the right."

He paused with bowed head, and then he moved back and motioned his men forward.

"Unfasten the prisoner," he said. "And doctor, do you make preparation for our return to Amaro. We have a matter to settle in the Palace garden at sunrise.

The doctor saluted and vanished to where the horses were tethered. Clausewitz and Kretschmar, vying with each other in their haste to untie the knots they had drawn with so much vigour ten minutes before, dragged Bothfield to his feet and tugged at his bonds with a readiness that was not without its painful aspect to the prisoner. The Prince, his arms folded across his breast, stood sentinel in the shadow, the branches of a hemlock waving a canopy above his head, and the glitter of a distant star reflected in the jewel that dangled on his coat.

The attentions of his late gaolers had their effect, and Bothfield's bonds dropped from him. He stood out in the night, with liberty once more within his grasp, and realised for the first time in his life the blessedness of



''Fools! Rascals! Blockheads! This is not the man'

heaven's free air. In truth, our frog-man of yesterday had had his blood warmed to some purpose in his four-and-twenty hours' experience of Amalia. His head ached atrociously, and he felt a becoming nervousness in the presence of an exalted personage; but withal there was joy that his hour of reckoning was at hand, and that the road to Amaro was about to be opened to him. He was afraid that his face had suffered in its recent difficulties, and an unbidden imp, that perplexed his brain for an instant, queried whether a black eye, won by misadventure, would be a recommendation or an offence in the sight of one of the fair sex. But the whimsical inquiry fled as the rope fell from his arms, and he saw the other men step aside, their hands resting on hidden firearms, so that the Prince might speak with him alone.

"Gottfried!" said the Prince. "The time——"

He broke off suddenly, snatched the lantern from Kretschmar's hand, and thrust it into Bothfield's face, with a movement so impetuous that our hero skipped like a grasshopper and shot a full two feet into the air. He saw a change darken the face before him, and he shrank back, startled by the anger the recognition—or the lack of recognition—had branded on the Prince's features.

"Fools! Rascals! Blockheads! This is not the man!"

There was a silence of consternation. The three huddled together like sheep, and a revulsion of demeanour that would have been ludicrous to anyone with time for a gust of humour, turned them into guilty schoolboys.

"I repeat! Pig-dogs! did none of you have the sense to identify the man? Was there another in the carriage? But, no, I see the trick; this fellow has a look of Incke that would make him an easy decoy. . . . And in the meantime Merkewitz is outwitting me, and propelling, I make no doubt, my enemy beyond my power of vengeance. . . . And you, miserable man! Is it not true that you are here to deceive me?"

"Your Highness——" Now that Bothfield's tongue was loose at last it stammered wildly, casting about it for the virtuous flow of speech his mind had rehearsed. Alas! It was not forthcoming, and the incoherence that supplanted it wore an air of damning confusion to his interlocutor. "Your Highness—yes—no—it is a deception, certainly, but I am not——"

"That will do." The Prince held up his hand. "I will deal with you later, sir. . . . Understand that I may be duped *once*, but he who jokes with me untimely will rue his temerity. You shall be laid by the heels, sir, till I have leisure to allot you punishment. . . . What! you dare to speak again? Another syllable, and you shall return to the conditions in which I found you. Presently, no doubt, we shall see how the law as interpreted by my judgment will deal with your offence. Now I turn to Captain Cossebaude and command him to furnish me with the history of the plot, and to spare no details of the affair to my hearing."

In the space in which the Prince turned his back upon him and the attention of the others was drawn to Cossebaude, Bothfield's sense of treble injustice led him to a resolution. He had lost his opportunity of being heard, and who could tell what Cossebaude—whom Bothfield's imagination pictured in vague but imminent peril, so thoroughly had his glimpse of intrigue performed its mission—what the Captain would say to save himself from the results of his perfidy? He had the Prince's ear; surely the talent for deception which he had shown before his dupe would find fresh employment in self-exculpation! Bothfield, a stranger, a worn-out tool, a victim, had nothing to depend upon but his own exertion, and with a rapid review of the situation he flung his eggs into the one basket. Even before the Captain's story had reached three words, he had spun about on his own axis, cleft the line of forest behind him, and taken to his heels among the darkness.

There was a monstrous stir and hubbub in the roadway, and he heard somebody, whose zeal outpaced his discretion, bound after him through the thicket and pull up short, with the crash of a shattering lantern. A chorus of contumely buzzed within wake of the catastrophe, and it was probable that the pursuers, in their haste to seize and rekindle the light, were knocking heads and barking shins against the trees and against each other. A revolver snapped, but no bullet stirred the air in Bothfield's direction, and as a second shot did not follow he concluded they were too much at sea to fire again. He sped on blindly, dashing into tree-trunks, falling over roots and stones, his clothes torn by brambles, his face smarting from the buffets of twigs, and his heart bursting with the effort to out-distance the men who cried after him.

The chase lasted for some ten minutes, and in that time Bothfield added to his growing

experience the sensations of a hunted hare. With a cunning which he had not suspected he possessed, he twisted and doubled, and at every turn he made in the blackness of the forest he was rewarded by hearing the pursuit grow fainter. It died at last into a mere whisper, and that one that faded in the wrong direction. Bothfield's flight slackened, and he found himself able to walk warily and study the local geography. The city, he knew, lay to the south ; and so, by means of an observation through the tree-tops, he laid a course by the stars, and was rewarded in due time by finding himself upon the metalled road.

He pricked out cautiously into the open, where the starlight, after his sojourn in the tree-crowded wilds, seemed to make a brilliant illumination, and where he trembled at the distinctness of his figure. But a scrutiny of the road to left and right showed that there was no human being within range, and with that and the stillness of the air he plucked up courage enough to call a halt and consider his position.

His bruises and his damaged clothes called for first attention. If, as he intended, he were to face the eyes of men without delay, it behoved him to patch himself up to the best of his ability and make the bravest show that he found possible. He dipped his handkerchief in the ditch by the roadside and washed his face, twisted up his moustache anew, and wiped his boots. Then he trimmed a ragged trouser-edge with his penknife, and scooped the forest earth out of his nails. His tie, which was dangling like a hangman's noose—it was an unpleasant suggestion, and Bothfield shuddered—he retied as well as he could, and finally he took off the borrowed overcoat and looked it over.

After all, it had suffered wonderfully little ; much less than its new master. It was an excellent garment, as Cossebaude had said : well-cut, thickly padded, and of good English cloth. But, as it stood, it was a danger-signal, and, if recognised, might trap him once more into the toils from which he had just freed himself. Bothfield's first errand in the city should be, as he determined, to a barber's, where perhaps the sacrifice of his moustache might rid him of his likeness to the Count of Incke. If that were so, need he shed the coat ? It was a chilly night, and he had always been warned to be careful of his chest.

He weighed the coat in his hands while he deliberated, and as he did so a crackle from its interior struck upon his ear. It had the sound of paper, and he forced his hand into the pockets at once. But they were empty ; and he had no time in which to reflect upon the circumstance, or to consider that there might be deeper hiding-places in a coat than an open pocket. He decided that his ear had been deceived by the rustle of the silk ; and thus retention won the day, and he buttoned himself again into warmth and turned his face to Amaro.

Mile after mile he tramped, while the night deepened, and at every sound before or behind he fled, as a cat flees, into the hedgerow, and crouched there breathless, till the passer-by had gone. He was only disturbed twice, and on each occasion the interruption was caused by nothing worse than a belated peasant. He skirted a little village, through which he had passed with Cossebaude, and it proved to him beyond all further doubt that he was on the right road. But whereas it had been awake when last he saw it, with cheery lights in cottage windows, and the curl of smoke above the tiles, it was now dark and silent, and only the watchman, whom he was at great pains to avoid, broke the stillness with his heavy tread.

It must have been three o'clock when Bothfield felt the touch of the city against his feet and found that they had struck a kerbstone. He was still far from its heart, but the long country road began almost immediately to wear a trodden look ; isolated suburban villas, surrounded by acres of No Man's Land, began to dot the line, and the first market-carts, rattling over the stony thoroughfares, called the echoes from them. He plodded on wearily, and was presently greeted by a street-lamp ; and at this outpost of civilisation he stopped, and turned aside into the ditch that bordered a cabbage-garden, to await the morning. He was jaded, desolate, and sore, and the softness of his new refuge seemed to him, for the nonce, as restful as a divan. His fatigue might have led him to a well-earned nap, but that the problem of his future plans lay undecided.

To return to the Hôtel Bellevue to reclaim his baggage would be, Bothfield felt, to put his head into the jaws of the lion. His first acts would be to secure as easy a shave as the nearest barber could supply ; a breakfast—he felt uncomfortably empty after his exertions and his light picnic in the Palace of Justice—and, of course—yes, of course—a visit to the Consul, and pen and paper for a letter to the *Times*. Let him but get the majesty of Great Britain at his back, and the voice of its mightiest organ, and how bitterly these

rascally Amalians should repent the indignities they had thrust upon him! Bothfield, the man who had regarded Jingoes as savages, and who never read newspapers, looked forward eagerly to draping himself in the Union Jack and the columns of the *Times*. So vastly does personal experience modify the point of view.

There was one drawback to the early consummation of his revenge. What if the British Consul should, as seemed likely, insist on his retirement across the frontier before he unmasked his batteries? Bothfield felt a strange reluctance to the thought of shaking Amalian dust from his feet for ever. It was engendered by the same desire that had urged his weary feet onwards through the night, and that was now, in defiance of his conviction, whispering insistently into his ear that the best way to the Consulate lay through the Kellner Gasse. The old self and the new argued the question out at length, prudence and outraged dignity on the one side, and on the other—on the other . . . was it really but the flutter of a girl's eyelash? For the life of him Bothfield could not say; but when the stars had died and the dawn was clear, he found himself pressing cautiously forward, with many a backward glance, to the reek of the Reformers' quarters.

CHAPTER V.

—AND MAKES SOME USE OF IT.

The hum of life, which was audible as Bothfield neared the city, grew when he mounted the last hill of the suburbs. It came from the rattle of wagons over the cobble-stoned streets, and from the exertions of busy citizens as they opened shutters and scrubbed doorsteps and set out their wares for business. A blue haze of smoke drifted over the uneven roofs; already the *Hausfrauen* had been up some hours, and the day's baking was well under way. A faint but savoury smell greeted Bothfield's nose as he descended into the outlying streets; and he hurried onward, spurred by hunger and his anxiety to be deprived from one link, at least, that bound him to the Count von Incke. The first step towards the fulfilment of his desires was soon reached in a small bakery, and he had hardly penetrated five hundred yards further into the city proper, before a barber's sign invited his attention. He fingered his moustache in a last affectionate caress and entered the shop.

There was no customer in occupation—indeed, the little evil-smelling den had no room for others—and Bothfield, with a brief explanation, flung himself into the chair of office. The barber, an undersized, ferret-faced Amalian Jew, surveyed him craftily as he stropped his weapon.

"The Herr wishes to be shaved clean?"

"Certainly." Then with as indifferent an air as he could summon to him—"What news in the city? I am a farmer, and have only just come in from the country."

"Ah—ah, yes." The Jew stopped lathering to look his customer over with another crafty glance. "Exactly. News in the city? The Count Gottfried von Incke was acquitted yesterday for want of evidence, and it is understood he has left Amalia with all speed."

"I have heard that."

"Ah, yes! Well, there is little else. There is much public feeling against the Count—these Amalians, now, are foolishly fond of their Prince—and a crowd collected last night in front of Von Incke's late town residence and broke the windows. They would have killed him if they could. Such things have been in our history."

"Incke has left the country?"

"It is understood so. There would be short shrift for him here—as little as our public have usually for other criminals."

Again the cunning stare. Bothfield began to be anxious to be gone. He was beginning to understand that the risk he ran in the public streets was not solely that of being recaptured and condemned by the Prince, on the strength of Cossebaude's power of invention. Suppose—he shuddered—he were mistaken for Incke by a loyalist mob, what a position for a gentleman of refined habits! Clearly he must seek the Consulate without delay. And, yet, was it not an additional proof that once there he would be urged immediately to leave a situation so complicated?

He rose from his chair and studied himself in the glass, the little Jew, standing by, observant, with his head askew.

"How much?"

"Twenty florins."

"What!" Bothfield thrust his hand into his pocket and fingered the small handful of loose silver that lay there. Something in the Jew's eye made him pensive. "What do you mean?"

"That is just what I *do* mean. It is a hard time for the poor Hebrew, you see, *mein Herr*; and when a gentleman comes in from farming in the country—a gentleman

who has walked all night in beautiful, thin, patent boots—a gentleman whose clothes are torn—perhaps the police. . ."

The Jew's suspicions were in the market. To be handed over to the police, with Merkewitz and Holseg superseded by the Prince's orders, and the last night's party hot upon his heels! Anything but that, though anything might be, as his fears yelped, the risk of encounter with the multitude. But he had only a few marks in his pocket, and those must be hoarded until such time as he could prove his identity under the British flag and claim his property at the Bellevue.

"I haven't the money, nor anything like it." A sudden thought of a ready opportunity struck him, and he changed his tone eagerly. "See—take my coat in payment! You are an unmitigated rascal, but, as it happens, I am in a hurry."

The Jew shook his head, and fresh suspicions began to dart in his eyes. The acceptance of his demand had brought conviction, and he was not going to enter into any doubtful transactions.



"'What news in the city?'"

"No, no—I am only a poor Hebrew, but I have still a little brains. I would not have that coat, though"—he eyed it regretfully—"though it is so lovely a garment, for five hundred marks. But I will have the money!"

He glared at Bothfield and made a threatening movement towards the door. Bothfield's indignation carried him to reprisal.

"No, but you shall learn to blackmail a customer!" He thrust the fellow back with his hand and dashed into the street.

As luck would have it, a *droschke* was crawling by beside the pavement. Bothfield, with a glimpse of the Jew's face pursuing him, leapt into it and ordered the coachman to drive, post-haste, into the town. It is possible that, after all, the rascally barber had only been playing a game of bluff, and that he had no intention of calling the attention of the police to either himself or the stranger; but Bothfield did not breathe easily till the cab had covered the length of the street and he saw that there was no pursuit. One thing was reassuring, and that was that the Jew had evidently not perceived the dreaded likeness. But then, on the other hand, he had probably never seen Gottfried von Incke. Anyway, the incident had shown that there were unsuspected perils lurking in the city, and it stood, as a sign-post, to point him to his proper refuge.

The cabman drove on to where the traffic thickened, and followed the stream until it flowed into a humming market-place. Then he stopped, twisting upon his seat, and queried—

"Any further?"

"To the British Consulate."

Bothfield leaned back with the relief of a man who had overcome temptation, and, still suspicious, in spite of the placid appearance of the city, sheltered himself from observation. The driver shook the reins to start afresh, and then held back for a moment. A peasant girl, with an apron full of cabbages, darted laughing under his horse's nose. She was a sturdy-built, brick-complexioned young woman, the last in feature to awaken romantic interest, but her haste set a cluster of brown curls waving, as curls had waved round a face in an upper storey. Bothfield's resolutions vanished as swiftly as she passed, and he called again to the driver—

"Oh—ah! Drive round by the Kellner Gasse first, please—slowly."

So it was done; and by so slight a trifle the man's life was altered. His spirit was changing already, for the eager, impetuous cavalier was most distant cousin to the bored prig of the day before. He was afraid of his two perils—how be otherwise when these were the first his life had met?—but not too afraid to be reckless, and that was enormous revolution. It was true that he had already served a fair apprenticeship in the field of adventure in the incidents of the past four-and-twenty hours. But it was surely not the remembrance of what he had undergone that spurred him—he, so lately the unwilling—to the risk of fresh complications. Bothfield, sipping for the first time at the great magician's potion, smacked his lips and found it good.

They wound slowly on, at jog-trot pace, into the mean streets of the town, and the cab dived into the Gasse. At one twist of the way Bothfield had a peep at the *façade* of a half-hidden public building, and his wrongs came back to him with emphasis as he recognised it as part of the Palace of Justice. Let him but get a chance of revenge against the perfidious crew who had juggled so featly with his Anglo-Saxon person! . . . Then the mouldy exterior of the Weissen Hirsch came into the field of vision, and other matters were crowded out. He motioned the cabman to go at walking pace.

There was, in our hero's brain, a mob of irresolutions, and it is possible that it would have led to no stronger action than his cricking his neck to review a certain window. He had minds to step in, nonchalantly, to beg refreshment, to inquire for an imaginary person, to make a pretence of hiring a room; but none of these inspirations came to birth. Instead, opportunity sprang to life, full-grown, with the bustle of an opening door and of wrangling voices, as his vehicle crawled by.

The door, as it swung back, disclosed four persons in the passage-way, and two coarse and raucous voices drowned a cultivated one. The fourth member of the party was silent, but Bothfield, peering into the gloom, saw the girl of the window with distress upon her face, and with hands upraised against the churl who was hustling her towards the door. With her, a protecting arm upon her girdle, was a lean, long-headed man in a woollen cap and dressing-gown, with agitated grey hairs and mild spectacles askew. He looked like a rabbit among foxes, contrasted with the two dirty, sharp-faced rascals with whom he was in conflict; and so inefficient a guardian of female loveliness did Bothfield guess him,



"'Out you go!'"

that he leapt from the cab with the ardour of twenty, and, waving the cabman to await events, dashed into the *mêlée*.

"I assure you I am expecting the money! Gisela, my little pearl, does not your aged father speak the truth?"

"Oh, aye, aye! We've heard that tale too often!" said one of the men. "Meantime you take up three good rooms, and eat and drink like fighting cocks—a precious pair!—and Brother Karl and I may whistle for our money. No, no; this is not a place of charity. What you pay for, that you have."

"But I have paid already, much more than is lawful, I am sure. You are cormorants. Only wait until the Count sends, and do not turn us into the street, and you shall have more."

"'Twon't do—we have had enough of the two of you. Out you go!"

They resumed their hustling, and it was at this moment that Bothfield appeared upon the doorstep. His ideas of offering help were strong, but inchoate; his amazement, therefore, was great when the old man turned to him as if he had been expected, and greeted him as a saviour. For the moment he remembered the fatal resemblance and his heart stood still; he backed towards the door with an impulse of flight, and it was the words that fell upon his ears that checked him.

"It is the Count's messenger! I knew he would send. My dear sir, I am rejoiced to see you; you have come in the nick of time to save my daughter and me from a most awkward predicament."

His assurance had instantaneous effect upon the two innkeepers; they fell back in consternation, and a smile gleamed through the tears of Gisela. The vision intoxicated Mr. Bothfield, and he thrust himself forward with the expected air of authority.

"Exactly; here I am, you see, and at your service." The other men shrank back yet further, and Bothfield followed up his advantage. "Stand away, fellows. You shall hear of this!"

The man who had been alluded to as Karl assumed a cringing attitude.

"It is a mistake; the Herr von Radenstein mistook Brother Kurt. For him, as for me, we would not have harmed a hair upon his head. Your Excellency will assure the Count——"

"What I think fit, later. Stand back, I say again, and let us pass to the Herr's room!"

The happy combination of wit and chance had struck the right note. There was no hesitation in Bothfield's manner, however unsteadily his bosom might rise, and there was no suspicion elsewhere; only dismay and servility on one side, and relief upon the other. The gratitude in the old man's face, however, was shadowed in the girl's by something like apprehension, and Bothfield felt he must go warily to work to pick up all the clues he needed. At present, though, he walked triumphant, arm-in-arm with the old man, wrapped in the authority of the unknown Count as in a cloak, and his spirit cried loudly at the view of the girl who preceded them. For she was all that he had conceived her, and more, and the nape of her dainty neck, with the brown hair ruffling above it, stirred his blood to riot.

The tavern was a maze of black stairs and passages—a damp, dirty place, smelling of sour beer and rye-bread. As they wound to the upper storey Bothfield turned over in his mind the problem of these two gentlefolk—for so their look and the old man's voice would have proclaimed them without the prefix to their surname—in so poor and dingy a setting. The Weissen Hirsch was the headquarters of the Reformers. Were these two gentle souls, then, specimens of the Revolutionary party? Not if Cossebaude's account had spoken truth.

The old gentleman withdrew his arm at the end of a dusky corridor, where a ray of light gleamed through a keyhole. He drew back at the door with a profound bow and motioned the Englishman forward. The girl had already preceded them.

Daylight crept into the room through the half-opened shutter, and showed a bare floor, a bulging ceiling, a ragged green sofa with a table before it, and a few crazy chairs. There was a stove unlighted in a corner, and the place felt cold and dismal. The old man, however, waved his new-found friend to a seat with the air of the proprietor of a mansion, and the girl hurried to light the fire.

"What a piece of opportune good fortune! I do not attempt to disguise from you that we had been in a condition of anxiety for some days. We have paid these fellows, oh—ample; but the news of the Count's flight made them eager to be rid of us. They had barely tolerated us through his detention. . . . I fancy there are many evil things that take place here, and they do not care to shelter anyone who is not too deeply implicated to turn informer. . . . And this is the hiding-place of divine Liberty! But I have learned much, indeed, since I fled from Radenstein."

He shook his head sadly, and the girl looked round at him as she closed the furnace-door.

"If we had but stayed, father!"

"Impossible, my child. It is only by the Count's goodness that we stand in comparative safety now."

The pretty mouth tightened at the corners, and Bothfield caught a muttered "The Count's goodness! I don't believe in the Count's goodness!"

"Too late to argue about that now," went on the old man. "But I am forgetting. Gisela, I present to you—I suppose there is no harm in mentioning the name among friends?"

"Oh, not at all," said Bothfield, wondering what was coming.

"I thought not; but the Count warned us to be very circumspect. Herr Anton Goldberg, then—the Fräulein Gisela von Radenstein. You should know each other, for you are, in a manner of speaking, cousins."

"How so, papa?" said Gisela, with a demure glance at Bothfield that made his heart leap in the midst of his caution and mystification.

"Herr Goldberg is the Count's first cousin once removed, is he not? And you, my child, are the daughter of your mother, to whom the Count was nephew's (by marriage) sister's son. So you see it is a clear, though distant, relationship."

Gisela's eyes twinkled; it was evident that she owned a sense of humour. The possession of so rare a female virtue stimulated Bothfield's admiration. If he had only her quick wit to unravel his perplexities! But he stood alone, and he thought of the waiting cabman. Who was the Count? That was the chief question. Evidently a person of influence, since so remote a deputy as his first cousin once removed carried all before him. Yet a sinister character, for Gisela did not believe in him. And what was his messenger to do for these two? Merely pay their bill, perhaps. He thrilled at the thought of benefacting his new-found relations. Then he began to feel his way towards the mystery.

"Before we come to business," he said, with an ease he did not feel, "please to give me a word of explanation as to how you come here. The Count was rather pressed for time, you know."

"I thought he told you before!"

"No." That at least was true; and it seemed as if the preceding statement were so also, for it passed his audience without comment.

"Strange! I had his word for it."

"*His* word!" Gisela's lip curled. She was not at much pain to conceal her aversion to the absent power.

"My child!" the old man looked at her with mild reproof. "I mistook him, no doubt. And in that case it is evident that he has left the duty of enlightening Herr Goldberg to me. By the way"—with a look of mild surprise at Bothfield's muddied boots and soiled attire—"did you have any—encounter, coming here? Let me beg of you to take off your overcoat, that Gisela may brush it for you. . . . No, no; I insist."

Bothfield obeyed, the pleasure of surrendering his acquired property into the girl's hands was not to be foregone. He answered at random as Gisela spread the garment to air before the stove, by way of preliminary action.

"Oh, dear, no! Ran for the train, and—ah—nearly missed it, that's all." To himself, "I wonder if I *did* come by train; and if so, from whence?" Then aloud, "Please continue, Herr von Radenstein."

And the old man told his story—

"You know, my friend, I have a little country property in Eastern Amalia. Just a half-dozen farms and the old castle, adjoining the Count von Incke's shooting estate. That is how the Count and I——"

Bothfield interrupted him with an involuntary exclamation. The omnipotent, all-compelling Count was Incke, the traitor, and a second time he was entangled in his affairs! To be sure, he might have guessed, from what Cossebaude had told him of Gottfried von Incke's intrigue among the Reformers, that it was he who swayed the dealings of men in this unpleasant sanctuary. And these two helpless creatures were in his hands! It was more than ever Bothfield's charge to fling prudence to the winds and see the matter to its end. He covered his ejaculation by a cough, and Radenstein went on with his recital.

"We were not only neighbours, but friends, you understand. The Count retired to his estate shortly after the Prince's marriage, and he looked in upon us—Gisela and me—frequently. I remember hearing a vague rumour then, that he was in bad odour at the Court; but, sir, I have no ear for scandal, and if a man is my friend I will hear no ill of him."

"It is a generosity that has brought you to much trouble, father."



"Gisela von Radenstein's arm touched his sleeve."

The old man waved her interruption aside.

"You, my child, are beset by a suspicious and doubting spirit, from which I trust the good God will presently deliver you. To continue: I was always glad to welcome the Count, the more so as I had the pleasure in confiding in him my zeal for Liberty—and she is, alas! in this country a wronged and captive maiden.

"The Count encouraged my aspirations, and through his aid I was enabled to offer

shelter to divers patriots who were the victims of State persecution. It was a noble work; but it became at last suspected by the police, and some six weeks ago the Count came to me—it was just before his incarceration on yesterday's infamous charge, and doubtless, had he considered his own safety he would have been beyond the frontier—and warned me of my danger. Guided by his directions, I summoned Gisela and fled here, where I rejoice to say we have been, so far, secure. It is true I could wish for more luxurious quarters—not for myself, for I am glad to be a confessor in the cause, but for this poor child. Still, we are together, and free, and, up till to-day, under the Count's protection. He tells me my property is watched, and that there is a possibility of its sequestration. But he bade me wait and trust, and all would be well. He promised to send a messenger if he were unable to come himself, and he has fulfilled that word in your appearance. You may think me timid, but I own to you, sir, that to-day's events, and the Count's prolonged absence, filled me, till your arrival, with misgiving. He was acquitted yesterday; why has he not returned to his friends?"

Bothfield could have answered that question, but he thought it expedient to hold his tongue. The narrative puzzled him not a little; it seemed to him from his estimate of Incke's character—and oddly enough, his brief glimpse of the Prince was mainly responsible for that — and from Gisela's manner, that there was more in the tale than appeared to the narrator. The girl had a prejudice; he could see that in her curled nostril and her impatient foot; and he was ready to swear that it was no unjust one.

Was there some dark and evil plot behind, checked in its action by Incke's enforced flight—a plot that required this noisome place for its better development, and that had its clue in the black secrecy of Incke's heart? Would the man, who had been traitor to his friend and Prince, have any compassion for the aged and innocent? Had he lured them to their destruction? Come what might, Bothfield, in whose heart was rapture, and courage, and an enthusiasm to which it had been stranger hitherto, found his place beside Gisela von Radenstein and her father till the clouds should clear.

There was a very serious obstacle to the plans that simmered in his brain—an obstacle that must be surmounted if, as he conjectured, the help expected from the Count's messenger was meant to assume a monetary form. It lay in the location of the bundle of notes which Bothfield had provided for his expedition's expenses. For the money—and, except for a handful of loose silver, it represented all the funds he had in Amalia — reposed in his baggage at the Hôtel Bellevue, within the very stronghold of the enemy. The difficulty which might ensue if the real messenger appeared did not trouble Bothfield so keenly. That might be met by courage and assurance, and he was strangely confident in his growing powers of strategy. But the money—how to get the money?

"Now I look at you," Herr von Radenstein was saying when he next returned from his reverie, "I trace a certain likeness to the Count. One can see you are his cousin."

The daughter looked at him, and for a moment there was dismay in Bothfield's heart, for it seemed as if the likeness were to work a second time to his undoing. Then his heart jumped as she said—

"*I* don't see the least resemblance." And his heart blessed the mysterious power that shows to the eyes of women, not what they can see, but what they will. Its dispensation in this case seemed to betoken a favour that fell on him like water on a desert sand. Yet it did not exhilarate too much for him to forget the problems that lay before him, and the next moment he found a possible solution for the most pressing of them.

"Excuse me for a little," he said, rising, to the old man. "My cab is waiting, and I have to send for my luggage."

"What! You are going to stay here? It is for us—I know it is for us. I knew the Count would set our troubles right!"

"It is not the Count's doing," said Bothfield sharply, unable to allow his inspiration to be put to Incke's credit. "It's—it's my own idea."

He turned to the door, bareheaded as he was, and found himself in the passage. A silence had fallen upon the room with his last words; perhaps the involuntary pique of tone had surprised his hearers. If so, it had been a welcome sound to one, for as he felt his way towards the stairs he heard a light footfall behind him, and Gisela von Radenstein's arm touched his sleeve.

He faced her, and he saw that the door of the sitting-room was closed and that they were alone.

"Herr Goldberg—one word. May I ask you something?"

"Something? Anything!" The suggestion of confidence between them was sweet to Bothfield.

"Something you will promise not to be offended at? But I don't know how it is—your face says I can trust you. . . . Are you—are you a *very* great friend of Count Gottfried von Incke?"

"I never——" Bothfield checked himself. He heard the answer that was wanted in her anxious voice, and he gave it earnestly, thankful to find he was able once more to touch the truth.

"I am not. In fact, I am here to help you of my own volition, and because I wish to offer you and your father all my service."

"Is that so, and how can it be? You volunteered to the Count, hearing our story, and—I scarcely understand. But you relieve me—oh, immensely—for I have a confidence to make to you. There—go now, and come back soon, and hear my tale, and help me."

She vanished, and Bothfield stepped down the stairs feeling that the Fates were kind to him. At the foot he saw the faces of Brother Kurt and Brother Karl hovering dimly before a ground of dirty passage and tobacco-smoke; but he ignored them and went on to the door.

The cab was still in waiting, with the driver dozing upon his seat, as if his fare's sudden disappearance were too ordinary a proceeding to keep him from a nap. Twice Bothfield called him before he awoke, and then he whipped forward to the steps, a solid, sturdy fellow, with an honest face that confirmed our hero in his resolve.

He scribbled some lines on a visiting-card and handed it to the man.

"I am going to stay here, but my luggage is at the Hôtel Bellevue. This card is a request to the manager to deliver up my property to you, but it does not state where I am, and I don't wish it to be known. If the police are there inquiring after me, say I have sought the shelter of the British Consulate, and drive there to blind them if they deliver the bags to you. But if you bring back the traps safely, and keep a still tongue in your head, there will be a twenty-mark piece for you. I must trust you for the second condition—will you give me your word?"

The cabman took the card tenderly between finger and thumb, looked at it with respect, and put it away with care as he gave his answer.

"Yes, yes, *mein Herr*. Trust me. To bring your Excellency's baggage from the Bellevue! And to dodge the police, eh? I don't love the police; what poor, taxed cabman does? So, to cheat them! You can depend that it shall be done."

He drove off, nodding his head over the commission. Bothfield watched him disappear and wondered how his quest would fare.

"Aye, but if Manager Breslauer has been got at again? It all depends if Merkewitz or his successor have given a thought to my effects. If they haven't——"

Bothfield re-entered the inn with the tangle of his perplexities weaving itself thickly in his brain. At his second stride inside the passage he ran up against Karl the innkeeper. The encounter reminded him that he had not yet booked a room, and though he did not fancy the Count's emissary would find much difficulty in getting what he wanted, he stopped to speak. And then he paused, for he saw that the man was about to address him.

"Your Excellency is going to stay with us?"

"I have just sent for my things; yes. I must have your best empty room. . . . Did you want to speak to me about anything?"

"If Brother Kurt and I might——" The host rubbed his hands obsequiously and waved towards the room of what appeared to be his private den. "And if your honour would——" Then he raised his eyes and laid a dirty finger on his lips as his voice sank. "On the Society's business, and the Count's, your Excellency understands."

There were fresh complications impending; that Bothfield foresaw. But he saw, too, that there were opportunities imminent in which he might gain some of the information he needed so sorely, and, risky as the venture might be, it behoved him to make it. He was anxious to get back to his promised interview with the Fräulein von Radenstein, to learn where her peril lay, and how she wished him to help her. But he choked back the desire, and as Karl showed the way he followed it, to find Kurt within, and to see the door closed carefully behind him for the interview.

(*To be continued.*)



"And mother she set there and watched me eat, and eat, and eat."

"BREAKFAST IS MY BEST MEAL."

(Overheard at Carlsbad.)

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.*

Illustrated by C. Grunwald.

I.

BREAKFAST is my best meal, and I reckon it's always been
Ever since I was old enough to know what breakfast could mean.
I mind when we lived in the cabin out on the Illinoy,
Where father had took up a quarter-section when I was a boy,
I used to go for the cows as soon as it was light;
And when I started back home, before I come in sight,
I come in *smell* of the cabin, where mother was frying the ham,
And boiling the coffee, that reached through the air like a mile o' ba'm,
'N' I bet you I didn't wait to see what it was that the dog
Thought he'd got under the stump or inside o' the hollow log!
But I made the old cows canter till their hoof-joints cracked—you know
That dry, funny kind of a noise that the cows make when they go—
And I never stopped to wash when I got to the cabin door;
I pulled up my chair and e't like I never had e't before.
And mother she set there and watched me eat, and eat, and eat,
Like as if she couldn't give her old eyes enough of the treat;
And she split the shortened biscuit, and spread the butter between,
And let it lay there and melt, and soak and soak itself in;
And she piled up my plate with potato and ham and eggs,
Till I couldn't hold any more, or hardly stand on my legs;
And she filled me up with coffee that would float an iron wedge,
And never give way a mite, or spill a drop at the edge.

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"My! but my wife was a cook; and the breakfasts she used to get!"

II.

What? Well, yes, this is good coffee, too. If they don't know much,
They do know how to make coffee, I *will* say that for these Dutch.
But my—oh, my! It ain't the kind of coffee my mother made.
And the coffee my wife used to make would throw it clear in the shade;
And the brand of sugar-cured, canvassed ham that she always used—
Well, this Westphalia stuff would simply have made her amused!
That so, heigh? I saw that you was United States as soon
As ever I heard you talk; I reckon I know the tune!
Pick it out anywhere; and *you* understand how I feel
About these here foreign breakfasts: breakfast is my best meal.

III.

My! but my wife was a cook; and the breakfasts she used to get
The first years we was married, I can smell 'em and taste 'em yet;
Corn cake light as a feather, and buckwheats thin as lace
And crisp as cracklin'; and steak that you couldn't have the face
To compare any steak over here to; and chicken fried
Maryland style—I couldn't get through the bill if I tried.
And then, her waffles! My! She'd kind of slip in a few
Between the ham and the chicken—you know how women'll do—

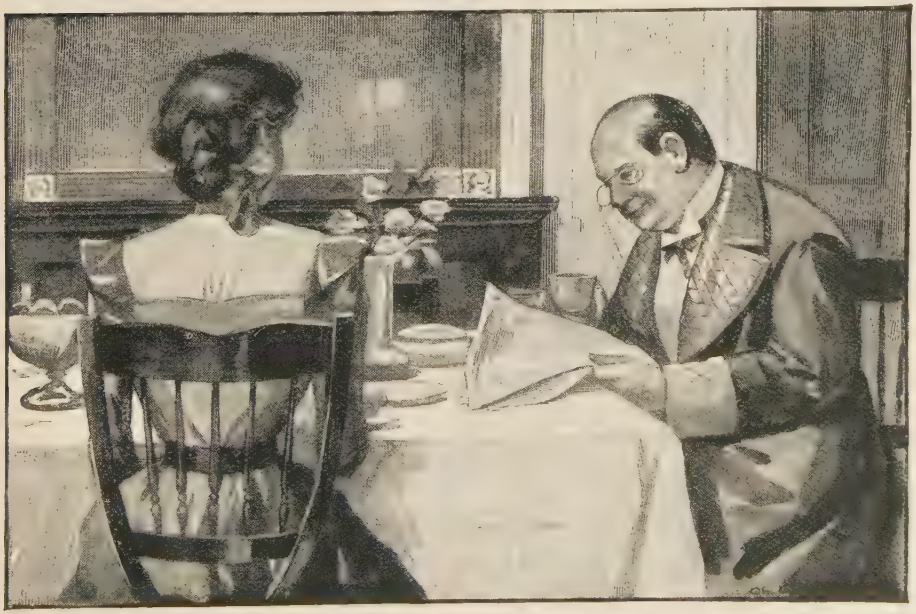
For a sort of little surprise, and, if I was running light,
To take my fancy and give an edge to my appetite.
Done it all herself as long as we was poor, and I tell *you*
She liked to see me eat as well as mother used to do;
I reckon she went ahead of mother some, if the truth was known,
And everything she touched she give a taste of her own.

IV.

She was a cook, I can tell you! And after we got ahead,
And she could 'a' had a girl to do the cookin' instead,
I had the greatest time to get Momma to leave the work;
She said it made her feel like a mis'able sneak and shirk.
She didn't want daughter, though, when we did begin to keep girls,
To come in the kitchen and cook, and smell up her clo'es and curls;
But you couldn't have stopped the child, whatever you tried to do—
I reckon the gift of the cookin' was born in Girly, too.
Cook she would from the first, and we just had to let her alone;
And after she got married, and had a house of her own,
She tried to make me feel, when I come to live with her,
Like it was my house, too; and I tell you she done it, sir!
She remembered that breakfast was my best meal, and she tried
To have all I used to have, and a good deal more beside;
Grape-fruit to begin with, or melons or peaches, at least—
Husband's business took him there, and they had went to live East—
Then a Spanish macker'l, or a soft-shell crab on toast,
Or a broiled live lobster! Well, sir, I don't want to seem to boast,
But I don't believe you could have got in the whole of New York
Any such an oyster fry or sausage of country pork.

V.

Well, I don't know what-all it means; I always lived just so—
Never drinked or smoked, and yet, here about two years ago,
I begun to run down; I ain't as young as I used to be;
And the doctors all said Carlsbad, and I reckon this is me.



"She remembered that breakfast was my best meal."

But it's more like someone I've dreamt of, with all three of 'em gone!
Believe in ghosts? Well, *I* do. I *know* there are ghosts. I'm *one*.
Maybe I mayn't look it—I was always inclined to fat:
The doctors say that's the trouble, and very likely it's that.
This is my little grandson, and this is the oldest one
Of Girly's girls; and for that the whole of us said and done,
She must come with grandpa when the doctors sent me off here,
To see that they didn't starve him. Ain't that about so, my dear?
She can cook, I tell you; and when we get home again
We're going to have something to *eat;* I'm just a-livin' till then.
But when I set here of a morning, and think of them that's gone—
Mother and Momma and Girly—well, I wouldn't like to let on
Before the children, but I can almost seem to see
All of 'em lookin' on, like as if they pitied me,
After the breakfasts they give me, to have me have to put up
With nothing but bread and butter, and a little mis'able cup
Of this here weak-kneed coffee! I can't tell how *you* feel,
But it fairly makes me sick! Breakfast is my best meal.



THE WAITS.
By J. Ayton Symington.

THE HUNTED POLE.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.*

Illustrated by Henry Austin.

"SEE!" cried Stromboli, as we strolled round the Earl's Court Exhibition. "These stories of ours are becoming popular. The circulation of the magazine increases. In order to inspire my creditors with confidence, I buy a copy for each one of them. But they are many. It will be necessary to raise the price of the stories, in order that a reasonable margin of profit may remain."

I suggested that he might find editors more amenable to argument "if, for example," I said, "you have any story of especial interest——"

As usual, Stromboli interrupted me.

"A story of especial interest! When I tell you that I have been hunted, like a wild beast, by officers of the Third Section of the Chancellerie Imperiale—"

"What! The Russian secret police?"

"Precisely."

"That ought to do."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Then I will begin at once."

So we found a quiet table by the artificial lake, and while the band played valses and selections from the comic operas, Stromboli possessed himself of a vast beaker of black German beer, and blew dark clouds of smoke, and proceeded with—

The Adventure of the Hunted Pole.

"*Voyons!* It must have been some twenty years ago, when the bombs were going off in Russia! There was a notion—mistaken, as it proved—that a revolution could be brought about by means of them. Fired with enthusiasm, and having an idea for a bomb of a new sort, I threw a few necessaries, including a manifesto, into my portmanteau and started for the scene of action. But I never reached it. The machinations of the police frustrated me. Let me draw you the picture of the moment when I first learnt that the emissaries of the Third Section were on my track.

"It was at Warsaw. I had arrived there late in the afternoon, and had dined well at the best hotel, toasting the cause silently in the sparkling wine of the Widow Clicquot. After the meal I strolled out into the street to smoke my cigar, contemplatively, by moonlight.

"The hour was late. Few loiterers were abroad except myself. But presently, after I had taken several turns, I became aware of a quick, stealthy step, as of a man from nowhere, following behind me, and heard a clear but subdued voice speaking to me.

"'Whatever you do, don't look round. Walk straight on, and listen to what I say. Is your name Kosnapulski?'

"'That is a part of my name,' I answered, without turning my head. 'The full name is Jean Antoine Stromboli——'

"'Right! You're the man I'm looking for,' the stranger interrupted. 'But I mustn't speak to you here. Turn up the next side street and keep in the shadow.'

"I hesitated. It might be the greeting of a comrade, or it might be the trick of a vulgar assassin. I resolved to take the risk, and turned sharply to the left, the stranger following me into the dark.

"'Don't stop,' he continued, 'and don't answer, but listen to what I say.'

"So we walked on as though we did not know each other, and he talked to me as a man speaking to himself.

"'Kosnapulski must on no account go back to his hotel. The police are there, waiting to arrest him on his return. Kosnapulski knows best whether he desires to meet them; whether there is anything compromising in his portmanteau, for example——'

"'Heavens! My manifesto!' I ejaculated. 'I've signed it in full, Jean Antoine——'

"'Hush! You mustn't speak. The

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manifesto must be sacrificed. The better way will be to travel on foot to the Prussian frontier. I have a little parcel here, which I am placing on a window-ledge. When I have gone, come back and fetch it. It contains a few things that will help you on your way. Walk more slowly while I pass you, and then turn. Farewell!'

"He quickened his pace and glided by me—a cloaked and hooded figure. I gripped his hand silently as he passed me. It was the least—and the most—that I could do. Then I returned and found the little parcel resting in the place that he had indicated.

"I opened it in the darkest corner that I could find. It contained a false beard and a pair of spectacles, in which I disguised myself upon the spot; and a small handful of paper money, a note scrawled in pencil, which it was too dark to read; a flask of *vodki*, and a little bread and meat.

"Such was the whole of my provision for my pilgrimage. It was a terrible journey. I travelled only by night, hiding myself in the woods by day. But I need not dwell upon the details.

"My warning of peril was contained in the pencilled letter in which my mysterious friend had wrapped my bread and meat. I read it in the woods, while I was hiding in my disguise. I read it again by candle-light, in the first Prussian inn in which I found shelter after I had passed the frontier. Cheered and emboldened by generous draughts of Rhenish wine, I even went so far as to read it aloud in the *café* of the inn.

"'Listen! my comrades,' I exclaimed. 'How many of you have ever received a letter of this sort? Admire the epistolary style of those who correspond with Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski.'

"And I read—

"'Be on your guard! The Third Section means to have you. Its arm is long and it strikes unscrupulously. No country is so remote that it will not pursue you there. It will stoop to any means, even to poison and the dagger. This time I have warned you. Another time you may get no warning. If you would be safe, hide yourself until your name has been forgotten.'

"There was laughter at that, as you may guess, and a stamping of feet and a clapping of hands. I leapt upon a chair, and waved the precious missive above my head, and shouted in my exultation.

"'You see what happens. The cause prospers. Even in the Third Section itself the cause has found a friend who protects the leaders of the people.'

"They cheered me to the echo; for I was paying for the Rhenish wine. But the landlord's daughter—flaxen-haired Fräulein Minna, who was serving the refreshments—plucked me by the sleeve and signed to me to follow her. I did so.

"'Suppose,' she said, 'there were a spy of the Third Section in the *café*!'

"'Show him to me,' I replied. 'I will undertake that he leaves quickly and with no desire whatever to return.'

"'I dare not—for reasons which I must not tell you. But suppose the spy telegraphed a few words in cipher to St. Petersburg.'

"'*Eh bien!* Suppose he did. What could St. Petersburg do then?'

"'Apply for your extradition on some trumped-up charge of theft.'

"'Then are there no judges in Germany?' I asked.

"'Why, yes. But they can be bribed,' was Fräulein Minna's answer.

"'You've known that happen, little guardian angel?'

"She nodded slowly, with a look full of meaning in her eyes.

"Then I was frightened—as frightened, at least, as I have ever allowed myself to be. I began to realise the vast powers, the wide-spread nets, of that terrible Third Section; but I was to realise them still more vividly before many hours were over.

"At that moment her father, the landlord, burst upon the scene with noisy German oaths.

"'Thunder and lightning!' he said (among other things), while she fled in terror, before I had time to intervene.

"Then I drew myself up with dignity.

"'I must ask you to understand, sir,' I said, 'that the blame for this, if there be any blame, is wholly mine. I was merely asking your daughter a simple question which I will now address to you. Can you, at once, provide me with a horse and carriage, that I may drive to the nearest railway station?'

"The man's frown relaxed; he became comparatively civil.

"'It's a strange hour to start travelling,' he growled, 'but if you are set upon it——'

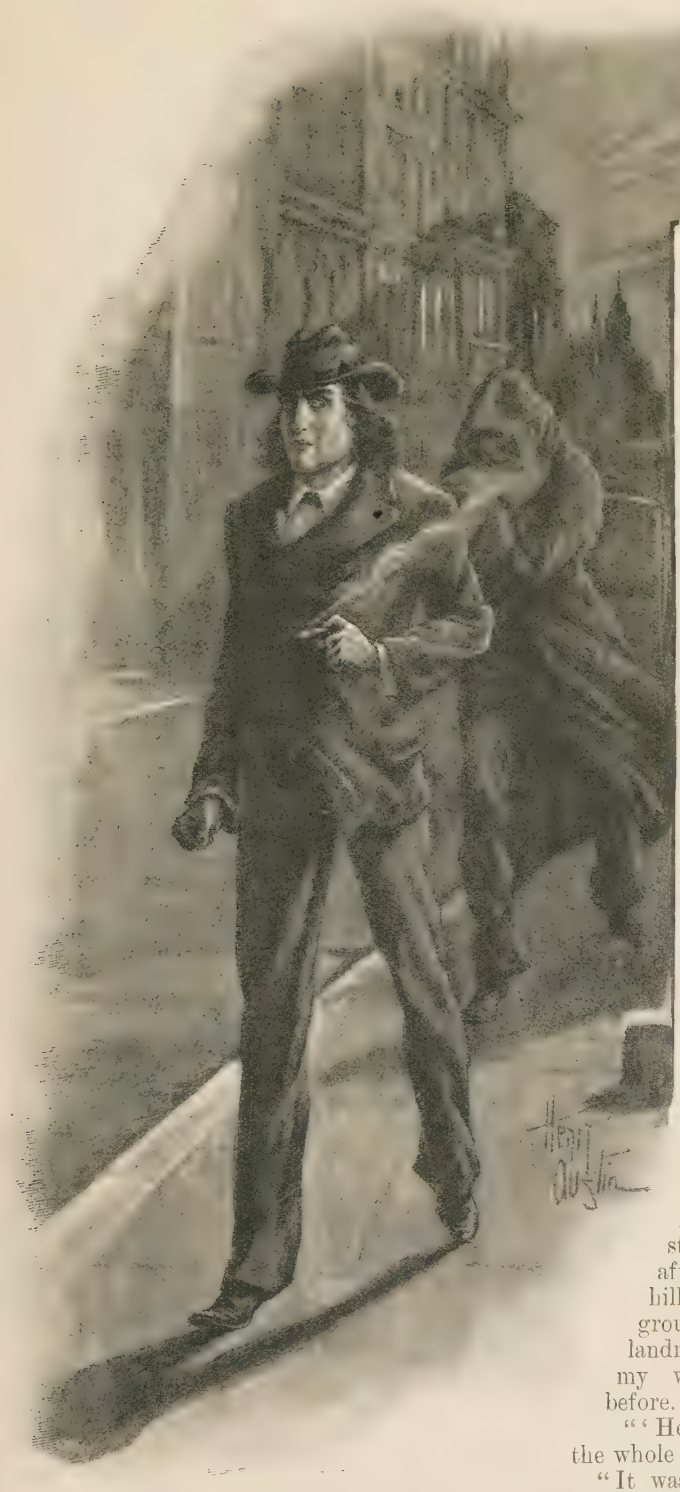
"'I am absolutely set upon it.'

"'In that case I will drive you there myself.'

"'I thank you.'

"'Come round to the stables, then.'

"He led the way, and in ten minutes or so the carriage was duly harnessed.



"So we walked on, and he talked to me as a man speaking to himself."

"'Here's something to keep you warm,' he said, offering me a flask. 'Better try to sleep a little.'

"Then he mounted the box and drove off along the rough roads in the dark.

"The liquor in the flask was *Kirsch-wasser*—a cordial for which I have no great liking. I sipped at it and no more. Nevertheless, drowsiness overcame me, my fatigue and the previous draughts of Rhenish wine assisting, and I fell into a doze. How long I dozed I cannot tell you! All that I know is that, when I woke with a start, owing to the jolting and lurching of the carriage, the night was nearly over and the horizon tinged with the pale lemon hues that precede dawn.

"'Where in the world am I now?' I murmured to myself, with a sudden access of uneasiness.

"For the scenery that I looked out upon had a strange familiarity. One after the other I recognised a hillock, a clump of trees, a group of farm-buildings—all landmarks that I had noted in my wanderings of the night before.

"'Heavens!' I ejaculated, as the whole truth flashed upon me.

"It was against her own father that the flaxen-haired Minna had

wished to warn me, in the village inn ; it was he, and no other, who was the spy in the pay of the Third Section. He had tried to drug me with his *Kirsch ;* and his plot was to drive me back over the frontier, before I could know what was happening, and hand me over to the police. We might cross the boundary line, for all that I could tell, at any instant. Only by immediate action could I save myself.

"Standing up in my place, and leaning forward, I gripped the man by the collar with my left hand, while with my right I drew his own revolver from his side-pocket and held it to his head.

"'Scoundrel!' I roared at him, 'pull up the horse this instant, or I'll shoot you!'

"He felt instinctively that I meant what I said, and that his game was up.

"'What is it? What have I done?' he stammered feebly, bringing the carriage to a standstill.

"Now that there was no further need for violence I recovered my customary calm.

"'You have lost your way, Herr Landlord,' I replied. 'Turn round and try to find it. Try very hard and very carefully, for this pistol of yours seems to be loaded, and might go off at the slightest provocation. Your destination, mind you, is not the Russian frontier, but the nearest German railway station.'

"He obeyed me sullenly, without further words. It was a long, long drive, over a dreary stretch of country ; but it came to an end at last. At midday the weary horse jogged slowly through a village street, and I got down and paid my driver.

"'Sweep it up,' I said, scornfully tossing some coins into the gutter for him. 'That is the proper way to pay men like you. Now go and boast to your boon companions how you have driven Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski to the railway station.'

"He slunk away, fearful lest I should denounce him to the porter and the station-master—tall, sturdy men, who were likely to have little sympathy with a Russian spy ; while I, on my part, bought my ticket and began my journey to my hiding-place.

"Do you think that it was cowardly of me to wish to hide myself? Not, surely, after my warning and my experiences of the vast powers and the vindictive malice of that great and unscrupulous organisation which was endeavouring to hunt me down. Consider! Even kings have found it necessary to hide themselves sometimes ; and if a king may hide himself without loss of dignity in an oak-tree, then surely it is no shame for a revolutionist to conceal himself, for a period, in a Swiss *châlet*. The king who hid in the oak-tree would doubtless have preferred the *châlet* if he could have got to it.

"'*Reculer pour mieux sauter*,' I said to myself, 'must be my motto. I have my idea for a new bomb, and I will work it out in the friendly solitude of the pine forests.'

"So I lost no time, but journeyed day and night until I reached one of those little villages that lie high up in the hills above Montreux, on the blue waters of Lake Leman.

"These villages—Chailly, Saint Légier, and the rest—are, I should tell you, the usual hiding-place of Russian refugees. I do not say, of course, that to have a 'usual hiding-place' is the wisest course that prudence could devise. The practice, as I now see clearly, must simplify the task of those who seek. But, at the time, I did not think of this. The shores of the Lake of Geneva seemed to me, as it were, an Alsatia where even the Third Section could not seize its victims.

"And oh! the life I lived there! It was a strange and welcome interlude of peace, to which I still sometimes look back with deep regret when I am tired.

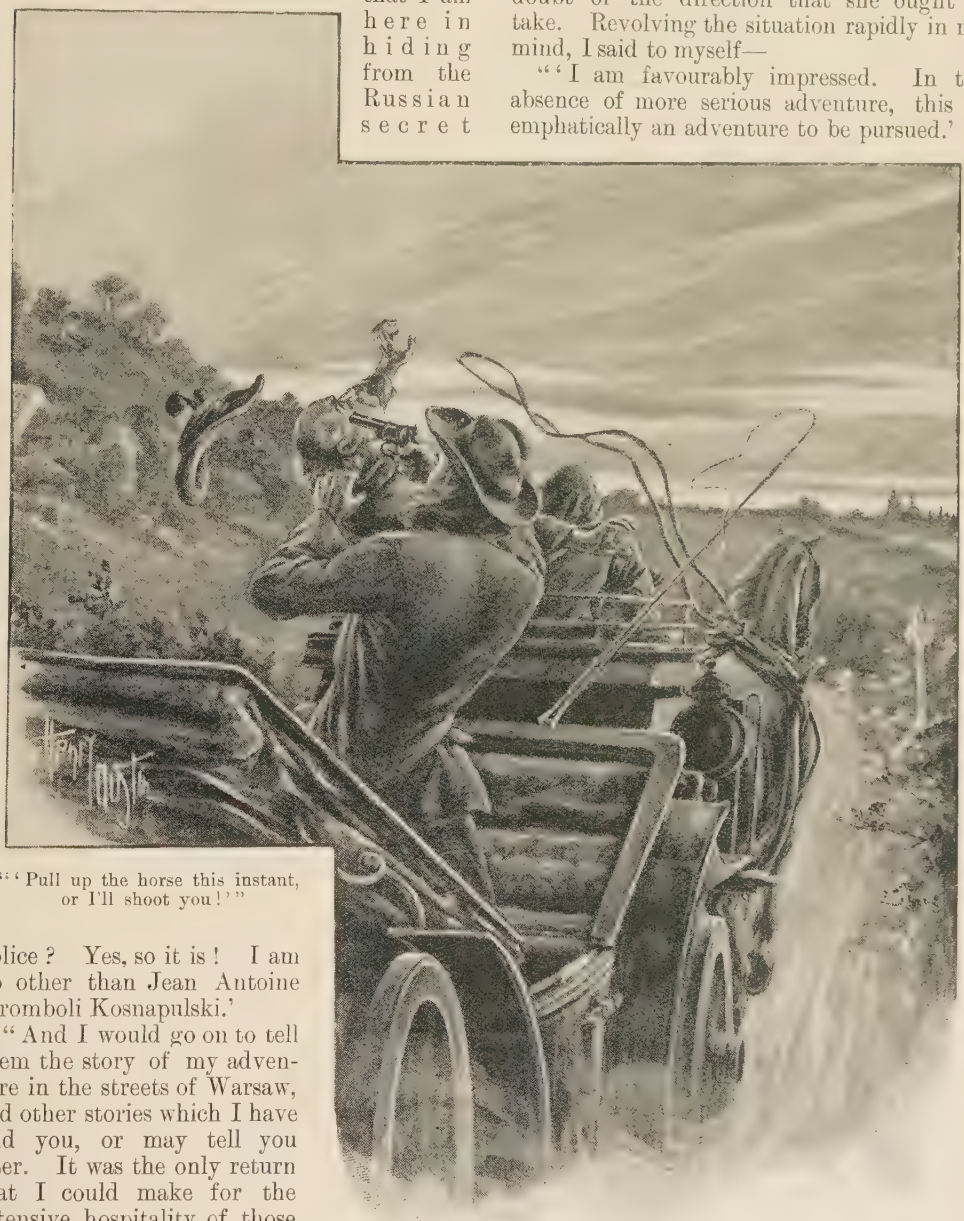
"My *châlet* was high up, in a lonely place, on the very verge of a great pine forest. I used to rise early and wander for a mile among the meadows. Behind me towered the dark crags of the Rochers de Naye ; below me gleamed the lake ; before me were the black Savoy Hills, with the white dome of the Velan in the distance. The sight of these things, and of the deepening autumn tints upon the vineyards, stirred all the deep-seated poetry of my nature, until it was with difficulty that I pulled myself together, saying—

"'It is time that I was getting on with my bomb.'

"Nor was I absolutely bereft of company. In the *châlet* itself, indeed, there was no one but a deaf old woman—the widow of a wood-cutter—who cooked my dinners. But, every now and again, I met tourists from the Montreux hotels and entered into conversation with them. I was a mystery to them ; they christened me the hermit of Saint Légier. But they invited me to refresh myself with them in the *cafés*, and I did so the more willingly that my own store of silver coin was scanty. And sometimes, when the white wine flowed, I told them

stories of my revolutionary adventures, such stories as I now tell to you.

"'You do not know who I am,' I would say. 'What will you think when I tell you that I am here in hiding from the Russian secret police? Yes, so it is! I am no other than Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski.'



"'Pull up the horse this instant, or I'll shoot you!'"

"And I would go on to tell them the story of my adventure in the streets of Warsaw, and other stories which I have told you, or may tell you later. It was the only return that I could make for the extensive hospitality of those knickerbockered youths.

"One day, moreover – the most memorable day of all—I made the acquaintance of a lady. Let me endeavour to recall that day.

"It was away towards Blonay, at some distance from my temporary home. She was tall and elegant, wearing a white blouse, a dark skirt, and a sailor hat: her hair was auburn; her eyes were beautifully blue. She looked about her anxiously, as though in doubt of the direction that she ought to take. Revolving the situation rapidly in my mind, I said to myself—

"'I am favourably impressed. In the absence of more serious adventure, this is emphatically an adventure to be pursued.'

"And to the lady herself I said, raising my hat with a very courteous flourish—

"'Pardon me, madam. You seem to me to have lost your way. May I place myself at your disposition and direct you?'



"I hurled the teacup at the foremost of them."

"From her dress and demeanour I had judged that she was English, but from her reply it appeared that she was American.

"'Now, I call that real nice of you,' was her simple answer.

"'Your destination?'

"'Way down at Territet. Grand Hôtel des Alpes.'

"'We are at some distance from the high road. You will permit me, perhaps, to guide you.'

"'I guess a white man couldn't do less,' she replied, smiling, and we strolled on together.

"Do not think me boastful or vainglorious if I tell you that, as your phrase is, I 'made the running quickly.' A revolutionist must needs do so. He is a busy man, with little leisure on his hands; he never knows what an hour may bring forth for him; gallantry is seldom possible for him, save on the condition that he makes haste with it and does not dally over the preliminaries. Besides, he enjoys advantages denied to most of you; he dazzles by virtue of the mystery which surrounds him; like the soldier, he carries his life in his hands. Such things appeal to women. It did not surprise me, therefore, that my beautiful American grew confidential.

"'I'm Daisy van Bean,' she said, 'the daughter of the railroad king, and I'm stopping with poppa at Territet. But say, now. You've walked all this way with me and you haven't yet told me what your name is.'

"It was my chance for the great *coup* which was to fascinate her imagination, if not to win her heart. I answered—

"'Beautiful Daisy, I will surprise you. I am Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski — the revolutionist – the fugitive — the inventor.'

"'The inventor? Say, now, what have you invented?'

"'I have just invented a new bomb.'

"She clapped her hands.

"'That's just too lovely for anything,' she said. 'Tell me all about it.'

"I hesitated; you would have done the same. Such secrets are not lightly to be babbled of. But was there ever an inventor who did not delight to talk of his invention even before it was provisionally protected? So I told.

"'Beautiful Daisy, it is a bomb of which I think I have every reason to be proud. The principal ingredient is fulminate of mercury. It will make a terrible noise, but do no harm worth speaking of. You wonder; but I will explain. What is the object of a bomb? To terrorise. What is the most effective cause of terror? Noise. By noise, far more than by any other means, shall we frighten governments into conceding our demands.'

"She was not indignant, as some women would have been, but only curious.

"'I'd just love to have a look at that bomb,' she said.

"'But, beautiful Daisy,' I replied, 'even if you saw it, you would never know that it was a bomb. That is another of its merits. It can be made up to look like anything—like a cigar-case, for example, or a photograph-album, or a purse.'

"'How clever!'

"'Still,' I said, 'if you would deign to accept the humble hospitality of a bachelor's roof——'

"She was emancipated — even for an American. The usual proprieties seemed to have no hold upon her.

"'I will,' she said, 'and if I'm alive to-morrow, I'll be passing here about this time.'

"And then we said good-bye. If only I had known! But I must not anticipate.

"I prepared a feast for my beautiful Daisy—such a feast as my modest means permitted. We had tea and fruits, and bread and butter, and cream, and honey—real honey, not the poisonous stuff they make at Zurich. Imagine, then, my consternation when she burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming—

"'Oh! I feel mean, I do. I feel real mean.'

"I imagined, of course, that she was ashamed of the advantage that she was taking of the confidence which her parents had reposed in her, and I tried to comfort her upon that supposition. But she was inconsolable.

"'No, no, it isn't that,' she said. 'Why I feel mean is that I deceived you. I'm not Daisy van Bean, and my poppa isn't a railroad king.'

"I tried to assure her that I was superior to all foolish prejudices about her social station; but she interrupted me again—

"'Listen! There's no time to lose. I'm just a spy and a decoy of the Third Section. They heard of you, and they sent me up to make sure, and they're following me—six of them—this very afternoon. I didn't intend telling you; but when you looked at me just then, I felt real mean.'

"'I must not stay here another moment,' I said. 'Come with me. Let us fly together.'

"'Too late! too late!' she murmured. 'I hear them coming.'

"And, sure enough, there was the sound of footsteps on the gravel. But a thought struck her.

"'What's the matter with getting out of the window?' she asked eagerly.

"'They are all barred,' I answered. 'With my own hands I fixed the bars, so that the Third Section might not break in by night. How was I to know that the Third Section would attempt to enter in broad daylight by the door?'

"She gasped.

"'Great snakes! As if, in a lonesome place like this, it wasn't the easiest thing in the world to rush the house!'

"'Rush the house!' I repeated, for the Americanism was new to me.

"But Daisy only went into hysterics on the sofa, and ten seconds later I had grasped the meaning of her words.

"The door opened and the intruders entered. There were six of them, all dressed in black, as men who go to funerals. I should have wondered at this if I had had the time to wonder, but I had none. There was no parley, no attempt at parley. They knew their *rôle* and I knew mine. I hurled the teacup at the foremost of them and gashed his forehead badly. The milk-jug followed, breaking the front teeth of the second. Then they ran in upon me and we fought at close quarters.

"Such a fight as it was! Kicking upwards, I caught one of them under the chin, so that he lay for dead upon the floor. A second, getting the sole of my boot in the pit of his stomach, fell, doubled up, in the remotest corner of the room. A third, however, with fiendish ingenuity, hurled a chair between my legs. I tripped and fell, half dazed with the blow that my head got as I tumbled. They rushed upon me, pinioned me, and tied my hands and feet. The fight had hardly lasted a minute, and, conquered by superior numbers, I was at their mercy.

"'Run for help, Marie,' I had shouted to my old housekeeper at the beginning of the struggle, and, though she was deaf and could not hear me, what she saw sufficed to send her, screaming loudly, down the hill.

"One of my assailants, however, pursued her, caught her, put his hand over her mouth, lifted her in his arms, and brought her back and locked her in her bedroom. I saw her kicking, as he carried her past the open door, and then my senses left me.

"How long I lay stunned I cannot tell you. Wholly unconscious at first, I must have continued for hours in a state of semi-consciousness, vaguely aware, like a man in a dream, of the strange things that were going on around me. I perceived dimly that night

fell and that the lamps were lighted. As it were through a mist, I saw the figures of men watching me. From time to time I heard muffled voices that I could make nothing of. At last it seemed as if a cloud had suddenly lifted and my senses returned to me with a flash.

"Horror of horrors! I was sitting—in an open coffin—with the lid lying on the floor beside it, ready to be fixed on!

"'A thousand thunders!' I yelled, trying to struggle to my feet. 'What are you doing? I am —'

"But, with my hands and feet fastened, I could scarcely move.

"A rough hand thrust me back, and one of my enemies—he with the damaged forehead—held a piece of stamped paper before my eyes, saying jeeringly—

"'You are Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski, are you? Then read that, my friend!'

"'Good Heavens!' I ejaculated.

"The paper was my *acte de décès*—my death certificate, bearing the signature—forged, of course—of the leading physician of Montreux.

"So the scheme of these ruffians of the Third Section was—to bury me alive! I could have no doubt of it, and I could do nothing to help myself. There was just a chance that Daisy might find a means of saving me; but it was a very faint chance. The others would almost certainly look too sharply after her for that. I felt my face blanch and great beads of sweat stand out upon my forehead. I made a desperate effort to free myself, but with no result.

"The men stood round and laughed at me, and then one of them advanced and clapped a pad over my mouth.

"'Here's something to keep you quiet, my friend,' he said derisively.

"Those were the last words I heard. There followed the sickly smell of chloroform, the insufferable sense of suffocation, and then a blank unconsciousness, drifting into weird and wonderful dreams. At last—after how long a period I cannot say—consciousness and recollection stole back to me together. I grasped the meaning of the incessant rattling and jolting which had been with me in my dreams, and still continued now that all my faculties were once more awakened.

"'The fiends!' I ejaculated, as the awful truth came home to me. The Third Section had kidnapped me and locked me in the coffin, for the purpose of conveying me back to Russia, where, without doubt, the hangman's rope awaited me. They had forged the death certificate in order to be able to pass the coffin, without question or investigation, through the various custom-houses. It was a better fate than being buried alive, as I had expected; but only because it gave the chapter of accidents an opening.

"'Let me out! I have no business here. I am Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski.'

"But no answer came. If any sound had issued from my narrow prison, the rumbling of the train had drowned it. If I were ever to get out of it, I must find the way myself, by my own strength and ingenuity.

"By luck my hands were not so securely fastened as they might have been. Confident in the strength of the coffin itself, my captors had evidently been guilty of carelessness in this respect. I was able to get my hands to my mouth and, after half an hour's patient work, to undo the knot with my teeth.

"'Now let me see if they have left me any sort of tool,' I said to myself.

"So I first rescued my feet from their bonds and then fumbled in my pockets. The fools had not taken the trouble to empty them, thinking, no doubt, that it would be time enough to do this when I reached my destination; but they contained little enough, all the same. A few coins, a few notes of the Geneva Bank, a box of matches, some letters, a key, a small pocket-knife, and a cigar-case—such was the full list of the implements that I had to work with.

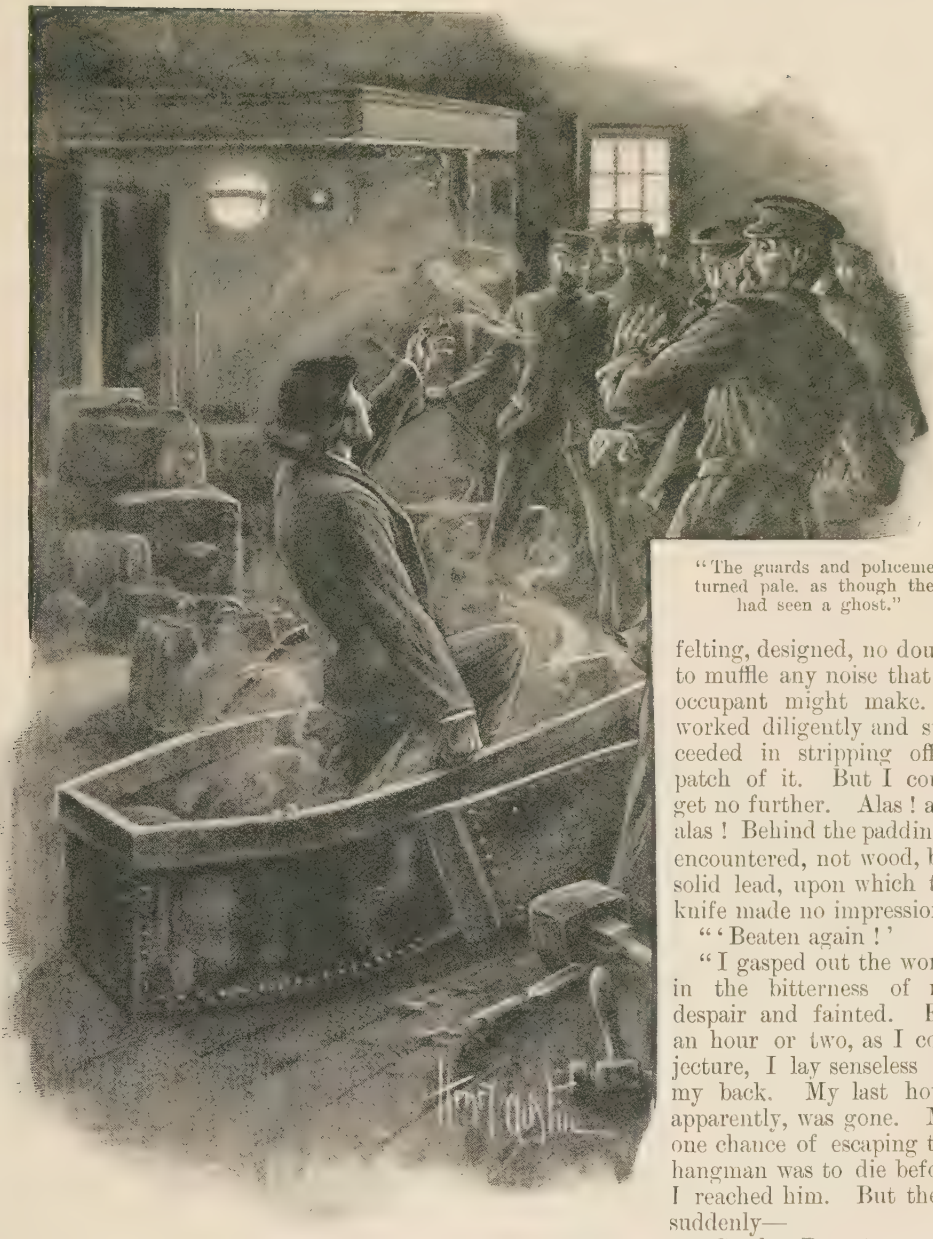
"'First for the cigar-case,' I mused. 'If only I knew whether that was the bomb cigar-case!'

"For I knew that, in one of my cigar-cases, I had packed one of my noisy but harmless bombs; though whether it was in the one that I had in my pocket, or in the one that I had left upon the mantelpiece, I could not recollect. In the former event my course was clear. I had only to wait until the train stopped and then fire it. The terrific din would doubtless break the drums of both my ears; the flame might even scorch my face. But at least the train would be searched after the explosion, and when smoke was seen issuing from the coffin, through the breathing-holes that had been bored for me, it would be opened.

"I waited patiently until we reached a station. Then, holding the case carefully behind my back, so as to save my face as much as possible, I jerked it open.

"But nothing happened—nothing, that is to say, except that the cigars fell out of it!

"'Let me see how far the knife will help me,' was my next idea.



"The guards and policemen turned pale, as though they had seen a ghost."

"It was quite a little knife, as I have said. But the journey to the Russian frontier was a long one. I had plenty of time in front of me. It seemed just possible that, if I worked diligently, I might at least carve a hole in the lid through which I could put out a finger, if not a hand, and make a signal of distress. I opened the little pocket-knife and set to work.

"At first things went quite easily. The interior of the coffin was lined with a thick felting, designed, no doubt, to muffle any noise that its occupant might make. I worked diligently and succeeded in stripping off a patch of it. But I could get no further. Alas! and alas! Behind the padding I encountered, not wood, but solid lead, upon which the knife made no impression.

"'Beaten again!'

"I gasped out the words in the bitterness of my despair and fainted. For an hour or two, as I conjecture, I lay senseless on my back. My last hope, apparently, was gone. My one chance of escaping the hangman was to die before I reached him. But then, suddenly—

"Crash! Bang!

"The noise reached me even in my leaden box. I felt the train slowing down immediately afterwards, and knew exactly what must have happened.

"'The Third Section! They stole the cigar-case from my mantelpiece. They've opened it to try the cigars and fired the bomb themselves.'

"But depression followed quickly on the heels of exultation. The firing of the bomb, though it stopped the train and caused the

Russian spies to be arrested, would hardly help me to declare my presence in the coffin. The chance was that I should be left there till I starved, or else put hastily underground because no one knew who I was. What was I to do to arrest the attention of the officials, who were even now beginning to search the train from end to end.

"I thought hard, as though my brain were packed in ice, and then the inspiration came to me.

"'I have it! The cigars! If they see smoke coming through the air-holes, they'll think it was the bomb!'

"Did you ever try to smoke a cigar when you had just come round after having been under chloroform? If not, then you may take my word for it that it needs more heroism than to charge a battery or defend a barricade. I choked and coughed. I was seized by the most hideous nausea. I would have preferred the torture of the rack or thumbscrew. But I bit my lips and stuck to it, smoking for dear life's sake.

"It seemed whole weeks before my signal was discovered, though from the length of the ash upon my *Vevey fine* I knew that it could not have been more than five minutes at the outside. At last I began to hear voices, though I failed to distinguish the words, and realised that tools were at work upon my living tomb. In spite of the awful nausea, I puffed away harder than ever, pressing upwards with my hand, so as to lift the lid the very moment it was loosened.

"At last it yielded. I thrust it off, not waiting for it to be lifted, and with the stump of my cigar still between my fingers sprang to my feet, exclaiming—

"'It is time that I was out of this. I have no business here.'

"The guards and porters and policemen who were standing round turned pale, as though they had seen a ghost, and nearly fell into each other's arms.

"'Who the——' one of them ejaculated in his consternation, and I answered reassuringly—

"'Fear nothing! No harm will happen to you. I am Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski.'

"Then I stepped out of my box and looked around me. We were at Basle. On the platform I saw my old enemy of the Third Section—the same man whose forehead I had gashed—offering explanations to two policemen, who held him fast and did not seem at all disposed to listen to him.

"I pointed at him with the finger of denunciation.

"'There he is,' I cried. 'That is the culprit; that is the man who fired the bomb. He was making bombs in the woods near Montreux, and because I caught him at it he kidnapped me and threatened me with this living death. It is a voice from the dead that now convicts him of his crime.'

"You can imagine the effect that followed from my words. The crowd rushed forward as one man, vowing that it would tear the miscreant limb from limb; the police, as one man, formed up to save him for more formal and deliberate justice, and I found myself standing alone and unobserved upon the platform.

"'This is a good opportunity of retiring unobtrusively,' I said to myself. 'If I remain to give evidence, I shall be the mark of the vengeance of the Third Section for the remainder of my life. Better that an ocean should roll between us; better that I should disappear mysteriously and leave no trace behind.'

"So, taking advantage of the confusion, I bought a ticket and slipped unnoticed into the Paris train *en route* for Havre and America.

"Afterwards, from the papers, I learnt that my enemy of the Third Section—whose Government naturally could not help him—had been sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour."



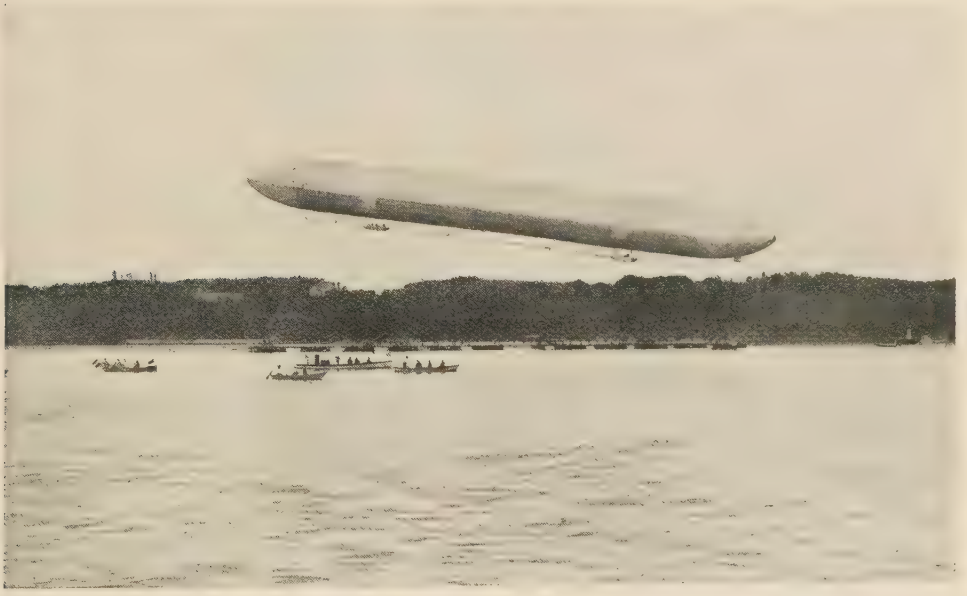
COUNT ZEPPELIN'S AIR-SHIP.

By EUGEN WOLF,*

ONE OF COUNT ZEPPELIN'S COMPANIONS ON THE TRIAL ASCENTS.

Illustrated from the Official Photographs.

CONCERNING the first trial trip of Count Zeppelin's air-ship at Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance, a good many misrepresentations have appeared in the press. Having been a member of the party making the first ascension, with command of one of the two aluminium boats, I owe it to Count Zeppelin and to the Society for the Promotion of Air Navigation to give a correct account of this trial trip, inasmuch as it marks an epoch in the effort to master the aerial ocean.



THE AIR-SHIP ON ITS TRIAL VOYAGE, JULY 2ND, 1900.

It was not at all Count Zeppelin's intention to make his first trial trip a public representation, but it was necessary, of course, to take the ship from its hall to the waters of Lake Constance in order that the long-expected experiment might be made. The different steamer companies of the countries adjoining the lake—Austria, Baden, Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Switzerland—advertised daily that the trial trip was about to take place, although knowing that no public ascension was intended, and filled their vessels with passengers, who were doomed to be disappointed. This largely contributed to their daily receipts, but was not at all in our favour. Correspondents of all sorts of newspapers also appeared, like so many grasshoppers, and the fact that admission to the air-ship hall could not be granted to everybody while the *final* preparations were going on put the spectators somewhat out of humour, especially those who had paid steamer fares on two different days for the purpose of seeing us smashed to a jelly. They did not realise that the air-ship had cost the intellectual work of a man's life and over £10,000 in money, and that this trial trip was a serious, scientific experiment which must needs be made under favouring conditions.

The ascent was planned to take place on

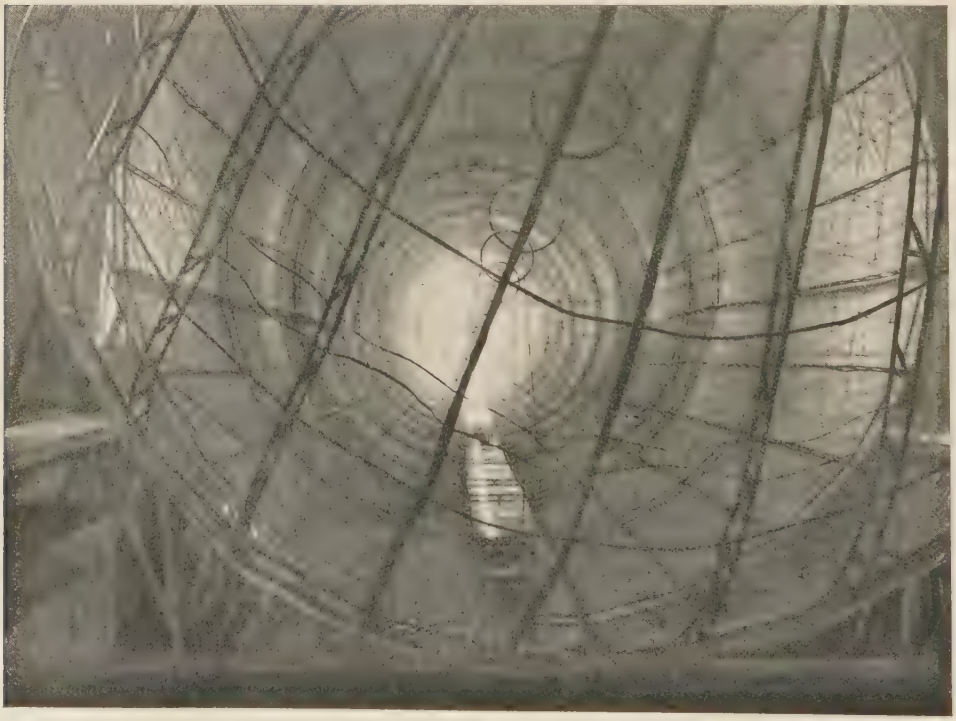
* Copyright, 1900, by the S. S. McClure Co., in the United States of America.

Saturday, June 30th, but towards evening of that day, when the seventeen different balloons which represent the lifting-power of the air-ship were near to being filled, it was decided by those who were to make the ascent that further tests of the water-filled ballast bags were necessary. Accordingly the ascent was delayed. Some anxiety had been felt as to the filling of the balloons, but it was conducted in a manner entirely satisfactory, one of the officers of the Berlin Balloon Navigation School conducting the work on the inside of the hall, and Engineer Gradenvitz superintending the work outside. It was somewhat widely reported that one of the balloons burst in filling, but this was an impossibility, because every balloon had a safety-valve and could not burst.



THE ALUMINIUM FRAMEWORK ON END OF AIR-SHIP.

On the following day (Sunday, July 1st) the anemometrical measurements taken at different observation stations on the lake showed a velocity of wind exceeding 33 feet



THE INTERIOR OF THE ALUMINIUM SKELETON FRAME.

a second. We were all of the opinion that an air-ship which had never been tried should not make its first trip in such a wind as this. About eight o'clock in the evening, however, the wind calmed down, and the air-ship was taken out on the lake upon its pontoon, although it was then too late to venture an ascent. This was the first time the ship had ever been moved out of the hall, and in the open air it looked gigantic enough.

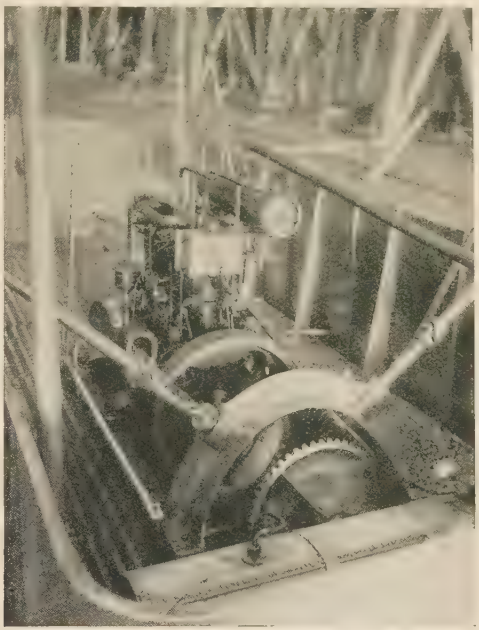
It is the size of a man-o'-war, having a length of 419½ feet, a diameter of 38·2 feet, and a volume of 14,780 cubic yards. The seventeen balloons which lift her are confined in a huge cylinder, pointed at both ends, and having underneath a gallery or bridge 346 feet long, and offering a walking space of 326 feet long, or longer than the promenade of the largest ships. Underneath the bridge are the two aluminium boats, about 20 feet long and 3⅓ feet high, which contain the motors. From these boats the ship is controlled. In spite of her great size, however, and the amount of machinery



THE AIR-SHIP UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

which she contains, she is surprisingly light in weight, every attempt having been made, of course, to unite strength and lightness. Her total weight as she rises into the air, crew and all included, is about 22,000 pounds, or 11 tons.

Although we decided not to make an ascent on the evening of July 1st, Chief Engineer Kober, of Munich, who had been Count Zeppelin's right hand for many years, improved the time, when the ship was out of



THE AIR-SHIP'S WORKS.

doors and ready for an ascent, by making the most careful of final examinations, that there might be nothing out of order when the first flight should be made. At the same time, the men whose duty it was to hold the ropes —they were recruited from the Friedrichshafen fire brigade and from the gymnastic society of the same small town—must needs be trained to manœuvre with the air-ship. And, lastly, the two engineers in the aluminium boats were set to work, and the air-screws on each side of the ship developed such power that they moved not only the ship itself, but the heavy pontoon to which it was fastened. Indeed, the screws were easily able to force the ship back into the hall when the experiments were finished late that night. These trials on July 1st proved that the air-ship was entirely stable and had plenty of rising power, and that the propellers developed the desired energy.

On the following day (Monday) the ship was again taken out on the pontoon, but the day being excessively hot the ascent was delayed until towards evening. We originally planned a long trial trip, and we feared



THE FLOATING SHED ON LAKE CONSTANCE.

that the hot sun, expanding the balloons, would necessitate the loss of gas and the corresponding expense of ballast, thereby reducing the duration of the originally intended trip to about sunset; therefore, the air-ship was weighed under the very exact direction of one of the officers, and upward it went. It rose very smoothly, quietly, majestically, then described a large circle and executed different manœuvres to try the usefulness of its various mechanical arrangements.

Meanwhile we had risen some 1,300 feet over the waters of Lake Constance, and we had travelled three and three-quarter miles in seventeen minutes in the direction of a small village on the shore of the lake called Jumrenstaad. The ship had proved its dirigibility.

Being in the rear boat, where I was watching the proceedings and taking Count Zeppelin's orders through a speaking-tube, I noticed that one of the rudders suddenly ceased to obey, and through my field-glass I saw that the steering apparatus in the front boat was out of order. It seemed that the handle for the running weight had broken, and that the starboard rudder refused to act, part of its gear having become entangled with a wire. Night had now fallen, and, the breakages preventing our going on manœuvring as we had intended, it was decided to descend. Accordingly, Count Zeppelin hoisted a large blue flag, the signal for all steamers and boats on the lake below to keep clear while we landed.



A NEARER VIEW.



OUTSIDE THE SHED.

The air-ship sank slowly, and rested on the water as smooth as a sea-gull—no bump, no crash, no rise, no jumping, no sensation whatever. It was some moments after we touched before I realised that we were really riding on the water of Lake Constance. The aluminium boats dipped only two inches into the water, and the air-ship stood full and safe above us. This excellent landing was mainly due to Baron Bassus, who was acting in the front boat, and who very cleverly measured the spending of the hydrogen as we descended.

But we were not done yet with accidents. Once in the water, the outer covering of the air-ship was accidentally caught in a wooden pole or water-mask projecting fourteen feet out of the water. We sawed this off, but, unfortunately, about five feet of it was still left above water, so that the rope of the running-weight which dragged in the water under the aluminium boats was caught and had to be released.

These were both minor accidents, in no way detracting from the real success of the trial. Next time the rope will be hung higher between the two boats, and the steering-gear that gave way will be made of bronze metal instead of aluminium, so that it will be stronger. Appren tice-fee must be paid in all things and all over the world, also in air-ships.



EUGEN WOLF.



Photo by Brandseph, [*Stuttgart.*

COUNT ZEPPELIN.

After settling on the water we remained quietly in the boats while the rope of the running-weight was cleared, and then we prepared to go in the pontoon which was to carry the ship back to the hall. It might seem difficult to get so large a structure as the air-ship back on the pontoon, but it was a simple matter. The crew of the forward boat stepped out, thus lessening the weight at that end of the ship by some 550 pounds. Instantly the forward boat was lifted out of the water by the balloons, and it was then moved on to the pontoon without the slightest difficulty. The crew of the rear boat observed the same proceeding, and the rear end of the ship promptly rose upward as soon as my engineer and I had left the boat. Then the whole ship was rolled on the pontoon by using the two rubber-tyred landing-wheels fixed under the aluminium boats. Before arriving at the hall at Manzell we found that the air-ship was intact in all its parts except for the broken rudder—certainly evidence in favour of its durability.

And now to give a little idea of what the air-ship really is. It is made so large in order to secure a driving capacity of from eighteen to twenty-one miles an hour, the size forming the basis for the expected success. The great body of the ship is divided into seventeen compartments, and each of these is provided with a gas-bag. There are eleven balloons of cylindrical form, 26⅔ feet high and about 35 feet in diameter, two balloons 13 feet high, and four balloons which are so formed that they will fit into the pointed ends of the air-ship. All of these gas-bags are made out of a tightened cotton material especially devised for the purpose. The bags prepared last summer with indiarubber coverings proved a failure, being insufficiently tight to hold the gas; had it not been for this difficulty the trial ascension would have taken place a year ago. Each balloon is entirely separate



THE ASCENT PARTY.

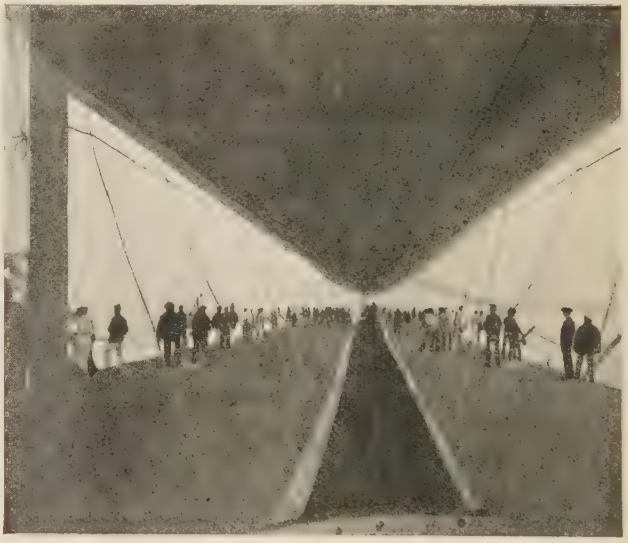


THE AIR-SHIP READY FOR FLIGHT.

from its neighbours, and each moves individually within its own cell, thereby avoiding a disturbance of longitudinal stability. All the balloons are provided with safety-valves, but only four have regular outlet valves at the top, these being controlled by ropes which lead downward through aluminium tubes to the boats. An empty space of nearly two feet is left between the exterior cover of the air-ship and the enclosed balloons to serve as a protection from the heat of the sun, which may expand the gas too much.

In order to strengthen the skeleton framework of the ship and to furnish the various balloons with a staying and leaning surface, a large quantity of aluminium wire is spanned diagonally back and forth in the ship's interior. The frame is covered all over with soft samie fibre (from a Mexican and Mauritian cactus), and still outside of this, on the upper part, there is a water-tight covering of pegamoid, the lower part being covered with very light silk. No attempt has been made to have the exterior coat gas-tight, but only to provide a smooth surface, thereby reducing the aerial friction to a minimum.

The ship is guided by four rudders, two in front and two behind. Very much, of course, depends on the rudders; they are the test of the ship's success in the important matter of dirigibility. The two at the front work in air, which is divided, or split up, by the moving point of the ship, and their action in directing the ship is most important. Therefore they require great solidity of construction. The rear rudders, working as they do in comparatively



UNDERNEATH THE AIR-SHIP.



ONE OF THE ALUMINIUM CAR-BOATS.



THE TRIAL OF COUNT ZEPPELIN'S AIR-SHIP, JULY 2ND, 1900.

quiet air, do not require as great strength, nor do they have the effect in steering. The rear rudders are rectangular surfaces, with dimensions of about $6\frac{2}{3}$ by 15 feet.

I have already spoken of the long gallery suspended beneath the body of the ship, and of the two aluminium boats which furnish a place for the crew. The boats are provided with double floors, the space between which is filled with water. In case of emergency, this ballast can be instantly and easily let off, a very great advantage in an air-ship. Each boat is also provided with a Daimler benzine motor and an oil-tank containing enough fuel for a ten hours' run. The motors have been made so light that each, though giving 16 horse-power, with



THE AIR-SHIP DESCENDING.

700 revolutions a minute, weighs only 715 pounds, or about 44 pounds for every horse-power. The air-screws, which are propelled by these motors, are located to the right and to the left, above each boat, being attached to the body of the air-ship. They have four wings each and a diameter of $3\frac{3}{4}$ feet.

There is every reason to believe that Count Zeppelin's air-ship will make a velocity of 26 feet a second (about 17 miles an hour), a speed which, if made, must be counted a great success in aerial navigation, especially if it can be kept up during thirty or forty hours. But only practical trials will show the capacity of the ship. Experiments have shown that with a third 16 horse-power engine, Count Zeppelin's air-ship should make fully 30 feet per second, and it is probable that weight can be saved in various parts of the construction.

This question of speed is a most important one, owing to the fact that the navigators must expect to meet winds of greater or less velocity. Before being really practical, an air-ship must be able to travel at a speed which will overcome at least all the lighter winds. And wind is a more difficult factor to calculate upon. Its velocity is different at different heights, and it is continually changing. In a general way it increases with the altitude, but in the lower air stratas, up to a height of 1,300 feet, the range in which an air-ship might travel, the winds are changeable, though seldom very strong.

Forty-two balloon trips, made at different times of the year, and during all sorts of weather, have, in thirty cases, or 71·4 per cent. shown wind velocities which Count Zeppelin could overcome with his air-ship going 26 feet a second. In the other twelve trips the wind velocity was too high for such a ship.

Another series of experiments with an anemometer placed on a mast-yard 92 feet high show a probable velocity of wind of 26 feet a second or less during 57·3 days out of every 100, and of 33 feet a second or less during 70·8 days out of every 100. These figures are not as favourable as those taken from the records of the forty-two balloon ascensions, but still they are quite favourable enough for Count Zeppelin's air-ship, for what more could an aeronaut ask when making a trial of a new air-ship than to have more than half the days of the year at his disposal for safe experimenting?

Summing the whole matter up, there is cause for congratulation to everyone who is interested in the navigation of the air in the success of Count Zeppelin's ship in its first trial. And with the great headway which engineering is making in the production of light and effective motors, and the possibility of still further reducing the weight of the body of the ship, further improvements will not be long in coming.

To judge from what I have seen and experienced (and I am not a greenhorn at ballooning, having travelled many a night through in balloons during more than twenty years), I am to-day of the opinion that Count Zeppelin's new air-ship is about to revolutionise our ways of locomotion, and that his invention will, in a very short time, astonish the world. I need not speak of the great value of such a ship as Count Zeppelin's in war-time. That is self-evident.



Canadian Artillery in a Storm.

By Arthur Cooke.



THE THROAT OF THE WOLF.

BY
FRED M. WHITE.*

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

I.

COUNT ULRIC VENDOZA swore softly, but with fervour, as the sergeant of the guard saluted. The man's very moustache was an outrage.

"Look at the fellow," Ulric muttered to himself. "A complexion like oak bark, beard rugged as mountain's torrent, and a nose like a scimitar. And those beautiful white scars all over his face! Prince Thor couldn't call *him* a 'pretty boy.'"

Wherein lay the source of the trouble. Prince Thor was six feet two, deep-chested as an ox, for had he not carried the gates of Manchi on his shoulders in the face of the army of Farsala? Wherefore it is unkind for such a one to speak of such another as Ulric as "pretty boy."

There was truth in it, and there the sting lay. Ulric was fair as a girl, his skin shone clear under a varnish of bronze gold, his eyes were blue, and the abbreviated moustaches were yellow. A pretty boy, a squire of dames, something to prick and prance in ruffles and point lace in the perfumed atmosphere of a ball-room. Oh, 'twas bitter!

And yet this boy possessed a strength beyond his years; he had a cool daring all his own; the finished record of flood and field was his. A wicked young rascal, too, who knew his Paris and London by heart, equally at home in Mayfair or Monte Carlo, under the green trees in the park, or by the green cloth where the lights are low and men's eyes gleam with the gambler's lust. For drinking and fighting and gaming had ever run in the blood of the Vendoza's from the day when they began to carve out the kingdom of Farsala from the slopes of the Balkans and painted it on the map of Europe in blood and fire.

Prince Thor of Sharlock, cousin of the King, Ulric's master, knew all this, of course. But Thor made enemies recklessly, as a man of his inches and courage can afford to do. For he was a disappointed man, and but for the accident of circumstances would have carried the crown of Farsala himself. He and the King were outwardly the best of friends, though Thor never scrupled to conceal the fact that he would turn the tables some day should chance present itself, whereupon King Max, a very Hercules in anything from war to wine-cup, would smite him lustily on the back and bid him try.

All these things passed in the mind of Count Ulric as he mounted upwards from the Castle of Narasoo—where the Court lay—in the dewy sweetness of the morning. As he mounted higher over the crags and the scrambled foliage of the hillside, he could see far across the valley to where Farsala, the capital of the State, lay slumbering also.

"It's all very well for the King," Ulric muttered, still harping upon his pet aversion, Thor, "but some day that man will get his chance. The King holds his own over the most audacious and superstitious set of cut-throats in Europe by sheer force of will and courage. Thor is the Devil; and people forget. It's hard to hold the people who live in legends."

Ulric rose higher and higher. He passed the hunting-lodge of the King and turned almost mechanically into a black-throated gorge—a natural amphitheatre through which an amber stream flowed swiftly—a dizzy kind of place, with steep, precipitous

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rocks, a false step on which would plunge one into the stream below.

"A fine theatre for a fine deed," Ulric muttered. "Here it was that King Max won his crown and his wife, God bless her! But those days are over; no white-throated wolf will ever stray down the Devil's Windpipe again, for the legend is fulfilled, and the old story will some day be forgotten."

As Ulric spoke a low growl came from the bushes on a ledge in front of him. The growl was followed by a shrill scream, a cry of rage, and yet there was some chord of outraged dignity in it.

Ulric started. His ears were acquainted with the note of every bird that flew and every beast that lurked there. The note was strange to him. The cry was something between that of a tiger and a jackal. Then the bushes parted and a mass of grey fur flashed down almost at Ulric's feet.

It was a great grizzled beast the size of a mastiff. It had the long, lean, vicious head of a wolf, the rugged lines of yellow teeth flashed and snarled. Red blood dripped from the muzzle, the thick pads were stained in the same way. In a dreamy kind of way Ulric was conscious of a pair of green eyes filled with fire, a thin, cruel tongue like pink leather. From the point of the quivering jaw to the dewlap, in vivid contrast to the grizzled face, was a band of soft, white hair like a patch of silken snow.

"A white-throated wolf!" Ulric cried. "And they are supposed to be extinct. What a chance for the 'pretty boy,' if he only had a weapon!"

There was also a fine chance for the wolf, though the logical point escaped Ulric in the excitement of the moment. But the wolf had no stomach for fighting, evidently. The bloody jaws and dripping pads pointed to a surfeit of another kind. The strangled cry of rage was merely a proclaimed sovereignty of the place. With a growl that shook the lean flanks the wolf plunged into the undergrowth again.

Ulric strode downwards full of the excitement of his find. He would have that wolf. He would show Prince Thor what the "pretty boy" was made of. The last white-throated wolf ever seen in Farsala had fallen to the strong arm of the King, for the white-throated wolves were the Arms of the State, and the legend on which the very crown rested was rooted in that strange vulpine tribe.

Ulric came down to the Castle full of the news. He found a table with a white cloth and scarlet flowers laid out on the terrace under the grim walls of the fortress, and here King Max and the Queen, with Prince Thor, were breakfasting. There was a dish of trout in cream, flanked by a pie of boar's head, red wine simmered in large three-handled cups, a variety of fruit blushed on the table. No servants were present, and the Queen poured out the coffee with her own hands.

"Come and join us, Ulric," the Queen cried.

"Madam," Ulric stammered, "in this dress I cannot."

He had snatched off his cap and would have passed on. A pair of knickerbockers and golf-stockings are not usually associated with the fierce light that beats upon a throne. Whereupon the King rose in the exuberant buoyancy of his seven-and-seventy inches, and, picking up Ulric like a baby, deposited him in a chair.

"Never mind your bib, little man," Thor cried.

The two sons of Anak roared. They seemed to dominate the place with their majestic presence. Till the grey creeping of the dawn they had sat over a hunting supper with the dead flagons thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa, and here they were fresh and pink as the clean run salmon down yonder in the pool.

"You are annoying the Count," Queen Corona protested gently.

She was tall and dark as the night, with great clear eyes like forest pools, and a face cleaner cut than any cameo. Her voice was a caress, her lips velvet geraniums. In all South-Eastern Europe none held sway with so fine a silken thread as Queen Corona of Farsala. Max paused in his raffish sport.

"Ulric doesn't mind," Thor growled.

"Indeed, I do, your Highness," Ulric protested. "I am no child, remember. Would you like to test me at the end of a rapier, sir?"

Thor laughed hugely and declined the proffered honour, for, young as he was in years, Ulric was old in reputation as a swordsman. The big prince lifted a cup of wine to his lips, nor did he lower it till a good pint had passed down his capacious throat.

"No, no," he cried; "the ox has succumbed to the sting of the hornet before now. But I like your spirit, lad. When I have ousted the King from his throne I shall be glad to have you by me."

"I don't fancy you will, sir, if my mind

be the same as it is now," Ulric said dryly.

The big, shaggy eyebrows contracted in a frown. Thor reached out a hand to Ulric, but the Queen's slim fingers interfered.

"I command this to cease," she cried. There was will and majesty in the tones. "We never doubted your desires and intentions, cousin, nor do we doubt the bad taste of your remarks just now. Ulric, you have news—I see it in your eyes."

Prince Thor subsided into the wine-cup again. The King glanced impatiently at his watch. Far down in the courtyard the dogs were gathered, for a great chase was afoot, a long day's sport, to end with another carouse at the hunting-lodge. Next week the Court would adjourn to Farsala for the opening of the two Chambers; meanwhile *le roi s'amuse*.

"I have news to interest his Majesty, madam," Ulric replied as quietly as possible. "I have just seen a thrilling sight—a white-throated wolf."

The Queen started. Her face turned deadly pale, a strange hope looked from her eyes, a captive behind prison bars.

"Max!" she said hoarsely. "Max, can this be so?"

Prince Thor had relinquished the goblet. His eyes gleamed with a peculiar light. He sought those of the Queen, but they avoided him.

"Impossible," he muttered, "absolutely impossible. Where did you see it?"

The question was in the form of a harsh command. For a moment Ulric made no reply. A sudden idea, a sudden inspiration had come to him. Why should he not have all the *kudos* of his discovery!

"The King says I am mistaken, sir," he replied. "After that I am dumb."

Thor turned away, his eyes gleaming with a strange, unnecessary fury, or so it seemed. The King bent and kissed his consort on the lips.

"Adieu, sweetheart," he cried gaily. "A little more colour in your lips when we return. Come, cousin; we must not keep the dogs waiting."

II.

The clank of boot and clink of spur died away. Ulric watched the splendid swaggering figures with an admiration he could not conceal. Two other such men Europe could not produce. If Farsala had only——

"Ulric, dear Ulric, you must help me now."

"Your Majesty——" Ulric stammered. "Why, you are as pale as death." Queen Corona had fallen into a chair. The vivid pallor of her features caused the Count to feel a sudden alarm. Down in the valley the dogs were flinging their music to the breeze.

"If you cannot help me, I am ruined," the Queen murmured.

Ulric protested passionately. He would die for his sovereign. Let her only command him and the thing was done. For his wit was as neat and nimble as his sword, his courage as finely tempered.

The Queen smiled again and a little colour crept into her cheeks.

"Are you sure," she asked, "that you saw a white-throated wolf to-day?"

"As sure, madam, as I am your devoted slave and servant."

"Well, there is comfort, aye, and truth in that, Ulric. You must slay me that wolf and bring the white fur to me. You wonder why this pressing need, and I am going to tell you. What is the most precious possession in our regalia?"

"The emerald crown, your Majesty, beyond a doubt."

"Spoken truly, Ulric. And what is the most precious part of that crown?"

"The band of white wolf's fur that surrounds the base, your Majesty."

"Yes, yes. Everybody knows that. When we go to open the popular Chamber in Farsala next week we shall wear that crown. And what think you would Farsala say if the white fur were missing?"

A cry came from Ulric's lips. The light of a perfect understanding flashed in upon him—practically speaking, the kingdom of Farsala was tied up by that strip of white wolf's fur. For the Farsalans dwelt in a world of dreams and legends when they had no war to whet their appetites upon.

Time ago Farsala had been vassal to Turkey. Above them, further up the Balkan slopes, were the tribes of Suazi, a warlike people who, when other means failed, drove the hordes of white-throated wolves down the passes, so that Farsala knew the harry of a constant terror. And then there arose a great warrior to Farsala who swore a mighty oath to exterminate the scourge, and he kept his word. At the end of his generation a white-throated wolf was as a black swan for rarity, and the Suazis came down the passes bringing honey and olive branches as a desire for peace.

All this was according to the prophecy of the



"The Queen started. Her face turned deadly pale."

Wise Woman of the Hills. The white-throated wolves would turn upon the chiefs of Suazi until not one remained. And when a chief of Farsala rescued the last child of the last headsman of Suazi from the teeth of the last wolf, then Suazi and Farsala should be made one, and a kingdom should arise as the fruit of their loins.

Strangely it fell out that this same thing came to pass. Ten years before, Queen Corona, sole survivor of the royal Suazi line, had been attacked by the last of the white-throated wolves, and Prince Max of Farsala had come up in the nick of time and rescued her. With his hands alone he had attacked the wolf, he had torn the white throat out of the beast; and from that day Farsala, in spite of the hereditary claims of Prince Thor, her anointed leader, was ruled by King Max. So the white throat of the wolf was bound around the emerald crown, and so long as it remained there so Farsala stood on the living rock of safety. It was no legend now, it was part of the Farsala religion.

It all came back to Ulric with vivid force. If aught had happened to the white fur, then the King stood in deadly peril. His splendid strength and magnificent courage could not save him. The thing would pass as a manifestation of Divine displeasure, and Thor had a strong party behind him.

"Prince Thor has done this thing," Ulric cried.

"I fear so," the Queen murmured. "He has made no secret of what he would do, did Fortune smile upon him. He has proclaimed it over and over again with a brutal frankness. Yet the King clings to him."

"He has saved the King's life twice, madam."

"Oh, I do not doubt his courage. He would save even his bitterest enemy from flood and fire. But we are wasting time. The emerald crown has been stripped of its most precious possession—how, I cannot say. It may be treachery, it may be that Prince Thor has possessed himself of the keys of the strong-room; but the bitter fact remains. I only discovered the truth this morning. I should have told the King, but you came up, it seemed to me, in time to save the situation. When I heard you tell of the white-throated wolf, I knew that Heaven was on our side. Ulric, if you can only get that wolf——"

The Queen paused significantly. The whole matter flashed through Ulric's brain with the rapidity of lightning. Thor had done this thing with his splendid audacity. To tax him with his perfidy would merely elicit a frank confession of his fault. To try and wrest the precious possession from him would be as the snatching of flesh from the teeth of a tiger. There was a chance now to open the King's eyes and remove from the State a magnificent danger.

Truly the hand of Heaven seemed to be guiding this business. The last, positively the last, of the white-throated wolves had come skulking down from the untrodden slopes of Suazi, for the sheer purpose of a sacrifice to uphold the throne. His white, sanguine throat should repair the mischief.

"You want me to kill this wolf for you, madam?" Ulric asked.

"Yes, yes," the Queen responded eagerly. "Track him, slay him, bring his skin to me. There is still time, and I have those about me who will keep the secret. A day or two will suffice to make good that which is lost. Farsala will be none the wiser. An imitation would be out of the question, for Prince Thor would set tongues wagging, and all would be lost. Can you do this, Ulric?"

Ulric made the most of his inches. He would show Prince Thor what a "pretty boy" was made of. He had the most stupendous of State secrets in the hollow of his hand, he alone of all the Court had been chosen as the friend of his sovereign. His heart swelled with the pride of it.

"I can and will do it, madam," he cried. "And this very day."

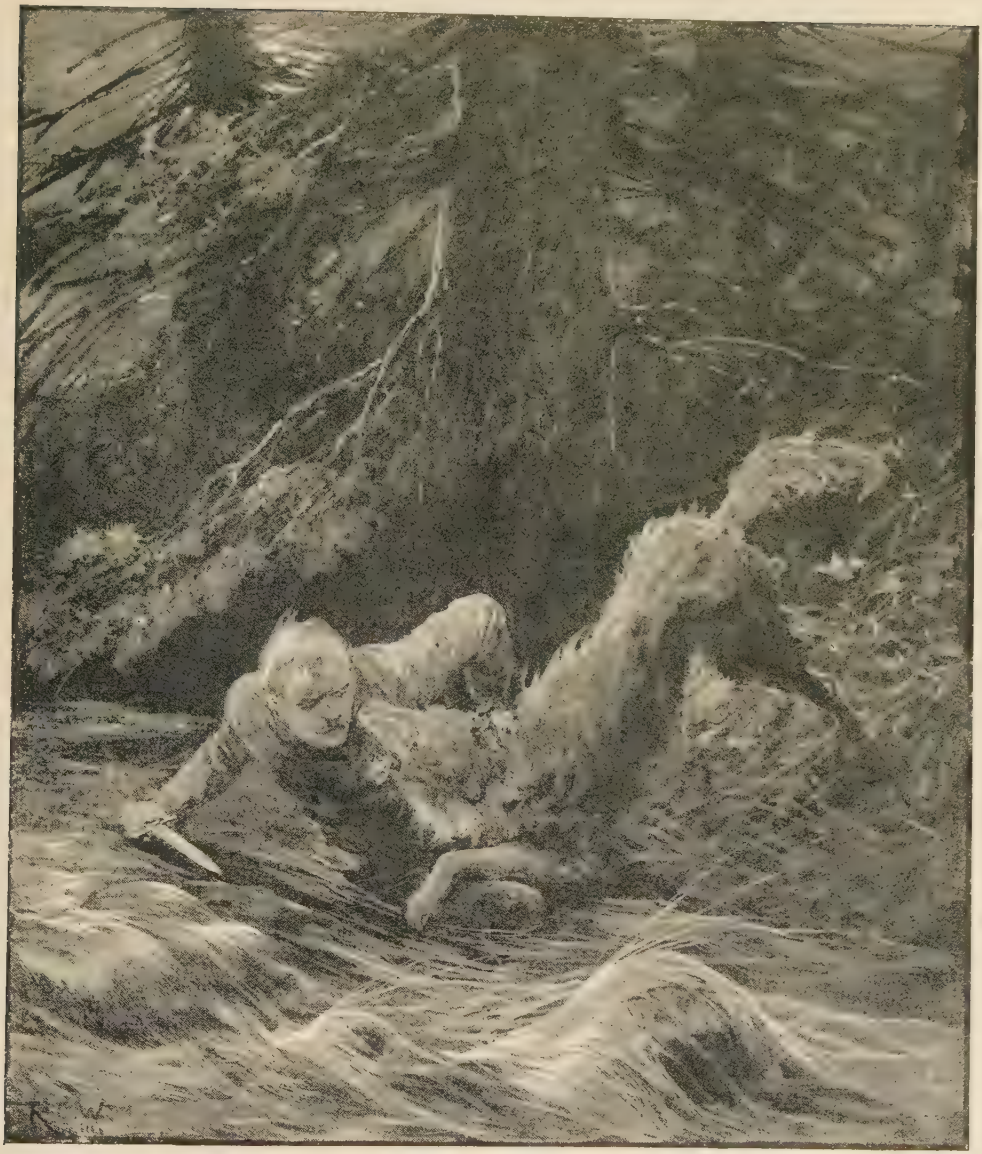
The Queen looked swiftly around her. Nobody was in sight. Then she stooped swiftly and kissed Ulric on the forehead.

"God bless and preserve you!" she whispered. "Go, and may you be successful. I shall know no peace of mind till you return. And if you fail——"

She said no more, for her words ceased like the snapping of a harp-string. Her head had fallen, her splendid eyes were unutterably sad, as she turned away and disappeared into the Castle.

But there was no fear or sadness in the heart of Ulric. The royal lips had touched his brow, the royal safety lay in the grasp of his fingers. The danger of his enterprise was uplifted into glory.

"I'll not fail," he said between his teeth, "though I dare not use firearms, for fear of ruining the work before it is accomplished. Take heart of grace, sweet Queen, for failure is no word of mine."



"Ulric had his knife again now."

III.

Ulric's preparations were of the slightest. A suit of leather, soft, yet tough, a long, curved hunting-knife sufficed. To find the lair of the wolf he knew would be no difficult matter. But to make the attack in the daylight was quite a different thing; added to which was the danger of encountering the hunting-party in the forest, or the possible chance of discovery and all dreaded publicity to follow.

For this thing would have to be as secret and as silent as the grave. There was nothing for it now but to wait until the shades of night had fallen, unless, indeed, it were possible to follow the trail of the wolf with an eye to a surprise.

Trained in woodcraft from a toddling child, Ulric had nothing to learn in this respect. He would follow the trail as far as prudence permitted. It would be easy to avoid the hunting-party, which was numerous and necessarily noisy, and which had gone forth that morning in pursuit of boar only.

At any rate, anything was better than the

intolerable suspense of weighing out dull minutes in a scale of lead. So it came about that early in the afternoon Ulric mounted upwards to the gorge where he had encountered the white-throated monster, and cast about for the spoor.

He found it almost at once, the mark of the great pads was plain as print to the eyes of the woodsman. There were four or five sets of marks coming and going to the brink of the river.

"That's a discovery, at any rate," Ulric muttered. "The brute comes down here nights to drink. I shall find him here some time after dark. And a better place for an attack than this flat, cliff-like ledge of rock couldn't be imagined. Uncommonly close to the hunting-lodge, though, but that can't be helped. By the time Lupus comes down for his libation those people will be well into their third flagon and making noise enough to drown a thunderstorm. After all, I don't suppose there will be any real risk."

Night was falling like a grey curtain over the caps of snow and the sombre pines of the forest as Ulric came to the battle-ground again. He could see the darkness rolling down in waves; he saw the faint, straw-coloured lights in the hunting-lodge grow brighter and more ruddy as the heart of the night throbbed over the forest; he could catch bursts of laughter getting wilder and louder in the passing hours. A thin moon behind torn masses of clouds gave a feeble ray upon the rocky platform.

Darker grew the night, the wind sobbed in the pines, high up overhead Ulric could see the twinkling lights of the hunting-lodge. It seemed to his strained fancy that he was alone there with the weight of the world pressing on his shoulders. For on a single fling of the dice his empire rested.

He began to throb and glow with the thought of it. Despite the vivid experience of his years, those years only numbered twenty-four, and all illusions are not fired at that age. The future of Farsala had been entrusted to him; out of all the brave hearts and loyal swords about her, Queen Corona had chosen him alone to save the dynasty.

Then, as the flood-tide of exultation ebbed away, Ulric grew cool and cautious again. That a terrible danger loomed before him he knew. That it might be the man or the wolf who came out uppermost he knew also.

But Ulric was going to take no risks. He had the discretion which should ever accompany true courage. He cast about him with an eye to strategic advantages. The field of battle had to be taken into consideration.

On one side of the rocky platform was a fringe of bushes from which the wolf would assuredly emerge when he came down to water—indeed, Ulric had already proved this by the spoor. On the other side of the platform was a rugged, steep slope of rocks overhanging the river. Down this slope the wolf would in all probability make his way.

Near to the end of this miniature cliff was a shelf or ledge of rocks under which a man could hide himself. There was just a chance that Ulric might lurk there and deal the wolf a treacherous and fatal stab as he passed. It was no time for the nice honour of attack.

"It's a case of the Devil and the baker," Ulric muttered. "If possible, I mean to be the Devil on this occasion. But waiting is weary work, worse than fighting, a great deal. Will he never come?"

The night wind moaned in the pines, the leaden-footed minutes crept on to the burial of the lagging hour, and yet the quarry came not. Wafted on the breeze from the fortress below, twelve o'clock struck on the big bell. At the last stroke Ulric's ear caught something.

He peered out eagerly. Lights still winked redly like wine from the hunting-lodge as they were likely to wink for some time to come. Ulric felt for his knife and fastened the strap of it about his wrist.

The hour had come and the man was ready. He could hear the soft footfall of some creeping thing, he could hear the crackle of dry twigs and the flutter of leaves. Then something between a purr and a snarl broke the silence. Nearer and nearer it came; a peculiar, sweaty odour, mingled fur and grease and foul miasma, filled the air. The wolf paused and growled uneasily as Ulric held his breath. The brute scented danger and advanced more cautiously, but still he advanced, till Ulric from his hiding-place could see the long, lean, ragged form quivering there.

The wolf was close to him now, so close that he could have touched him with the tip of his fingers. With nerves strung to the highest tension, Ulric was filled with hysterical impulse to rush blindly out and grapple with the foe.

But hereditary instinct and ingrained woodcraft restrained him. He crouched under the shelf with knife upraised, waiting for the wolf to proceed. The heavy russet coat of the wolf rustled and quivered; Ulric



"The Queen came sweeping down in her robes."

could almost see the snarling fangs, but he waited, waited with the patience of the Guards at Waterloo. With patience the game must assuredly be his.

Still the wolf advanced, the fœtid odour became nauseating. The long, lean flanks came on and on, not more than a foot from Ulric's knife. His hand shot out as he caught the near hind-leg in a grip of steel. A scream of rage and pain and fear smote on the startled air.

A grey muzzle pointed with black and armed with two rows of shining teeth whipped round with the rapidity of light. The white ivory trap snatched at Ulric's breast as he raised his knife.

The blade flashed, there was a dim half-circle, like the fading glow of a star that falls, the steel met flesh and bone and sinew, and shearing them as if they had been a carrot, cut the limb away.

A cry of triumph burst from Ulric. With three legs only the wolf would be at his mercy. Its instinct would be to turn and fly, pursued by the victor, who had only to track his prey down until, exhausted by loss of blood, the end came. Farsala was saved!

Not yet, not yet. This was no ordinary breed of wolf, as Ulric might have remembered. With an amazing energy and tenacity the beast turned and faced his enemy. He could see Ulric now, and, lying under the ledge of rock, the latter was at a terrible disadvantage. Foaming with rage and filled with lust to kill, the white-throated wolf came on.

The terrible hurt seemed to give him fresh life and energy. The evil-smelling muzzle came down under the shelf of rock as Ulric made a plunge with his reeking knife for the heart. Cramped and hampered as he was, the stroke lost force and direction, merely glancing from the wolf's jaw and penetrating the ground.

Before Ulric could recover and strike again, the wolf had him by the thick leather jerkin that protected his chest. As if he had been a blind kitten in the mouth of some feline mother, he was carried out into the open. As Ulric fought to save himself, the knife slipped from his hand. The knife was attached by a thong to his wrist, it is true, but he dared not reach for the haft now.

He had business of a much more pressing nature on hand now than the speedy despatch of the foe. For the moment Farsala and its depleted crown were forgotten. He lay on his back fighting for his life.

His throat, his throat, if he could only protect his throat. The stiff leather collar about it stood him in good stead now, and,

fortunately for him, those sharp, tearing claws were more or less useless, seeing that the severing of a leg had deprived those nervous loins of their power. Still, the whole weight of the beast lay like lead on Ulric's chest, the dripping, foaming jaws were tearing his collar. The breath of the wolf was hot, the fœtid smell of it horrible. A physical sickness turned Ulric's soul to water for the moment.

He was nearly, nearly lost. When he came to himself again he realised that his leather collar was getting soaked and sodden with saliva and torn to ribbons by those cruel teeth. In the blindness of despair Ulric shot a hand out and gripped the wolf by the lower jaw.

In a moment the wolf was practically powerless. Given strength enough, and a man might hold a tiger thus, gripping the lower jaw and the tongue simultaneously. If only Ulric could reach and use his knife.

As yet he dared not try for that, the opportunity might come presently. The wolf jerked his head upwards, wrenching Ulric almost to his knees. That he would not be able to maintain his hold he knew perfectly well. But the wolf must be bleeding, bleeding slowly, and every instant's delay was precious as water in a dry land. So far Ulric could hug himself with no delusion as to the fading of that nervous strength; still, he clung with the bulldog tenacity of despair. He could only set his teeth and wait.

With a muffled snarl the wolf tugged afresh. The force of the struggle rolled him clean over, Ulric following, still glued to the dripping jaws. Then Ulric found himself slipping and rolling down a ledge of rock, there was a sudden fall as through velvet space, and then as sudden a shock, a cold, gasping plunge, and the two, still locked together, were fighting in the rapid mountain stream.

They had fallen some twenty feet or so into water which, though shallow, was sufficient to break the force of the fall. On either side the wall was sheer, below a bridal-veil fall of the river, above a deep, black pool.

Ulric lay breathless and exhausted upon a yellow spit of sand that cropped out of the torrent. He saw no way of escape, for to go down was death, and to try and swim upstream was impossible. No man in Farsala, save the King, could have done it.

Ulric eyed the wolf grimly.

"It's you or I, or both of us, now," he muttered. "Not much chance of either of us getting away from here, anyway. The only thing is—will they find me in time to save the situation, or will they come too late? 'To be or not to be? that is the question.'"

But wolves, white-throated or otherwise, are not much interested in Shakespeare's philosophy. The beast had made, like Ulric, for the spit of sand, a proceeding Ulric resisted, seeing that there was only room for one, therefore the other would have to yield the palm and take the mercy of the roaring stream.

Ulric had his knife again now. As the wolf crawled snarling up to him he made a motion to strike—a mere feeble motion, for his strength was being exhausted and the coldness of the water chilled him to the soul.

Still, it sufficed, for from a wound in the neck the red blood came pouring. The great beast with one convulsive spring was on Ulric again and bore him down deep to the wet sand. Once more did Ulric grip the jaw and tongue, and then, despite himself, and with a sullen shame for his weakness did he open his lips and scream for "Help! help!"

It was once and only once, it was the confession of the limit of human fortitude. Not for a kingdom would Ulric have called again. He felt his strength ebbing away, and at the same time he knew by the sobbing breath of the creature above him that the wolf was *in extremis* also. Which would last the longer? which would come through the fire?

"God grant it may be me," Ulric muttered. "Not for my sake, but for hers. Would Heaven sacrifice a kingdom for this carrion? Nay, nay."

And then a voice from the river's bank called Ulric by name.

IV.

New life and vigour flashed meteor-like in every limb. The voice was that of the King.

"Where are you, Count?" he cried. "I heard you call."

Ulric explained with a brevity fitting the occasion. The next instant the mighty figure of the King no longer loomed large, for its place was absent. Then came a plunge in the black heart of the pool, and King Max was by Ulric's side.

A huge hand shot out, there was a groan and a rattle, the splash of a body in the pool, and the King stood neck-deep in the flood with the white throat of the wolf in his

hand. He had torn the throat out as he had done on one great occasion before.

"The body," Ulric faltered, "the body!"

"Will go over the waterfall into the pool below, never to be seen any more. You seem to have forgotten that anything once there never rises again. Get on my back."

Ulric knew that tone and instantly obeyed. Then the King did perhaps the greatest exploit of all his splendid romantic career. With that dead weight he swam a good rifle-shot up a rapid, smooth as ice and as cold, until he landed his burden safely. He shook the water off him like a big dog, and his laugh set the shadows ringing. Yet his shoulders rose and fell, Ulric could hear the beating of his heart.

"You are unhurt?" he asked.

Ulric was unhurt, but utterly spent and weary. The throat of the wolf was in his hand now, for the King had gracefully surrendered it.

"I shall accompany you to the Castle," said the King.



"'For thrones are slippery things.'"

"But, your Majesty," Ulric stammered, "there is no necessity. Your companions——"

"Consign my companions! For the time I am sick of them. I stole out to get a breath of fresh air, and when I heard you cry I recognised your voice. The rest of them will think I have gone home. And it seems to me, my dear Count, that I have yet much to learn concerning your adventure. The prelude and the prologue are yet missing. Tell me."

There was no help for it now, the truth would have to be told. Ulric placed the white throat of the wolf in the hand of the King.

"I would prefer that her Majesty told you, sir," he said. "For myself, I am not afraid of the issue."

Late though it was, lights were still burning in the Queen's private apartments. The faint grey streaks of the dawn were glinting on banners and bars and stained glass before Ulric looked on the face of the King again.

"A trusty messenger has already been despatched to Farsala with the crown," he said. "Yes, the Queen has told me everything. Of your share I say nothing at present. What I owe you I shall repay in deeds, not in words. I was wrong to keep my crown here, and I see it now. My egotism seems to have been commensurate with my physical powers."

"You will send Prince Thor away?" Ulric asked eagerly.

The King nodded. A dark frown had settled on his forehead. Ulric had never seen this mood before, there was a majesty in those broad shoulders strange to him.

"Wait till to-morrow," he said, "and you shall see."

* * * * *

Prince Thor came down to the great hall where breakfast was prepared. Most of the Court were gathered there, something seemed in the air. State formed no part of the doings at the Castle generally. Then, as the Queen came sweeping down in her robes, all rose, for she wore the emerald crown on her head.

One glance, and Prince Thor rose to his feet. His eyes were staring at the crown. The King watched him with contempt in his eyes.

"What does it mean?" Prince Thor gasped.

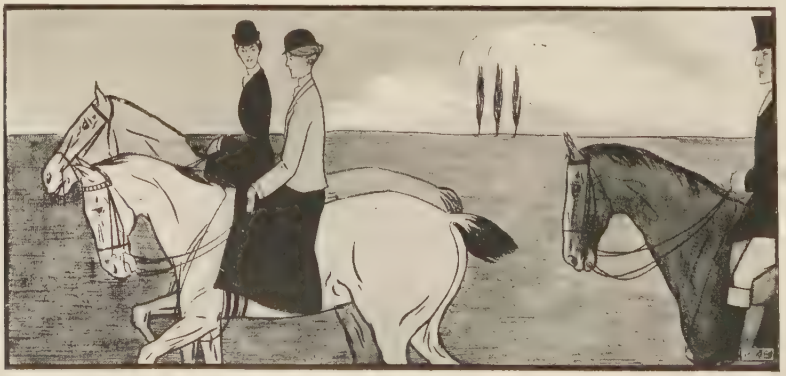
"We do you honour to-day," the King cried. "It is to give you the respect due to you on your departure for foreign lands. Gentlemen, Prince Thor leaves here to-day for an indefinite period. The decision has been come to suddenly, but it is not for us to throw obstacles in the way. Everything is ready, and in an hour the Prince will be on his way to the capital. You would hardly imagine it in one so robust, but the air of this place does not agree with our royal cousin. The blow of his departure will be severe, but we shall survive it in time. There is no need for me to say more, except that, as token that we part in amity, I extend to my cousin my hand."

The King crossed the room and extended his hand. Thor hesitated, but only for a moment. Like the strong man he was, he recognised the crushing force against him. He had been tricked and fooled, but he did not know how—indeed, he was not destined to know.

"It is all for the best," he said. "Your Majesty is kind. To the Queen I kiss—my—hand; and long may she continue to wear the emerald crown. For thrones — are slippery things."

The Queen smiled unsteadily. Her glance fell on Ulric's proud face.

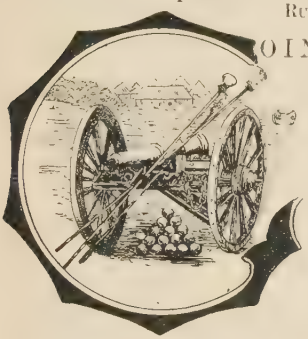
"Not when they are cemented with the hearts of my people," she said.



FAMOUS—BUT UNKNOWN.

By GEORGE A. WADE.

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a belted earl—
Son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same to-day!
RUDYARD KIPLING.



GOING down a street in London not long ago, I noticed a certain man limp hesitatingly into a shop near by. It was not the limp that attracted my attention, but the fact that I caught a glimpse of a little bronze cross pinned upon the man's breast. The above couplet—now so well-known all the world over—passed through my mind, and at once I surmised there was a gallant story hanging behind that cross.

When the man came out of the shop I spoke to him; but at first he was not inclined to be communicative. You have perforce to *make* these brave fellows confess. They won't talk about their exploits—great deeds which set the whole world ringing at the time they happened—if they can help it. They are the most modest of men. You see a man walk along the street, no one particularly notices him, no one knows him. As a rule he is far from being a man whose physique attracts attention. He is often the very last man you would suspect of being "In the ranks of the Deathless Army." But he *is* there, nevertheless! You may not know him when you meet him, but his name is inscribed on the rolls that will never fade whilst England's glory lasts, or her tale can be told to future ages.

You meet him in all kinds of places, as this article will show; you find him in every kind of disguise. He is literally the son of a marquis, of an earl, of a parson, of a soldier, of a seaman; and he is of any trade. His name is known over the world; his deed is recorded in books innumerable; he himself, generally speaking, is unknown!

It has seemed to me whilst arranging this article that the place of honour, owing to his being so unique a personage in his profession, belongs to the Rev. James William Adams. He is the only clergyman who has ever won the Victoria Cross; and this is the first time he has given his sanction for his photograph to be reproduced in such an article—for which, on behalf of the readers of this magazine, I have to thank him. It was only after much and repeated persuasion—so modest is the "fighting parson"—that I got him to allow me to use for this purpose the signed photograph he had given me for myself some time before.

As you walk through the little market town of Downham, in Norfolk, you may occasionally come across him, and see the firm face, the keen look of the clergyman whose deed at Killa Khazzi, in Afghanistan, on December 11th, 1879, set the world talking. Adams was chaplain to the troops, and had accompanied the 9th Lancers towards Cabul to avenge the murder of Sir Louis



Photo by Elliott & Fry, [*Baker Street.*

THE REV. J. W. ADAMS.
The only clergyman V.C.

Cavagnari. He saw a wounded Lancer retreating, whom he helped, and whilst he was doing this his own horse bolted. The chaplain had to walk back, exposed to the greatest danger. As he was going he heard a great splashing at the bottom of a deep cutting, and saw two Lancers there, unhorsed in deep water, who were being slowly battered to death, as their steeds struggled in the stream.

Mr. Adams heard the Afghans close behind



Photo by Maull & Fox, [*Piccadilly.*

LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD, V.C.
"Duke's son."

him, their bullets were whizzing through the air. A few minutes more and those two Lancers would be slaughtered mercilessly. Without hesitation the brave chaplain waded into the water, which came up to his waist, and dragged for dear life at those two Lancers till he managed to pull them clear of the plunging horses and set them firmly on the bank. Then he contrived to get them away, and all three of them eventually arrived safely in camp.

This is the man of whom soldiers are so proud, and no wonder! "Say as little about it as you can!" he said, with his characteristic modesty, when writing to me. So we will leave it there; but neither "Tommy" nor Britain forgets him, he may rest assured, though you would not know him if you met him by chance in the Strand!

Probably the only man who will be mentioned in this article who can be called at all familiar to the general public is Lord William Beresford—and even he is not so well known to the ordinary man in the street as his famous brother Charles. The racing-man sees Lord "Bill" often, and has a great respect for him in many ways. That small cross on his breast tells of a gallant deed in Zululand, in July, 1879, when he stopped his horse, though closely pursued by hordes of savages, because he saw a trooper who lay wounded on the ground before him. He bade the man get up in front of him, but the soldier, saying that both could not be saved, gallantly refused to risk his officer's life to save his own. And it was then that the brave Beresford told him that if he didn't get up at once, he himself would get down and punch his head!

The soldier got up, and the fine horse of the Irishman carried both into safety. Lord William Beresford is as modest as all other heroes. He prefers to exploit the brave deeds of other men: his own actions he would rather not discuss. He is a soldier every inch of him. Not long ago I saw him walking along a London street, and watched a man turn round and say admiringly, "What a fine fellow that man looks! I wonder who he is?" I smiled and realised that even Lord William might come into our category of the men who are "Famous—but Unknown."

The next man who claims our attention was coming out of the United Service Club the last time I saw him. He is now "retired," and bears the rank of a Rear-Admiral, with innumerable letters after his name, showing distinctions won during a long career in Her Majesty's service in the Navy. He is a tall, fine-looking man, despite his being well over seventy years, and a naval officer every inch of him. His face is as frank and beaming as it was that day during the Crimean war when he was commanding his ship *Arragon* in the Baltic, and stopped the Russian mails. This brave sailor—Commander John Bythesea—captured the despatches of five Russians, and actually took three of the men prisoners, "all on his own," as our coster friends would



Photo by Russell & Sons,] *[Baker Street.*

MR. HENRY HOOK.

A cook who won the V.C. at Rorke's Drift.

say. His Sovereign did not forget that gallant performance when later she distributed the first batch of Victoria Crosses. Although Bythesea is still living, the man of to-day does not know him, even by name, amongst naval men of this decade. Still less does he recognise the veteran when he sees him strolling into the famous club; but his fellow-members there know and respect him, and few men are more welcome in their midst. He left a country rectory in Somerset to join the Navy, and he is but one of many clergymen's sons who have won the Cross.

The British Museum has a great attraction, but the fascination should not be merely that of the books or MSS. There is a sturdy attendant in the Library whom Englishmen may be proud to look upon.

This man's story is one that rivals the grandest deeds of old Rome and Greece, and one or two men we shall mention later join in its glory with him. It recalls Leonidas with his three hundred against the myriads of the enemy at Thermopylæ, this immortal story of Rorke's Drift. I watch men walk into the Library and out again, possibly speaking sharply to this attendant because they may have had to wait a minute or two for something, and I smile as I look at him and think of *that* man as compared with *them!* For this is the "cook's son" of the poem, or rather the cook himself, the brave Henry Hook, who acted as hospital cook to the little band at Rorke's Drift, and did enough marvels of gallantry on that night of January, 1879, to glorify a whole regiment for ever!

The tale is too long to recount here in its fulness—how thousands upon thousands of savage Zulus attacked the small force at the Drift, and set the camp on fire; how Henry Hook and the two Williamses, the two Joneses, Surgeon Reynolds, and "Parson" Smith, led by Bromhead, Chard, and others, kept the whole force at bay and saved all the wounded and sick in that burning hospital, performing prodigies of valour, and doing dozens of deeds which, every one of them separately, would have gained the brave fellows the V.C.—how can one tell the story adequately?

Hook confesses that he could not total up how many of the foe he killed on that fearful night, though from known records we can well reckon that "dozens" would be needed to count them. But all the world has read how he carried wounded men from the



Photo by Maull & Fox,] *[Piccadilly*

ADMIRAL BYTHESEA.

A clergyman's son who won the Cross

blazing hospital with one arm, whilst he held his Martini rifle at the cock, ready for action, in the other; how the brave fellow stood at the door with a bayonet, meeting and keeping back the savage Zulus whilst John Williams got the patients out of the burning room. At least twelve dead bodies were found at that door the next day—Zulus who had gone down before the unerring lunges of that terrible bayonet of the Gloucester man in the South Wales Borderers!

We shall never know all the deeds of that night accomplished by these gallant fellows, and we could never describe them adequately if we did know them. But the noble Joseph Williams, and the Joneses who died there, joined the "Deathless Army" in both senses, and left their names to Britain as an imperishable record of heroism.

And these brave men, who escaped death and won the V.C., to the lasting pride of every Britisher who sets store by deeds of pluck, what are they doing to-day, and where are they? I look at this short, well-set attendant at the British Museum, who tells me he is now forty-six years old, and I congratulate him that, to him, as he so well deserves, the "lines have fallen in pleasant places." Even then they have not been made pleasant enough in return for what this man did for England, and one feels a bit ashamed that he has to work at all in this way.



Photo by Maull & Fox, [*Piccadilly.*

MR. G. HINCKLEY, V.C.
A sailor.



MR. FRED HITCH, V.C., OF RORKE'S DRIFT.
A cab-driver.

But that shame is as nothing compared with the sense of utter inadequacy one feels when one reflects how "generously" this country has dealt with his comrade on that great night, the gallant John Williams, V.C., and how it has "rewarded" the bravery of another of those immortals of the 24th, Fred Hitch, V.C. One hopes the martial mood of the moment, however, may do something practical for their well-being.

If you go to the Nut and Bolt Works at Cwmbran, in South Wales, you may to-day see a middle-aged man (none too strong in health sometimes, from his exertions on that fearful January night), working as a common labourer, in order to earn enough to buy him his daily bread! A man of fair complexion he is, hard-working, honest, respectable. When he is "dressed-up" there appears on his coat that little Maltese Cross, with its magic words, "For Valour."

This is John Williams, V.C., the man who saved the patients in the hospital at Rorke's Drift whilst Hook guarded the door! This is the man who stayed behind in the burning place when surrounded by hordes of Zulus, looking in the windows, watching with savage



MR. JOHN WILLIAMS, V.C., OF RORKE'S DRIFT.
A Welsh labourer.



Photo by Gregory & Co., [*Strand.*

SERGEANT GORDON, V.C.
West India Regiment.

joy their fiendish work; the man who refused to leave the charnel-house whilst a single sick or wounded soldier was left in it; the man who, with the brave cook, defied the whole host of Zulus to enter that blazing building if they dared! This is the man who at last smashed through the thick wall and literally dragged the wounded soldiers after him—Hook doing the same—one by one, till he had dropped them all bodily into the yard just below, where the brave Hitch was trying to keep the savages at bay with his rifle-fire, so as to make a clear passage for the patients to cross into safety!

And to-day this man has to earn a scanty living as a common labourer, and to toil as best he can at such hard work as a nut and bolt factory affords, if he wishes to have bread to eat! We give the successful general a splendid income, and in the end a pension, while to such simple heroes as Williams we offer nothing better than the workhouse!

You may see a cheery cab-owner any day if you stroll along Warwick Road, in Kensington, as smart a cab-driver as you need wish to find in a day's march. His good-natured face beams upon you, and, like most of his comrades, he takes with composure what comes. This man will seem no more to you, probably, than the ordinary cabman, until you get talking about the Boers. Then he can tell you a thing or two worth knowing, for he has been out their way. In fact, this cabman, whom you might suppose had never done anything more notable than drive a cab along London's streets, is Private Fred Hitch, V.C., the man who stood face to face with hosts of yelling, dancing Zulus, picking them off with his rifle, and dodging their assegais as best he could, whilst Hook and Williams were saving the wounded in the burning hospital on that never-to-be-forgotten night.

Hitch is a great friend of another V.C., a man of whom you have perhaps heard, who turns out every day to work hard in



Photo by Maull & Fox, [*Piccadilly.*

LIEUT.-COL. REYNOLDS, V.C.
Surgeon.

order to earn a meagre living! We met him in the pages of this magazine a short time ago—one Joseph J. Farmer, of Majuba Hill fame.

The Victoria Cross includes all sorts and conditions of men in its ranks. Our Navy has done as brave deeds as our Army, and the gallantry which won Seaman G. Hinckley the coveted distinction was superb. During the Chinese war, in 1862, at Fung Wha, whilst our men were exposed to heavy fire this brave fellow went boldly out to fetch the wounded into safety, although every time he went he ran a great risk of being killed. His courage and calmness were above all praise, and he has shown that in the Navy the V.C. may adorn the proud breast of an ordinary seaman as well as that of an admiral.

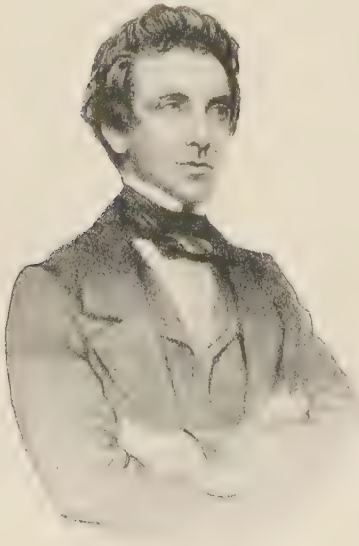
Many doctors have won the V.C. Brigadier-Surgeon J. H. Reynolds resembles the Rev. J. W. Adams, in that both were graduates of Dublin University. Mr. Reynolds is the son of a magistrate in Ireland, and well upheld his country's reputation for bravery on that night at Rorke's Drift, where he attended to the wounded, notwithstanding the galling fire and assegais of the savages around him, and carried ammunition to other brave defenders of the buildings, time after time, at the imminent risk of his life. The medical fraternity have ever been as brave and as unobtrusive as anyone on the field of battle, and Lieut.-Col. Reynolds, as he is styled to-day in his retirement, is not the least distinguished of the doctors' branch of V.C. men, whose names include those of Whitchurch, Bradshaw, Jee, and Home. If you see Reynolds to-day, walking quietly and thoughtfully along the Kensington streets, you will probably take him to be one of the ordinary run of men whom one meets every day. He is practically unknown to the large public, but the 24th Regiment recollects his name with gratitude for his kindness and courage on the night of January 22nd, 1879.



Photo by Maull & Fox, [*Piccadilly.*

THE LATE MR. J. SINNOTT, V.C.
A tailor.

The Cross includes black men in its ranks, as well as white, and if ever you meet a battalion of the West India Regiment, with a sergeant bravely parading, upon whose breast there is the well-known symbol, you will know that the big fellow, with his bright features and smart appearance, is William James Gordon, who won this honour in 1892, for saving his officer (after he himself had been shot through the lungs), when otherwise the officer would certainly have been killed. You perhaps saw this gallant soldier of the Queen at the Jubilee time; he was here with one or two of his regiment. And the crowd didn't forget to *fête* him, for a London crowd is not slow to greet a brave fellow when opportunity occurs.



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM PEEL, V.C.
A Prime Minister's son who won the Cross.

Not everybody knows that the son of a Prime Minister once won the V.C. It is another example of the truth of the couplet so finely put by the poet of Imperialism. He has been dead many years now, Sir William Peel—Captain Peel everybody called him—but his courageous deeds will not soon be forgotten. Had he lived, there is but little doubt that England would have had a second Nelson at her Navy's head. For William Peel never knew what fear was! He was the darling of the Navy, as is another brave man to-day, and there were strong men who broke down and wept when they learned in 1859 that the man who had done such wonders in the Crimea, and such marvels in India at the head of "Shannon's Brigade," had succumbed to that dread Indian scourge, small-pox. What Peel did is writ in the records of the Cross: this article would be twice as long if I were to try to tell his

story. I am much indebted to his brother, the present Lord Peel, for his kindness in allowing the portrait of the distinguished captain to be included in this account.

A tailor does not strike one as a very warlike person, yet one of these unobtrusive individuals has won the Victoria Cross. A year or two ago the wanderer along Livingstone Road, Clapham Junction, might have seen a good-looking Yorkshireman seated on a table, making up suits; but he would never have dreamt that that man had ever been one of the "bravest of the brave." Yet this was literally the case; for when, in the Indian Mutiny, Lieutenant Gibaut was wounded, and the only way to get him into safety was to brave the withering fire of the enemy, it was Private J. Sinnott, of the York and Lancaster Regiment, who first volunteered to embark upon what seemed certain death. Nevertheless, he accomplished the rescue, though a hail of bullets came at him. There were many deeds of valour that day, but Sinnott was elected by the unanimous vote of his regiment for the Cross as being the man who most merited it. I saw him in Clapham a few years ago, but the gallant soldier has since died. Someone once endeavoured to be thought witty by remarking that "a tailor is only the ninth part of a man"; one can but wish there were more men cut on the same lines as this plucky knight of the scissors and needle England is proud of such.

The Cross was not long since granted to the Hon. Alexander Gore Arkwright Hore-Ruthven (the brother of the Master of Ruthven) for his gallantry during the Egyptian war of 1898. He may be considered a worthy representative of the poet's "son of a belted earl," though his family head is a baron, for the Ruthvens have been famous in Scotch history from time immemorial, down through the Mary Queen of Scots period, until this day. And not the least of them is this young officer of the Cameron Highlanders, who is among the latest recruits in the immortal band of V.C.'s. Long may he live to enjoy his distinctions and honours!



Photo by Bassano.] [*Old Bond Street.*

THE HON. A. G. A. HORE-RUTHVEN, V.C.

A baron's son.



A New Year's Carol.

From the Picture by Beatrice Offor.

A VAGABOND DAY.

By ETHEL TURNER.*

Illustrated by Frances Ewan.



LOOK in your bag and you'll find two tarts, but don't eat them *before* your lunch, Jimmie; and here is sixpence. Be sure to get your hair cut at one o'clock—I don't want Miss Metcalfe to have to remind you again about it."

"She remond Billy Smith as well as me," said Jimmie argumentatively.

"Reminded," corrected Allie abstractedly. Jimmie's past tenses required as much looking after as his neck.

"Reminded," amended Jimmie, with unusual obedience. "I say, Al, give's tuppence—Mother often does when she's at home."

But Allie thrust the housekeeping purse deeper down in her pocket. "I gave you a penny on Monday," she said.

"Monday!" quoth Jimmie contemptuously; "that's two days ago, and the man gave me the stingiest bit of almond rock for it; he doesn't like making pennyworths. Go on, Al; I'd get a big lump for tuppence, and I'd bring Baby a bit of it home—you know how she likes it."

But Allie was immovable. "You got sevenpence in pennies out of me last week, Jimmie," she said, "and Baby got fourpence, not to count Nessie—I won't give you another farthing." She almost ran towards the kitchen to be out of reach of his imploring face.

"Mean old thing," muttered Jimmie, and thrust all his books down heavily on his neatly packed lunch; "don't care if I do squash the things."

At the front of the house Baby was gardening busily. Her tongue was stuck out, her glowing cheeks bore dabs of mud upon them. She was absorbedly engaged in digging up some white jonquils and setting them again with the flowers downwards and the bulbs in the air.

"Well, of all little donkeys," said Jimmie, passing along the path, his satchel over his shoulder, the sixpence in his mouth. "You bad girl, Baby! Dadda'll be jolly cross with you, I can tell you. What are you setting them like that for?"

Deepest benevolence was on Baby's heated face. "Ze poor ickle zroots has to stop for ezzer and always down in ze dirty ole earf," she said. "I'se lettin' zem have a ickle bit of breevin' and puttin' ze gleedy ole fowers in ze holes."

Jimmie, soured by the refusal of his "tuppence," snatched the little spade from her hand, and half pushed, half lifted her away from the jonquil bed.

"Here, Nessie, Al, someone," he shouted, "come and mind Baby; she's breaked up all the garden."

Whirlwind Nessie rushed out.

"Oh, you bad, bad girl!" she cried, and shook and smacked her lightly. "Poor Dadda's garden! Bad, bad Baby! I'll tie you in your chair for this."

Jimmie's backward glance saw the mite borne down the path, her tears making channels down her muddy, fallen face, her voice lifted woefully.

"Well," he said viciously, "Allie should have gave me that tuppence."

Halfway down the road he met Billy Smith emerging, satchel-laden, from his gate.

"What ye sucking?" Billy inquired anxiously, when they had gone some hundred yards in silence.

Jimmie stuck his tongue out and displayed the sixpence on the end of it.

"I'll lend you my pencil-sharpener if you like," said Billy, coming closer to him.

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Jimmie still looked melancholy. "It's only to get my blessed hair cut," he said.

The distance between them widened again. Billy thrust his hand in his pocket and fished out his handkerchief, in the corner of which was safely tied a coin of similar size.

"I've got to go, too," he said. "That Miss Metcalfe's got too much cheek. What's it matter to her about our hairs? Aunt 'ud have given me a penny this morning, I know, only she had to give me this old sixpence."

"It's chucking money away," groaned Jimmie, and stopped and looked in a cake-shop, all his heart in his eyes.

Billy was thinner than Jimmie, sharper faced, keener eyed. The aunt with whom he lived had so many children of her own she had never had time to undertake more for Billy than the care of his clothes and appetite, and there was not a pennyworth of principle in all his quicksilver nature. His company was the purest delight and fascination to Jimmie, who had a sister as well as a mother anxious to lead him into the paths of well-doing.

"Jimmie," said Billy suddenly, intensity in his voice and in the eyes that were fastened on a strip of cake, composed of layers of three colours and displaying jam and custard sandwich-wise—"Jimmie."

"What?" said Jim. He was licking his sixpence again and imagining it was a lump of toffee with almonds in.

"Le's lose our sixpences. You drop yours and I'll drop mine, and then you pick up mine and I'll pick up yours. Nobody can expect us to spend money we find on getting our hair cut."

Jimmie's jaw fell. Good old Allie!—it was really no use vexing her by telling her untruths; her eyes could always find one out. "Oh, what's the use?" he said uncomfortably.

"Or how'd it be," continued Billy, "if I grab yours away from you and you grab



"At such times Jimmie's better angel was always in the ascendency."

mine? Then we can just stuff 'em at home that a boy in the street took them from us and ran away."

Jimmie shuffled his strong little boots about uneasily, and Billy perceived the conscience struggle.

"'Twouldn't be a cram," he said eagerly. "We're both boys in the street, ain't we? And just think of having a whole shilling to ourselves."

Allie always came in and tucked Jimmie's bedclothes in for him last thing. At such times, clean from a thorough soaping, and with the little white room about him, and Allie in her pink evening dress sitting on his bed edge, Jimmie's better angel was always in the ascendency, and he used to confess to her then the things he had done that he ought not to have done, with a recklessness and sorrow that sometimes surprised even himself.

The fringe of the counterpane that he used to pull shamedly during such confession seemed to come between him and Billy now.

He grew very red. "All this blessed lot of hair makes me hot," he said. "I want to get it cut."

Billy looked at him searchingly. "They'll give you another sixpence to-morrow," he said; "you can wait till then."

"That's the only sixpence we've got," muttered Jim.

Billy knew what was the matter and sighed impatiently. They went on in silence till a fruit-shop was reached.

"Just look at the bananas!" said Billy in a tone that thrilled. "Fourteen for sixpence—there'd be sixpence left."

Jimmie gave one eager, loving glance at their yellow beauty.

"Go on," said Billy's gentle voice; "where's the harm? It isn't like telling a real cram."

Jimmie was red with shame at his own scruples. He kicked savagely at a bit of orange peel and walked on. "There's such a blessed lot of skin on bananas," he said; "it's half waste."

Again Billy sighed and walked after him moodily. At the barber's, where at lunch-time they were due, they stopped as usual to admire the rustic cottage that was built up of tobacco and for chimneys and ornamentations had pipes.

"Jimmie," said Billy again after a deep silence, and this time the emotion of a sudden brilliant idea made his voice quite unsteady, "*I'll* tell you."

Jimmie looked at him yearningly, yet with suspicion. "What?" he said.

Billy moved up close and spoke in an impressive whisper.

"Le's cut our own hair—it's as easy as snuff. You cut mine and I'll cut yours. That wouldn't hurt anybody. Then they'll ask if we got our hairs cut, and of course we can say 'Yes.' It 'ud be a lie to say 'No,' Jimmie—can't you see it would?"

Jimmie's face was brightening like dulled tin beneath a housemaid's leather.

"What could we cut it with?" he said. "We haven't got any scissors."

But Billy was equal to anything now that he had this amount of encouragement. "*I'll* get the scissors," he said; "you leave it to me. What'll we buy, Jim? My jiggery, a whole bob between us, and we needn't put anything in our money-boxes! I haven't had anything but pennies and tuppences since Christmas."

"N' more have I," said Jimmie. Such an intensity of gladness was in his eyes, such a red of pleasure on his cheeks, two ladies passing remarked upon his looks admiringly.

"Le's go back for that cake," said Billy, wise enough to strike at his iron instantly.

"Won't we be late?" said Jimmie.

"We can easily run," said Billy, pushing back and plunging into the shop of delights. Jimmie followed and lost himself in the entrancing task of deciding between the merits of a piece of rainbow cake with custard between the slices and a pink iced Napoleon containing brightly coloured jam. The Napoleon carried the day, being just a shade larger.

There remained fourpence halfpenny in each horny young palm when they emerged, and since it was in bulky coppers they felt even wealthier than before.

"Peanuts?" said Jimmy; "a ha'porth of peanuts and a ha'porth of cocoanut between us?"

"Um," said Billy, and they entered the fruit-shop.

"Haven't you got any bananas cheaper than fourteen for sixpence?" Jimmie said anxiously, to the boy who served them with their nuts.

The boy shook his head. "They're prime Fijis," he said, "and only just in. But what about apples?"

"How much are those?" Billy said, indicating a rosy shining mountain on the counter.

"Them's Tasmanians—shullun a dozen," the boy said; "but if you want something really cheap, now, I've some others, not quite so red, perhaps, but very good." He opened a case in a corner and displayed untempting rows of hard green apples.

"Can't we taste?" Jimmie said. "P'r'aps they're sour."

The boy gave his shoulders a shrug. "If you have one to taste, I'll have to charge you a penny for it; but if you like to take a dozen, you can have 'em for threepence."

The little boys closed with the offer instantly, and their pockets and the fronts of their coats stuck out as they pursued their way further up the street.

They were at the barber's again, and Billy's eyes began to glitter with excitement.

"Jimmie," he said again in a whisper that thrilled, "pipes are only a ha'penny each here, and we'd get a lot of tobacco for tuppence. Why should Evans and Tommy Smith be the only fellows who've had a smoke?"

Evans was thirteen, and a hero to Jimmie ever since he had seen him once behind an old shed in the playground airily smoking a cigarette. The suggestion seemed the most

glorious one in the world; he felt he had suddenly grown two inches taller as he lifted his foot to follow Billy over the barber's threshold.

But Billy gave him a little push back. "You walk on," he said; "if both of us went, he might think we were going to smoke, and say he wouldn't sell it. I'll go by myself and say it is for my father. Give us your money."

Jimmie unclosed his palm and yielded up three-halfpence, and Billy entered the shop to negotiate. Then with his last penny Jimmie slowly sauntered on. Two doors further away there was the delightful medley-shop, where one could buy the most astonishing things in the world for sums varying from a halfpenny to sixpence. The school children flocked to it like ants to spilt sugar. Jimmie flattened his nose against the window, where some hundred little noses were pressed daily. There was a blue-eyed doll there with a black china head, and when he saw the price was just a penny, Jimmie's thoughts flew back to Baby's poor little muddy, tearful face.

"I got her in the row," he muttered. One stealthy look he gave behind him to make sure Billy was not yet in sight, then he shot himself into the shop, asked for the doll with a red face of shame, flung down his penny and hurried out again, stuffing it deeply down in his knickerbockers pocket. He breathed freely when he found Billy was not yet out of the barber's, and he walked on till he had put a dozen shops between himself and the one that held the doll.

Then he saw Billy coming along, with a fresh parcel in his hand. He, too, stopped for a second at the medley-shop. What child under twelve had ever walked straight by? He gave a glance over his shoulder, and not seeing Jimmie, he too slipped into the shop and made a curious purchase—a thimble to propitiate his aunt; once before he had found an unexpected present save him a punishment.

"P'r'aps they'll go and let on to him that I bought that blessed doll," Jimmie thought with reddening cheeks. But Billy was out again in a very little time.

"What ye go to Robertson's for?" said Jimmie, when they were abreast once more.

"Matches, of course," said Billy; "they were a ha'penny, so you can spend a ha'penny on something and give me half of it."

Jimmie's face was suffused with scarlet.

"I've lost my penny," he said. "I—I think there was a hole in my pocket."

Billy called him names with great vigour and cheerfulness. "We haven't a cent left," he said. "You can't get much for a bob, after all."

"You've got a ha'penny," said Jimmie; "you could get a lump of toffee as we pass Green's."

Billy felt in all his pockets. "Jiggery," he said, with great vexation on his face, "I've lost it, too—what a jolly shame! Well, we'd better cut along to school now; we're twenty minutes late, and she'll keep us in all lunch-time."

It certainly was Miss Metcalfe's firm intention to keep the pair of dilatory comers in for half an hour when lunch-time came, for she would not accept Billy's statement that his aunt kept him to rock the baby, nor yet Jimmie's mumble about the clock being fast.

But at half past twelve precisely, while she was engaged in delivering two of her youngest pupils to their nurse, the boys slipped away, both from the room and school bounds.

Jimmie looked a trifle anxious.

"Don't be such a goat," said Billy; "surely it's worth a bit of a row, and she can't hit even as hard as aunt. It 'ud be a lot worse for us if we went home without our hair being cut."

Jimmie saw the truth of this and grew cheerful again as they pursued their way towards a favourite wood of theirs some distance away.

"We'll get the hair-cutting over first," Billy said, "then we'll have all the rest of the time to eat the things and smoke. I'll have to go to one of those houses and borrow scissors; here, you hang on to some of these apples, only don't go and start on anything before I come back. Promise sure as I die."

Jimmie gabbled through their formula of honour with swift gestures of licking and drying his first finger.

> "See my finger wet, see it dry,
> I'll cut my throat as sure as ever I die

if I eat a thing. Go on, Bill."

Bill "went on." He set his hat perfectly straight, pulled his collar up and put on his most engaging and innocent expression as he knocked at the door of a small cottage.

"If you please, ma'am," he said to the woman who opened it, "my mother says would you be so kind as to oblige her with the loan of your scissors for half an hour."

The woman looked at him and noticed the air of exceeding respectability he owed to his aunt.

"Where do you live?" she said.

Billy smiled at her to gain time. Then he pointed to a house a fair distance away.

"Why," said the woman, "my friend Mrs. Andrews lives there."

Billy smiled again. "Yes, I know," he said; "my mother and me's just come to stop with her a few days; my father's out of work."



"Fell to work immediately."

"But hadn't Mrs. Andrews no scissors?" said the woman.

"She'd just sent them to be ground," said Billy; "but Mrs. Andrews said you were so kind you'd be sure to lend my mother a pair."

The woman went inside and returned with three pairs—buttonhole scissors, large bright ones, medium-sized dull ones.

"What's your mother want to cut with them?" she said.

Billy was almost undone; ingenious as his brain was, he could not remember at that moment a single one of the uses to which women put scissors.

"She wants them very sharp," he said.

"But what for?" persisted the woman.

Then a scene he had witnessed that morning in his aunt's kitchen flashed before his eyes.

"She wants them to cut fish-scales with," he said.

The woman held the shining pair and the little buttonhole scissors and even the dull pair jealously to her.

"Why couldn't she cut them with a knife?" she said.

Billy looked at her patiently. "It's so hard to cut their fins with a knife," he said, "and, besides, all Mrs. Andrews' knives have gone to be ground, too."

"Oh, well, take her these," the woman said, and gave him a small, almost black pair with one of the points broken off. "They're quite good enough for that purpose."

Billy thanked her warmly and politely, but sighed when he reached Jimmie. "I never saw anything like women are," he said; "you'd think their blessed old scissors were made of gold."

They found a sheltering rock and fell to work immediately—Jimmie upon Billy's thick, light hair. He sawed at it and struggled with it both with the blunt, old scissors and their penknives for fully ten minutes, till Billy's eyes were full of tears at the constant dragging, and his head was cut and scratched in more than one place.

"The worst of it is," Jim said, "it's got such a crooked kind of look; some of it's long and some of it's short."

There came a lightning flash of another scene across Billy's brain. He had stayed on a far-away station once where there was a large family of boys and girls. And he remembered a morning when the mother

had taken the whole shock-headed tribe into a paddock and acted the barber's part to each head.

"I remember she used a basin," he said excitedly—"jammed it on the back of their heads, and then clipped the hair evenly all round. What a goat I was not to think of it before. We'll have to get a basin, Jimmie."

Jimmie looked doubtful. "How could we?" he said.

"Oh, you'll have to go this time," Billy said. "They'd only stare at my hair; I suppose it looks pretty donkeyish just now. You go down to one of the cottages over there—not the third one, 'cause that's where I went—and say your mother wants to know if they'll lend her a basin to make a pudding in. Say she's smashed all hers, if they ask."

Jimmie went slowly, repeating his speech all the way.

He entirely forgot that Billy had said "not the third cottage," and as the first one had a man sitting on the verandah, and the second an unpleasant-looking dog, that was the one he chose.

"If you please, my mother says she'll be—she's making a pudding, and—and she'll be much obliged—she'll be much obliged—— She's got no basin, and will you lend her a basin?"

"Well, if this doesn't beat everything!" the woman said, and gazed at him. "And where might *you* live, pray?"

Jimmie looked uncomfortable, but mumbled, "Great North Road," after a minute's silence.

"Great North Road!" cried the woman. "Why, it's a mile away from here! Do you really think I am going to believe you have walked all this way to borrow a basin? Why didn't you go to a place near?"

Jimmie gasped for breath and inspiration.

"All the ladies near us had useued their basins," he said miserably.

"Well, look here," said the woman—and in a laboured way she suddenly removed suspicion from her voice—"I wouldn't like to go for to disoblige your mother. Just you come in and set down in the kitchen a bit, and I'll step round and borry one from my friend Mrs. Andrews. Onfortunately all mine are broken."

But Jimmie recognised the suspicion.

"She'll go for the police," he thought wildly; and wrenching himself free from the hand she had just put on his shoulder, he rushed madly down the steps and into the road again.

He durst not, however, report himself a failure to the redoubtable Billy. When he had run breathlessly half a dozen streets away from the woman he feared, he came across a little girl, about the age of his own youngest sister, playing in a tiny garden. On the window-sill of the cottage actually stood the desired article—a small basin—placed there presumably for the milkman.

"Hi," said Jimmie, in the insinuating manner that always proved too much for the



"'Jimmie, open this door at once.'"

little sister at home—"look! What's this?" He displayed one of the green apples.

The little one put out an eager hand for it. Jimmie drew it back.

"You lend boy pretty basin, then he give you," he said.

The child trotted off for the basin, gave it to him, and again held out her hand for the apple.

Jimmie thrust one upon her and darted off thankfully with his piece of crockery.

But before he had gone more than a hundred yards compunction seized him. Little Baby at home was never given green apples. It had been impressed upon him always by his mother and Allie and Hannah that a single bite of green fruit might mean a sudden and terrible death for the sweet little girl. What if that other child were to die from eating his gift? There seemed no mother about to object. He put his basin beneath a bush and hastened back.

"Hi!" he said.

The little girl was munching happily.

"Hi, nasty! Make you ill!" he said, snatching back the remains of the delicacy.

The little girl went red in the face, stiff in the back. She opened her mouth wider, wider, and finally there issued from it the wildest of agonised shrieks. Jimmie turned round and incontinently fled. Then he heard feet behind him, swift feet that gained on him, caught him up. He turned desperately and faced a large rough girl of about fourteen, who lived next to the small cottage, and had, in fact, been asked to keep an eye on the child in its mother's absence. She had gone to the fence just in time to see Jimmie snatching the apple from the little hand.

The boy was no match for her. She did not fight him and give him a chance to stand up to her; she simply showered blows upon him, boxed his ears till he reeled with giddiness, banged him about, shook him by the collar of his jacket.

"Teach you to steal from a baby again!" was her parting salutation.

Jimmie went on his way, sadder and wiser, picking up the basin as he passed.

He told Billy he had met a boy carrying a basin, and had fought him for it—his proud spirit could not tell a tale of being worsted by a girl. Billy regarded him admiringly, and was anxious to go and search for the foe. If Jimmie had been victorious, how splendid a conquest might not he himself make!

But Jimmie dissuaded him from the enterprise by urging the necessity of finishing the hair-cutting.

"Even now it's not so very good—the basin doesn't fit," Jimmie said, beginning the struggle of sawing off the locks again.

"Oh, that won't matter!" said Billy easily. "We can say the man was busy and the boy had to do us. Here, sit down and stick out your head!"

In a short time Jimmie's head, too, exhibited the same fearful and wonderful style of shearing, and the ground was strewn with little tufts of light hair and dark.

After that they ate an apple each, then some cake, then more apples; they were decidedly sour and crabbed apples, but then what boy of ten ever wasted a bargain in fruit on that account? Cake again, cocoa-nut, pea-nuts, more apple munching.

Then heroic efforts at smoking. "We can't use all that tobacco," said Jimmie, who after a few puffs had quietly let his pipe go out.

"We ought to be able to smoke a penny-worth each — Evans could," said Billy gloomily. The thought of the easily puffing Evans spurred him on and uplifted his fainting heart for a little longer, but outraged Nature finally proved too strong, and a very bad hour came along for him.

At four o'clock, when school was rushing joyously out to its well-earned play, Jimmie was scooping a hole for the pipes, the basin, the scissors. In Billy's shaken condition they durst not risk attempting to restore the borrowed articles, but resolved that some midnight they would do so.

Then they turned homeward.

"Look here," Billy said, "I couldn't stand Aunt rowing me to-night. They won't find out about you not being to school for a day or two, but that little cad Alf will tell of me straight off. I'm coming to your place to tea."

Jimmie looked uneasy. "Allie said I wasn't to ask you again for a month," he said; "you've been three nights this week."

"Four's an even number," said Billy, and moved on.

They went in by the back gate and slipped up to Jimmie's bedroom, where they locked the door. Remorse was already feeding on Jim's tender young heart, and he set to work and washed his neck in a marvellously thorough manner for Allie's edification. Then he attacked his face and hands, and ended by doing the best he could with his hair.

He felt morally braced by the soap and water, and so anxious to propitiate Allie, he actually began to meditate whether he should brush his teeth and use his nail-scissors.

Billy, groaning softly at intervals, lay prone on the bed, his dusty boots on the snow-white counterpane.

"Here, get off at once," Jimmie said, and pushed him hastily off. "Look at the mark you've made—you're a nice one; she'll be awfully vexed."

Billy dragged a pillow off the bed, and

lay down on the floor with a groan. "Can't you let a fellow alone?" he said, and merely looked on wearily while Jimmie, with incredible labour, took the counterpane off, turned it over on the other side, and patted it down smoothly.

The tea-gong boomed through the house. Someone banged at the door. "Jimmie—are you there, Jimmie—what do you mean by locking the door?" said Nessie's peremptory voice.

Jimmie regarded Billy anxiously. "I say, you'd better go home, really," he whispered.

Billy dragged himself into a sitting position.

"Your father and mother's not home yet, are they?" he asked.

"N-no," said Jimmie; "but my grown-up sister is."

Billy rose to his feet. "Oh, that's all right," he said. "Hadn't we better be getting down?"

"Jimmie, open this door at once—do you hear me, Jimmie?" repeated Nessie. "Who have you got there?"

"Nobody," said Jimmie, trying silently at the same time to induce Billy to get under the bed. A lie to harum-scarum Nessie never troubled his conscience as it did if told to Allie.

"Oh, you bad, wicked boy, Jimmie!" cried Nessie. "I heard you talking. Open the door at once; I know you've got that little Smith boy there."

Jimmie opened it. "Don't be mean, Ness," he entreated; "be a good fellow, and go and ask Al if he can stop to tea. He's awful hungry, aren't you, Billy?"

"Awful," said Billy, and looked at her with pathetic blue eyes.

"I'll ask, but I know she won't let you," said Nessie, speedily conquered.

She went down to the dining-room, where Allie was just lighting the spirit-lamp under the hot-water kettle.

"Jimmie wants little Smith to stay to tea," she said. "There's lots of room, Allie; he may as well."

"No, I simply will *not* have him," said Allie. "He might as well live here. Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday he was here, and now he comes Friday, too. And I am sure he does Jimmie no good. Tell him to run away at once; I wonder he has the impertinence to come so often, when I am always sending him off."

"H'sh," said Nessie, "you'll hurt his feelings—he's just behind." Even Jimmie went a little red as these home truths reached the door, where he stood with his friend. But Billy was not sensitive. He went up to Allie's side. "Go on," he said; "I won't eat much, truly."

But still Allie was unsoftened. On Wednesday she had allowed him to stay because he had said in that pathetic tone of his that there was no tea at home, and this morning she had heard that his aunt kept an abundant table.

"No, it is no use," she said firmly. "I *must* keep my word. I cannot let your friend stay to tea to-night, Jimmie."

Jimmie looked miserably uncomfortable, and told himself Allie was very unkind to go on like this before his friend; he even regretted the time he had wasted upon his neck.

But Billy was quite cheerful.

"Never mind, Jim," he said; "I'll just sit down here and wait till you've all finished. You can't mind me watching you have tea, Miss Allie."

And he crossed the room and established himself in the large arm-chair.

There were visitors for tea—a gentleman, Mr. Heriot, just engaged to Allie, and an old lady come to play propriety. Who could leave a small wistful-eyed boy to sit and watch every delicate mouthful taken?

"I suppose he must stay," the girl said resignedly, and put a chair beside Jimmie's. "But remember, Jim, this is not to occur again."

Halfway through tea her eyes caught sight of the remarkable appearance of Jim's head.

"Whatever is the matter with your hair, Jimmie?" she cried. "I never saw such a sight in my life—did you go and have it cut? Just look at that boy's hair, Mrs. Boyce; why, it looks as if he had cut it himself."

Jim was crimson. All his fortitude had gone. The situation was lost, he could see, for Allie had evidently guessed the truth; he would have to confess about it and the afternoon's truancy before Mr. Heriot, and the old lady, and sharp-tongued Nessie, and little staring Baby. He swallowed hard once or twice.

But Billy's rather languid little voice was speaking. "Yes," he was saying, "mine's cut badly, too, if you notice. Mr. Jones was very busy, and a boy had to cut our hairs."

All eyes had left Jimmie now and were on his friend.

"Why don't you eat your tea, Billy?"



"'Be kind to Jimmie, Miss Allie; don't think of me.'"

Allie said. "I thought you liked scrambled eggs." The plate in front of the boy, and the cup of tea, were untouched.

"It doesn't matter, thank you, Miss Allie," said Billy sadly.

"Why, the boy has had nothing," said the old lady. "Perhaps he would like some cake, Allie, or some strawberry jam; or shall I pass him the preserved ginger?"

"It doesn't matter, thank you," repeated Billy, quiet sorrow still in his tone.

"Don't be foolish, Billy," Allie said, a little sharply, for she well knew the boy's healthy young appetite. "I have asked you to tea now, and I want you to enjoy yourself."

"It doesn't matter, thank you, Miss Allie," repeated the boy, and tears rose up in his eyes.

"There," said Nessie fiercely, "see what you've done. Your beautiful Allie, Mr. Heriot, grudged the poor little lad his tea, and now he can't eat it, she has hurt his feelings so much."

Allie was a picture of confused distress. She actually got up and went round to the little vagabond to coax him to have something.

"Look, Billy," she said, "you mustn't be unforgiving, you know. Here is the cake you liked so much last night. There, look what a nice big slice I have cut you; and here's a plate of stewed cherries—put plenty of cream on them and eat them up."

But Billy's soul still shuddered away from food after that smoking, and he pushed the plates sorrowfully aside.

"It—it doesn't matter, th-th-thank you, M-miss Allie," he repeated; and Nessie's eyes filled to think of the suffering that sensitive spirit had undergone.

No persuasions could move him. He sat there looking on at the little feast with sickly eyes until Allie felt quite depressed.

Bridget came in presently to say a little boy had come from Mrs. Smith to ask if Billy were there. Billy went to the hall door to find out particulars, then returned for a moment to the dining-room.

"I have to be going now," he announced; "I have to go and get thrashed. Good-bye, Miss Allie, and thank you for asking me to tea."

"But what have you to be thrashed for?" Allie said distressedly.

Billy looked rather uncertain. "P'r'aps it's for staying to tea here," he said cheerfully.

"No tea, and a thrashing thrown in; well, I hope you're proud of yourself, Allie," said Nessie, who was rapidly putting some delicious little cakes into a parcel for the little hero.

Mr. Heriot found a shilling. "Here, old man," he said, "almond toffee used to console me wonderfully under similar circumstances."

Allie took the hero to the door, slipped sixpence into his hand, and kissed him. Jimmie stood by in silence.

"Is Mrs. Smith very angry?" the girl said to the little boy waiting. "Tell her I am very sorry indeed, and that it was altogether my fault; I asked him to stay."

"It's all right, Miss Allie," Billy said, and kissed back again affectionately. "Perhaps it won't hurt much after a week or two. Be kind to Jimmie, Miss Allie; don't think of me." His slim young figure disappeared into the night.

"Be kind to Jimmie!" repeated Allie, and put a caressing arm round her young brother's shoulder. "I'm not quite an ogre, am I? Occasionally I'm kind to you, aren't I, Jimmie?"

"Um," said Jimmie. He added guardedly, "There's no knowing, though, what you might be, Allie."





COLD COMFORT.

HE: No, I never call on the Montmorencys now—they said such horrid things about me.

SHE: I shouldn't take any notice of such people—they merely repeat what they hear everyone else say.

SMALL GIRL: Mother, do come out and speak to Freddie; he's so naughty, he's treading on all the ants in the garden.

MOTHER: How very unkind!

SMALL GIRL: Yes, that's what I've told him; but he won't let me tread on *any!*"

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

UNDERTAKER'S WIFE: I don't mind telling you in confidence that Mr. Smith hasn't paid the bill for his wife's funeral yet.

MRS. GOSSIP: Isn't that scandalous? I should think he'd be ashamed to let people see how little he cared for her.

UNDERTAKER'S WIFE: And his brother John, when he lost *his* wife, paid the day after the funeral.

MRS. GOSSIP: That looked as though he were tremendously glad to get rid of her, didn't it?

AN IDYLL OF PARADISE ALLEY.

By Lillie Taylor.

"SUPPER! MAGIC LANTERN! CHRISTMAS TREE!" There were other words on the big poster, but those particular ones fairly blazed before the eyes of the group of children, all more or less ragged and grimy, who stood round.

"My! ain't it grand?" "They won't let yer in without a ticket, though; they're awful pertikler." "I ain't got a ticket." "Sally Nokes has." "Where did she git it?" "D'ye think they've got any more?" So they looked, and chattered, and longed—poor, hungry little souls!

A girl stood there hugging her bare, purple arms in the skirt of her threadbare frock, trying to warm them at the expense of her legs. She turned to a boy near.

"Dick, don't yer wish ye'd a ticket?"

"I have."

"No! Have yer, though? Show it to us."

The boy looked furtively round and then dived down a turning. He fished the ticket out, from his sleeve apparently, and Liz touched it with the tip of her finger.

"I ha'n't never seen a ticket before. Let's hold it!"

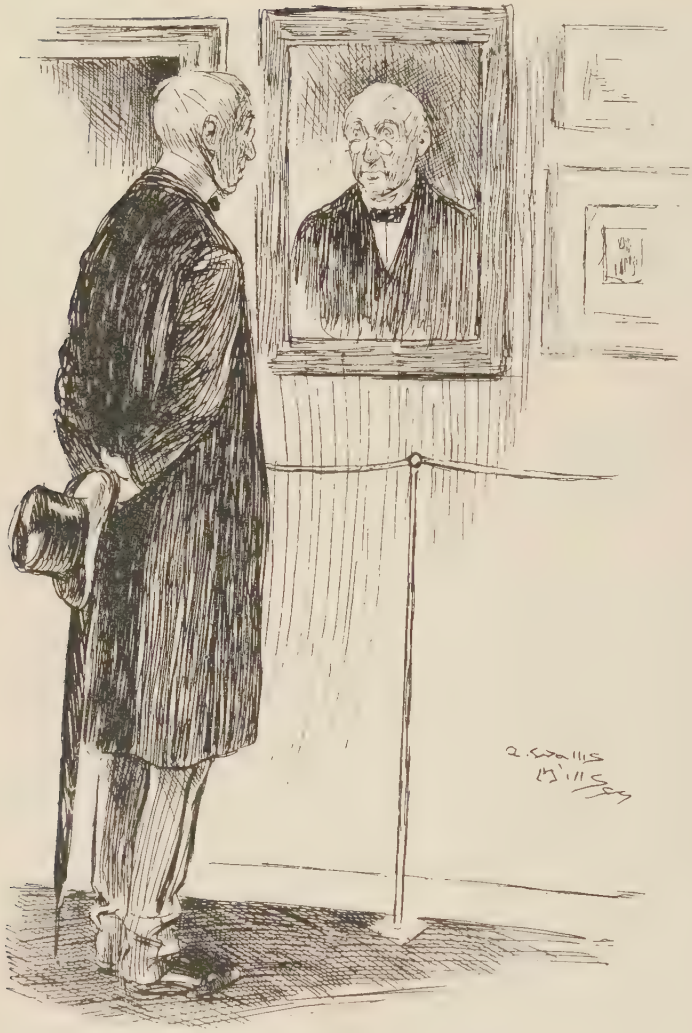
"Oh, yes; I dare say you'd like to. None o' yer larks, Liz."

The girl's pale face flamed. "D'ye think I want to steal yer old ticket?" she said. "I wouldn't take it, not if yer gave it me."

The next minute she held the wonderful bit of pasteboard in her fingers.

"Ain't it a little thing to give yer such a big treat—eh, Dick?" she queried.

"Liz, ye're crying!"



ANOTHER "ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR."

"Perhaps one of the best cases of absent-mindedness occurred at a picture-gallery," says a contemporary, "when an old gentleman, looking at the portraits, happened to pass a mirror which reflected his own image. He stopped, looked puzzled, and said, 'Hum—mm very strange, that face seems familiar to me. But perhaps I'm mistaken.'"

"I ain't. Only—only, yer know, I've bin hungry all the week; and it's so cold o' nights. Good-bye, Dick."

The hopeless tears were welling into her eyes as she walked off, and Dick, having returned the ticket to its hiding-place, went off in the opposite direction whistling.

That night, as Liz hung listlessly about the entry of the house where she lived, Dick rushed up breathless.

"Here yer are, Liz. Here's the ticket. Take it, and look sharp; it's late as 'tis."

"Oh, Dick! Yer never mean it?"

"Yes, I do," he said gruffly. "Yer arms are thinner'n mine; and I guess my old coat is thicker'n yer frock."

Liz stood still, panting, and looking in a bewildered style at the green card Dick had thrust into her hand.

"Go on," said Dick, "and take care o' that thing. There'll be a scuffle at the gate, yer know; and I can't come to help yer through, 'cos directly I see the lights and hear the singing—they're allus singin' at that there mission-hall—I reckon I'd want the ticket back again. So, cut on, old gal."

He watched her scud round the corner; and then, having coughed two or three times, and tried ineffectually to whistle, he cast himself down in the corner and cried very heartily; for he, too, was hungry, and it was so cold in his garret at night. "Girls are orful selfish," said he sadly.

* * * *

Years passed away. Dick and Liz had fought and scrambled their ways from the gutter and semi-starvation to the comparative affluence of regular work in a big manufactory, and consequent regular wages.

Yes, Lizzie was a factory girl; but not of that class whose distinguishing badges are the truly horrible fringe and feathers. Always quiet in behaviour and neat in her dress, she had won a certain standing in Paradise Alley, and in the factory she was known as one of the steadiest and most industrious of the hands and treated accordingly.

And Dick, who worked in the same factory and was a man grown, loved her; for the human heart beats in precisely the same fashion in Paradise Alley as it does at Princes Gate.

But for some time Dick had carried a very heavy heart, for he fancied that another had stepped in between himself and Lizzie. That one was George Moxon, one of his fellow-workmen. Moxon, a clever, steady young fellow, stood on a higher rung of the ladder than did Dick. Indeed, it was tolerably sure that before very long he would be promoted foreman of a certain department.

He made no secret of his admiration of Lizzie, or of his wish to make her his wife, if she would; and it was a foregone conclusion with all the lookers on that she would certainly be willing. The other girls looked at her with a kind of open-mouthed wonder and envy, as the heroine of a wonderful romance; for Moxon's wife would be a fortunate woman indeed, according to their lights.

She would not live in Paradise Alley; she

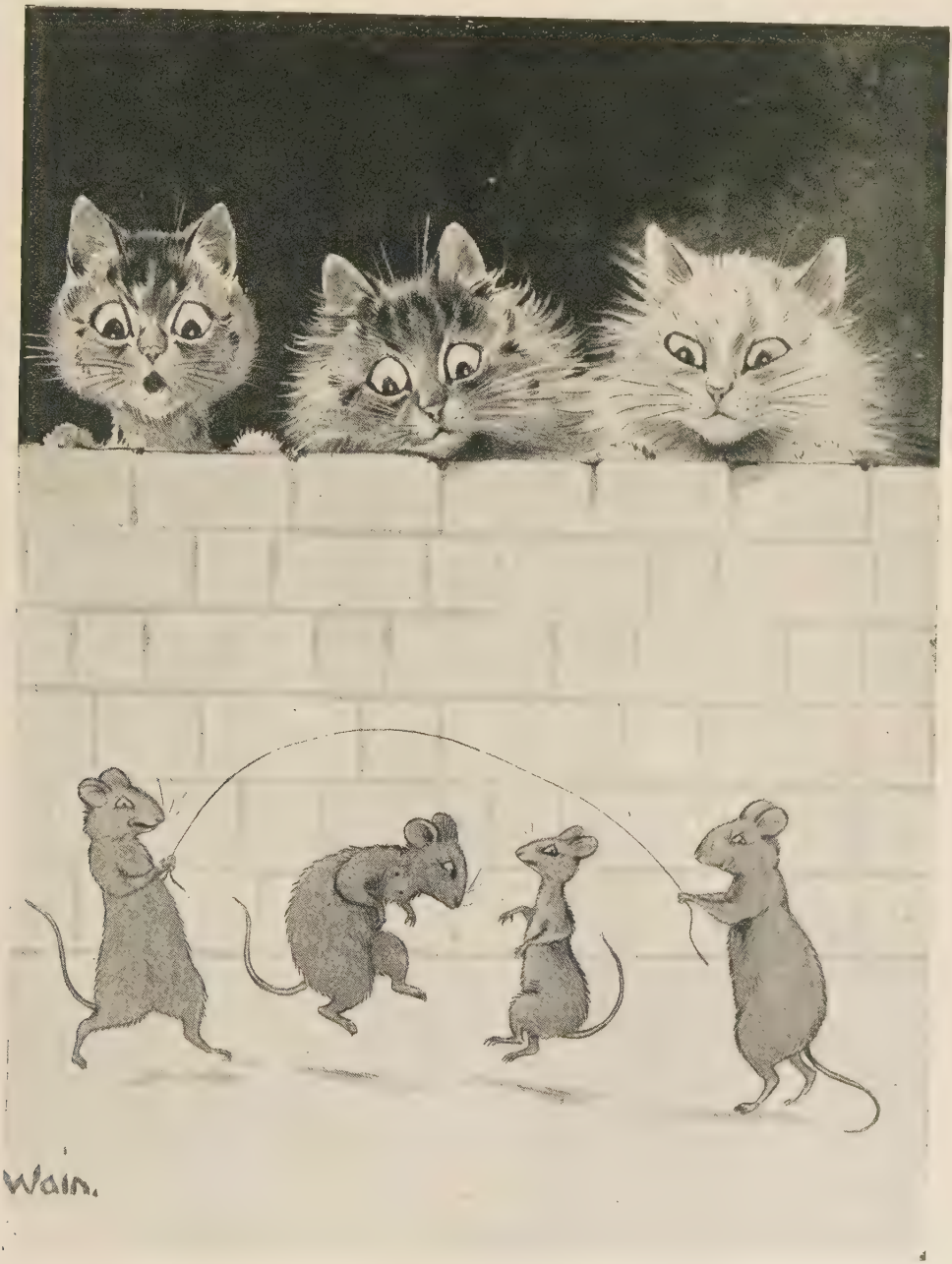
would not need to work any longer in the factory; she would only have her own domestic concerns to attend to; she could always have a fire when it was cold, and be sure of a good dinner every day. Happy Lizzie!

And because Dick was so positive that she would take the path where walking promised to be pleasantest, he went about moodily enough, never lifting his eyes to see that Lizzie looked at him sometimes with a wistful tenderness such as was never in her glance when she turned it on Moxon.

At last, one evening near Christmas the news was abroad in the factory that George Moxon had received his promotion; he was made a foreman.

"Ain't Liz a lucky girl? She'll be a reg'lar lady!"

Dick heard these remarks as he passed a group of chattering workgirls on his way home. It



"SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON."

was bitterly cold, but he scarcely noticed the biting wind because of the keener cold which had settled round his heart.

A girl was going on before him. "Good night, Dick," she said as he passed her.

He half turned round. "Why, Liz! I—I thought Moxon would ha' been with you to-night; I thought you two would have had such a lot o' plans to lay together."

His voice shook, and as they passed under the glare of a street lamp he saw the face she turned to him.

"Liz, Liz!" he cried yearningly.

"You must not tell anyone else, Dick, but he asked me to-day to marry him, and I said I could not."

* * * * *

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" said Dick an hour later, "how could you do it? He had so much to give you, and I so little."

"It would be nice not to be poor," said Liz dreamily, "but I couldn't care for him. You know he and I have never been cold and hungry together, as you and I have, Dick; and as to giving"—they were standing near the dark walls of the mission-room now, and a poster was hanging there bearing its promise of Christmas tree and supper, and the group of ragged children were gazing as of old; Liz looked at them as she went on—"as to giving, I have never forgotten how someone I know gave me his ticket for a Christmas treat, and all the time he was just as cold and hungry as I was."

"That was nothing," said Dick.

"It was, dear; it was a bigger thing than anyone who has always been warm and full can even imagine."

And Dick made no remark that night on the selfishness of girls.



THE MAN AND THE WOMAN.

MRS. DOOLITTLE was up to her elbows in her household duties, and working away just as cheerfully as if she expected to be paid for it, when her other and lazier half (if Mr. Doolittle can be considered as constituting an equal fraction of the Doolittle matrimonial firm) drifted in from a brief interview with the weeds in the garden, dropped heavily into a chair, sighed wearily, and remarked—

"Tell you what, Hanner, the chap that wrote them verses about 'The Man with the Hoe' knew what he was talkin' about. I hain't never been any too fond of wieldin' a hoe, but I didn't know exactly what the reason was until I got hold of that air piece of poetry by Mr. Markham, and the picture of it."

"Too bad you got hold of it, if that is the case," commented Mrs. Doolittle dryly.

"That's right, Hanner, that's right," snorted Doolittle. "I s'pose you'd like to have a feller



Jack and I agree to try our rival chances for the fair Matilda's hand at the fancy dress ball. Jack goes as a Christmas porker (it suits him so well!), I go as a pierrot. Jack smiles inanely all the way to the house. Having paid our respects to our host and hostess——



We besiege the fair Matilda for dances. Jack being favoured over and above me by an extra dance, we have a slight altercation, which mortally offends our lady-love, who will only be pacified by our doing a deed of valour on her behalf, and suggests a visit to the haunted chamber.



That requires some reflection on our part, so we adjourn to the smoke-room to make our plans. Having screwed our courage up, we go with the cruel Matilda to visit that haunt of horror. Oh, it is dreadful! but it satisfies her. I manage to snatch a kiss later on, when unfortunately Jack sees us, and it injures his heart. But imagine my chagrin when, after the delightful deed, I find myself dragged before a terribly infuriated creature with a single-barrelled eyeglass, who after thrashing me says that he is engaged to marry Matilda. And now I am left—no Matilda, no Jack, no hope. I have blighted my own young life.

bowed by the weight of centuries and leanin' on his hoe, with the emptiness of ages in his face, stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox, and all that sort of thing, and not even suspect how matters stood, but keep right on imaginin' that he was enjoyin' life and havin' a good time! The poet asks, 'How will the future reckon with this man?' and that's jest what I want to know. What pay am I goin' to get for bearin' the burden of the world on my back and bein' a slave of the wheel of labour, a thing that grieves not and that never hopes, as Mr. Markham says?"

"Well, I guess you'll get about as much pay as I get for doin' the mendin' and cookin' and the rest of the house-work," retorted Mrs. Doolittle.

"Mebbe so," grunted Doolittle; "but housekeepin' is a woman's work. That is what she is made for; but a man isn't supposed to stand with a hoe in his hand hackin' away at the weeds until he becomes a dumb Terror, with his brow slanted back, a monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched, jest for the sake of raisin' a little garden stuff! Not much! A man has got to have some time to straighten up the achin' stoop in his back, do some thinkin' about Plato and the swing of Pleiades, and such things as that. I'm goin' down to the post-office to talk over this 'Man with the Hoe' business with Bill Peters. I'll be back at dinner-time. If you want any kindlin'-wood the axe is in the wood-shed."

Doolittle got up and started for the door, but Mrs. Doolittle intervened. Tightly grasping the broom with which she had been sweeping, she stepped in front of him.

"Hiram Doolittle!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes, "you may be 'The Man with the Hoe,' but here stands the woman with the broom! No one has written a poem about me that I'm aware of, but I think I do just about as much work as you do, and get just about as little pay for it! I don't imagine you'll get nigh as round-shouldered standin' up like a man and handlin' a hoe as you will settin' on a nail-keg three or four hours a day grumblin' about how hard you have to work. But you can do just as you think best about it, and if you quit work I'll do the same, and you can go with holes in your socks, for all I care, and eat raw potatoes or whatever you can get for your dinner. That's all, Mr. Doolittle, and I hope the little exercise you have got with the hoe lately hasn't slanted your brow so but what you will be able to fully understand it!"

He seemed to. And three minutes later he was in the garden slashing away at the weeds as if he had never heard of Mr. Markham or "The Man with the Hoe." *Will S. Gidley,*

in the *Woman's Home Companion*, Ohio



SO MISLEADING!

SPORTSMAN (who has mounted a town friend): Why, Tom, you're getting off wrong side!
TOM (who has dropped his whip): But I thought you said this was the "off side"?



Winter=Roses.

From the Picture by Beatrice Offor.

ENGLAND'S FREE HAND ON THE NILE.

BY THE LATE
G. W. STEEVENS.*



CAMEL CORPS HALTING AT MENA HOUSE.
From a photo lent by Mr. John Ward, F.S.A.

The following article, by the young writer whose brilliant career was cut short by enteric fever at Ladysmith last spring, is one of the few hitherto unpublished papers from his pen. It is here printed as written, with but one or two slight omissions of references to current events which have, since the writing of it, become matters of history.

NATIONS, like individuals, have their streaks of good luck and of bad. For several years after 1882, England, in Egypt, could do nothing right. The ambiguous position which she had taken in that country, leaving it neither universally dependent nor really free, hampered her diplomacy and tarnished her good faith. It offered a perpetual weak point of which her opponents on any question could take occasion to embarrass her; and in Egypt itself it rendered any efforts towards reform and progress at the same time irritating and ineffective. England refused to command and Egypt refused to take advice. The country was bankrupt, besides was comatose. Cholera fell upon the land and demonstrated with merciless cogency the utter incapacity of its Administration. The Mahdi arose in the Sudan and demonstrated as mercilessly the hopeless disorganisation of its Army. British help illuminated the gloom with a few flashes of barren glory, until the lonely death of Gordon left it covered with a deeper and a permanent pall of shame. France bullied and insulted, and England sat meek. Her interventions, conceived in the honestest intentions towards civilisation and Egypt herself, seemed only to have complicated bad policy by bad faith and multiplied bad luck by bad judgment.

On a period of three years of futility and failure followed more than a dozen of comparative obscurity. Egypt was still by way of being a weak joint in England's armour with a live wound beneath it; but during this period the world at large heard little of the Nile Valley and cared less. Then suddenly, at the end of 1898, Egypt pushed in the world again and everything was utterly changed. With the international status of an undischarged bankrupt, she was found to be almost embarrassingly solvent. Her people were more prosperous than they had been in a history of nine thousand years, and there was a continual demand for capital to develop her resources. She was entering, on the strength of her own credit, upon a project to tame and regulate the Nile that would have stopped the most pyramidal of the Pharaohs. The Sudan had been conquered in a series of campaigns which, for economy, efficiency, and precision, have never been excelled in history. And France, the unrelaxing opponent of half a generation, had withdrawn from the best position the long duel had ever afforded her, and had signed a convention resigning all pretensions to the Nile Valley for ever. As England could do nothing right in 1883, so in 1898 she could do nothing wrong. The game was played, she had won every trick.

Looking back on these fifteen years of

* Copyright, 1900, by Frank Leslie, in the United States of America.

"Never say die," contrasting the completeness of the early failure with the completeness of the final success, an Englishman may perhaps be pardoned if he says that it is not for nothing that he is part-proprietor of an Empire. The whole country has a right to join in the satisfaction of victory, for, with very insignificant exceptions, the whole country has never had any idea but that what was once taken in hand must be pushed through to the end. Such resolution we may say must needs have brought us through; but at the same time England has been peculiarly fortunate in her agents. Two names tell the whole story of blunders retrieved—Cromer and Kitchener. If it is too early to estimate the precise degree



VISCOUNT CROMER.

of their greatness, it is certain that in either case its character is essentially English. Outwardly two men could hardly be more different. Lord Cromer's appearance is all ease—a short figure tending to roundness, clothes with as little of starch and creases as may be, attitudes unconstrained and seeking comfort. Lord Kitchener is tall, and as straight and stiff as a lance; if he wears tweed it looks half a uniform; it is impossible to imagine him as lolling. But the essential strains in the public character of the men coincide singularly. Both are quick to aim at the essential point of any situation and doggedly persistent to attain it. Both are reputed of an irritable temper; yet both, in the face of strings of disappointments, have shown an imperturbability that, since it is not the fruit of lethargy, can only proceed from the most forceful self-control. Both command the boundless trust of their subordinates, and have known how to find



LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.

and inspire subordinates whom they can trust as boundlessly in return. Because of this they have carried out great enterprises with the minimum of routine, of delay, and of expense. Neither has ever been known to lose his head. Neither has ever been known to strike an attitude. Above all things, both are invincibly patient. The sting of failure and the elation of victory have been equally powerless to disturb or even quicken the pace at which they have set themselves to reach the goal. They have achieved the impossible without the flutter of a pulse.

It is most characteristic of both men, and also of their country, that they have touched

the climax of their work and still go on with it. In Egypt, Lord Cromer can hardly look forward to a greater triumph than the surrender by France of her claims on the Nile. In the Sudan, Lord Kitchener will certainly never repeat the day of Omdurman. Sons of a more imaginative—or shall we say theatrical?—race would have seized the dramatic moment of exit. Both, being British, fought less for mere victory than its fruits; and its fruits in each case spell liberty to do more work. Having conquered, they set themselves to consolidate.

The work of the British agent in Cairo has a double aspect. He is a cross between an ambassador and a viceroy. The position of Britain in Cairo has always been irregular and undefined. It has depended on no convention or constitution, but solely upon the man who seized it, whether it shall amount to a virtual protectorate or to a pretentious and insincere fiction. In the early days, before they came to know Lord Cromer, the opponents of British influence — which, at that time, meant everybody in the country— had good reason to hope that it would turn out the latter. The position of Egypt as the ward of civilisation—the complicated maze of international agreements, commissions, and jurisdictions which fettered her action on every hand—gave Lord Cromer's enemies abundant opportunities. He was always working for Egypt's progress, and they for her stagnation; but as long as they could check him they cared nothing for Egypt. Often they checked him on technical issues—but checkmated him never. And when they found that what the antiquated code of internationalism enabled them to frustrate in one way, Lord Cromer—never despairing, never in a hurry, careless of the form, always with his eye on the essential facts to be accomplished—invariably achieved in another, why, then they began to leave him alone. Their last great effort was in 1896. The Khedive and his palace party, with France, Russia, the Sultan and the Mixed Tribunals, formed a great coalition and delivered a grand attack. The Commissioners of the five Great Powers, who control the Egyptian Public Debt, had granted a sum out of the Reserve Fund they administer towards the expenses of the opening campaign against the Dervishes which resulted in the recovery of Dongola. The French and Russian members brought a suit before the Mixed Tribunals—which deal with law cases involving foreigners in Egypt—to obtain the refund of this sum. Once more technicalities served them, and the decision was against Lord Cromer. Only, what happened? The British Government advanced the money, and more, thus gaining a moral lien on the conquered territory; and at this moment more than double the sum asked for has been promised by the Commissioners of the Debt for various public works, thus indirectly releasing other funds to pay the very war expenses which the coalition decided to withhold.

Opposition has always had a trick of rebounding in this unpleasant way, and of late Lord Cromer has been left alone. His position as Ambassador has become something of a sinecure; and the events of the last two years have gone far to make it wholly unnecessary. And for this England has to thank a Frenchman — who but Major Marchand? "The victor of Fashoda," who deserved a better success, has knocked the bottom out of France's whole Egyptian policy. When England and France met on the Upper Nile in September, 1898, the crisis had come at last. If England was to be shouldered out of the Nile Valley, now was the time or never. The position was attained which had been striven for, both from Abyssinia and the Congo, for years. A Frenchman who started with Major Marchand actually called his book, "Towards the French Nile." And, indeed, as far as international law goes—which certainly is not far—France could make out just as good, or bad, a claim to Fashoda as could Great Britain. At the worst, it was the best lever she had ever had to raise the Egyptian question. Russia was presumably with her; so was the Sultan; so was the Khedive. The situation had been maturing for years; now it was come.

France lost her nerve. It was a piece of bad luck which could not have been foreseen by those who initiated the advance on the White Nile, that she was distracted or enfeebled by the Dreyfus case. But roundly speaking, you may say that the degree of earnestness on the part of the two disputants corresponded to the strength of their naval claims. The policy that had brought Marchand to Fashoda was shamefaced and secret—half a policy and half an intrigue. It was just as easy to disarm as to support him. He had made a splendid march, but, after all, it was a small expedition, and France, as a whole, had scarcely heard of it. England, on the other hand, had cherished the idea of reconquering the whole Sudan for thirteen years and had been engaged upon it



THE CHARGE OF THE DERVISHES AT OMDURMAN.

From the picture by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

for over two. She had spent millions of money and hundreds of lives. The victory of Omdurman had just finally secured the work of sixteen years in Egypt—a work of great sacrifice and of indisputable benefit, in some measure, to herself, but in much greater measure to the Egyptians. Briefly, the Nile was at that moment important enough to England to be worth fighting for, and not important enough to France. France gave way. But that was not the end. The question, once brought to a head in this pointed fashion, had to be brought to some definite issue. Accordingly, in January and February of 1898, two agreements were concluded — one between Great Britain and Egypt, the other between Great Britain and France. The first, to be candid, was concluded between Lord Cromer the Ambassador and Lord Cromer the Viceroy. It provided a kind of dual control by England and Egypt over the Sudan, and expressly ruled it out of the sphere of the international tutelage which gives the European Powers their say in the affairs of Egypt. The second agreement delimited the respective spheres of England and France in North-Central Africa. The line runs, roughly speaking, between Darfur and Wadai—some five hundred miles west of the Nile.

Thus definitely and finally France resigned all pretensions to control any part of the course of the great river. She renounced her dream of a belt of French territory across Africa from the Atlantic to the Red Sea. She evacuated the only position from which she could hope to make any effective attack on British predominance in Egypt. The long fight was over at last.



THE SIRDAR'S ENTRY INTO OMDURMAN.
From the picture by H. C. Seppings Wright.

From now on Lord Cromer is mainly the Viceroy. Before him now lies a double task —the continuation of progressive administration in Egypt, and her liberation from the fetters of internationalism.

The year 1898, which witnessed the downfall of Mahdism, saw also the consummation of the second great aim of England's recent policy in Egypt — the realisation of the scheme for damming the Nile. For more than a decade the creation of a reservoir to

husband the superfluous water of the Nile flood has been the darling hope of every Egyptian engineer and the steady objective of the Anglo-Egyptian rulers. Its benefits to the country could no more be calculated than they could be disputed; just for that very reason, lest the credit should go to Britain, the dog-in-the-manger France obstructed the plan. Where, without her consent, was the money to come from? You must understand that the revenue of Egypt is divided, under the terms of an international instrument, into two approximately equal halves. One half goes to the Commissioners of the Debt to pay the interest on the bonds; the other half goes to pay for the government of Egypt. Now, the revenues assigned to the bondholders are more than enough to pay the coupons, and they are accumulated as a reserve fund. Without the consent of the Commissioners, Egypt may not touch her own money. France and Russia, being represented on the Commission, refused to grant a *piastre* of the reserve for the reservoir, although it was absolutely certain to pay for itself in additional revenue as well as in popular prosperity. Nor could the money be borrowed, though with such security investors would have fallen over each other to lend. Egypt may contract no fresh debts without the consent of the Powers, and France and Russia would, of course, refuse. For years the project was hung up, and then, as usual, patience and doggedness and ingenuity gained the day. Egypt could not get money to pay for the reservoir—very well! then she would buy it on credit! In February of 1898 the great firm of Aird contracted to build the desired dams at Assuan and Assint in return for thirty half-yearly instalments of £78,613, to begin falling due when the works are finished, in 1903.

It was a solution most characteristic of Lord Cromer's methods, and with characteristic promptness the work began. As the British soldiers moved up the Nile to the final onslaught upon Khartoum, they were startled at Assuan by loud and frequent explosions. There were still nearly eight hundred miles between them and the battlefield. What could the firing be? The view from the Nile bank at Shellal, above the First Cataract, opposite the island temple of Philae, supplied the answer. From that point, those who went up to fight on the Atbara in the spring had looked back only on the strong green stream of the Nile, losing itself and broken into spume among a tangle of naked brown reefs, between two ranges of naked brown rock. In August that scene was utterly changed. The Nile had sunk to a trickle, and was now slowly rising again—only coffee-coloured, not green, with the rich mud that the Blue Nile and Atbara bring down from the Abyssinian mountains. What before had been a labyrinth of water was now a tangle of beach. And there had sprung up on it a little town—a town of mud-brick and matting and a little planking, with a population of *fellahin* labourers and Italian stone-cutters and plasterers. About this town and over on the rocky hills across the attenuated river were white posts bearing hieroglyphics not ancient; from one to another strolled white figures with theodolites. Round the base of the cliff on the east bank, where before there had been only precipice, ran a railway. And minute by minute the loud explosions of blasting powder shook the hills where Rameses quarried the obelisks of Thebes.

The annual benefit to Egypt which this work will confer is variously computed at from two and a half to seven millions sterling. The lowest estimate puts the annual increment to the revenue in land tax at more than enough to pay the half-yearly instalments twice over. The mere signature to the contract sent up the price of land with a rush, and led to an influx of that foreign capital which is Egypt's chief industrial need.

But this great work is far from exhausting the list of beneficial works which the British administrators of Egypt have taken in hand. The railways, which hitherto have failed to keep up with the general progress of the country, are now—under the superintendence of Lieutenant Girouard, the builder of the Sudan military railways—being vigorously overhauled. The permanent way is being renewed, rolling stock increased, and the system of lines judiciously extended. Light agricultural railways are being laid down, and in some cases are already at work with good results. The port of Alexandria is being extended, though here, as everywhere, international restrictions and consequent shortness of cash stand in the way of complete reform. The whole system of internal administration has been recast in the direction of giving the native governors of provinces complete responsibility, modified only by the supervision of British travelling inspectors from the Ministry of the Interior. Both primary and secondary education make good progress.



THE MEETING OF THE SIRDAR AND MARCHAND.
From the picture by Ernest Prater.

The main object of Lord Cromer's future policy will be to free Egypt from the trammels of internationalism. The government of the country to-day is orderly, stable, honest, and progressive. Finances and justice are administered as well, to say the very least, as they are in Spain or in the republics of South America. Yet Egypt is subject to exactly the same tutelage to-day as in the corrupt and bankrupt times of Ismail Pasha. The treaties then imposed upon her by Europe to ensure the payment of her debts and the just treatment of European residents remain rigidly in force. Egypt can only spend a certain proportion of her own revenue upon her own government. She may not raise a loan. She may not even pay off her debts at par; but, instead, is obliged to buy her own bonds at a premium. She has no criminal jurisdiction



THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN.
From the picture by René Bull.

over foreigners. And the Mixed Tribunals, originally instituted to ensure justice for foreigners in civil suits, have extended their prerogatives until they claim jurisdiction wherever the most shadowy foreign interest can be detected, and even arrogate to themselves the right to review decisions of the Government itself. Such restrictions as these would be irksome to a State, even if they were applied in the interests of good government. When, as at present, they are used by jealous rivals to frustrate every measure that by turning to the advantage of Egypt might redound to the credit of Britain, they become utterly intolerable. To shake them off will need both tact and firmness, since it can only be done with the consent of the contracting Powers; but done it must be.

The Sudan, luckily for itself, is burdened by no such restrictions. In Egypt, England has a freer hand than ever before; in the Sudan it is free absolutely. With no drag on the wheel, progress might be expected to move quickly. But the Sudan is so immeasurably behind Egypt that the swiftest possible rate of advance will still leave it behind for years, perhaps for generations. During the sixteen years of Dervish influence the country dropped back—it had not far to drop—to raw, desolate barbarism. Out of this must be made, if possible, a nation.

The Khalifa was destroyed as a serious power in the battle of Omdurman; but that is not the same thing as establishing an acting dominion over a stretch of roadless and generally waterless country some 700 miles from west to east and 500 from north to south. Of the provinces west of the Nile, no soldier of the Egyptian Government has reset foot in the westernmost, Darfur. Attempts have been made to push into the Bahr-el-Ghazal and up the White Nile to the equatorial lakes, but they have not been successful The *sudd*, or floating vegetation, has effectually impeded the gunboats, and becomes more and more difficult as the river falls. A down-river expedition from Uganda has so far been baffled by the same difficulty.

On the other hand, the country east of the Nile has been fairly covered up to the frontier of Abyssinia. The River Sobat and its tributaries have been explored for a distance of nearly 300 miles, and a fortified port, the southernmost in the Sudan, established at Nassar, over 250 miles by water beyond Fashoda. The Blue Nile and its tributaries are commanded to the head of navigation. The "island," or country between the White and Blue Niles—the best cotton land in the Sudan—is pacified. Gedarif is being connected with Kassala and

the Red Sea coast by telegraph. As soon as possible a railway will probably be constructed from Khartoum, along the Blue Nile, by Abu Haraz, Gedarif and Kassala to Suakim. Gedarif is the granary of the Sudan; grain there can be bought double as cheap as at Kassala, and eight times as cheap as at Omdurman. Better communication between the capital and its bread supply is the first necessity of the situation.

The remaining section of the Sudan—the Nile banks from Wady Halfa to Khartoum—is the one where most progress may naturally be looked for. It is the longest conquered and the easiest to communicate with. But what a country! South of Khartoum rain falls freely in summer—here, hardly ever. Red hot rocks, and white hot sand, eye-searing glare, coarse, sapless grass, mimosa thorn, wooden-fruited dompalms, empty bladders of Dead Sea fruit, white ants and scorpions, tangle-haired, herring-gutted, half-human men! Yet everywhere there is a bad and a not quite so bad. There is nearly always a lip of soil along the river-bank, and that soil, irrigated by water-wheels, will support men. The water-wheels have been broken and burned, it is true. But the experience at Dongola, now restored to Egypt, encourages the hope that the country will fill up sooner than you would think. Fugitives sprang up from everywhere to claim their derelict lands in Dongola province; soon water-wheels creaked again and the green corn embroidered the river. Dongola went far to supply the Khartoum army with grain. But even if the country fills up more quickly than there is any right to expect, it must still remain for years half peopled, half desert.

Within a matter of weeks after these lines are written the railway should have reached Khartoum, and the Sudan should be open to trade. There is ebony and other good timber on the Blue Nile: there are also gum, ostrich feathers, and ivory to be had, but not in any great quantity. The chief impediment to trade will probably be the difficulty of bringing up bulky goods like fabrics, for the railway is blocked with stores and materials for the dam at Assuan and the rebuilding of Khartoum.

Briefly, there is no place for heroics about the reopened Sudan. Khartoum is being slowly transformed from a collection of old ruined mud huts to a collection of new stable ones. The Governor's palace will be as palatial as an Italian rural hotel. The Gordon College will be an elementary school for little boys between seven and fourteen. The provincial governments are soldiers in their shirt-sleeves, the law courts the same as the provincial governments. It all has to be made out of nothing. The Sudan has no element of a country — not even population. It is a scraped tablet; and only the broadest and plainest lines of social life can as yet be drawn upon it. But those will be drawn with a firm touch. Security is the first requisite. As the new generation grows, it will find the new paths already marked out for it.





"'I've been hearing something about you, Mr. Carter.'"



More Dolly Dialogues

by Anthony Hope

"Ancient History"

Drawings by Howard Chandler Christy

"I'VE been hearing something about you, Mr. Carter," Dolly remarked, stroking the Persian kitten which she has bought to match her hair.

"I'm very weak. I shall like to hear it, too." And I sat down.

Dolly kissed the kitten and went on, "About you and Dulcie Mildmay."

"That's very ancient history," said I, rather disgusted.

"You admit it is history, though?"

"History is what women have agreed to repeat, Lady Mickleham."

"Oh, if you're going to take it like that! I thought we were friends—and——"

"There is no greater mark of friendship," I observed, "than a complete absence of interest in one's doings."

"An absence of interest?" smiled Dolly, re-tying the kitten's bow in a meditative way.

"It makes the heart grow fonder (not, of course, that that's always desirable). You notice, for example, that I don't ask where Archie is. It's not my business; it's enough for me that he isn't here."

"You always were easily pleased," said Dolly kindly.

"So with you and me. When we are together, we are——"

"Friends," said she, with a touch of firmness, as I thought.

"We are, as I was about to say, happy. When I'm away, what am I to you? Nothing!"

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"Well, I've an awful lot to do," murmured Dolly.

"And what are you to me?" I pursued. "A pleasant memory!"

"Thank you, Mr. Carter. But about Dulcie Mildmay?"

"Very well—only I wish you'd be a little more recent."

"You were in love with her, you know."

"I trust I'm always ready to learn," said I, resignedly.

"Oh, it's not as if I meant there was anything—anything there oughtn't to be."

"Then indeed we would discuss it."

"It was long before she married."

"You must really forgive me, then. She married in '90. April 15th, to be precise. I beg your pardon, Lady Mickleham?"

"I just smiled. You've such a splendid memory for dates."

"Uncle Joseph died that week and left me a legacy."

"It's really no use, Mr. Carter. Mrs. Hilary told me all about it."

"I never can conceal anything I don't do, from Mrs. Hilary."

"You very nearly proposed to Dulcie, down the river one day. She had great difficulty in stopping you."

"Preposterous! Is there ever any difficulty in stopping me?"

Dolly placed the kitten on her left shoulder—so that it could rub its face against her ear. This action had all the effect of an observation.

"Though what you saw in her I can't think," she added.

"You should have asked me at the time," said I.

"Anyhow, you were quite depressed for a month afterwards—Mrs. Hilary said so."

"Occasionally," I remarked, "Mrs. Hilary does me justice. I should have been depressed, only——"

"Only what?"

"Thankfulness supervened," said I.

"Then you did nearly——"

"Oh, well, I was a little tempted, perhaps."

"You oughtn't to yield to temptation."

"Well, somebody must, or the thing becomes absurd," said I.

"I shall have to keep my eye on you, Mr. Carter."



"Mr. Carter."

"Well, I like having pretty things about me——"

"That's rather obvious," interrupted Dolly scornfully.

"And so," I pursued, "I daresay I enjoyed myself with Dulcie Mildmay."

Dolly put the kitten down on the floor with quite a bump. I took my hat.

"Your story," said I, as I brushed my hat, "hasn't come to much, Lady Mickleham."

Dolly was not put out; nay, she picked up the kitten again and started rubbing its fur the wrong way.

"When you were a child, Mr. Carter——" she began.

"Dear, dear!" I murmured, stroking the crown of my head.

"Did you use to tell the truth?"

I put my hat back on the table. The conversation began to interest me.

"You may have noticed," said I, "that I am a man of method!"

"You do call regularly," Dolly agreed.

"I was the same at the B. C. sort of period you refer to. I had an invariable rule. I lied first."

"Yes, and then?"

"Oh, they made a row. Then I told the truth, and was rewarded. If I'd told the truth the first time, you see, I should have got nothing. The thing would have degenerated into a matter of course, and I should have lost the benefit of confession."

"You got off, I suppose, by confessing?"

"I did. A halcyon period, Lady Mickleham. In later life one gets off by professing. Have you observed the difference?"

"Professing what?"

"An attachment to somebody else, to be sure. Weren't we talking of Dulcie Mildmay?"

"I asked you that question because Mrs. Hilary's little girl——"

"I am acquainted with that sad episode," I interposed. "Indeed, I took occasion to observe that I hoped it would make Mrs. Hilary more charitable to other people. As a matter of fact, it rather pleased me. Righteousness shouldn't run in families. It is all very well as a 'Sport,' but——"

"I don't see much sport in it," interrupted Dolly.

"I was speaking scientifically——"

"Then please don't." She paused and resumed, in a thoughtful tone, "It reminded me of my first flirtation."

"This is, indeed, ancient history," I cried.

"Yes, I'm twenty-four."

In silent sympathy we stroked opposite ends of the Persian kitten.

"I didn't care one bit about him," Dolly resumed.

"Art for art's sake," said I, nodding approvingly.

"But there was nothing else to do, and——"

"Are you busy this afternoon?"

"I was only sixteen, and not very particular. I met him at the Wax-works——"

"Are they so called because they make parents angry?"

"There was a hospital close to, and by an unlucky chance our vicar induced mamma to visit it. Well, we ran into mamma coming out, you see."

"What happened?" I asked.

"Oh, I said I'd met him when I was with



"'You were in love with her, you know.'"

papa at Kissingen. Don't make another pun, please."

"Did papa play up?"

"I hadn't time to see him first," said Dolly sadly. "Mamma drove down and picked him up in the City."

"I detest a suspicious temperament like that," said I. "What did it come to?"

"No parties, and extra French for weeks," sighed Dolly. "Mamma said she wouldn't have minded if only I'd spoken the truth."

"If she really meant that," I remarked cautiously, "there was the basis of an understanding."

"Of course she didn't. That was just rubbing it in, you know."

We relapsed into a pensive silence. Dolly gave the kitten milk; I pulled its tail. We had become quite thoughtful.

"I always tell the truth now, except to the Dowager," said Dolly presently.

"It doesn't do to be quixotic," I agreed. "Telling the truth to people who misunderstand you is really promoting falsehood, isn't it?"

"That's rather a good idea," said Dolly. "And if you——"

"Adapt?"

"Yes—why, then they get it just right, don't they? You think of quite sensible things sometimes, Mr. Carter."

"Often when I'm not with you," said I.

"And I suppose you adapted in telling me about Dulcie Mildmay?"

"Do you know, I've a sort of idea that I confused her with somebody else."

"That's not very complimentary."

"Oh, I don't know. I remember the scene so well. It was in a backwater under a tree. There was a low bough over the water, and she——"

"Who?" asked Dolly, resuming exclusive possession of the kitten.

"Well, whoever it was—hung her hat on the bough. It was about eight o'clock, a very pleasant evening. I happen to recollect that the cushions were blue. And she wore blue. And I was blue, until—— Did you say that she refused me?"

"Mrs. Hilary says she didn't let it come to that."

"Mrs. Hilary is right, as usual. We got home at ten, and—— Your mother couldn't have meant what she said, I think."

"I don't see how mamma comes in," said Dolly, in a voice muffled by kitten fur.

"Because her mother minded considerably, although we spoke the truth."

"What did you do that for?" asked Dolly reprovingly.

"Oh, because other people had seen us from a punt. So we just said that time had flown—not, perhaps, a particularly tactful thing to say. And that's the whole truth about Dulcie Mildmay."

I rose and took my hat again—as if I meant it this time, too. Dolly rose, too, and held out one hand to me; the other contained the kitten.

"What was the hat like?" asked Dolly.

"Just such a hat as you'd wear yourself," said I.

"I never wear hats like Dulcie Mildmay's."

"I told you there was a mistake somewhere," I observed triumphantly.

Dolly smiled; she looked up at me (well, I'm taller than she is, of course).

"Yes, I expect there is," said she. "But do you see any particular good in telling Mrs. Hilary so?"

"She wouldn't believe it."

"No—and——"

"It is, as you observed, so uncomplimentary to Mrs. Mildmay."

"And it's all such very Ancient History!"

I don't think anything more of interest occurred that afternoon—anyhow, nothing more about Dulcie Mildmay.



GUY BOOTHBY AT HOME.

By Wilfrid Klickmann

Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

It is no doubt a gift, perfected by practice, that enables Mr. Boothby to relate the impossible in such a manner that it bears a remarkable resemblance to truth. He is not only a story-teller, but has more than one tale to tell. Any bookseller will inform you, with an authority that confirms the more general testimony of the novel-reading world, that Mr. Boothby is the author of some of the most strikingly successful volumes of the last six years. These books are for the most part tales of adventure so startling, so weirdly ingenious, yet withal so stamped with that imprint of earnestness usually associated with truth, that the reader is tempted to aver, "This must be true, for it is even stranger than fiction!" To give an instance of the effect of Mr. Boothby's powers of narration on the mind of at least one reader. In a railway carriage I once sat beside an archdeacon—one of those dear old gentlemen one sometimes sees and feels the better for meeting. He was reading "Dr. Nikola," from the then current number of the Windsor Magazine. His glossy silk hat was secured to his head with a piece of elastic which passed round his genial face and beneath his chin. "Well! well!" he murmured, as he concluded the twenty-four page instalment. "Wonderful! but why can't those Windsor people give us a good few chapters every month, instead of these scrappy little bits?—er—pardon me" (to myself), "did that porter say Horsham? Why, I wanted to get out at Tulse Hill!"

I went down to Kenton Court, Sunbury-on-Thames, recently, to find out if possible the secret of Mr. Boothby's brilliant success in the world of fiction. The usual formal pleasantries were duly negotiated, and I broached the subject of my visit in the orthodox manner.

"What is your opinion, Mr. Boothby, of literature as a prof——"

Apparently he was unaware I was asking a question, for he turned to me as if to continue our previous topic.

"Did I ever tell you that yarn which carried me right across Queensland like a



MR. BOOTHBY IN THE KENNEL YARD WITH THE BULLDOG, "CHAMPION MONKEY BRAND."

free pass? No! Well, it was like this. Two young 'sawbones' were competing for the post of medical practitioner to the sheep-farming residents of a district in size about seven or eight hundred square miles, in Australia——"

I dare not relate the story here, for the copyright is not mine; but if ever I travel in Queensland with my worldly wealth amounting only to 2½*d.* in postage stamps, as did Mr. Boothby, I will tell that story at the first ranch I strike, and trust with confidence to the supper and bed that will assuredly be my reward.

My notebook was open, and I tried to rivet my subject's attention with the end of my fountain pen, as I continued—

"Now, Mr. Boothby, have you anything to tell me regarding the ineptitude of the modern literary critic?"

"Never heard of him," was the reply. "But look here. What do you think of these little toys?" and he led me to an arsenal of sporting guns, rifles, cavalry swords, stilettos, scimitars, and a number of other murderous weapons from all parts of the world. The collection included, as I verily believe, the original double-edged "dessert" knife of Ko-Ko, and the identical weapon—a spiked axe—so skilfully wielded by Umslopagas in Central Africa. I failed to identify "Excalibur," but no doubt it was there.



"CHAMPION SOUTHBORO' REALITY."
Winner of five championships and nineteen first prizes.



"PRINCE GALITZIN."
Winner of twenty first prizes.

"You observe," said Guy Boothby, handing me a handsomely wrought instrument of offence, "that here is a portion of the Koran beautifully engraved on this blade."

I glanced suspiciously at the hieroglyphics in question, but my host had the advantage of me, and he knew it.

Thinking this a suitable opportunity to remind Mr. Boothby of the real purpose of my visit, I remarked that philosophers and other eminent men of learning, editors, and such-like, considered the pen to be superior to the sword. He quite ignored the

allusion, and proceeded to relate some pretty anecdotes of the times he had spent "on the wallaby" (as tramping in Australia is called), with a few more or less improbable or genuine experiences of some friends of his engaged in the "shell trade," or pearl-diving business, around Thursday Island. They must have been a hearty set of fellows, these pearlers; cheerful, honest scoundrels—quite a pleasure to meet, once in a way.

But this was not interviewing. With journalistic diplomacy I ventured to bring the truant back to the loftier realms of literature with the query—



IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM, KENTON COURT.

"Can you favour me with your views on the subject of art for art's sake, as applied to the successful novelist?"

It seemed to sound all right as I said it, but Mr. Boothby looked puzzled, as he mentally repeated the sentence to himself.

"I'm afraid," he said after a pause, "I haven't exactly got the hang of it, somehow. No doubt you're quite right, and all that sort of thing; but you come down to the kennels with me, and I'll show you a dog or two worth looking at."

The kennels at Kenton Court are built in the form of a square, with a large grass plot in the centre. Each side is like a long stable, with a loose box or stall for each dog, double exercising runs, covered in, for use on wet days, with a corridor running the entire length of each wing. When you are dealing with dogs worth two or three hundred pounds apiece, it is as well to have them comfortably housed.

"There's a beauty!" said Guy Boothby, with justifiable pride, as he opened the door and lifted out an animated lady's muff. "That's 'Little Billee Boy,' the winner of twenty first prizes and three championships." This fluffy little specimen of a Pomeranian weighs only $4\frac{3}{4}$ lb., but he has carried off the Pomeranian Open Class Challenge Cup three times in succession, the Ladies' Kennel Club Silver Shield twice, and the Gold Medal for the best home-bred Pomeranian. It is curious, the various expedients that have to be adopted in training dogs. "Billee Boy" refuses to eat if food is offered to him. It is only by hiding his biscuit, and giving him the trouble of a search, that this highly certificated dog can be persuaded to eat.

We passed on to other dogs, and paused before some unusually hideous bulldogs. These creatures are, without doubt, the biggest frauds in the canine world. They

look so ferocious, they have such reputations, they share with the lion the honour of representing pictorially the supposed character of the Englishman, yet they are the gentlest and most affectionate of animals. Guy Boothby has a warm corner in his heart for his bulldogs. "Monkey Brand" (the middle dog of the three on page 297) is now no more, but he was one of the most sensational dogs ever benched. His list of successes was simply phenomenal. The dog on the right, in the same photograph, is "Bunyip," a son of the famous champion bulldog, "Boomerang." "Bunyip" will never bring home a championship, for his legs are too straight, but he has a fine head, for those who like that style of beauty. Among bulldogs that did make a name, Mr. Boothby included "Black Watch," an animal for which he gave £300; but the dog caught a chill and died within a short time of the purchase.

As an exhibitor, Mr. Boothby has been fairly successful with borzois, the name now given to Russian wolfhounds. Handsome "Prince Galitzin," recently sold by Guy Boothby to Captain Borman, one of the largest owners in England, is a noble creature. It is difficult to imagine that these dogs ever earned a reputation as wolfhounds. Their undoubted speed would give them an advantage, but the Russian wolfhound, as originally bred, was surely a dog with more powerful jaws than the latter-day highly refined borzoi possesses.

A good portion of the Kenton Court kennels is reserved for smooth-haired terriers, and chief among this favourite class of dog is "Legerdemain," a son of the famous "St. Leger." This dog has already commenced to make his mark in the world, as two of his progeny have proved phenomenally successful on the show bench.

When exhibiting his kennels, Mr. Boothby keeps his *pièce de résistance* until the last. At a given signal, the greyhound champion, "Southboro' Reality," leaps out of his box to show off his points. He holds up his head for the lead, arches his neck to a graceful curve, and stands with hind-legs at the correct poise, knowing he is worthy of admiration. The dog understands perfectly what is expected of him, and is most anxious to appear to the best advantage. This magnificent creature has carried off first prizes at shows in all parts of England, and on five occasions has been acclaimed champion dog in his class against all comers. A pretty record, yet one still on the increase. Although Mr. Boothby gives daily personal attention to his kennels, and all details connected therewith, a large measure of his success as an exhibitor and breeder is due to the untiring patience and skilful training of Charles Fry -otherwise known as "Charley"—the head kennelman, and the under-kennelman, Frank Scott. The dogs themselves regard Charley as their master, and look on Charley's master as a privileged friend.

From the kennels we walked through the detached and most comfortable hospitals into paddocks where tribes of fox-terriers in the



MR. BOOTHBY PRACTISING WITH CLAY PIGEONS.

puppy stage exercise their legs and lungs, until we reached the poultry farm. This portion of the establishment resembles an American city in miniature, with gravel paths for streets, and innumerable rectangular, wired-in runs for "blocks," each accommodating several hundred head of birds. Prize strain hens and cockerels peeked at us on all sides, and in their own way told us it is a hungry and a hollow world. A row of incubators silently reminded me that the day of the old-fashioned maternal hen is past and gone. Mr. Boothby's hens would regard a three weeks' detention on the nest as a lapse from grace and an unwarrantable interference with the individual liberty of the subject. They now spend their time at garden parties, scratching competitions, and other gaieties, while the incubators automatically perform the domestic drudgery attendant on the rising generation. Science is great, and the common or barndoor hen seems to know something.



MRS. BOOTHBY'S "LITTLE BILLEE BOY."
Winner of thirteen first prizes and three championships.

After the fowls we visited the pigs. While I am quite ready to admit that the pig has certain claims to consideration, I cannot admire him in his animated form. The face of my cicerone, however, expressed the utmost satisfaction at the sight of a balloon-like creature whose rotundity (to use George Meredith's phrase) would have turned a bullet! While I saw merely gross pig, my host saw vistas of coloured exhibition cards, marked "First Prize," "Special Girth Prize," and even "Championship," tantalising the mental vision. In a separate pen was a veritable alderman among porkers, and I intuitively knew him to be a creature of importance.



MR. GUY BOOTHBY ON HIS FAVOURITE PONY.

"Fine fellow, isn't he?" said Mr. Boothby cheerily. "He's a prize boar, and answers to the name of Kruger." I shall surely have to give up my morning rasher.

The stables next

demanded attention, and my admiration for man's domestic animals returned. He surely lacks a sense who cannot love a horse or a dog. Mr. Boothby has a partiality for ponies, and assured me that "Tommy" was the gamest little creature that ever a man could wish to cross. A loose box in the stables is also reserved for a pet donkey belonging to little Miss Phyllis Boothby, who is aged four years, and who informed me that her donkey's name was "Elijah."

By the time we had inspected the farm, visited the conservatories, and strolled round the park of nearly forty acres bordering Father Thames, I recognised the futility of attempting to interview Mr. Boothby. He ignored all allusions to his craft, and parried me with tales of the wily and deceitful Oriental. Even when, in despair, I referred to Dr. Nikola, and hinted darkly that, in the opinion of several readers, "there ain't no sich person," my genial host positively shook with laughter, but said nothing.

To have written more successful books in some six years than the average popular novelist produces in a lifetime, is a record



ONE OF "BOOMERANG'S" OFFSPRING.

of which any man might well be proud. Apparently it will be a good many years before Mr. Boothby has exhausted the material of even his own strangely varied personal experiences. By that time he seems likely to have perfected the art of invention.



THE HEAD KENNELMAN AND FIVE OF HIS CHARGES.

THE WHIRLIGIG.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.*

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

The opening chapters of this story introduce Francis Bothfield, a cosmopolitan Englishman of thirty-five, who spends his time in travelling leisurely about Europe. Visiting Amaro, with the intention of studying the picture gallery, he finds the city in a state of almost revolutionary excitement over the impending trial of Count Gottfried von Incke, who is accused of intrigues both political and scandalous. His arrival at the hotel arouses the sudden interest of three officials who are acting on behalf of the Crown, though it is not till a considerably later date that this is explained by the fact that he bears an extraordinary resemblance to Gottfried von Incke. He is kidnapped by these officials for their own purposes, and, while crossing the city in a closed carriage, falls in love with a girl whose face he sees for a moment at a window. He is subsequently compelled to undertake a hasty journey towards the border, dressed in the overcoat of the man whom he so strangely resembles. The journey ends in a carriage accident, which enables the fugitives to be overtaken by the Prince, who imagines he is pursuing the acquitted Count von Incke, and with whom he is determined to fight a duel to satisfy his honour. In the general confusion Bothfield manages to escape, and returns to the city, where he goes in search of the girl he had previously seen at a window in the Kellner Gasse, the Revolutionary quarter of the town. He discovers her being turned out with her aged father into the street by the landlord; they mistake him for a cousin and emissary of Von Incke, the Count having originally installed the two at the inn; and, pursuing this advantage, Bothfield speedily alters the condition of things, and has the landlord cringing at his feet and apologetically craving to be permitted a private interview, which he says, mysteriously, is "on the Society's business, and the Count's, your Excellency understands."

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREY OVERCOAT.

BROTHER KURT was seated at a high desk, rubbing a stubbly chin with one hand while he thumbed some greasy letters with the other. The room was incredibly dirty and stuffy, the window-chinks pasted up with paper, and the iron stove crackling with the force of the fire in its bowels. Brother Karl locked the door cautiously and placed a stool for the visitor.

"Your Excellency," he began, "will no doubt have understood the situation. The unfortunate misconception on the part of the Herr von Radenstein brought about, it is true, by a slight misunderstanding of our intentions——"

Kurt interrupted him impatiently. Bothfield, surveying them both with an anxious eye, catalogued Karl not less coward than toady, but Kurt a rascal of stiffer backbone, and, if signs read true, of fiercer disposition. Accordingly, he lent attention to Brother Kurt.

"All that to come later, brother. The question is—what message from the Count? Where is he? Will he return? And then—to start with—I mean no offence to your Excellency—but the password. Where is the password?"

For a second Bothfield was still, his tongue cleaving, conscious of its impotency, to the roof of his mouth. He was aware that Kurt's eye was upon him with malicious intent. He granted that the innkeeper did not forgive his arrival. His relief was great when he heard Karl come to his assistance.

"Pshaw, brother! Between ourselves, the Count never made much of passwords. What stronger sign could man need than his cousin, Herr Goldberg. And, by the nose upon his face, here he is!"

"Well, to tell the truth," said Bothfield, thrusting forward the ready lie, "Karl's hit it, exactly. The Count never gave me the countersign. Deuce take it, there was too much to think about! The Prince is on the Count's track, anxious to fight a duel with him. The Government are ready to bring the Palace about their ears to prevent it. Between the two my cousin has enough to do, without troubling his brain or mine with passwords."

"But where is he?" said Kurt. His

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attack was checked, but his brows lowered, and he chewed a pen-stump in angry fashion.

To say that he had been forcibly deported, without (as Bothfield hoped) possibility of return, was to throw the Radensteins' defences open to the enemy. To promise immediate return was impolitic, seeing that if there were delay in getting himself and his charges clear of the Weissen Hirsch, suspicions might become uncontrollable. Bothfield took a middle course.

"I don't know. The Count has the heels of both parties. Merkewitz's men began to take him to the frontier. That I know, because in our last interview in the House of Detention"—he watched for acceptance of this detail, and saw it, to his joy—"we were interrupted by the entrance of the escort. But I followed up the departure, which took place at dusk last night, and I know that the Count escaped. Unfortunately, it was in the forest on the road to Muspringen, some fifteen miles away, I fancy; and I was not able to be sufficiently close to see in what direction he disappeared into the thicket. There is no doubt, from previous information I received, that the Count, proceeding with great caution, means to return here before long."

"H'm!" Kurt abstracted the pen-stump from his mouth and drummed on the table with it. "Very fine for the Count. He expects us to wait his good pleasure, and to run hither and thither at his bidding, and yet he lets himself be carted away at a time like this, when everything's in expectation. Why don't he fight the Prince and slit his weasand for him?"

"Because the Prince has a circle of young men in his service, who have sworn to kill or be killed, should anything happen to their master. My good cousin might overcome in duel, but he would stand a bad chance in being hunted down like a mad dog."

"Ah! And that's how it always is. We are to make a secret society to extirpate Ferdinand and the corruptions of his Court—very good. We must all follow the leadership of the Count of Incke—not so good. We are to meet—only his arrest has postponed the date, and we have to bide till he returns—and choose an instrument for the killing of the Prince, by ballot. But the Count of Incke takes no open part, and the Count of Incke is not to be included in the ballot! The Count of Incke comes and goes secretly and pulls the strings; when the thing is done and the man that does it is shot, and the Weissen Hirsch is raided by the police, and I and Karl sent to road-sweep in chains, the Count of Incke will be the innocent man, looking on from a very long way off. Bah!"

"Brother——" said Karl.

"*Ach!* yes, yes!" Kurt turned upon him in a fury. "You're a fool, like all the rest. You believe all the Count tells—let's see, is it Chancellor or Lord Chief Justice you'll be, when the good time comes? We had our own plans before the Count came, and very well they worked. Now there are great things, fine assassinations, and battues of police, and everything else to make your brains dizzy and your senses fly, afoot. A republic on the top of that. I don't believe the Count cares a curse for the Reformers. He has a private spite, and he uses us as catspaws, to gratify it. *Ach*, yes!"

All this was illumination to Bothfield: he would not have missed it for worlds. It was the confirmation that he needed of the Count's duplicity, for there was that in the innkeeper's accent, rascal though he were, that rang true. It was a fresh spur, had any been needed, to his resolution on behalf of the two souls above stairs. He waited, watching Kurt's explosion and Karl's agony at its imprudence.

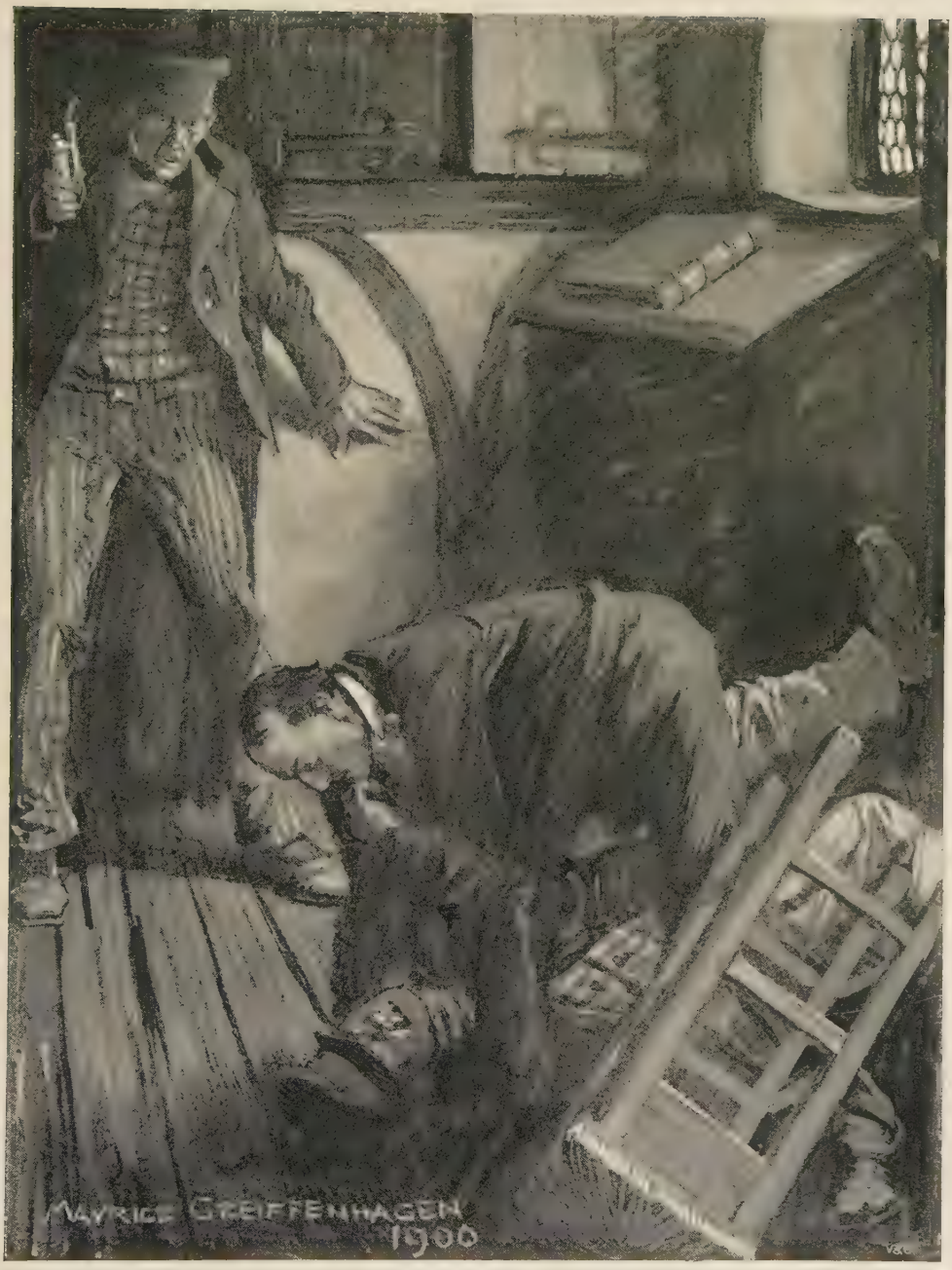
"But he has suffered——"

"Not on our account. Stabs in the dark at the Princess's virtue don't make us free. And then, again, speaking of women! What does he mean by foisting this penniless old dotard and his daughter upon us? The old fool should be in his grave by now; there's none of the stuff of our men in him—useless, addle-pated aristocrat! As for the girl—I tell you we have enough upon our hands, without adding"—he broke into an ugly accusation. "Let the Count keep his own mistr——"

He stopped—not of his own free will, but because Bothfield's fist smashed into his face, and he toppled off his stool, his shoulder splintering the window. Karl wrung his hands in terror.

"Imbecile! to speak the things to the Count's own cousin! *Donnerwetter!* we are ruined men!"

He was not heeded, for there was a furious rough-and-tumble going on, and all he could do was to cram himself into the smallest convenient corner and whine his dismay. Kurt had responded to the attack with foaming mouth, and his fingers tore at the Englishman's neckband. They crashed on to the floor, with the stool hurrying to join,



"'So, pig-dog!' he said, glaring at the face below him. 'I will teach you to let your tongue run where you please.'"

and with ink, and confusion, and hoarse execrations thick about them.

"You—scoundrel!" said Bothfield. His prudence had vanished in a flash and his blood was boiling. "Retract—you dirty-mouthed blackguard!"

He had got in a second fist before they fell, and Brother Kurt's eyes were too full of sense of injury to do their proper service. Consequently his right arm fell into bondage, and Bothfield pinned it while he straddled across the prostrate foe, and by violent

throttling, twisting, and wriggling his neck meanwhile to escape similar treatment, he succeeded in instilling recognition of his fighting merits (he had never known their extent till that moment) into the minds of two astonished people.

"So, pig-dog!" he said, glaring at the face below him. "I will teach you to let your tongue run where you please. Have you had enough?"

"....*G'nug!*" gurgled Kurt, with starting eyeballs. "*Ach*, yes — quite enough. I—had—no idea your Excellency would take offence for the Count Gottfried —von Incke. Let me—up, *mein Herr*."

For the Count of Incke! There was certainly a delicious irony in the mazes of misconception in which Mr. Bothfield, ill-used and pacific British subject, was now wandering. He was ready to disclaim the notion with renewed warmth, till he remembered that he would be a better defender of Gisela von Radenstein if he allowed its existence. Besides, there was a subtlety in the concealing of the true motive from the world outside his bosom, which pleased his fancy.

He loosened his grip, and the purple died out of Brother Kurt's face and changed to a mottled pallor. Bothfield stood up, and his enemy followed slowly, fingering in a furtive way at his throat, his cheeks, and his bruises, as if to assure himself that he was still whole. He was beaten, and his attitude, as he shrank into the further corner of the den, acknowledged it better than words; but there was a venomous look in his eyes, as they blinked from behind their swollen pouches. The fire that smouldered in them had something worse than anger in it; but Bothfield had no patience to read what it portended.

Karl, who was on the verge of tears, clasped his hands in frenzied entreaty to the victor.

"Your Excellency will not pass this matter on to the Count? Oh, it is easy to see your Excellency is the Count Gottfried's most noble kinsman! So would he have worked —so, exactly. But you will not speak of us, gracious Herr? Brother Kurt means no ill—no ill; he suffers merely from a disordered stomach, and it makes him——"

"Irritable," said Bothfield. "Just so. It depends on what follows as to how I report affairs to the Count on his arrival."

"The Count's clever enough," mumbled Kurt from his corner. "He knows quite well I don't love him. Still, I was mistaken in all my words, of course."

The interview ended there. Bothfield waved to the door with dignity, and Karl, scraping, opened it. Mr. Bothfield passed out with a forgivable swagger, and found himself once more in the passage, with the street door open beyond him.

To his immense joy, and also to his surprise, he saw the faithful cabman wheel to the stoop at the moment, with the portmanteaux reposing in the body of the carriage. The man saluted with a triumph almost equal to Bothfield's.

"There they are, *mein Herr!* Quite right, I trust?"

"Quite right, certainly," said Bothfield. "But didn't they offer any—any objection?"

"Objection, *Herr Jé!* It was all the other way about. I sent the Herr's card in to the Herr manager, and he came out flying. 'Take them!' he said. 'Take everything! But for Heaven's sake let me hear no more of——'" He stopped with an assumed blank expression. "I forget the name, *mein Herr*."

"That will do," said Bothfield, anxious at the thought of how near the secret of his identity might have been to escaping into the ears of the house. "Very many thanks. You have earned your money. Keep a still tongue, now, about the business."

"Yes, yes; trust me," said the cabman, nodding his head delightedly over the reward. The worthy fellow drove off in an ecstasy at his achievement, which Bothfield's instructions and munificence magnified in his simple mind. "Trust me, *ja, ja!*" he said as he disappeared.

Mr. Bothfield took a bag in either hand and sought the crazy staircase. He was met at the bottom by Karl—Kurt having presumably gone to bathe his wounds—relieved of his burden, and escorted to a guest-chamber, which he observed with pleasure was situated next to the sitting-room of Herr von Radenstein. He locked the bags into the room without even a sigh of disgust at the frowsiness of his new apartment, and rapped at the next door.

It was opened by Gisela von Radenstein, after the rasp of a yielding bolt.

"Come in," she said. "How fortunate you have come now! Father has just gone to order our dinner—indeed, there is nothing I care to eat in this place, but we must keep up an appearance—and we can speak together."

She was bewitchingly pretty, and she looked at the man with a child-like trust which was incomparable. It appealed, not

as her beauty appealed, to the side of him that was ready to fling itself at all the world in her behalf, to reach at heights of valour all unscaled hitherto, for her; but to a deeper emotion that restrained him by a conviction of his unworthiness. The dull and sordid room was a poor setting, but she flashed in it like a gem in the sunlight; and as she stood with her back to the low window, and her head and hair framed, thus, in the daylight, the last remnant of Bothfield the dilettante was sloughed off and cast away. Yet he could not have told anything of the process, save as a quickening of the pulses and the ache of a vague desire.

"You must tell me your trouble, Fräulein," said he. "You need to be assured, I think, that I am no friend of Count Gottfried von Incke. I swear to that. I cannot explain to you now, but if you will tell your story first, I will follow, if opportunity permits, with mine."

"You make me oddly curious," said Gisela. "If I were not in such a hurry I should insist upon your turn coming first. As it is, be seated, *mein Herr*, and listen to me out of your kindness. (Oh, yes, you are very kind. Anyone can see that. . . . *Wie?* . . . Nonsense. . . . There! See how you waste the precious time.)

"Herr Goldberg, you must begin by not believing a word of what my dear father says about the Count. It is all the Count's cunning that makes father think he is a patriot. He puts on the semblance of it for his own bad ends."

"I know."

"He came down to his estates after the scandal at the Court. I heard it all from the servants, but my father would listen to nothing—and at first he did not come near Radenstein or trouble his head about us at all. He knew, of course, that my father was full of his ideas of liberty. Everybody knows that; the Prince knows it; Count Merkewitz knows it. It was all quite visionary and harmless; it would be impossible for my father to encourage revolt and bloodshed, and his only conception of the worship of freedom was an artistic one. He had a beautiful statue and wreathed it with flowers, and made lovely little verses about doves and olive-branches. He had done it all his life, and I remember Prince Ferdinand coming to see us once when he was a very young man, and that my father told him all about it, and showed him and the Chancellor the statue. He read them his poetry, too, and—it is very unkind to repeat it, but it is quite true—they—only—yawned! And the Prince sent a bouquet afterwards, 'for the goddess.' Though——" She stopped, and blushed, and went on again with haste and confusion. ". . . It was not until I had met the Count at a neighbouring *Rittergutsbesitzer's* house, that he came to see my father, and it was after that again that he put on the pretence of joining in father's dreams. . . . Yes, I know; the Count's plots are reality, but my father never was, and never will be, more than a visionary. . . . It was because I would not have anything to do with him. . . . It is the truth. . . . I hated him always, from the beginning; if I did not know he was wicked by any other sign, I should guess it from his face. He made love to me——"

She stopped again, with frightened eyes.

"The hound!" said Bothfield.

"He wanted to marry me, but he was too wise to go first to my dear father, knowing that if I only breathed a word of my antipathy to his project, hope of his consent would be gone. So he tried first to persuade me, always with that detestably sinister smile of his. Always, too, with a half-sneer, as if I were sure to drop into his power very soon. But I would not! I would not! And then, at last, when he saw his pretty, hollow speeches were no good, he threatened me. There was disaster, he said, to people who opposed him. . . . It was true enough, for it was afterwards that he persuaded father to hide the men of whom he told you, and we had to fly away from Radenstein in the night and take refuge in this dreadful place. I believe, sometimes, that the Count invented our danger altogether, to get us here, helpless, absolutely in his power. Certainly there was nobody to see if what he said were true, and it was he who came, apparently as a great friend who risked much in doing it, to give the alarm.

". . . I do not know—I dread to think—what might have happened after we came here, but that the day after our flight the Count was arrested by order of the Government. Now they say he is free again, and I implore you, Herr Goldberg—I implore you to help us to escape from him!"

She clasped her hands in gesture of petition. Bothfield curbed himself to speak with a certain moderation.

"Help you, Fräulein! It is all I am here for. I swear to you I have no other purpose. It is about to be my most earnest endeavour to remove you and your father to a place of safety. If it were that your father was deluded as to the danger, it would be the



"'Nonsense,' said Gisela, tiptoeing to see."

very simplest matter in the world. Let me only find out the truth, and you shall return home immediately. Or, if not—oh, yes, I will find a way out of the trouble, whatever happens."

"But how are you here for no other purpose?" insisted Gisela. Her fear was dropping off her like a mantle, so infectious was Bothfield's courage. She seemed to cast the burden upon him as her protector: the Count became a dim and distant bogie in the face of so much assurance. Her lips parted with curiosity.

Bothfield hesitated. There was something too intimate in the story of the face at the window to please her, he reflected, at this stage of their acquaintance, but he could tell her all the rest, and leave the impulse which made him burst from the cab into the fray to bear the full responsibility.

He began at the beginning.

"To start with," he said, "my name is Francis Bothfield."

"*Ach!*" said Gisela with wide, round eyes. "And what genius, then, to be Herr Anton Goldberg, too!"

So the story was told. It was said modestly, because Bothfield was aware that it was no heroic record; indeed, his memory still tingled at the name of Captain Cossebaude. But he recited it with truth, which is not the common habit of lovers. There are two pitfalls digged for these unwary when they recount their actions to the well-

beloved—a boastfulness, to court admiration (but it may be its own undoing); or a depreciation, which has a surname, artfulness, whereby tender feelings are urged from pity onwards. It is to our hero's credit, again, that he stepped between the two.

He had not laid too much stress upon the likeness, rather he had emphasised the overcoat that had contributed to his ill-fortunes. He became aware towards the end of the recital, which was interspersed with question, exclamation, and explanations, too many to set down here, that Gisela was suppressing extreme excitement with difficulty. Her comment, when he ended, was not upon the strangeness of the narrative, but upon a minor fragment of it only.

"It was not your coat at all—and I brushed it so scrupulously! . . . Stop, don't speak for a minute. The Count's overcoat! Did *you* sew paper inside the lining?"

She darted to the chair before the stove and held out the garment.

"It crackles," she said.

"Of course it does," exclaimed Bothfield. "I remember. *Bitte sehr*, Fräulein. . . . A pair of scissors!"

He snipped, and Gisela held the coat, their heads touching almost over the work. He had the fever with which a man nears a discovery, but it permitted to exist, beside it, the knowledge that her hair once brushed his forehead, and that her breath, fragrant as English meadows, was upon his cheek. To the question of what Gisela felt at the juxtaposition of their busy brains, only those who know the subtle heart of woman may answer. Perhaps the intoxication of a shared confidence had its effect upon her demure maidenhood.

They ripped the lining of the coat, and an enclosure fell to the floor. Bothfield picked it up, tore its cover eagerly, and then looked at it in disgust.

"Love-letters!" he said. "The Count's love-letters! Pah!"

"Nonsense," said Gisela, tiptoeing to see, and holding out her hand. "It is impossible. No woman would—could—write a—such a letter to the Count. I know, because I'm one, and I couldn't." It was irresistible logic. "And the Count never would—oh, oh, Herr Goldberg—that is to say, Mr. Bothfield—don't you *see?* The missing letters!"

She pointed to the heading of a sheet, which began with a flourish addressed to "*the Most Excellent Baroness Amelia Sophia von Kirtschoff.*" They read the page together, till a sentence came that made Bothfield frown and take the reading to himself. Gisela pouted.

"Just when it was getting interesting," she said. "Let me see."

"Impossible: it's scandalous . . . shocking . . . 'in absolute confidence and candour'—oh! the villain!" He read on, and Gisela's mouth tightened. "Lies, lies, lies!" said Bothfield suddenly, crumbling the sheet in his indignation. "Oh, no, you couldn't read it, Fräulein; you wouldn't understand it if you did. But these are, beyond a doubt, the missing letters that would prove the Count's guilt. The question is, how would you suggest to make use of them?"

The incipient sulk disappeared, for Gisela was saved by the flattery implied in the question as addressed to her. She wrinkled her pretty brow.

"If the Count were convicted of treason, he would be shut up safely in a fortress for ever and for ever, out of everybody's way. . . . The letters must go to the Chief of Police."

"I will take them myself," said Bothfield. "It's true that my last interview with Herr Holseg—but everything is capable of explanation now. They will be delivered, the Count re-arrested, and in common gratitude, Fräulein Gisela, the police will be bound to release you and yours from the present situation. We are astonishingly fortunate in this discovery. There is only one thing that is awkward. The Count must be in such a stew about the coat that he will risk anything to return to Amalia to trace it. We must take action at once."

Gisela looked into his face and seemed to weigh the matter carefully.

"I will take the letters," she said. "The risk is too great for you. The Prince is hasty; if his men took you, there would be trouble and danger for you, and delay for all of us. I know of a way by which one can creep out unobserved; Lieschen—that's the girl that lights the fires—showed it once to me and told me I should use it. It's through the sculleries—a cellar-flap that comes upon a little blind alley. If I am arrested for my father's misfortunes, well! that will only make the mission easier than before. But you—if the Count and his spies have traced the overcoat to you, they are not likely, if they meet you, to let you get to the Chief of Police."

"And supposing they are already upon us?

Do you think, Fräulein, you will be secure? It is madness," argued Bothfield.

Gisela snatched the letters and put them into the bodice of her dress.

"Now I have them safe," she said in defiance.

She had indeed; for Bothfield could no more have laid rude hands upon that sanctuary than he could have refrained from admiration of her resolution.

The tide of battle was to the weak, but how the issue would have resulted they were not to know. The *tête-à-tête* in the little wretched room, that had now won lasting place within two memories, was interrupted by a scuffle in the passage.

Bothfield flew to the door, with a warning to Gisela to keep away. He suspected attack, and he feared either the arrival of the real Anton Goldberg, or of the Count of Incke. He picked up, as he went, a sturdy oaken staff which was the property of Herr von Radenstein. It made a handy weapon, and its weight, as it swung from his grip head downwards, was formidable.

The dirty passage showed, at first, as a black tunnel with a glimmer at the far end, and it took Bothfield a second or two before he could see what was happening at his feet. There was a writhing mass upon the boards, and a dim figure, hovering, planted fists upon it with dull thuds as it groaned and struggled. The darkness cleared; and then Bothfield, with a gasp of horror, clapped-to the door behind him and dashed at the assailant.

Kurt, the innkeeper, the froth of ungovernable rage again upon his mouth, was battering the Herr von Radenstein with a frenzy of blows; growls, as of a wild beast, were in his throat; his hair bristled; it was evident he was for the time no less than a madman. The poor old man, who had fallen at the first onslaught, was trying feebly to ward off the fists. Fortunately for him, his skull was protected by the woolly cap which was drawn over his ears; otherwise he must have been speedily stunned, or killed outright.

Brother Kurt gave a hoarse cry when he saw Bothfield, and, giving up the assault upon the old man, turned to him. He was past words, but he made a second brute noise, as he flung himself upon him.

"Stand back!" said Bothfield, whirling the oaken staff. "Drop your hands, or I shall do you an injury!"

The answer was the clap of clenched fingers on his jaw. The innkeeper's bared teeth grinned within a foot of his face: Bothfield saw the red light of passion in his eyes, and saw a fleck of foam fly from his lips. It was, perhaps, the tempest, which, checked at its outburst in the little room below, had now loosed itself with increased fury.

Bothfield jumped back, the shock of pain upon him. The man's arms were waving like a windmill.

"Stop!" he warned once more.

No answer; the figure seemed to crouch for another spring. Bothfield lifted the stick and brought it down with all his strength upon the lowered head. A pause on either side followed a sound which resembled the thud of a mallet upon wood, and Brother Kurt dropped like an ox on to the dusty boards. His head, as he fell, struck the toe of Bothfield's advanced boot.

Herr von Radenstein was on hands and knees by this time, and it was to him that the conqueror first turned, striding across the prostrate foe to lift the old man to his legs again. They were a trembling and insecure support, and Bothfield held him by the arm while he gathered himself together after his escape.

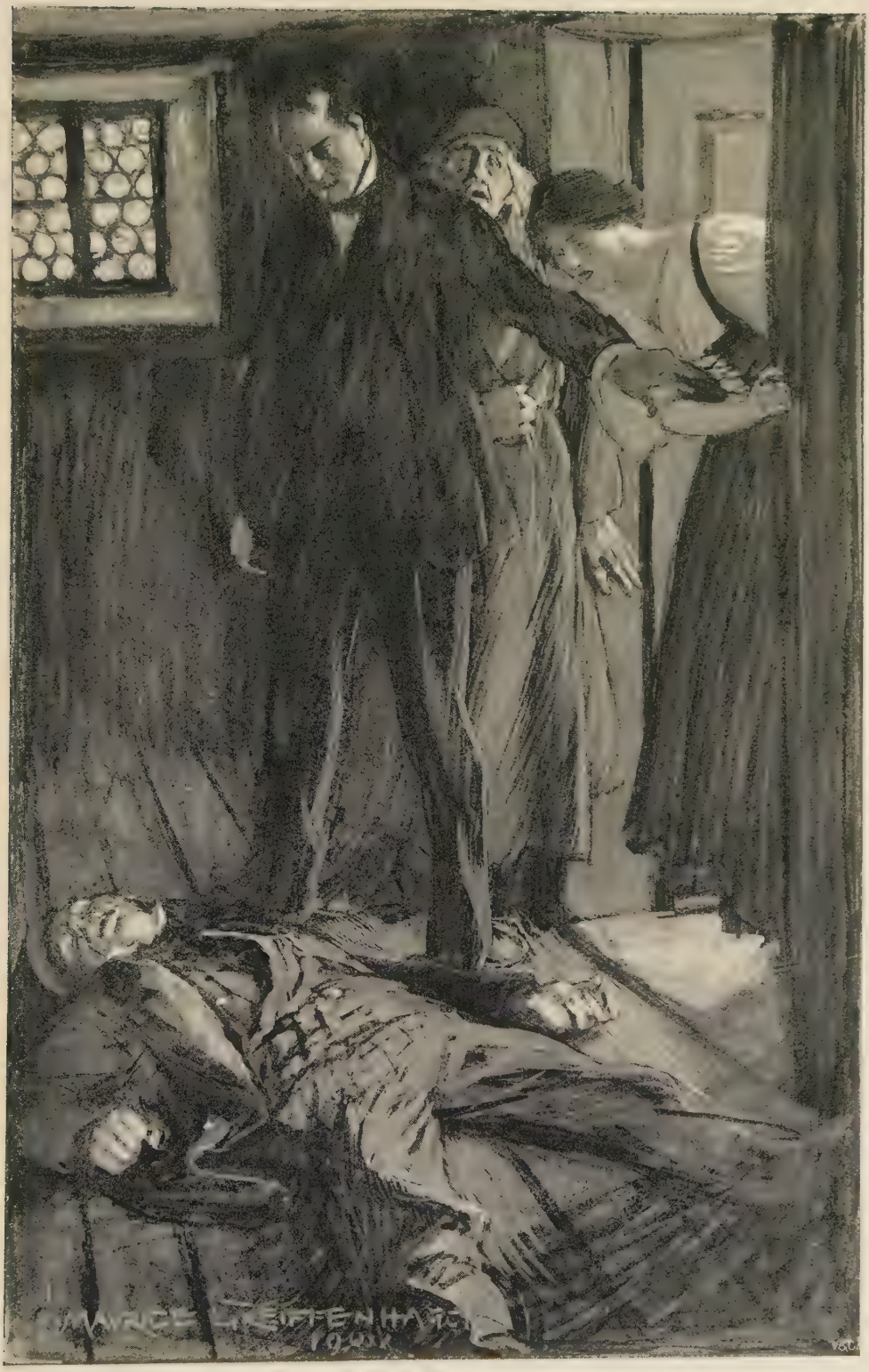
"Are you much injured, sir?" he said anxiously. He was thankful that Gisela had obeyed orders implicitly and was cut off from the scene by the closed doors. At the same time, there was perturbation in his mind. Who knew what disaster this new complication might forerun?

Herr von Radenstein leaned against the dirty wall and covered his eyes with his hand.

"No, no; bruised, I think, and a good deal shaken—no worse. But you came in the hour of need, *mein Herr*, and I owe my preservation a second time to you. . . . A minute later and the ruffian would have killed me, without a doubt."

"How did it happen?" said Bothfield. The recovery surprised him; his own jaw felt acutely sore, and he knew by it that the assault had been as bad as it looked. The woollen cap, however, and a threefold knitted comforter had made a sturdy armour. Herr von Radenstein was bruised, dazed, and shaken, but no bones were broken, and there were no injuries that a short time would not suffice to cure. The solid Amalian temperament was already recovering from the shock.

"He was listening and watching at the door, eye to keyhole, the villain. . . . The door that hid my daughter . . . my daughter. Why did the Count bid me bring her to this den of thieves?" A piteous tear trickled



"With a wordless entreaty bade her shut the door once more between them."

down the old cheek. "I—I fell upon him at the outrage—it made my head reel to see him; I forgot that I was no longer the Radenstein of my youth. You saw the rest. But ah! Gisela—Gisela, my pretty treasure, to what misery has not your unhappy father condemned you? I thank God, sir, that in the strange absence of the Count you are here to take your place beside us. I am no guardian for a young girl; I acknowledge it with shame. As for divine Liberty, surely she turns her back upon such haunts as these, and seeks rather those rose gardens and terraces where I worshipped her so long. Here I forget all, save that I am an old, feeble man, and that my child and I are in the midst of thieves and ruffians. . . . If the Count would but come!"

"I am in the Count's place," said Bothfield quickly. "We must discuss what steps are to be taken immediately; there is much to think of now, but I can hope to free you from your difficulties before many hours. Meanwhile——"

He was about to turn to the fallen man, when the door opened and Gisela let light upon the scene.

"I waited," she began, and then forgot her sentence at the sight of the tableau. "Father! Are you ill? Come—come into the room, and let me see what it is that makes you look so white and shaken. Have you had a fall? Have you——? Mercy! What's that upon the floor?"

She might well ask the question; it was one that Bothfield, with a growing iciness at heart, was putting to himself at the moment. He knelt on the boards, and the light, streaking from the smeared window of the sitting-room, came sulkily past the faded green furniture, the rusty stove, and mouldy walls, to bring the answer. Gisela, the vision of young and lovely life, bent towards the silent innkeeper. Radenstein, in whom was life-in-age, supported himself by a hand upon the wall, as he looked, too. A stillness, deeper than ordinary, fell upon the remote passage—a stillness that seemed to hush every sound but the hurried breathing of the three, and the scamper of the rats behind the wainscot. No one stirred, and least of all did the man upon whom they gazed attempt to alter the situation. He lay quiet, his head turned on one side, his teeth still bared, and his eyes insufficiently veiled by lids that neither winked nor closed.

Bothfield moved first, tearing open the waistcoat and feeling for a heart-beat, staring at the half-shut eyes, clutching desperately to see if the pulse still throbbed. Then he became aware that Gisela's terror-stricken face was watching his actions. He sprang to his feet, and with a wordless entreaty bade her shut the door once more between them. He turned to the old man as it closed.

"The fellow is stone dead," he said.

CHAPTER VII.

THREE DOORS AND THE COUNT GOTTFRIED VON INCKE.

THE pause that came after Bothfield's words was not a long one. It was broken by a whimper from the old man, to whom the new catastrophe was altogether overwhelming. He wrung his hands and moaned, looking from the corpse to the quick.

"Dead!" he said. "I was full of rage against him a moment ago, full of wrath and anger. Dead!"

"I wish my arm had not hit so hard," said Bothfield, still kneeling and gazing, with the awe of a sentient man, upon his handiwork. "God! I never thought to kill a man." He dropped the limp wrist and watched the hand fall, its fingers curving claw-like, palm upwards, to the boards.

The hurrying thoughts surged across his brain; he hardly dwelt, in face of crowding complications, upon the caprice of Fate, that had turned him, the child of indifference, to a thing of blood and violence, and all in the whirl of a too ready cudgel. The stupefaction with which he had looked upon the innkeeper's body passed away, jostled out of sight by an angry fear of the calamity that might be swift to follow. A flash of justification assured him that Brother Kurt had met with no more than his deserts. There was satisfaction, too, in the thought that, if he had heard what was in the air behind the closed door, it was well that death had come to silence him. Then the need of action stirred the troubled waters of the thinker's mind, with Gisela, Gisela, and again Gisela, topping every crest.

He looked down the passage. The dull, gloomy place was still empty, and still silent, disturbed only by his presence and Radenstein's.

"The first thing to be done is to get it out of sight before anyone comes," Bothfield said. "If we are seen—if Karl should come, or any other of the creatures that lurk here—there will be the devil to pay, Herr von Radenstein."

"We are utterly ruined," said Radenstein in piteous accents. "The Reformers will avenge their man, and we—between the Government and their enemies—where shall we be? Not even the Count can help us now."

"The more need, then, for us to bestir ourselves," said Bothfield, with wrinkled brow.

He took a pace down the passage and a pace up again. There was not a cranny in which to hide a fly. A sound echoed below stairs, faint and distant, stirring with the slam of a door and the clatter of tongues and beer-mugs, and it spurred him to a fleet movement.

Mr. Bothfield dashed the key into the lock of his room, unfastened it, and threw it open as he darted back to the innkeeper. He grasped him by the armpit and collar, and swung rather than dragged him into the room. Then he shut the door, and found that the alarm had propelled Herr von Radenstein after him. They both breathed relief when the key creaked upon the inner side of the door.

The room was lined with worm-eaten panelling from floor to ceiling, an arrangement which intensified its forbidding look, and made the eyes that scanned it search anxiously for some moments. Then Bothfield sprang across the room, to snatch with eager fingers at a cupboard crack. A deep, dirt-encrusted recess showed itself unwillingly to the light of day.

"It is the very spot," he said. "The fellow Karl showed it to me for my clothes, but in all this woodwork I feared I had lost its whereabouts. It will do. A hiding-place is what we want, and I've no fear of anyone missing the man for many hours to come. He will lie there as safe as possible; there is ample space."

He stooped to lift the body to its corner, and as he moved he spoke over his shoulder to the old man.

"There is nobody coming, after all, sir, and you had better take your opportunity. If you will slip into your own room now and reassure your daughter, it will serve us all."

"*Ach!* yes, I go," said Radenstein. "My poor Gisela! There was enough misery in her face at the signs of my distress, and now——"

"You'll tell her all?" said Bothfield. "I'm—it wasn't—there's no blood upon my hands in the true meaning of the phrase. It was no murder."

"My daughter knows how to honour her father's defender, friend," said the old man proudly. "It is a misfortune, incurred on our behalf, and she will understand. But, dear God! will she think, as I, of the horror of this poor wretch hurried from his sins to his Maker?"

He unlocked the door and passed through, and Bothfield fastened it again while he took his precautions. The body, in its dusky hole, was well hidden, but there was no bolt or fastening to be found with which to secure the door. Bothfield decided, after consideration of the advisability of barring it with the bed or a chair, that it would be safer to leave such doubtful defences alone, and to trust to the obscurity of the cupboard among its many panels. He scrutinised the crack from every corner of the room, and was at last obliged to leave it, doubtfully aware that only his knowledge made it so apparent to the gaze. There were a hundred other crevices in the woodwork, which gaped and bulged on all sides; the cupboard was, as he assured himself over and over again, quite indistinguishable among them. Kurt had known of it, of course, and doubtless the others, but so long as it did not scream the secret at them, did not intrude itself violently upon their notice, he hoped that it might haply remain unexplored. In this day of chance Luck was all for which he dared to pray.

He knelt to his bags, and unstrapped them to get at a clasp-knife, which was the only weapon he could lay hands upon. He thrust, too, a handful of money into his trousers pocket, and he jammed all the letters and papers that he could not put into his pocket-book ruthlessly into the stove. There were still his initials upon toilet gear and linen, but there was no means of destroying them, and, to be sure, they were of a modest size and legibility. Then he returned to Gisela.

The girl was in acute distress. She had been in an agony during their absence, and she stood now with pale face and wet eyes against her father's breast, though more as giving consolation than seeking defence. She looked at Bothfield and spoke.

"Is he quite, quite dead?"

"Be calm, my child," said the old man, drawing her to him with a caress. "He is dead, indeed; but he was a bad man, and no doubt God sent him this quick end to save him from a crueller fate. We must think now, not of him who is beyond our anxiety, but of the peril in which we find ourselves."



"'Hope? Why, we're alive and together.'"

Her eyes searched Bothfield again. He met them and said quickly—

"It is more than ever necessary that the letters should go."

"And that I should take them," she answered in the same quick undertone. Aloud—"You killed him—you? Oh, I—I pity you!"

"You need not," said Bothfield. "It is a terrible misfortune, but I have no regret for it. Your father will have told you that the man was spying, and so it is better to have slain him innocently than to have been driven to take his life in cold blood. He is better dead than alive; and it is of ourselves that we must think first and longest, Fräulein."

The old man struck his hands together.

"Oh! What hope remains for us?" he said.

"Hope?" said Bothfield. "Hope? Why, we're alive and together, three souls with ready brains. Hope's too far-away a word for us to use."

The words were brave, and in speaking them he turned his face to the window, that the others should not see the perplexity that was in it. Standing thus, a hand touched his arm, and Gisela's voice said in his ear—

"There is one thing needful, first. You must hide the overcoat."

Bothfield wheeled about.

"Where is it?" said his lips.

"Under the sofa," was the mute reply. Then her voice said aloud—"Come, father. You promised you would let me bandage up that poor bruised wrist. Come!"

She took him by the hand, and in the same minute Bothfield stooped to withdraw the coat. It was necessary to dispose of it before they came to consultation and to his plans' revealing. And, to tell the truth, his schemes of escape were not too ready for recital.

He murmured something about making sure of the key, and darted, Radenstein's back still upon him, to his bedroom.

"As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," he said, opening the cupboard once more. "What hides one here may well hide two."

The body of Brother Kurt bulged in the dingy shadows; at first glance Bothfield's heart jumped at the eerie thing, at second he plunged it out of sight beneath the grey overcoat. He had no inclination to look upon the white face and snarling lips, and the coat shrouded them as reverently as any pall.

He closed the door quickly, having neither time nor wish for further hesitation, and stepped back to survey the wall again. The line of the cupboard hardly showed at all. Perhaps to a sharp eye, at the hinge——

A sound in the passage sent all thought of the door flying from his brain. He strained his ears and listened. Footsteps!

They came to his door and stopped. Bothfield held his breath. Then he breathed very fast, for they passed on to the Radensteins' apartments, and the rattle of an opening door was followed by a clack of voices.

They were too distant to be distinguished, and his forebodings would not let him rest. He opened his door cautiously and found the passage empty. The next step took him to the other door, and left him with his ear against the panel, and his eyes keeping guard upon the stairway end of the long alley. For the rest of him, his legs were ready to carry him back to retreat or forth to action, as need might follow, and with that, and his hand upon the clasp-knife, Bothfield was indeed a man of precaution.

A strange voice drummed upon the listener's ear and grew to coherence as he laid his cheek to the door.

"Anton Goldberg! Come, let us do away with this child's deception at which you play. Anton Goldberg is at Stolzhausen. Who is this fellow?"

Said the old man's voice falteringly—

"I don't know. Before God, I thought he was your cousin. I don't understand, Count. We're bewildered. There's a terrible tangle somewhere."

"If I thought you were playing false——" said the threatening voice.

"And you think yourself a clever man!" broke in Gisela, contemptuously. "Can't you read innocence there?"

There was silence. Bothfield waited to hear Gisela parry the questions he expected to fall to her. He pictured to himself the Count—the long-expected, now sprung so suddenly upon them—pacing the room full of a conspirator's suspicions. He saw the enigma that he must present; the bewilderment; the vain conjecture of his motive that would ensue.

"And you, Fräulein—are you so equally unknowing? Come; it is a perilous time, beset by dangers—will you risk so much to shield so little?"

"You are very difficult to understand, Herr Count. What do you mean?"

"You must trust me altogether, or——"

"Oh, Herr Count, you know how much I trust you!"

There was a wordless ejaculation, and then the Count's voice, rising a little in choler, said—

"Very well! Herr von Radenstein, I have done much for you; look to it that you are not pulling down my labours to your own destruction. It is not possible that this man can have personated my cousin unwittingly; it is in the last degree unlikely that he could have done it without your co-operation. There is mischief brewing. I have given you your opportunity for confession, and you have refused it. It remains, now, for me to confront this—friend, who is, no doubt, near at hand, and I can assure you that, if his story reveals what I suspect, I shall not be the man to forget."

"I repeat——"

"Fräulein Gisela, it is no time for a woman's trifling." Bothfield could hear the tremor of suppressed exasperation in the voice. "I have you in my care. Rest assured that care shall continue, even if it has to battle against your own charming folly."

"Dear Count, I repeat——"

Bothfield heard no more of Radenstein's protest. There was a hand upon the door, and he darted back to his own room.

Fortunately for Bothfield, the Count hesitated on the threshold. It gave him time to compass the distance between the doors without leaving a scuffle sound to show his hurry, and it gave him, too, a moment's breathing space in which to review his position.

He must not be taken; that was certain, because of the urgent work he had to do. On the other hand, to lock the door would not delay his capture above the time it would take a couple of stout men to smash the panels. The window? A glance through it showed the impossibility of descent.

The matter was threshed out in far less time than it takes to write it—in the time, in fact, which the Count spent between door and door. As his fingers grasped the second handle Bothfield came to decision, and before they had released it he was within the cupboard, his legs across the innkeeper's body, and his eyes glued by irresistible fascination to the tell-tale hinge-crack, through which they surveyed the room.

Bothfield did not give much for his chance of avoiding discovery; all he hoped for was that he might be able to spring out as the door was opened, and tumble the Count undermost with his knife at pricking point to keep him quiet. He had no doubt that he had come back to recover the letters; his fortune and freedom were at stake until he could lay hands upon the grey overcoat. Possibly he intended to use the nimble fingers of some minor conspirator once more, and to trust to their agility to snatch his property from the police. But at present, it was plain, he must be stuffed to repletion with new fears and suspicions, gorged, through Bothfield's interference, with that most indigestible fear which is ever food to the guilty. The Englishman's heart leapt exultantly through all his trouble. If there were truth in the legend of the conscious weakness of evil-doers——! He knew that the championship of the helpless was, in itself, a buckler of strength. He kept his eye to the crack, and, straddled across the huddled body, indifferent to its terrifying inertness, and to the link between the perfection of his brain machinery, with its instrument the cudgel, and the inscrutable ways of the God of accident. His hand still tingled from its late exercise, and it warmed the knife over which it curved, trembling a little from the force of a pumping heart. He cursed, at that moment, the jarring nervousness which shook him. Would the next minute find him work?

The door opened, and the Count entered, locked it, and dropped the key into his pocket.

Bothfield saw the likeness at the first glimpse, as he had seen it from his prison window. It was a striking one; but he saw, too, that proximity and familiarity and the shorn moustache would thrust it back. Bothfield, the man of indifference hitherto, remembered the looking-glass story of an inexpressive fresh-coloured countenance—a face that, if it had not been his own, would not have caught his memory for half an hour. The Count's face was his in feature; but in expression, in the fire that burned within his eyes, in the lines of the mouth, they were far apart. The stamp of something very like genius was on Gottfried von Incke; his was the face of potentialities, and the thread of cunning made them evil. Bothfield's heart thumped loudly as he looked, for he saw here a master spirit, and the shackles of his own colourless years had left their mark. The conscious virtue of the preceding moment no longer buoyed him, though Gisela still beckoned from above.

Count Gottfried von Incke had come in a



"He frowned now, biting his finger-nails as he surveyed the room."

hurry. His clothes were unbrushed and dishevelled—good clothes, well matching the overcoat; his eyes had black pits under them, and they were red from want of sleep. A perpendicular furrow, one of the lines that are cut upon a man's forehead by hard and reckless living, gave him the appearance of a perpetual frown. He frowned now, in reality, biting his finger-nails as he surveyed the room, and scowling at his secret thoughts. The portmanteaux claimed first attention. He lifted them to the bed, ripped open the leather with a knife that was, as Bothfield recognised, a readier weapon than his own, and disembowelled both bags with his thin, blunt-nosed fingers. They scampered over the inside pockets like spiders, they turned up the initials on each garment, and they

pouched a memorandum-book which Bothfield had overlooked, and in which he had scrawled a few trains and a tailor's address. Shirts, razors, ties, were examined swiftly and cast aside. The empty writing-case led the Count, after a sharp scrutiny, to the stove, and to make a guttural exclamation at the heap of burnt paper inside its door. He passed and repassed so close to the cupboard that Bothfield held his breath for fear of discovery, and was able to note a circumstance that went a way towards reviving him. The Count was growing nervous at the increased mystery of the search; he feared —how many enemies had the man?—and, though the room was chill and his work light, beads of perspiration stood about the furrow. He had the bitterest of foes against him in a whilom friend and an insulted sovereign, and it was little wonder if he had connected him with his present danger. And the sickening doubt that must be in his mind concerning the overcoat! Bothfield felt the cloth under his feet, cloaking the silenced innkeeper.

The bed and table were the subjects of the Count's next investigation, and he burrowed and peered by the light that strained through the grimy window. Then he stood out again and let his eyes search the walls of the room.

Bothfield's heart-beats were suffocating; the thing was a nightmare; he could not move his eye from the chink, and it seemed to him as if the Count's eye met it, passed, and returned to the challenge. It was his turn now to sweat with anxiety, and the knife became moist and slippery. He glared through the chink at the other orb, the current running once again full tilt towards despair.

The pause that followed seemed ages long. It was in reality the fraction of a minute, and then, to the stupefaction of our hero, the gaze was withdrawn, the Count made a step forward to the right side of the wall in which the cupboard lay, and disappeared from the field of vision. What followed was left to the ear only, and Bothfield heard a click, a creak, a sound of a shutting door, and after—silence.

It was Mr. Bothfield's first thought that the Count had espied him, and with devilish ingenuity, was waiting, upright against the wall, to pounce upon him as he came from refuge. He was sure of the matter for some minutes, until the continued silence, and the sounds that had immediately preceded it, assured him that it was not the truth. The strained acuteness of his ears insisted, in spite of the untouched door and the impassable window, that there was no one in the room.

Minutes passed. The silence was not to be gainsaid. Bothfield, panting a little from incredulity, and yet convinced by the evidence of his sense, opened the door of the closet, tiptoed over the dead man, and crept softly forth.

The Count had vanished, and, since days of translation were over, it was only reasonable to conjecture that there was an exit from the room which the astuteness of Francis Bothfield had failed to discover. He looked at the wall, remembering the agonised moment in which he had searched in vain for the chink of the closet.

The panelling bulged everywhere, and there was nothing at first sight to tell that one crack differed in purpose from another. Bothfield, still uncertain as to whether or no the Count lurked within striking distance, put his face close to the wall and studied it nearly. He remembered that the cupboard had been betrayed to him in part by an absence of dust in the wall's interspace, and he searched for the same sign over the length and breadth of the wooden screen.

A spider strolled out of a perpendicular crack, cast about it in the hope of meeting picnic stuff, encountered Bothfield's eye, and fled again. It moved circumspectly into a dust-free cranny, and it did not need a second glance from the searcher to tell that he had found—his gaze followed the line and proved the discovery—the signs of a cunningly hidden door. . . . . What had Captain Cossebaude said, in the far-away yesterday, about a rabbit-warren?

So the Count knew much, but not all; and while he was not infallible there was hope for the rival faction. Yet this secret departure had in it something menacing and hateful, something to clog the footsteps of a man opposed to a foeman of such unexpected resource. Bothfield's brain whirled. There were wheels within wheels; there was suspicion piled upon suspicion; and he, surfeited with manslaughter and deception and counterplot, felt as if the blood-guilty hand were tied, by its misadventures, to cripple its owner in the fight to come. His wits were slow and unready, and fear dragged painfully at his heels.

He picked at the crevice with his fingernails. No door swung back in answer, and he concluded that there were further efforts to be made than to cry, "Open sesame!" But it was not a matter of importance; the first thing to be done was to return to the Raden-

steins, to compass the surrender of the letters at all hazards—a prospect which filled him with dismay—and to encounter the subsequent and lesser troubles of violence, interception, and robbery that lay between the present situation of the documents and their delivery into the hands of the law.

He seized the door-handle, prepared to meet danger outside, and yet convinced without mental argument that he must see Gisela von Radenstein at once. He turned it, hand and heart alike ready for probabilities, turned it—and turned it again. And, with the fact that the door remained fast shut and that yet another angry twist at the knob was ineffectual, the recollection of Incke's entry came like a douche upon him. The door was locked in the inside, and the key—the key was in the Count's coat-pocket!

Bothfield rattled and thumped at the door in the exasperation of the moment: it took second thoughts to show him that the noise would bring his adversaries upon him, and to remind him that freedom was in jeopardy. He whipped back to a respectful distance from temptation and jogged his brain again.

If the Count's way led haply to the street——! But Bothfield had not the letters, and without them the Prince's police would be unpleasant folk to tackle. Gisela had them: it was in her hands to expose herself to risk and danger, and though common sense hinted that she would come to the risk of less delay as a messenger than he, yet Bothfield would have thrown worlds into the scale, as he stood there, to recover possession of the key. It was certain that, were he unable to get back to the Radensteins at once, Gisela would set out upon her perilous mission, and Bothfield saw her in his mind already tracked and overcome by the ruffians of the Weissen Hirsch, and marked down by her own intrepidity for destruction. It was possible that even if she reached the police headquarters unmolested, she would be clapped into custody as a Revolutionary, without a hearing; how could a woman argue with a great, crooked-minded, blunt-witted oaf like Cossebaude? It was of vital necessity that he should escape from the room, and do anything—risk anything, to return to her. Bothfield glared about him in desperation and found his eyes upon the secret door.

It had come to that; and he stepped to it without more ado. His only chance lay in the unknown ways behind the panelling; his only hope that he might turn from them once more into the quiet wings of the house, and so thread his way back to his rightful place. The grey overcoat lay undiscovered, and beneath it was stretched the stiffening Kurt. Bothfield thought, as he worked at the panelling with his knife, of the dead innkeeper; but it was only with a faint reflection of the horror he had felt at first. The dead past must bury its dead; he was all for the crowded present. Sometime, perhaps, when he regained that outside world in which he, an oyster among oysters, had once existed, he would have manslaughter and bloodshed brought before him in their true proportions. At present they were small things compared with the twist of a rippling curl, and with the need for a steel blade in a firm hand to do his will among the crannies. He prised at the opening and threw all his attention upon the task.

The knife faltered in the crack at a place some three feet above the floor. It had found an obstacle, and it slipped upon it. Bothfield was on his knees at once, to find that he had struck metal, and that he could see rust, half an inch in, with an attentive eye. He put one hand against the door to press it, and he fidgeted the blade with the other till he felt it slip into a socket. Main force would have done it, but better luck prevailed. There was a jerk, a snap, and—hey presto!—the door was open.

He saw a shallow closet, of the door's width, at first sight; a second view told him that there was no floor, and that the head of a ladder, the rungs of which went downward into darkness, was close against his feet. It was a rude staircase, and it had evidently been made by removing the cupboard's bottom and upstanding the ladder through the hole. Bothfield, though he stooped and looked, could not see to the foot: he could only tell that where the Count had been he could follow. He had imagined a winding passage upon the level of the room, and this descent into the depths of the inn was not much to his taste. However, nothing remained but to go forward or to sit still, and his new temper made short work of the choice. He stood on the topmost rung, swung the door inwards, and heard the spring click as it shut him out of light. He waited until his fingers found that they could easily move it from the inside, and then he left the dingy bedroom to guard its own secret, and fearful still, but still amazed at his ability for action, descended the ladder, rung by rung.

(*To be continued.*)



A Fight for the Leadership.

By R. Lillie.



By H. Swan.

Illustrated by John Finnemore.

WHILE London is still sleeping a heavy sleep, and twilight is dim and grey before dawn, in the midst of the hushed City are certain wakeful corners, where hundreds of busy hands are already at work replenishing the larders of the great Metropolis. The streets of Smithfield, around the Central Meat and Poultry Market, are alive with traffic. Hour after hour, in a constant stream, supplies come pouring in—maybe despatched by midnight train but a few hours ago from some pretty English village, maybe shipped from the Antipodes months before—to satisfy for a single day the mighty hunger of the Giant City. Carts and vans of every description rumble up in continuous succession, some laden with crates and hampers from the railways and the docks, but most of them groaning under the burden of piled up carcasses of meat.

The drowsy boy, who has been sleeping as peacefully on the top of a stack of beef or mutton as if it had been a hayrick, is jolted awake by the stopping of his van, and mechanically springs to attention and begins the job of unloading.

The porters, incessantly running their trolleys in and out, wheel away the goods into the market-place, the wagon drives off and another pulls up in its place. Since one o'clock the slowly moving procession of carts around the market-square has been continuous. By four o'clock the shops within are well stocked, the salesmen begin to arrive, and the business of the day begins.

The market-place itself, with its lofty glass-arched avenues and its quaint red-brick shops at intervals on either side of the intersecting arcades, is not unpleasing to the eye · but the hangings thereof are somewhat barbaric in colour and design, and the spectator turns with relief from the raw red of thousands of suspended joints to the tenderer tints observable on the alternate stalls, where rows of naked fowls are drawn up side by side in limp array. A few hampers of live birds are lying about the floor of the market-place, and now and then from behind the wooden grating of his box a cock cheerily o'ercrows his captivity.

But there is not much feathered life in the market, and the artistic eye, reminiscent of that wonder of colouring, Fred Walker's "Fish Stall," fails to find a companion picture in a study of plumage on the Poultry Stall, for the birds generally arrive plucked ready for the shop window.

Nor is the stall more suggestive to the casual observer. He may surmise that one fowl will cut up tougher than another, but his imagination does not soar beyond their possibilities as roast or boiled. To the eye of the expert, however, they tell a story; a glance will enable him to make a shrewd guess at their nationality, history, and value in £ *s. d.*, and to draw a moral therefrom.

Within the last ten years the poultry trade



COLLECTING FROM THE FARMS.

of London has been revolutionised. Fowls, like game, used to be the luxury of a season. Sometimes there were none to be had. But the not wholly disinterested kindness of our foreign neighbours has filled the gap in our markets, and so spoilt us, that what was once a luxury is now a necessity—a plentiful supply of poultry all the year round; though even yet we are far from realising the cherished ideal of Henry IV., that "*chaque paysan de mon royaume puisse mettre la poule au pot le dimanche*," for the fragments left over from West End tables never reach the East End poor.

It is difficult to get an accurate estimate of the total number of fowls which come through the London markets of Leadenhall and Smithfield in a year. But, judging from the Board of Trade returns for foreign import, and the approximate proportion of British to foreign produce sold at different seasons of the year, it is the opinion of leading salesmen (such as Messrs. Keevill and Weston, and others) that London consumes not less than 15,000,000 fowls a year, which if evenly divided among the population, would allow about three per head per annum.

For eggs we pay over £4,000,000 a year to foreign countries. During the early spring months about three-quarters of the poultry on the London markets is of foreign or Colonial import. During the five months from December to April of last year we imported poultry to the value of £769,690 (or almost twice the amount imported for the whole year of 1894).

The enormous demand which these figures represent has been to a great extent created by the available supply. Our wants have been anticipated and provided for from abroad, even before we were aware of them, and now we realise with something of a shock that our markets are crowded with foreign produce which we *might and ought to have provided for ourselves!* Will it take a disastrous war to rouse us to the need of being as far as possible self-supporting in the matter of food supplies?

England's Backwardness.

Until the last year or two, poultry-keeping in England has been almost at a standstill. Although it is a fact that in almost every part of the British Isles the climate and soil are suitable to the production of the finest quality of poultry (and eggs) in the world, yet we have not learnt the secret of making them pay.

The heavy railway rates have undoubtedly been a serious handicap to home produce;* but it seems a ridiculous anomaly that poultry can be reared and brought to us from thousands of miles across the sea to be sold more cheaply than that sent from the home counties.†

A brief survey of the methods of the most successful of our foreign competitors, as compared with our own, may give us some clue to the causes which have brought about this result.

* The Great Eastern Railway has taken the lead in lowering its rates, and other Companies have followed suit, but there is still much improvement to be hoped for as regards facilities afforded for transport of agricultural produce.

† The countries (named in the Trade and Navigation Returns) on which we chiefly depend for our foreign poultry supplies are: Russia, France, Belgium (through which passes the produce from other European countries), and the Colonies.

Russia.

In the coldest regions of Northern Russia—says Captain Wiggins—the peasantry have to contend with a thermometer running down to 57° Fahr. below freezing. Their cottages are warmed each by an enormous brick oven called a "peetch," and beneath this, in an enclosure some two feet in height and seven by four in area, the fowls are kept snug and warm, and are fed through a barred wooden grating in front; the chicks escape sometimes from their confinement, to take a run in the kitchen, and pop up their cheeky heads from unexpected corners as they dodge among children and furniture, heedless of the warning calls of the agitated mother hen under the oven.

In the warmer regions further south, grain is so plentiful that the feathered flocks can pick up a free livelihood by roaming the fields. So little do they cost their owners, that the villagers will sell them as low as 6*d.* a pair, to the agent who comes round to collect for exportation. The birds are generally killed during the cold weather, and after plucking are placed on shelves in a rough shed where they are exposed to the freezing air; preserved by this natural method, they are wrapped tightly in brown paper, packed in wooden cases, and sent enormous distances to the coast, whence they are shipped in small vessels to England. So hard are they frozen, that, unless delayed unduly on the voyage, they generally arrive in good condition, in spite of the drawback that they are not kept in artificial refrigeration during transport.

The Russian fowl holds its own on the London markets, by reason of its cheapness, and, in the opinion of salesmen, it has come to stay. The typical Russian chicken is neither large nor plump—it emerges from its wooden case, looking like a fossilised fowl of the Glacial Period; still, recalling its strange history, one cannot deny that it is an interesting bird. When it appears in some cheap restaurant or third-rate hotel in the saucy guise of "*poulet grillé à la diable*," or in more melting mode as "*crème de volaille*," it will have creditably fulfilled its destiny.



PLUCKING.



SINGEING.

France.

"France not only supplies her own needs, which are great, but is enabled to export large quantities both of eggs and poultry." *

This enviable independence is due chiefly to the success of *small* poultry-keepers all over the country, who by excellence of method and organisation make the most of their little means.

The farms are small and space is valuable, so that no ground can be spared for the exclusive use of poultry, but the fowls are allowed to wander at will over the vineyards and even over the cornfields when the young blades have sprouted strongly, and in this way they not only thrive by the sustenance they pick up, but do great good to the fields by weeding, manuring, and ridding them of harmful slugs.

The fowl-houses are often made with a handle at either end, so that they can be shifted from place to place between the rows of vines or to a corner of the field.

The French farmer largely owes his success to the skill of his wife in fattening the chickens for market. In France, artificial cramming has long been in vogue. As soon as they are big enough, the birds are placed in cages in a dimly lighted shed and fed twice a day, or, rather, forced to feed to the utmost of their digestive capacity.

The food is made of meal softened in milk or water to about the thickness of porridge, and is generally given through a funnel which is inserted in the bird's throat, and into which the mixture is spooned until the crop is full. The process of cramming generally lasts two or three weeks. The birds are then killed, not by wringing the neck, as is the common practice in England, but by stabbing with a long knife in the roof of the mouth so as to pierce the brain and cause instant death. They are plucked while still warm, and "shaped" by pressing, breast downwards, upon a shaping-board to mould them to the approved market pattern. The French thoroughly understand the value of "good form," and spare no pains to make their fowls presentable by careful preparation and packing.

The small farmer will sell from fifty to five hundred of these fatted fowls in a year, thanks to the skill of Madame, who has doubtless undertaken the superintendence of the whole business—from hatching to packing; and who shall say that the English farmer's wife might not similarly add a substantial sum to her good-man's income?

French fowls, as a rule, fetch deservedly high prices on the London markets, the choicest breeds, La Bresse and La Flêche, rivalling in quality and size our own Surreys. And for the Christmas season enormous quantities of turkeys and geese also arrive from Normandy and the neighbouring provinces of France.

Canada.

During the last year or two, however, these popular fowls have met their match in the geese and turkeys from Canada and the States, which now dispute the precedence with them.

Few persons will be found to consider patriotism before profit; but, excellence being equal in the supplies offered by the Colonies and by foreign countries, would it be stretching a point too far to expect

* "Poultry-Keeping as an Industry for Farmers and Cottagers." By E. Brown.

the "Imperial-minded" to prefer Colonial to alien produce?

The Government of Canada has been a good foster-mother to agricultural enterprise. Not only has it given instruction in the best scientific methods of farming, provided experimental stations and depôts to facilitate the collection of produce in different districts, but it has actually undertaken to secure a market for the produce by arranging for the provision of refrigerating plant on board some of the trans-Atlantic boats, so that it may be conveyed in sound condition to its destination. Since this innovation the Canadian poultry trade has been developed with amazing rapidity.

Geese and turkeys can be easily reared on the spacious farms of the West.

A celebrated Canadian breeder, on being asked upon what he fed his famous turkeys, replied, "On apples and grubs," meaning to say that the creatures throve on marvellously casual treatment. However that may be, systematic "fattening" is now recommended in Canada to "finish off" the birds during the last three weeks before they are killed, and exporters are taking heed, in all details of handling and packing, to meet the requirements of the London market.

Besides our growing trade with Canada, great quantities of poultry are also shipped to us from Boston and New York, the favourite breed sent over being the "Plymouth Rock," a serviceable bird, but one which, on account of its deep yellow-coloured skin, fetches a lower price than the white-skinned varieties.

The chief secret of the success of American and Colonial trade is the recent perfection of the refrigerating system, which involves a continuous chain of many links between the producer and the consumer.

One of the greatest advances of our time in connection with meat and poultry supply is the application of artificial cooling to the preservation of foods. The refrigerating vaults, in which imported meat and fowls and other perishable food is stored, are a wonderful sight!

In the basement of the Smithfield Market is a gigantic cellar containing dozens of chambers, which are kept at an average temperature of 12° Fahr. below freezing. This degree of cold is maintained by means of circulating currents of air cooled by contact with pipes through which icy brine is flowing, the brine itself being constantly re-chilled (after passing through the freezing-chambers) by the agency of expanding ammonia-vapour.

In this marvellous underground labyrinth perishable food may be stored for months without deterioration, provided, of course, that it is put there in perfectly sound condition. (There are turkeys left over from last Christmas which will probably make a second *début* next winter!)



BREAKING THE BREAST.

During December and January, when the largest supplies are received *from abroad*, the rooms of the vast storehouse are packed to the ceiling.

Ireland.

But, after all, we are not without help *nearer home*. Our good sister Erin, ever ready to contribute to our wants, sends us every year eggs and poultry to the value of over £2,000,000. According to the estimate of Mr. E. Brown, "there are now about 4,000,000 more fowls kept in Ireland than was the case ten years ago."

Thousands of lean Irish fowls are sent over to Sussex to be crammed, and after three weeks of this treatment—to which the half-starved creatures take very kindly – they appear upon our markets as "finest Surreys."

A large quantity of *dead* poultry also comes hither direct from Ireland; but this is of such poor quality—being too suggestive of the lean and hungry village of its origin—that the birds rarely fetch more than 2*s*. 6*d*. apiece. The value of these fowls is frequently lessened by careless packing. It is not unusual to see birds thrown higgledy-piggledy into their boxes and jammed together anyhow, with the result that they arrive in more distressful condition than when they left their "distressful country." Small wonder that these specimens, when they reach the market, often have to be sold off for 16*s*. a dozen.

But the Irish trade is as yet only in its infancy. Ireland is now very busy setting her house in order, and to that end the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society is lending most valuable help. Co-operative poultry societies have been started which will soon, we hope, enable the peasantry, by improved methods of rearing and marketing, to earn double their present profits.

In what direction those improvements must come we shall no doubt discover by examining the causes of failure in our own country.

England.

Though agriculture in England is at present in sad disgrace, yet happily we may still see relics of its brighter days in those quaint old farmhouses which remain around our villages. There is nothing more pleasant to an English eye than the sight of such a farm, nestling cosily amid barns and hayricks, among cornfields and green meadows, with all its busy farmyard life—the inevitable barndoor cock, perched on some "coign of vantage," lording it over



READY FOR PACKING.



PACKING FOR MARKET.

the feathered tribe, the careful cackling hen fussing about among her fluffy brood, the ecstatic chuckle of the older chicks when the farm-boy arrives to scatter handfuls of grain among them—how they scuffle and tumble over each other in their eagerness and greed!

Here we have a charming glimpse of English rural life. But, alas! too often the picturesque farm is not the paying one! Of poultry and eggs it produces no more than it consumes—in some cases not even so much. For it has been known that the farmer's wife—to her shame be it spoken!—has made shift by buying from the hawker of foreign poultry who came round to her door!

But how is it that we cannot make poultry pay as well as other countries? Because for years poultry-keeping in England has been conducted by the rule of haphazard, and the same old muddling ways, handed down from generation to generation, have resulted in the total inability of the country to meet the present demands of the London market. The "barndoor" cock, prince of mongrels, has too long ruled the roost—he should have given place years ago to pure-bred sires.

No trouble has been taken in the selection of stock—to keep only good breeds either for table or for laying, such as Indian Game, Dorking, and Wyandotte—and to keep them distinct from one another; to minimise the danger of disease among the birds by frequently changing their run as the ground becomes stale; to practise the strictest cleanliness in all details of housing and management. These points, which are all of the utmost importance, have been too long neglected; and as for such "new-fangled" methods as incubation and artificial cramming, they have been until recently utterly despised. Happily, at last, the English people are awaking to the possibilities of scientific poultry-keeping.

Mr. E. Brown, who has lectured for the County Council in many parts of the country, is encouraging as to this newly aroused interest. The good country folk who, he says, used to object that "they knew best how to mind their own business," are now becoming quite enthusiastic in their desire to learn better methods. Local country shows do much to encourage the villagers in the keeping of fine breeds, which is the first essential step to progress.



CATCHING THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

Mr. C. E. Brooke (Past Master of the Poulterers' Company, and a leader among salesmen on the London markets) is anxious to encourage the British industry. He says: "So greatly have I been impressed with the manifest improvement of our English breeds of poultry throughout the country, that I shall most willingly continue to do all in my power to assist in bringing this industry up to the level of its real possibilities."

But though individual interest may do much, *co-operation* is the power to which we must chiefly look for aid. This power is now put within reach by the National Poultry Organisation Society started in England last year. With Viscountess Cranborne as President, and Princess Christian at the head of the Executive Committee, the Society is going confidently to work to rescue the native industry from the "slough of despond" into which it had fallen. It has already established depôts in many parts of the country for the collection of poultry and eggs, which will enable a regular supply to be sent thence to market, and in quantities which will involve lower railway rates, allow of grading (*i.e.*, arranging the fowls according to size and quality), facilitate packing, and generally help the producer to get the best return for his labour. It has also instituted the trade-mark of a rose to be stamped upon all fresh eggs which have been tested and guaranteed. Unless the expectations of the Society are disappointed, it will soon bring about a large increase of British supplies on the London market.

At present the trade centres in a few counties where poultry-keeping flourishes and is systematically carried on. These are Surrey, Sussex, and West Kent, where "fattening" is done on a large scale; Lincoln and East Anglia, whence come the excellent geese and Norfolk turkeys (the pride of the Christmas show); whence come also, from the Essex farms, many such fine spring chickens as our artist has sketched (being brought by the collector to some central depôt, killed, plucked, and packed for market); Buckinghamshire, the home of the far-famed Aylesburys; Devon and Cornwall, Herts, Hants, and parts of Cumberland and Lancashire.

In the last-named county, Mr. Walsh's duck farm is one of a few isolated instances of successful undertakings on a large scale. Many wonderful things are done there. 6,000 eggs at a time are hatched in incubators, and the energetic farmer is able to market over 20,000 ducklings during the season. Poultry, however, are more difficult to rear than ducks, and it is notable that in this country poultry-farming on a large scale has never succeeded.

Rearing can best be carried on in a small way by farmers and cottagers who can keep a few fowls at very little extra expense on the land they already hold for other uses. But *fattening* can profitably be carried on

on a large scale, as is proved by the success of the Sussex establishments, among which that of Mr. Brooke, at Baynards, may be mentioned, whence forty dozen fowls a week can be sent to the London market.

Heathfield is the great centre of the trade in this county. Carriers, called "higglers," scour the country for miles round, collecting fowls from the farmers in the neighbourhood to fill the "fattening pens." Here a cramming machine, worked by foot treadle, is generally used, by means of which food can be pumped through a tube into the chicken's crop. The operation lasts only a few seconds and is repeated twice a day, one man being able to cram fifty dozen fowls an hour. Mr. Brown, who is Secretary to the N. P. O. S., is of opinion that the starting of similar fattening sheds in other parts of the country would be a great help to the British poultry trade. Cottagers, who could not afford to fatten their own chickens for market, would be able to sell them at a fair price to the "higglers" who come round to their doors.

There is an ever-increasing demand for fat poultry of the best quality, and if we do not take the means that will enable us to meet it, we shall see ourselves eclipsed by others more capable and enterprising than ourselves.

Unless the trade-mark of British produce be its excellence, we cannot hope to regain control of our own markets. But that excellence will come, if only we take to heart the words which the Canadian Commissioner of Agriculture addressed to his compatriots: "Let us believe in our nation, and show our belief in it and hope for it, not by empty boasting and bravado about the Flag, but by labouring, as each one of us is able and has a chance to labour, for her prosperity and welfare."



SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.
From the picture by H. M. Bennett.

CITY CHRONICLES.

By BARRY PAIN.*

No. III.—THE CODE.

Illustrated by Adolf Thiede.

CHARLES STETSWORTH was the senior partner in Marion and Stetsworth. There had been no Marion in the firm for the last one hundred and twenty years, but the old style was still kept up. They were South American merchants, and if you had asked a man in Mincing Lane he would have told you that Marion and Stetsworth were all right. So they were.

All the same, Charles was in a bad temper, and was rude to Eustace, his younger brother and junior partner, and had good reason for it.

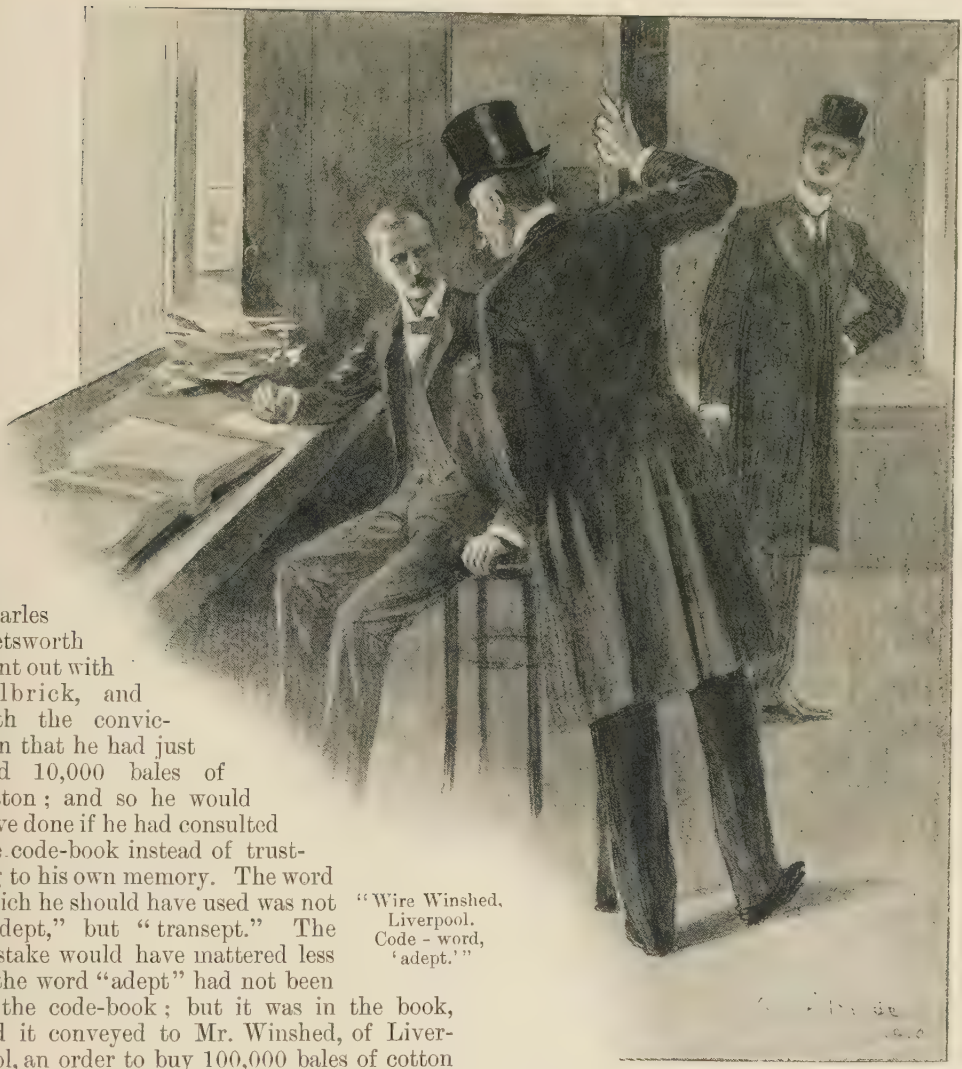
The trouble had begun with coffee. The firm had regular consignments from Santos, taking lots of 2,500 to 3,000 bags at a time, and Santos drew on them against the consignments. That was quite usual, and all right when coffee was seventy and Santos was drawing forty ; but it was much less right when coffee shaded down to fifty-three and a fraction and Santos still drew as before. And the market went on falling, and Marion and Stetsworth went on holding, and Santos went on drawing, and the gloom went on settling. A point was reached when the firm was holding much more coffee than a platonic friendship for Santos justified ; and they cabled to the effect that they were feeling rather tired, and if they were to hang on Santos would have to send margins. And the Santos people (always regarded as a solid firm) replied that their heart was broken in three places, but they were not sending any margins. I am not giving the exact words of the cable, but that was the general drift. Nor will I give the exact words that Charles used when Marion and Stetsworth unloaded their holding on the market at twenty-eight. Eustace observed that he had never thought much of the Santos people and had said so ; this would have been easier for Charles to bear if it had not been the absolute truth. As it was, Charles told his brother to go to the devil, which, we all know, is not the way to speak.

Then there was quinine. That looked cheap at one-and-nine, very cheap. The falling-off on the shipments of bark from Java was very marked. Well-informed people were saying that the supply was giving out. So Charles bought 50,000 ounces on the distinct understanding, with himself, that quinine was to jump to four shillings in the course of a fortnight. No sooner had Charles settled himself comfortably in quinine than the bottom dropped out. Java was doing very nicely, thank you, and would be happy to send you enough bark to fill the Albert Hall twice over (or thereabouts) and still leave enough for the hospitals. Marion and Stetsworth sold their quinine at elevenpence. Charles became very despondent ; he reduced his luncheon in the Commercial Sale Rooms to the most ascetic proportions, and said, with a sigh, whither he thought legitimate commerce had gone. And his younger brother Eustace reminded him that he had always said that quinine was rotten and there were too many weak "bulls" messing it about. I do not say that Eustace was not trying ; he was the kind of man who would have made Job himself irritable.

Charles certainly had reason for his bad temper. It was generally considered that he knew enough to come in when it rained, and he prided himself on his acuteness, and yet he had been caught twice, and in his own special articles. The temper passed and left him limp. He had the lowest opinion of anything and everything. When Eustace came in and said that it might be as well to sell a little cotton, he drearily assented and said he would see to it. And then Pilbrick came in and talked to him. Pilbrick was a friend. Pilbrick said that he was glad to see that coffee was improving again. Charles Stetsworth grunted. Pilbrick went on to inquire airily if Charles had been doing anything in quinine lately. Charles lied and said he had not. He added that he was just going to luncheon, and, much to his disappointment, Pilbrick said that he would go with him. As they passed through the clerks' office, Charles remembered that he wanted to sell 10,000 bales of cotton, and gave the order to a clerk. "Wire Winshed, Liverpool. Code-word, 'adept.'"

The clerk repeated the words as he wrote them down. "Winshed, Liverpool. Adept."

* Copyright, 1901, by Barry Pain, in the United States of America.



"Wire Winshed, Liverpool. Code-word, 'adept.'"

So Charles Stetsworth went out with Pilbrick, and with the conviction that he had just sold 10,000 bales of cotton; and so he would have done if he had consulted the code-book instead of trusting to his own memory. The word which he should have used was not "adept," but "transept." The mistake would have mattered less if the word "adept" had not been in the code-book; but it was in the book, and it conveyed to Mr. Winshed, of Liverpool, an order to buy 100,000 bales of cotton on behalf of Messrs. Marion and Stetsworth.

The day passed without Charles discovering his mistake. He put on his hat and overcoat, said "Good-night" to his brother, and took the train to Blackheath, where he lived. After dinner, as he sat engaged in the innocent occupation of cracking a walnut, he astounded his wife and daughters by springing to his feet and rushing upstairs to the library. It had suddenly occurred to him that "transept" was the word he should have wired; he had a copy of the code-book in the library, and he was naturally anxious to find out at once what was signified by the word "adept." He came down again, and said that he had been to see if he had put out his letters for the post, and he went on with his walnut. His wife and children found him rather silent for the rest of the evening. It is difficult to be very gossipy and cheerful when you are calculating the chances of your own bankruptcy. Cotton was too dear, he had not a doubt of that, and, owing to this appalling blunder of his, he had just bought a very large quantity of it. The question was, what would it fall to before he could get out? A heavy and sudden drop would be very serious indeed; and that was exactly what he and his brother had both expected when they made up their minds to sell.

Charles never talked business at home under any provocation, and he did not break through his rule now. But he only got one hour's sleep that night, and during that hour he dreamed that he was attempting to file

his petition, and was having bricks thrown at him by his brother Eustace, who was making excellent practice at a short range. He came down to breakfast looking sick and melancholy, and picked up his copy of the *Times*.

Could he believe his eyes? There, staring him in the face at the head of a column, were the lines—

SUDDEN FROST IN THE COTTON STATES.

CROP ALMOST TOTALLY DESTROYED.



"He read the item out to his wife."

He read the item out to his wife, and she said how sad it was. He fully agreed with her. It was very sad for cotton-growers in Florida; it was also very sad for anyone who wanted cotton to go cheaper. But it was a long way off being sad for Marion and Stetsworth, who by a slip of memory had bought 100,000 bales the day before, and would have the pleasure of seeing the price go up like a rocket all day. Before the end of breakfast Charles had almost persuaded himself that this amazing piece of good fortune was due entirely to his own miraculous prescience. And he had quite made up his mind that that was the impression which Eustace should be led to take of it.

An hour later he found Eustace at the office with a very long face, and asked what was the matter. Eustace asked him sarcastically if he ever read the paper.

"Well," said Charles, "what is it?"

"Only the entire crop destroyed, and we sold yesterday."

"I didn't know you meant that. Yes, I saw it: in fact, I was expecting something of the kind."

"And yet you went and sold 10,000 bales yesterday!"

"Oh, no! You suggested something of the kind, I believe, and I was rather inclined to agree with you at the time, but things came to my knowledge afterwards, and I sent a buying order instead."

"Good! How much?"

"Hundred thousand. I should have consulted you, but you were out at the time, and——"

"Oh, don't apologise. You can do some more of the same sort if you like. All the same, it's a biggish gamble."

"I wish you wouldn't use that word," said Charles rather irritably. "I never gamble. I should not have dreamed of giving an order like that unless I had known that there was no possibility of my information being wrong, especially without consulting you. I cannot tell you how I got the information; I'm bound by my word not to tell you. I may say, though, that it was a source that I may never have at my disposal again.

After this Charles retired to his room with

dignity. He gave no outward signs of his satisfaction with things in general; but at luncheon that day he did a thing which is sometimes done in the Commercial Sale Rooms by those who feel that they have deserved it, and occasionally by those who know that they have not. He gave an order in a low tone of voice, and the waiter brought him the tankard which he generally brought to Mr. Charles Stetsworth at luncheon. But this time the tankard was filled, not with bitter, but with Pommery '89. By such dark and surreptitious ways do the successful in the Commercial Sale Rooms avoid the appearance of insolence, ostentation, and indiscretion.



"MAY WE COME, TOO?"
From the picture by H. M. Bennett.



A NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICEMAN AND INDIAN CRIMINAL.

From the picture by Arthur Heming.



A YOUNG MAN OF ZUÑILAND.

AMONG THE RED INDIAN HANDICRAFTERS.

By Edward Page Gaston.

OF the multitude of unique views of aboriginal life which came to me during my residence among the Indian races of the wild regions of North America, I found nothing so absorbingly interesting as spending long hours sitting by the side of a cunning handiworker. The industries and arts practised by the Indian tribes are not only peculiar to the Western world, but the *technique* displayed in many of their employments is often amazing and frequently surprises the widest travellers, so high is the quality of the finished product. The silver work, weaving, pottery, and minor industries practised by the Navajos, Zuñis, and Apaches are truly wonderful when it is remembered that they use but few of the mechanical appliances that the white man has brought among them.

The Navajo or Zuñi silversmith of New Mexico Territory, U.S.A., has the most elaborate plant for his work known in any of the finer arts practised by the Red Indian in America at the present day. A slab of dressed stone is mounted upon rude legs as the basis for his primitive forge, and clumsy but effective bellows are fashioned on a framing of hoops by means of buckskin or raw hide, which latter has been pounded pliable with stones after drying. These bellows give the native artisans endless trouble, as they often spring a leak at the most inopportune moment, and work has to cease until the puncture has been patched. The forge-pipe is made by a large reed, hollowed out for the passage of the air.

As one Indian labours at the bellows softening the metal for the working, another sits with a blow-pipe and does the finer work as the article comes to him from his fellow worker, while a third is hammering out with punches the button and medallion forms in the dies. The silver they use comes entirely from the silver dollars and halves, quarters, and dimes which the Indians receive in barter for their goods. You will have difficulty in getting a native to take anything but silver, as he knows nothing of gold, copper, or paper money. Also he would sooner take a Mexican silver dollar, worth less than fifty cents in United States money, for the silver in it is purer than in the United States coins, and the lessened alloy makes it much easier for him to work.

The Indian has no wish to hoard up money in the coin; his way of reckoning metallic wealth is by the number of belts and buttons he possesses. This peculiarity is shown curiously enough by the fact that he will often offer you some finished article for the same number of dollars that he has used in its making, thus counting his labour as nothing. If, however, you wish a piece of work made especially for you, the business proposition immediately changes; for then he will charge you two or three times what you otherwise would pay, and will impress you with the fact that he is doing you a great favour in taking the work at all. Six to ten large medallions, each made of five melted silver dollars, make up the average belt, which is the glory of every well-to-do adult male member of these tribes. The value of these belts accordingly ranges from thirty to sixty dollars apiece at the average quotation, or from £6 to £12 in our English currency; yet the selling price depends entirely upon the financial necessities of the owner.

These people seem to have no idea of the value of things except as gauged by the necessity of the moment, and one who lives among them soon learns that he must never



ZUÑI WOMAN CARRYING DECORATED WATER-JAR.

be anxious to make a purchase, but wait until the seller comes to him.

Aboriginal art is always conventional, and the silver designs have changed but little in the passage of centuries, although one can see that civilising influences are finally beginning to show in some of the patterns. Bracelets, band finger-rings, ear-rings, and buttons are about all the smaller articles made, these being skilfully engraved by indentation.

Blanketry and varied forms of weaving have come in consequence of the introduction of sheep by the Spaniards many decades ago, so that now both the Navajos and Zuñis have their greatest tribal wealth in the flocks of many thousands which crop the scant gramma grass on the ranges about their reservations. The Indian shepherd, as he goes afield with the sheep, is knitting sock leggings for winter wear, and in the home they are carding and spinning the coarse wool and looming the variegated thread into the gay *zarapes* which stand in such stead against the cold. A rude loom is set up on which to stretch the threads, and then the transverse work begins by the weaver sitting before his frame with a primitive shuttle, to insert the varicoloured strands for the body and design of the fabric. These are woofed and warped in fanciful and often very effective designs, which are always geometrical, and never vary from the conventional figurings approved by the native artistic sense. Formerly the yarns were coloured by native dyes, but of late years the Indian women have taken to using the more convenient commercial colourings sold by the traders, to the marked degeneracy of much of the work now made.

The workmanship on many of the finer blankets is surprising, and I have seen them so closely meshed that they were completely impervious to water. Some are of such a quality that they command one hundred dollars apiece, just as they come from the native shops ; but the purchase of these is like that of anything else. If the owner does not need the money, you will have to pay an exorbitant price ; but if he wants to sell badly, he will take a foolishly low figure rather than lose the trade. Miners, hunters, and prospectors in the American wilds highly value these Zuñi and Navajo blankets when out on the trail, as there is nothing of the same size and weight which will protect one equally well against the wind and cold.

Both sexes are given to the wearing of gaily coloured girdles, which are woven by a small loom having the threads stretched horizontally before the sitting weaver. A famous girdle-maker when I lived at Zuñi was the Princess Wehwa, but she has since died.

More numerous and interesting than all else that my excavations disclosed in the ruins of the ancient cities of the American deserts, while a member of the Hemenway Expedition of 1888, were the prehistoric potteries. In texture and in decoration these long-buried ceramics were almost identical with the pottery one can see the women of Zuñiland making to-day. I gained many a view of half-savage ways and the workings of the simple minds of these descendants of a once powerful people by watching the modern potters at their work. They have never learned the use of the potter's wheel, and I know of no aboriginal race which has ever originally used the whirling table in its crockeries. Each water-jar or food-bowl is slowly and carefully built up by little ropes of the duly prepared clay, which are coiled higher and higher as the sides of the frail vessel grow under the skilful hand-pressing and smoothing of the workers. After the moulding has been completed the articles are left in the sun to dry, in preparation for burning. In the firing, the vessels are carefully piled in a small heap, and then are covered over with cakes of the dried compost dug from the hard-tramped flooring of the sheep-corrals. This, on being fired, gives the steadiest heat of any fuel at hand and



THE FORGE OF A NAVAJO SILVERSMITH.



WEAVING A BLANKET.



THE PRINCESS WEHWA WEAVING A GIRDLE.

answers the purpose excellently well. For the better class of utensils the decoration and glazing is applied after the first burning, and permanently secured by a second kilning.

The Zuñis invest every function of life with a sacred purpose, and their priests teach that all things are tenanted with a soul. If a piece of crockery breaks in burning, the superstitious potter will say that, as it is broken, its body is therefore dead, and she will ask you if you did not hear its soul depart by the *ping !* with which it cried out when its voice escaped. The Zuñi women are accordingly very careful, in decorating a domestic utensil, to leave unjoined one of the decorative lines, which is called the "life-line," so that the spirit of the vessel may pass to and fro without the necessity for breaking out, as it is held would be necessary if this "exit trial of life" were not left open. Pigments for the pottery decoration are secured by grinding minerals obtained from the mountains and by vegetable stains. The ornamentation is applied in frets and scrolls and animal figurings, a favourite design of the latter kind being the deer, which is common in that region and is held in some reverence by the Indians, as are also bears and other animals. The throat and lungs of the painted deer are always shown by an opening, that its breath of life may not be impeded. The pottery secured from the ancient ruins, already referred to as having been once occupied by the early forebears of these nations, bore decorations almost identical with that of Zuñi to-day, it being specially remarkable in both the ancient and modern pottery that the "life-line" is clearly shown.

That their daughters may gain the joy of an early marriage and a happy home, the Zuñian mothers begin to teach their girls when quite young the art of pottery making and the other domestic accomplishments which make up the busy life of a *pueblo* woman. One of my little treasures is a small food-bowl and water-jar, which was fashioned, burned, and decorated as a parting gift to me by the eight-year-old granddaughter of the old governor, when I left my many dusky friends in the Zuñi tribe.



THE COUNTER-REVOLUTION.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.*

Illustrated by Henry Austin.



STROMBOLI smoked a cigar, slowly and meditatively, in my chambers. The dreamy yet earnest look in his eyes indicated that he was following an important train of thought. At last he spoke.

"What," he asked, "is your candid opinion of me as a story-teller?"

I smiled my admiration and replied —

"My friend, I find many notable qualities in your stories, but the quality which pleases me best is the modesty of the narrator."

For the first time the revolutionist flashed a suspicious glance at me, ejaculating —

"My modesty? What do you mean, then?"

"I refer," I said, "to the readiness with which you acknowledge that your appearance in revolutions has sometimes been more picturesque than dignified. Take that Nihilist story," I explained. "It seems that all that you did for the cause was to smoke a cigar in your coffin."

"But you know that my *rôle* has not often been so humble as on that occasion. If I have sunk low, I have also risen high. Listen, and I will tell you. I was once the President of a republic."

"You don't say so?" was the feeble remark I blurted out.

"I say so," he replied with gentle dignity, "for no other reason than because it happens to be the fact. I suppose I should still be the President of a republic if it had not been for the counter-revolution. A counter-revolution," he added philosophically, "is no unusual incident in the history of the republics of Central America."

I nodded my acquiescence.

"Still," I urged, "it would be a good idea for you to tell the story. It exhibits you, no doubt, in a heroic light?"

"I leave you to be the judge of that," Stromboli answered, and forthwith began upon—

The Adventure of the Counter-Revolution.

"On escaping from my coffin, as I have told you, I hurried by way of Havre to New York—a city where revolutionists are treated with respect, and may even obtain municipal office by means of the Irish vote. I make no doubt I should have risen to some distinction of the kind, if another employment had not been found for me by private enterprise.

"It happened in an underground saloon bar—a 'dive,' as it was called—which I frequented. I used to sit there in the company of some large-hearted Irishmen who had got into trouble with the British Government. We told each other stories of adventures, and I flatter myself that, as a story-teller, I held my own among them. But the crisis in my career arrived when I heard a strange but friendly voice at my elbow, speaking the one word—

"'Cocktail?'

"I accepted the invitation and turned round to inspect my host. As he was well-dressed, my first impression was that he was a young man of fashion—a 'dude,' in fact—engaged in seeing life. His manner, however, was not languid enough for that, and the look in his eyes was too keen.

"He watched me closely and drew to the other end of the saloon, where we could talk without being overheard. Then he jerked out —

"'Say, now! Those stories you've been tellin'—partly true, s'pose?'

"'Sir,' I said, 'if you have only offered me hospitality for the purpose of throwing doubt upon my word——'

"The stranger apologised, and, after a pause, approached the subject from a fresh point of view.

"'Say, though. You're by way of being a desperate character, anyhow, reckon?' and

* Copyright, 1900, by Francis Gribble, in the United States of America.

added, dropping the words as if what he said was of no particular importance, 'Lookin' out for employment, likely?'

"It seemed kindly meant, though crudely put; the conjecture was correct. Before I could enlarge upon the extent and nature of my qualifications he cut me short again.

"'Drop round on me at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and we'll fit up a deal right there. Here is my card. Now, as it's getting late, I'll say "Good night" to you and get on the car. Glad to have made your acquaintance. Hope to renew it in the morning.'

"He shook my hand and hurried off. I examined his card and found it thus inscribed—

HIRAM P. VAN SCHUYLER,
115, Broadway.

It was a name that I knew—a name that everybody knew. Hiram P. Van Schuyler was a millionaire—a railroad king. It puzzled me to think what he could want in seeking the acquaintance of a revolutionist. Did he desire to buy me over to constitutional causes? If so——

"'There is some mystery here,' I said to myself, 'and I will probe it to the bottom.'

"So out of curiosity, rather that from any higher motive, I decided to keep the appointment which Mr. Van Schuyler had made.

"His offices occupied the whole of an enormous block of buildings; his own private room was on the highest floor. An elevator carried me up to it, a clerk showed me in, and Mr. Van Schuyler shook me warmly by the hand.

"'Glad to see you. Take a seat, Mr.——'

"'Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski,' I explained.

"'That's so. I think you were saying that you're in favour of revolutions?'

"I had not, in fact, said anything of the kind; but as he had said it for me, I replied—

"'My services—such as they are—have always been at the disposition——'

"'That's the notion, sir. Now, I'm going to make you a square offer.'

"Now, I was quite sure that he wished to bribe me to abandon my political opinions, and I prepared an appropriate reply. But I had no use for it.

"'My offer is—subject, of course, to certain conditions,' Mr. Van Schuyler continued—'to put up the dollars for a revolution in the Republic of Nicaragua.'

"Once more I breathed freely; and Mr. Van Schuyler proceeded to explain, as coolly as though he were discussing the most simple matter of business routine.

"'You see, it's this way. There are concessions to be had in Nicaragua, and I want the handling of them—concessions for railroads, concessions for gold-mining, concessions for street-lighting, and plenty more. The existing Government does not see its way to offer me sufficiently remunerative terms. Therefore, the existing Government has to go, and my nominee has to be elected President. If he can see his way to being elected Emperor, so much the better. The main thing is that, after election, he must afford me the necessary facilities for developing the resources of the country. Possibly there is no money in those resources; but that doesn't matter. There's money in the concessions, and I mean getting them. The question is, therefore: Will you accept my nomination to the Nicaraguan Presidency? Don't decide in a hurry. Think it over carefully for two minutes while I write a letter, and then let me know.'

"During the allotted interval I turned the matter over carefully in my mind.

"'Your proposal is of a somewhat unusual character,' I said.

"'If it were usual, there wouldn't be money in it,' Mr. Van Schuyler answered; and the argument impressed me favourably.

"'Then I am willing to act for you,' said I.

"'Then we'll consider it fixed up,' said he. 'Go home and draft your plan of action, and drop round again this time to-morrow. In the meantime, don't go gassing about it in the saloons, or Jacob Van Tine'll get hold of the notion and put up a rival nominee.'

"I swore that I would be silent as the grave.

"'Right,' said Mr. Van Schuyler. 'Good afternoon, Mr. ——'

"'Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski,' I prompted.

"'That is so. Good afternoon, sir.'

"So we shook hands again and I departed to mature my schemes; for there was much to be thought over and little time for thinking.

"'I will be methodical,' I said to myself, 'and begin at the beginning. First of all, I must find out where is Nicaragua, and how one gets there—whether by rail or steamer. Some further particulars as to the population, and national defences, and the present political condition of the country, will also be of service to me. They will know these

things at the State Library. I will go there and inquire. But I will be careful not to divulge my secret to the librarian. Doubtless it will suffice to make him communicative if I throw out mysterious hints.'

"Then I rode down to the Library on the cars, and though I made only the most obscure references to the delicate mission with which I was entrusted, all the vast resources of the establishment were instantly placed at my disposal. In the course of a couple of hours I had probed the question to the bottom, and by the time of my next appointment with Mr. Van Schuyler was thoroughly master of my subject.

"'I have discovered,' I told him, 'that the Republic of Nicaragua contains more than a quarter of a million of inhabitants.'

"'The precise number, according to the last census, was 259,800,' said Mr. Van Schuyler. 'Fire ahead.'

"'I calculate that an army of ten thousand trustworthy volunteers——'

"'Would eat up all my margin of profit and a bit more besides. Try again.'

"'I was about to say, when you interrupted me,' I proceeded, 'that such an army was obviously out of the question. On the other hand, I should have no confidence in any smaller army. Consequently——'

"'Consequently, you're going to turn up the job?'

"I drew myself up proudly in my indignation.

"'No, sir,' I replied. 'Your suggestion shows that you do not know Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski.'

"'What, then?'

"'I propose to go to Nicaragua alone, trusting to the operation of that law of Nature which, in a troubled country, invariably brings the strong man to the front.'

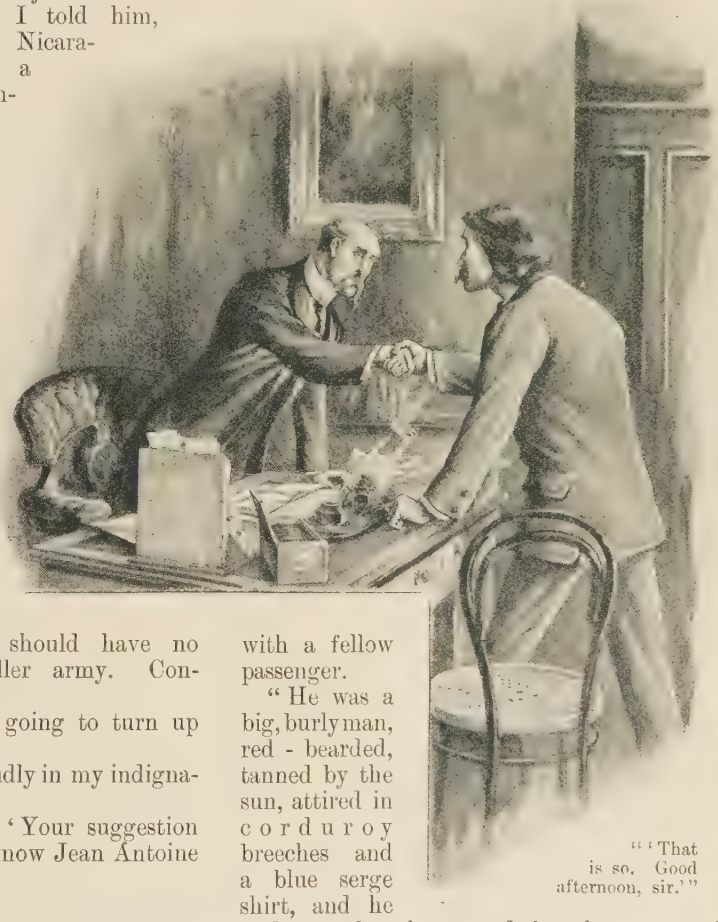
"Mr. Van Schuyler's face brightened.

"'Can you start right now?' he asked.

"'I can,' I answered.

"'Then I'll open you a credit of fifty thousand dollars in the bank of Nicaragua to go on with. Take another fifty thousand dollars in bills on New York, in case you need them. When you want to cable, use my private code, which I'll give you. That's all, I think.'

"It was a great undertaking, was it not, to overthrow the Government of a republic with no other weapon than my strength of character? Yet I was confident of success—so much so that, feeling that secrecy no longer mattered, I brightened my journey to San Francisco by discussing my prospects with a fellow passenger.



"'That is so. Good afternoon, sir.'"

"He was a big, burly man, red-bearded, tanned by the sun, attired in corduroy breeches and a blue serge shirt, and he told me that he passed by the name of Colorado Charlie. If I had desired a lieutenant to aid me in any daring enterprise, he was the very type of man I should have chosen; and as I was resolved to go alone, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to confide in him.

"'I am brave as you are, but more cunning,' I said to him. 'Mark my words and

you shall see. Like Joshua, I will blow my own trumpet and the wall shall fall down flat. I am Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski.'



"I calmed them with a friendly gesture."

"'Stranger,' he responded cordially, 'I cotton to you. It sounds a one-sided arrangement, and rather rough upon the Nicaraguans; but I take it that in the hour of victory you will be merciful as you are strong.'

"'I will,' I cried enthusiastically.

"'In that case, sir,' said Colorado Charlie, 'I will, with your permission, call for drinks, and we will lower them together in honour of your enterprise.'

"So he called for Bourbon whisky and persuaded me to drink it raw. Raw Bourbon whisky burns the throat, but comforts the stomach and unties the tongue. Until the bottle was empty I talked freely of Nicaraguan affairs. When I had finished it I fell asleep, and when I awoke I found that my companion had descended at a wayside station, leaving me alone, a sufferer from a splitting headache.

"As for the further incidents of my journey, I need not trouble you with them, for they were of no importance. There was a certain delay at San Francisco while I waited for a steamer; and the boat, when it started, travelled slowly and pitched more than I liked. Ultimately, however, I reached Managua, the capital of the country and the seat of the government which I had undertaken to overthrow with no other force

than my unaided strength of character. I put up at the best hotel, where I made a favourable impression by engaging the best apartments and—contrary to my usual habit—paying for them in advance. Then I visited the bank, established my identity, furnished an example of my signature, and provided myself with a large book of cheques payable to bearer. Then I dined sumptuously, and after dinner began my campaign by summoning the landlord to my presence. In private life he was, I believe, a colonel in the army; but in his public capacity he stood before me with obsequious bows and smirks.

"'Señor Landlord,' I said to him, 'will you be kind enough to tell me the exact name of the President of this Republic?'

"He told me. It was a long name—longer even than my own—but the essential part of it was Don Juan.

"'Then, Señor Landlord,' I proceeded, 'will you kindly send a boy round to the Palace with my compliments—the compliments of Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski—to say that it will give me great pleasure if the President will step round and smoke a cigar.'

"The landlord smiled, and shrugged his shoulders, and looked the picture of despair.

"'Alas! milord, it is impossible,' he answered. 'It is now three months since the President last went outside the Palace gates.'

"'How, then? Is he ill?' I asked sympathetically.

"'It is not that, milord. It is that when he shows himself, the leaders of the constitutional party shoot at him. They are bad marksmen, it is true; but the President fears that, as there are so many of them, one of them, by accident, might hit him.'

"I reflected and, with the instinctive rapidity of genius, formed a plan.

"'In that case,' I said, 'you may inform the President that I propose to do myself the honour of calling upon him in the morning.'

"'But the President receives no one,' replied the landlord. 'It is now two months since he received anyone. When he found that so many visitors only called for the purpose of attempting to assassinate him, his Excellency decided that it would be better to give up receiving them.'

"Once more I meditated. Evidently there was a good deal of dissatisfaction felt with the existing Nicaraguan Government. The discovery quieted any qualms that might otherwise have hampered my attempt to overthrow it. It also showed me that one way of making a revolution there would be to take a side and lead it to victory; but I preferred the more manly course of independent action.

"'Then you need say nothing to the President,' I told the landlord. 'I will call upon him unannounced and take my chance of finding him.'

"'Of course milord will drive. Will four horses be sufficient for milord?' the man inquired.

"I told him I should need no horses, but should go on foot. He looked disappointed, having doubtless intended to charge me heavily for the hire of horses; but I cheered him up by writing him out a cheque payable to bearer. It was a negotiable instrument little used by Nicaraguans, and it was a part of my plan to familiarise them with the fact that the bank would hand money over the counter in exchange for them. When, early the next morning, I looked out of my window and saw my landlord, in the centre of the *plaza*, attired in his military uniform, hugging a bag of silver dollars to his breast and explaining the nature of the transaction to an animated group of fellow-citizens, my confidence in the scheme which I had devised rose high.

"'An ass laden with gold captured cities in ancient Greece,' I said to myself. 'Shall not a man carrying a cheque-book be able to do as much in modern Nicaragua?'

"I waited patiently, smoking my cigar, while the reputation of the cheque-book spread itself through the city. Then I wrote out a number of other cheques for various sums, all payable to bearer, and, putting on the evening dress and the white kid gloves which are usual for visits of ceremony, walked over to the Palace, where the President resided. As I had expected, I found the entrance barred by a couple of sentinels who were playing cards and smoking cigarettes.

"'Is the President at home?' I asked them politely.

"They sprang to their feet, thrust their cigarettes between their teeth, took up their rifles, and pointed their fixed bayonets truculently towards my stomach.

"I calmed them with a friendly gesture.

"'I mean your President no harm; and, as a token of the integrity of my purpose, I would like to present you with these little cheques. You will observe that they are payable to bearer.'

"The men took the slips of pale green paper, and looked carefully at them, at me, and at each other. Smiles came out upon their faces and gradually broadened into grins. With slow and deliberate movements they leant their rifles up against the walls, and then, without a word of explanation, or even of thanks, they started together at the double for the bank.

"'It is a good beginning,' I said to myself, and walked on up the Palace garden to the front door.

"Two other sentinels were on guard here; and they also were smoking cigarettes and playing cards. To them, too, I handed cheques with a few sympathetic words, and had the satisfaction of seeing them run off, like happy children, in chase of their fellow-soldiers.

"'We are making progress,' I said to myself, and passed on unimpeded into the entrance-hall.

"There, various servants—first footmen in livery, and then cooks and housemaids—came out and crowded round me. I had expected it and I was prepared. The cheques to bearer, as I have told you, were already filled up and signed. It was only the work of a minute to sit down at a table, tear them out of the book, and push them into the eager, outstretched hands. The reputation of my cheques to bearer had reached them perhaps a quarter of an hour before. They snatched them from me, and, without waiting to put on their hats, men, women, and even boys started off in rapid procession down the street towards the bank.

"Once more I was alone. But not for long. The noise made by my rapid distribution of cheques had evidently been overheard. A door opened and there issued from it a little man in a magnificent scarlet uniform, with magnificent white plumes in his cocked hat.

"'*Carramba!* Who are you, and what are you doing here?' was his ferocious greeting.

"I advanced towards him courteously.

"'I am Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski,' I answered, gently but firmly. 'May I, in my turn, inquire to whom I have the honour of speaking?'

"'*Carramba!* I am the General Montojo del Rio Grande del Norte, Minister of War to the Republic of Nicaragua,' he retorted, laying his hand upon his sword.

"In defence I laid my hand upon my cheque-book.

"'The honour is entirely mine," I said. 'In evidence of the pleasure which I feel in making your acquaintance, you will perhaps permit me to present you with this small cheque. You will perceive that it is an open cheque for 2,000 dollars, made payable to bearer.'

"For the first time in the course of my adventure I experienced a rebuff.

"'*Carramba!*' the War Minister repeated for the third time, and flung my cheque scornfully on the floor and trampled on it, half drawing his sabre from the scabbard.

"But I was a match for him.

"'Pardon me,' I said. 'I see I have given you the wrong cheque by mistake. This was the cheque that I intended for you. It is payable to bearer, like the other, but it is for the sum of 5,000 dollars.'

"General Montojo del Rio Grande del Norte took the cheque from me and examined it; he picked up the first cheque from the floor and examined that also. Then he stuffed both cheques into his pocket and said abruptly—

"Excuse me! I have an important appointment, and I must go and keep it.'

"And he turned on his heel with dignity and left me. A minute later I caught another glimpse of him through one of the windows. He was running—I never saw a man run so fast.

"'I think I may take it that that fixes the price of a Cabinet Minister at 5,000 dollars. The other 2,000 dollars were of the nature of a windfall which the rest will not expect.'

"Scarcely had I said it when the hall was full of Cabinet Ministers, who had apparently broken up a Cabinet Council in order to come and look for their colleague. I received them with *empressement*, and cut short their demand for explanations by the immediate production of my cheque-book. I gave cheques for 5,000 dollars each to the Minister of the Interior, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Finance Minister, the Minister of Education, and the Minister of Agriculture; and as they warmly shook my hand I added—

"'No doubt you would like to go and cash your cheques at once. Pray do not stand on ceremony.'

"And they did not stand; they ran. Not being in uniform, they ran, I fancy, faster even than General Montojo del Rio Grande del Norte, the War Minister himself.

"In this way, by my force of character, and my knowledge of human nature, I had at last cleared my path of obstacles. Nothing

but a door now stood between me and a private interview with the President. I knocked, and was answered with the usual—

"'Come in!'

"As I had expected, the President was surprised to see me. He wore many orders and decorations; but his face had a tired and haggard look, and he shrank visibly, as though he expected me to strike him. It was an obvious relief to him when I sat down and commenced a friendly conversation.



"'I shall not assassinate you unless it is absolutely necessary.'"

"'Fear nothing,' I said. 'I am Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski, and I shall not assassinate you unless it is absolutely necessary.'

"Perceiving that he was at my mercy, he bowed his head with all the dignity that he could muster and waited for me to proceed.

"'I conjecture, sir,' I went on, 'that it is less for your pleasure than for your profit that you have assumed the onerous position of President of this Republic.'

"He opened his eyes wide. My candour evidently puzzled him. He did not seem to know whether to take offence at it or not.

"'If my impression is correct,' I continued, 'we have already found the basis of an arrangement which will be equally satisfactory to both of us. Do not beat about the bush, but confide in me frankly. Tell me, as nearly as you can, what the Presidency is worth to you, and I will see what sort of an offer I can make you for it.'

"His face exhibited a strange mixture of emotions, his first impulse being to ring the bell for his servants to eject me.

"'It is useless,' I explained. 'All the members of your household, and all the members of your Cabinet, have gone to the bank to cash the cheques which I have given them.'

"The President spoke for the first time.

"'Really,' he said, 'this is a very extraordinary situation.'

"'Try to realise it,' I replied, 'and avail yourself of the advantage which it offers you.'

"'I am not quite sure,' he objected, 'that I grasp your Excellency's meaning.'

"I explained myself in greater detail, and had the satisfaction of seeing gleams of intelligence flash in rapid succession across his features. It was my desire, I pointed out, to become President of the Nicaraguan Republic instead of him; and I was willing to pay him (in hard cash) not only reasonable, but even generous, compensation for disturbance. And I concluded, laying my hand in a friendly, and almost fatherly, fashion on his shoulder—

"'Come, now, speak to me, as between man and man. Tell me how much you are expecting to make out of it?'

"At last I had coaxed him into giving me his confidence.

"'It isn't the salary that's of importance,' he said, 'but there are certain perquisites.'

"'So I had imagined,' I interposed encouragingly.

"'I get a commission of ten per cent. on the salaries of the Cabinet Ministers; and there are other commissions—tax-collectors have to pay me for their appointments, and there's always a little something to be made

by pardoning political offenders. As fast as the money comes in, I send it to London to lie as deposit in the Bank of England. On the whole, I'm doing pretty nicely, but I haven't saved enough yet. Still, it's a wearing life. There's a certain amount of discontent about; and though our social reformers aren't very good marksmen as a rule——'

"'How much?' I interrupted, for his elaborate explanations were beginning to pall upon me.

"'I think I might say 50,000 dollars,' replied the President of Nicaragua.

"To his amazement, I did not haggle, but produced New York bills for the amount and spread them on the table.

"'There,' I said. 'Now tell me what is the next step to be taken, according to the constitution of the country.'

"He took pen and ink, and a sheet of paper, and wrote something.

"'This,' he explained, 'is a decree, appointing you Provisional President during my indisposition, and announcing that there will be a *plébiscite* to elect my successor on Sunday next. In the meantime, if you cultivate the friendship of the Minister for War——'

"'Certainly. I will give him another cheque payable to bearer,' I interposed.

"'In that case he will send soldiers to see that the result of the *plébiscite* is favourable to you.'

"'And this decree?'

"'Shall be sent to the Government printers at once, and placarded in the course of half an hour. In the meantime, as I see that the members of my household are now returning from the bank, I trust that your



"'Is abdicate the same as git?' asked Colorado Charlie."

Excellency, the Provisional President, will have lunch with me.'

"Need I say that I accepted the invitation. It was a magnificent meal, served in a large and stately dining-hall. I sat at the head of the table, with the ex-President on my right and the War Minister on my left. It was, perhaps, the supreme moment of my life—the moment when I attained the zenith of my earthly fortune. But alas for the mutability of human things!

"We lunched at leisure like epicures, slowly enjoying the flavour of the soup, the fish, the cutlets, the poultry, and the salad. In two hours' time we had arrived at the dessert without any untoward incident; but just as we had got to the bananas and the sweet champagne, we heard the loud noise of a disturbance outside the Palace walls—a noise of firearms and of vigorous human voices.

"I looked inquiringly at the ex-President.

"'Excuse me,' he said. 'I have left my handkerchief upstairs, and I will go and fetch it.'

"He rose and vanished, and I turned to the Minister for War.

"'Your Excellency will excuse me,' he said. 'This is a matter which requires my immediate attention.'

"And he also rose and disappeared in the direction of the back door.

"So I sat alone in the great dining-hall and awaited the intruders as calmly as the Roman senators in olden times awaited the invasion of the Gauls. My arms were folded and I hugged my cheque-book to my bosom.

"The noise came nearer, there were heavy footsteps in the hall, the door burst open, and the strangers entered.

"Imagine my consternation! They were Americans—serge-shirted, corduroy-breeched desperadoes from California, and their leader was no other than my old friend, Colorado Charlie, he to whom I had confided the secret of my plans when I made his acquaintance in the train. They advanced, firing their guns as they came, picking off the glass pendants of the chandeliers, as though to keep their hands in or test their accuracy of aim. Colorado Charlie, however, signalled to them to stop, and stepped up and spoke to me, saying simply—

"'Game's up, sonnie. You've got to git.'

"I still sat on my carved mahogany chair, like the Roman senator, in the story, waiting for the Gaul to pluck his beard. Colorado Charlie continued—

"'Seems you've been making a revolution for Van Schuyler. I'm here to make a revolution for Van Tine. Our methods were diverse, but our object was the same. First it was you that came out on top, and now it's me. I ain't goin' to shoot unless compelled, and if you git at once, I'll give you a free passage back to Frisco.'

"My anger was aroused, but I felt that I still held a trump card. With a flourish of my arm I drew my cheque-book and waved it in the air.

"'Let us waste no time in bandying idle words,' I said. 'I am here and I wish to stay here; but I am willing to make it worth your while to go.' For I had guessed that money, and not honour, was the object of Colorado Charlie's expedition; and his next words showed that I had guessed rightly.

"'How much, sonnie?' he asked me curtly.

"I ran my eye rapidly over the counter-foils to calculate the balance standing to my credit.

"'Sixty-one thousand two hundred and ninety-nine dollars,' I replied.

"'Right, sonnie. Hand up the draft.'

"I gave it to him and once more breathed freely. He did not hurry, like the Nicaraguans, but strolled off slowly towards the bank with about a dozen members of his company. The others remained, presumably to keep an eye upon my movements. I invited them to drink my health—a thing which, otherwise, they would doubtless have done without my invitation—and promised to treat them generously as soon as I had the opportunity of cabling to New York for further funds. The idea appealed to them; they were all willing to enlist under my banner. My cup of glory and happiness was full.

"And then Colorado Charlie re-entered and dashed it from my lips.

"'It's no use, sonnie. You've got to git,' he said, handing me back my cheque.

"I protested energetically.

"'They refuse to honour my cheque?' I exclaimed. 'There is some mistake here. Come round to the bank with me and we will see the manager.'

"Without further circumlocution he blurted out the truth.

"'There ain't no manager, sonnie, and there ain't no bank. Seems you've been dealing out drafts very freely all the morning, and the holders have lost no time in cashing them. The sight of the crowd outside the bank doors created a panic

among the inhabitants. They started a run on the bank for the purpose of withdrawing their deposits, and the resources were unequal to the strain.'

"'You mean to say——'

"'I mean to say that the bank is broke. The manager and the clerks have gone up country on important business, and a deputation of the leading citizens is now engaged in breaking up the premises.'

"So I perceived that I had played my trump card without result. I gasped and my head fell forward on my chest. Then I made an effort and pulled myself together. Though I had lost everything else, there was no reason why I should lose my dignity as well.

"'I bow to fate,' I said. 'I yield to circumstances. History will do justice to my memory. In the meantime, sooner than be a cause of bloodshed and dissension, I agree to abdicate.'

"'Is abdicate the same as git?' asked Colorado Charlie.

"I answered that the difference between the two things was immaterial; and, dipping my pen with dignity in the inkpot, I slowly wrote as follows—

"'*In order to save my country from the unspeakable horrors of a civil war, I hereby abdicate the position of President to which I was about to be called on Sunday next by the unfettered choice of the free and independent citizens of the Republic of Nicaragua. Je ne boude pas; je me recueille.*

'*Given under my hand and seal.*

'JEAN ANTOINE STROMBOLI KOSNAPULSKI.'

"It was done. Colorado Charlie took up the paper, and read it through and expressed his satisfaction.

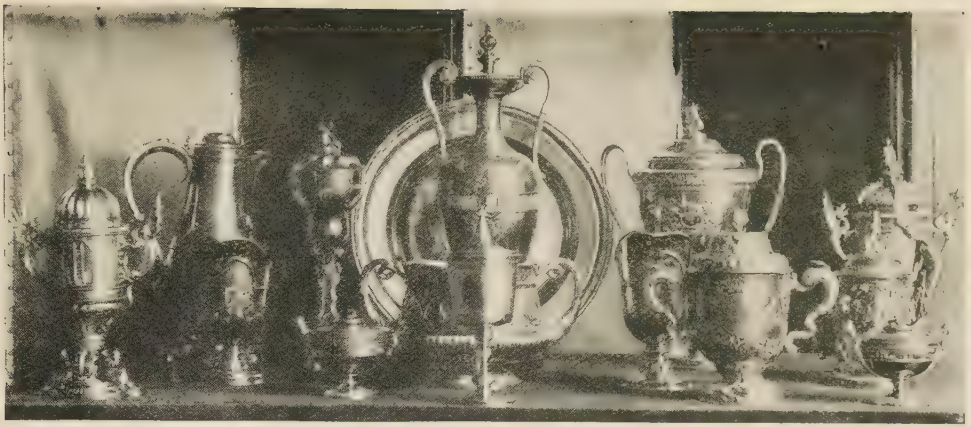
"'That's the notion, sonnie,' he said. 'Shake hands on it, to show there's no ill feeling'; and when I merely bowed stiffly, holding my hand behind my back, he added—

"'Well, never mind about that, sonnie. I understand your feelings. Anyhow, I'm going to give you a free passage back to Frisco; and if you think that 500 dollars will be any use to you——'

"Though my pride was in revolt, I fought it down and took the money, knowing that, if I did not take it, I should land in San Francisco penniless—a contingency which it was desirable to avoid at any cost.

"And so my adventure ended—sad, yet leaving a trail of glorious memory behind it. For I had made a revolution single-handed, and enjoyed from twelve to three o'clock in the afternoon the dignity of President of a Republic."





A SPECIAL SELECTION OF THE GOLD PLATE OF THE LONDON CORPORATION.

NOTABLE CORPORATION PLATE.

By George A. Wade.

NO city in the world, let alone in England, can compete with London in the beauty, quantity, and wealth of the gold and silver plate belonging to its Corporation. Even the keepers of it are not able to say off-hand how many pieces there are, nor what is the estimated value of the whole. Only those who have been privileged to see it spread out in all its glory at a Royal banquet in the Mansion House, or packed away in the immensely strong rooms with iron doors below the ground floors of the Lord Mayor's official residence, where it is kept when not in actual service, can form any idea of the brave display it makes beneath the glare of the electric light.

It would be impossible to describe here one-tenth of this famous plate, which comprises every kind of gold and silver table ornamental or useful adjunct, from massive gold ewer and basins to little gold snuff-boxes and finger-glasses. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor has allowed the plate to be expressly photographed for this article, though space only allows of our reproducing a thirtieth part of it. One of the largest tables in the Mansion House was piled with as much gold plate as it could be made to accommodate, for the purpose of these photos, yet the shelves in the strong-room from which it was taken seemed to be none the poorer for its absence—one scarcely missed the pieces that had been removed.

The oldest piece of plate now possessed by the City Corporation is what is termed the "Christopher Cup," which was given in 1662 by Robert Christopher, a few years before the Great Fire of London. Noteworthy amongst so many beautiful articles are three large gold flagons, three rose-water dishes and ewers, and a very large antique shaped vase, which weighs 235 ozs., and is 22 inches high. Many of the pieces of plate bear on them the motto of the City, "Domine Dirige Nos," and inscriptions narrating the circumstances under which they were presented to the Mansion House.



THE IRISH CUP AND SALVER OF THE CITY OF LONDON GOLD PLATE.

One interesting point

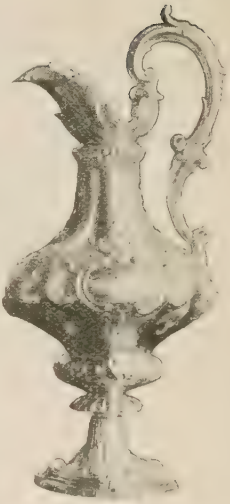


SILVER PLATE AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

about this celebrated collection is the fact that it is ever on the increase, as each Lord Mayor, on the conclusion of his year of office, is expected to add a piece of plate of silver or gold, and of substantial value, to the existing pieces. Thus the late Lord Mayor Davis, 1898, gave a magnificent silver jug, as his present to the plate.

The "Irish Cup" and salver, here reproduced, are extremely valuable, and were a present from the Irish Society to the Right Hon. Henry Singleton, Esq., Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, for eminent services bestowed in adjusting long-standing disputes between the two cities of London and Londonderry. With his usual modesty the judge declined to receive the present, though he acknowledged handsomely how pleased he felt at its offer. The fine gift was therefore sent to London to be used by the Lord Mayor and Corporation in perpetuity, and bears an inscription to that effect, with the date, 1741. Since that time it has been several times repaired and regilded. It has the arms of London and of Londonderry engraven side by side on it.

Another of our photographs shows two exceptionally fine pieces of plate, the one on the right being the gift of the mayors of Belgian municipalities to Sir Polydore de Keyser, who came of an old Belgian family, on his being elected Lord Mayor of London. It is a superb piece of work, and stands about twenty inches high, its lid being surrounded with real turquoise and emeralds in a wide circle, and a still wider circle of the same precious gems surrounds the base of the cup. There is a beautifully modelled figure of a knight on the top of the lid. The Belgian mayors have been more than once invited over here to London, and have been entertained right royally in commemoration of their kindness in making such a presentation.



SILVER PLATE AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

The other piece of plate in this photo is called the "Knill Cup," because it was given by Sir Stuart Knill, at the conclusion of his year of office, in 1893. It records upon it the fact that the marriage of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York took place during the year in question. St. George slaying the dragon surmounts the cover of the cup, and he has a shield, in colours, beside him. All round the bottom of the cup there are various shields and coats-of-arms, done in charming colours.





THE KNILL CUP AND THE KEYSER CUP OF THE CITY OF LONDON GOLD PLATE.

The beautiful "Oliver Cup," which is the centre piece of the next photo, at once strikes the visitor to the Mansion House banquets by its splendour and solidity. It has two handles, and was presented by the City to Mr. Alderman Oliver, and by him again to the City, in 1772. An inscription

upon its lid and upon the body of the cup is interesting. From it we learn that Alderman Oliver joined prominently with other magistrates in releasing a Freeman of London, who had been arrested by order of the House of Commons, and in issuing a warrant against the messenger of the House who had arrested the Freeman. As these actions were done courageously, in defiance of the Commons, to uphold the rights of the City's Freemen, the Corporation marked its gratitude to Alderman Oliver by presenting him with this cup, and he, in return, asked that it might be treasured with the rest of the City's valuables for ever. This was accordingly done by placing it here amongst the plate in the keeping of the Lord Mayor.



THE OLIVER (CENTRE) AND MAYNARD CUPS OF THE LONDON CORPORATION.

Though tempted to linger and describe many other lovely pieces of gold and silver plate that are before us in this wonderful collection, we can only mention now a fine soup-tureen, which is of silver, splendidly chased, and is at least 150 years old ; also a pair of old silver-gilt loving-cups of the time of Queen Anne. There are no less than four pairs of such cups in the Mansion House, and this will show as much as anything what a profusion and wealth of such articles are to be found there.



THE "READE SALT" AND THE "HOWARD EWER" AND SALVER, NORWICH COLLECTION.

After London, probably the palm for the most magnificent and the most valuable old plate—gold and silver—in English cities, must be awarded to Norwich and Bristol. The oldest piece of plate belonging to Bristol is a splendid rose-water basin, with its ewer, both of which are silver-gilt ; they were given to the city by Alderman Kitchen. The basin is 19½ inches in diameter, and the ewer 12 inches high. They are both covered with arabesque work, and bear the London hall-mark of 1595. A curious story is connected with them.

There were serious riots in Bristol in 1831, and the basin was stolen by a man named James Ives. The robber, in order to avoid detection, cut up his booty into 167 pieces. Some of these he offered for sale to

a silversmith named Williams, making it appear that they were portions of some old family plate. The silversmith suspected something wrong, and asked Ives to bring the remaining pieces next day to sell, which he did. Thereupon the man was arrested, through information having been given by Williams, and he ultimately was transported for fourteen years. With much trouble Mr. Williams succeeded in so fitting the broken pieces together as to make the whole as complete as possible; one or two small pieces were irrevocably lost, however. The recovered fragments were all riveted upon a silver plate, which now forms the back of the basin, and an inscription upon it gives its curious history.



THE PLATE AND INSIGNIA OF THE CITY OF NORWICH.

Bristol's "Grace Cup" must also be mentioned. It is a fine one, but does not really belong to the Corporation, as it was given to a city charity—"Queen Elizabeth's Hospital"—of which the Corporation are the governors, and in this wise the cup is in their possession.

Probably the chief beauties of the Bristol collection are the two great silver-gilt flagons, which are said to be amongst the very finest existing examples of such vessels. They are a pair, and stand 13½ inches high. They are most beautifully decorated with charming engraved work. An inscription records that they were presented to the city of Bristol by John Doddridge in 1658, though dates upon them show that they were made about 1634.

The photograph, lent by the Corporation of Bristol, shows only a few of the valuables among the city's plate and insignia. The lovely bowls, with their splendid chasing and their novel designs, should be noticed. We have not space now to deal with the swords and maces, many of which are unique.

There can be no doubt that, apart from the swords, maces, and chains, the grand show of plate that is to be seen at Norwich is the finest in this kingdom, out of London.

The ancient city can boast of no less than seventy-nine pieces of gold and silver plate



A SELECTION OF THE BRISTOL CORPORATION PLATE.

of one sort or another, of which forty are spoons of quaint and attractive design and shape. Besides these, the city claims specimens of ewers and salvers, gravy-boats, tankards, loving-cups, flagons, pepper-castors, salt-cellars, sauce-boats, etc.

The illustration on page 351, which we reproduce by the courtesy of the Town Clerk, shows three of the pieces of plate which are amongst the greatest treasures of the Corporation. The fine piece standing to the left of the picture is known as the "Reade Salt." It is a richly silver-gilt salt and cover, whose circular base, drum, and cover are magnificently decorated with *repoussé* work. Round the base of the drum is printed the inscription, "The gyfte of Petar Reade Esquiar," whilst round the top is his motto, "Asperanse in Deo." The cover is surmounted by an urn-shaped ornament, on which stands a figure in antique costume leaning upon a spear, and holding a shield with the arms of Norwich upon it.

This charming piece of plate was given to the city by Peter Reade, Esq., in his will dated 8th November, 1568. He was a native of the city, and is buried in the church of St. Peter Mancroft there. An old portrait



THE PLATE OF RICHMOND, YORKS.

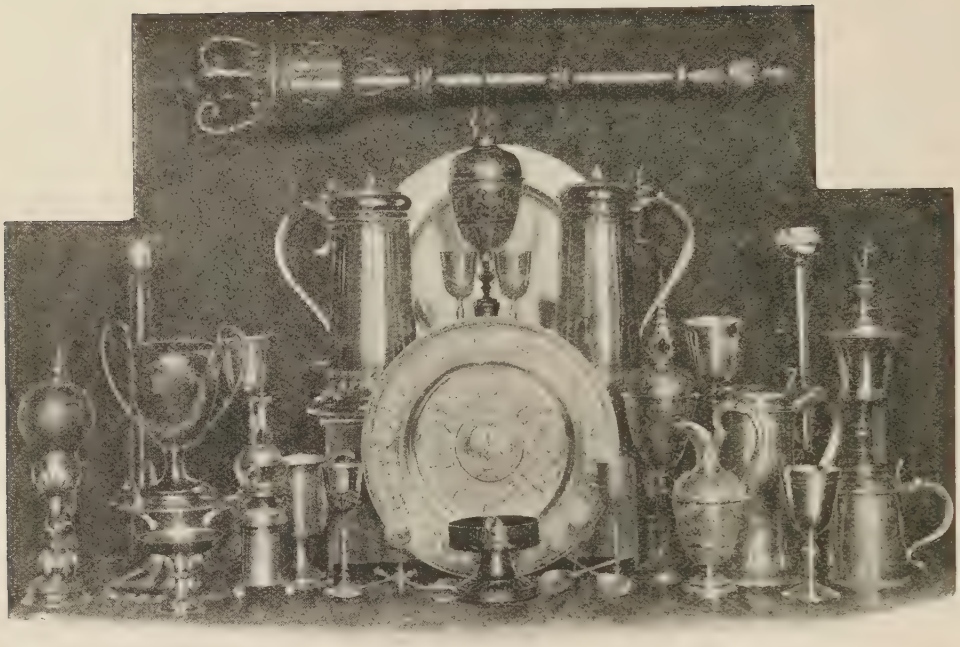


Photo by] [*Russell & Sons, Southsea.*

PORTSMOUTH CORPORATION PLATE.

of him in the Council Chamber states that he gave other pieces of plate besides this one, but where those are now is unknown.

The splendid ewer on the right of the picture is called the "Howard Ewer," and the salver in the centre of the photograph is the one that belongs to this ewer. Both of them are silver-gilt rose-water pieces, charmingly and richly chased; the medallion in the centre boss of the salver shows a picture, rather unusual on such plate, from Scripture, the subject being Christ washing the feet of the Apostles.

These gifts were from the Right Hon. Henry Howard, and were presented at the Guild Meeting, June 16th, 1663. The plate mark, however, is of date 1597. The ornamentation is believed from its character to be of Dutch origin. The salver's diameter is nearly 18 inches, whilst the height of the ewer is 14 inches.

One cannot stay to describe more of the fine collection of the Norwich Corporation; but everyone, and more especially the citizens, must be glad that the short-sighted proposals, which were made so late as sixty years ago, to sell all the collection and turn it "into hard cash," were frustrated, and that wiser counsels prevailed. Such a course would have been a terrible loss to the ancient city.

Of the old towns of England, which are small to-day, not having grown by manufactures and trade into the enormous size of so many latter-day places, there is perhaps no town that has such a fine and interesting collection of Corporation plate as Richmond, in Yorkshire. Passing by the splendid maces, swords, etc., we may mention first the two celebrated bowls and the "Peg Tankard." One bowl is called the "Crown Bowl," from its loose top being in the shape of a crown; this was given to the town by Cuthbert Readshaw, the Mayor, in 1754.



THE WITTON CUP OF RICHMOND, YORKS.

The other bowl,



SILVER-GILT FLAGON, BRISTOL CORPORATION.

known as the "Willance Cup," stands upon a long stalk, and is a beautiful loving-cup, presented in 1606 to Richmond Corporation by Robert Willance, as a thanksgiving for a marvellous escape from imminent death. It is supposed that before the date 1606 this cup was an old chalice, belonging perhaps to some monastery, from which it may have come into private hands after the dissolution of the religious houses at the Reformation.

The "Peg Tankard" was a gift from William Wetwange, the first Mayor of Richmond under the new charter, in 1668. This tankard is very much worn, but has some fine engraving on it. The "Snow Tankard" was given by Sir Mark Milbanke, after a disputed race in a great snowstorm one Easter, long ago, but it has no date upon it.



THE WILLANCE CUP OF RICHMOND, YORKS.

We must not forget to mention the two-handled cup which is known as the "Witton Cup," and which was presented to the Council in 1758 by Mr. George Moore, of East Witton. The Mayor and Corporation had greatly exerted themselves to discover the murderers of John Moore, of Gilling, who was a kinsman of the donor; and as an acknowledgment of their endeavours Mr. George Moore made the Council a present of this cup.

York, as might have been expected, formerly had one of the most famous collections of plate to be found in the country. It began to be gathered together in 1558, when Sir Martin Bowes gave a basin and ewer of silver to the city, and by 1643 it had increased to twenty-two pieces. But the Yorkists, being then in debt, conceived a novel way of paying what they owed without taxing the people, and this was done by selling the city plate.



Photo by] [*Lafayette, Dublin.*

DUBLIN CORPORATION PLATE.

Before 1681, however, it had again grown to fifty pieces, and these were added to as time went on. Yet to-day only some dozen of them survive; what has become of the rest is a question that is not easily answered. The "Rawson Loving Cup," 1672, is probably one of the finest pieces of plate York has ever possessed.

The history of Exeter's Corporation plate is strangely similar to that of York. The splendid collection that the chief city of Devon used to own has all disappeared—whither? To-day there is a fine loving-cup left, but it is comparatively new. Lincoln's story, again, bears a strong family likeness to those just mentioned, but it is known that most of Lincoln's old plate was sold when the city was wanting money in days of yore. Hereford has some plate which is valuable, and, considering it is a small town, it takes high rank amongst the collections of the Corporations throughout the land.

Amongst the later and newer municipalities, it is curious to notice the differences that exist in regard to their amount of gold and silver plate. Thus Birmingham has none at all worth mention: Leeds has little to speak of, but both Liverpool and Manchester have fine collections. Manchester comes second only to London in the magnificence of its silver plate, though it is nearly all modern. It was in 1877 that there was presented to the cotton town a splendid gift of a whole service of plate, consisting of seventy-four pieces, with a total weight of 9,000 ounces. The service is of solid silver, parcel gilt, and was designed by M. Willms. It is of the Gothic style, Early English period, in its design; and all the pieces are of moderate height, so as not to interfere with the view of all persons sitting at the dinner-table. This fine gift has put the city into a position it could scarcely have gained in a century, had it had to depend upon occasional gifts of cups, basins, etc., as most towns have to do, for an increase in the Corporation plate.

Liverpool's collection of plate is one to be proud of, if not so large and costly as that of other towns mentioned in this article. Its most recent acquisition is a silver shield, weighing 300 ounces, which was purchased from Mr. Joseph Mayer. This shield is a superb piece of work, and commemorates in its design and engraving the Great Exhibition of 1851.

There are certainly few finer shows of Corporation plate in this country than can be made by Portsmouth. We have not space here to go into details over the various cups, salvers, and tankards which are comprised in the magnificent group photographed for this article, but enough can be seen at a glance to show that the greatest naval town in the world gives an excellent account of itself in this respect.

And lastly, Dublin must be especially mentioned. The Irish capital has never been backward where hospitality was concerned; and this, too, amongst a people whose reputation for that quality is world-wide. The trowels, maces, and swords may here be passed by, but a word must be said about the other plate. The cup in the centre was presented to a Lord Mayor by the Licensed Grocers and Vintners of the city, in recognition of special services. The tray, coffee-pot, and bread-basket are all of massive silver, and are also presents to the Lord Mayor for the time being and his family for Corporation use and enjoyment. The two splendid tall cups which flank the photograph are indeed pieces of plate any Corporation might rejoice to possess, and Dublin may be pardoned her pride in them. They were given to the city by the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Williamson in 1696.



LADY WRAGFORD'S MIRACLE.

By W. B. MAXWELL.*

Illustrated by Adolf Thiede.



GEORGE DENVILLE, the Honourable George, was talking, in the half boisterous, half maudlin, and wholly insupportable manner unhappily characteristic of the young gentleman late in the evening.

"When does the rotten old ball begin? I'm too tired to dance. I ought to be dancin' with the cook to-night—New Year's Eve—our servants' ball, at Old Wragford. 'Your place is among your own people,' Wimpleford says to me. 'Go back to your own people.'"

"Who is Wimpleford?" somebody asked.

"My brother—Lord Wimpleford, member of Parliament for North-West Devon, Under Secretary and future Prime Minister, and a stingy, interfering ass, if you ask my opinion," Mr. Denville replied.

It was a Saturday night—New Year's Eve, as Mr. Denville had remarked—and he and his friends had dined and gone to a theatre together. Now they had come to a restaurant for supper, and presently they were to go on to the Fancy Dress Ball. They were a party of six, at the round table in the corner of the room—three men: Mr. George Denville, Captain Carper Carpenter, Mr. Budsworth; and three ladies: Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs. Gordon, and Mrs. Parton-Hunt.

"Do tell 'em to open the wine, Carpenter," Mr. Denville continued. "They clutter up the table with glasses, and *all empty*—all empty! No sense in it. By Jupiter! I'd like Smithers, our old butler at Wragford, to teach these fellows how to lay a table—just for once, that's all; they'd never forget it. Poor old Smithers! no nonsense about *him;* haven't seen his honest old face for more than a twelvemonth," and the thought of the faithful old family servant appeared to awaken all the softer and more sentimental side of Mr. Denville's nature.

"*He's* one of my own people. Been with us twenty years before I was born. So he ought to be; if not, who the deuce are your own people?"

"Why *don't* you go back to your own people?" asked Mrs. Gordon. She was a pretty, fair-haired woman, with bright blue eyes and a quick, animated way of talking. She leaned across the table laughing, while she asked the question, "Don't you think your own people want you?"

"Do they *want* me?" Mr. Denville echoed slowly and somewhat solemnly. "*Do* they want me?" and he, too, laughed, but in a scornful manner. "Why, there's not a man, woman, or child on the place that *don't* want me. Sight for sore eyes, old What's-his-name at the home farm said I was; but his eyes may be sore or be—— Never mind him. Perhaps it's my father you're aimin' at, Mrs. Gordon? My father's all right, if you leave him alone, and *proud* of me—yes, though I say it, proud of me as any peacock on the long terrace, if Wimpleford isn't there to get at him and put him up to one of his shabby, cheese-parin' tricks."

"We're all proud of you, Georgy, old boy!" said Captain Carpenter good-humouredly. He was a red-faced man of about thirty-five, inclined to silence, but apparently brimming over with good nature and other amiable qualities.

"Bless you, Carper! I believe you are," Mr. Denville continued. "But if you are a friend of my brother's, Mrs. Gordon, tell him to leave my father alone. And

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leave him alone yourself," he added in a low tone, which was not intended to carry across the table. "Perhaps he has told you my mother doesn't adore me?"

"I've never met your brother," said Mrs. Gordon curtly. Possibly she *had* heard that muttered remark, "And I don't want to, or any other member of the family."

"*Shake!*" said Mr. Denville loudly. "Shake on that!" and he leant across and grasped Mrs. Gordon's small, gloved hand, shaking it cordially, after an American fashion that he had picked up during a short trip to the great free country—a little jaunt contrived for him in a hurry by his friends and advisers, in order to give time for a certain matter to "blow over" in his native land.

"You are right there; keep to that," and he laughed, but suddenly turned grave. "Always excluding the Pater. *He's* all right; and, above all, the Mater. You didn't mean *her*, I hope. No. Leave her out. God bless her! What was I saying? Adore me? So she does. Does she want me? Does she cry her eyes out to get me back in the sleepy, stupid old hole? Her favourite son, as Wimpleford knows, and can't get round with all his tricks."

The supper had arrived at last; and while one waiter placed the dishes on the table, and another began to open the wine, Mr. Denville turned to Mrs. Cartwright, the lady on his left hand.

"Why, look here! Look at this letter! That's not the Mater's handwriting, perhaps you'll say? I know better. Got it this morning," and he pulled out a crumpled letter from his breast pocket. "And if it was only her down at Wragford, I'd go back like a bird."

"Put the letter away," said Mrs. Cartwright, in a low voice, "if it really is from your mother."

"Of course it is. Who else do you suppose? I want you to read it. Read it right through,



"'Look at this letter.'"

every word of it. No? But I want you to see if I haven't spoken the truth."

The room had grown fuller; there was a buzz of voices, a clatter of knives and forks on all sides; and the little party in the corner were as busy with their supper as if they had not dined heavily three and a half hours before, while Mrs. Cartwright sat back in her chair and read the letter, every word of it, as requested by her young friend.

It was a long letter, written in a small and shaky hand, on several sheets of thick white paper. There was an embossed coronet, high golden balls and low gilt leaves, with an initial beneath, on each of the sheets, together with the address, "Old Wragford

House, N. Devon," in small, black lettering, and across the corner, in still smaller type, the further directions, "Station, Wragford Road, L.S.W.R." and "Telegraph Office, Wragford Park."

"My own dearest boy," the mother began, "do you know that it is more than a year since you left in anger, with nothing but harsh words for the mother who bore you and who would lay down her life gladly if, by so doing, she could purchase happiness and security for you in this world and the world to come?"

Yes. The young man had, in this matter, spoken the truth. However strange it might seem to his London circle, this poor lady in the far West county appeared still to harbour affection for her errant offspring.

If he would but be forbearing to those who loved him and only wished his welfare —the letter proceeded—life might yet be made easy and pleasant. Then the writer involved herself in a mass of explanation, an apologetic tracing out of the past, mingled with little bursts of prayer for the future, invocations to God and her son and blind chance; and Mrs. Cartwright read on, immeasurably surprised at the tone of the composition — no word or protest of the deeply injured parent, but the humble pleading of some poor debtor to a remorseless and insatiable creditor.

God knew, and naturally Wimpleford, a married man with children of his own and interests to protect, knew also, of the repeated sacrifices his father had made to save his son's name from disgrace and dishonour. Much of state—aye, and of comfort—had been abated down Wragford way; all had shared in the rigid economy. The very villagers and peasants had felt the pinch produced by the ceaseless draining out and squeezing dry of her darling prodigal. The poor father had suffered—oh, he had suffered! you could see that in his face—under the necessity of a merciless retrenchment. But his Lordship would make no complaints, would not, by slightest hint or subtlest allusion, touch on all those past matters which had sown dissension and discord, if only the prodigal would return to his sorrowing mother.

Then the writer invoked the remoter past. Surely her darling boy had not changed utterly? "You were such a loving child, dearest, so tender, so yielding—more to me, much more than the others — my sunny, curly-haired baby boy, my consolation, my delight, winding yourself about my heart from the first, as the others never did."

Mrs. Cartwright glanced round to her neighbour after reading this passage—and wondered. The Honourable George was but trifling with his food, but there was no make-belief or polite pretence about his drinking. She looked at his fish-like, lack-lustre eyes; at his fat neck, bulging over his collar; at the queer little twist of his ear, small and well shaped, but heavy of lobe, with a crease of flesh in front of it, a fold from the puffy cheeks. She looked, seeking for some trace, some faint relic of the sunny darling. Yes, his closely cropped hair showed a tendency to curl at the side of the forehead. Veritably he was the darling.

"Then have pity on me, dearest, and come back this New Year and bring hope and joy once more to your poor old mother. It won't be so dull as you think. It *shan't* be dull. Everything shall be done to make you happy. And think, dear, in very truth, I am old, and the time to do this may, God knows, be all too short before you. I know what grief it would be to my dearest boy to reflect later on that it was too late to grant my request."

"Whatever are you thinking of, Edith?" asked Mrs. Hunt of Mrs. Cartwright. "You sit there like a skeleton at the feast."

Mrs. Cartwright laughed, folded the letter and put it away in her pocket, and sipped a little wine, but did not offer any remarks to add to the hilarity of the company. They were all chattering and laughing, Mr. Denville included, and she was left alone with her thoughts for a few moments.

What was Mrs. Cartwright thinking about? She was, in the widest sense of the words, a woman of the world—good-looking, amusing, easy-going, perhaps a shade hard or cynical in her humour, but generally popular in her own set, which was a large one. Circumstances had given her very few, if any, opportunities of associating in any degree of intimacy with ladies of high rank, so that, if she were conjuring up the presentment of that lonely old Countess in her great, silent house on the Devonshire uplands, she must build up the picture from humbler materials than personal experience of high life in the country. Heaven knows what the fond old woman's letter had set her brooding over, to the neglect of gay companions and good cheer! But, possibly, some story she had read or been told, something dimly remembered which she had heard or seen, brought sharply and clearly before her half-closed eyes the figure of an elderly woman pottering about a house with heavy footfall,



"He stood glaring at her."

shaking hand, and a heart broken by the death or disappearance of a child she had loved. If it were so, the humbler figure might serve in all essentials for the more exalted mourner.

Presently, in the restaurant hall, a sunburnt, stalwart young man came up to Mrs. Cartwright and wished her a happy New Year. He was a Guardsman who had returned to town after having, to a certain extent, distinguished himself in the field.

"And the same to you, and many of them," said Mrs. Cartwright, without looking up from the pages of a book which the hall porter had just procured for her.

"I say," said the young man confidentially, "I see you're with a party, but can't you shake 'em off and come on to the ball—with us? I wish you would."

"Not possible!" said Mrs. Cartwright, putting down the book. "Besides, I'm so tired that I don't think I shall go at all."

Upstairs, people were making a great noise. The head waiter had beaten twelve times upon a gong to simulate the midnight hour booming from Big Ben; some hired singers had begun chanting "Auld Lang Syne"; many voices of amateurs joined in the chorus; and now, through the swinging hall doors, the clanging peals of church bells floated in with the jingle of harness and the clatter of horses' hoofs.

Mr. Denville was in the vestibule putting on his big fur coat and muffler, and telling the attendant that good people were scarce, and required careful wrapping up against the chill night air.

"I wish you would," the young soldier was whispering. "We have got a large box, and there's several people you know. It's sure to be fun"; and then, as Mr. Denville approached, he added some reflection about the folly of not "chucking over" such an undesirable acquaintance when requested to do so.

"Who the deuce was that fellow you were talkin' to?" asked Mr. Denville, rather angrily, while the tall Guardsman ascended the staircase.

"Why, Chiddingfold, of course," said Mrs. Cartwright. "He was talking about you, when you came up."

"Hi! Chiddingfold! Chiddingfold, my dear old fellow!" Mr. Denville roared. "I never recognised you. Most ridiculous thing! Come down and have a drink. Drink the New Year in."

But Chiddingfold, leaning over the banisters, declined this invitation.

"I really am too tired," said Mrs. Cartwright to Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Gordon. "If I tried to dance, I should just faint. It was so frightfully hot at that stupid play. I shall drive home and go to bed."

Then she turned to Mr. Denville.

"I'll give you a lift, George. Drive you to your rooms, if you like."

"If *you* like," said Mr. Denville. "Drive me how and where you like. Drive me out of my mind, you beautiful creature," he added in a sudden access of gallantry.

Mrs. Cartwright told her coachman, a small man buried in an immense fur cape, to drive to a house in St. James's Street, but the neat little brougham had not rolled far before she let down the front glass and changed her direction to Colosseum Mansions, on the first floor of which huge barracks her own flat was situated.

"Wait," said Mrs. Cartwright to the coachman, when the carriage finally stopped; and, without a word to her companion, she

made her way through the dismal stone hall and up the shallow stone staircase to her own door, which she opened with a latchkey.

"Go into the drawing-room, George."

And Mr. Denville, who had followed, wearily leaning on the banister-rail and shuffling his feet from step to step like a drowsy child coming home, from the pantomime, did as he was bid.

Mrs. Cartwright's maid had appeared in the little hall as soon as the key had made itself audible in the lock—a good little maid, ready and waiting to take cloak and fan from her mistress.

"Well, you *are* 'ome early," George heard the servant say, as he made his way to the drawing-room fire. "Not bin to the ball, after all? Well, I never!"

It was a pretty little room—the conventional, well furnished, flat drawing-room.

Mr. Denville took up his position before the tiled hearth; threw his fur coat away, aiming at one of the amber satin chairs and attaining the parquetry floor; thought of poking up a blaze with the little brass poker; nearly fell into the fire; then stood warming his broad back and stolidly musing until the return of his hostess.

"Well, George!" said Mrs. Cartwright. "I've been thinking. And I'll tell you what it is. You've got to go home to your mother."

"What are you talking about?" said George.

"After what she says, you *must* go. You must go at once. I'm in earnest. Your mother wants you."

"And what's that got to do with you? I'd be much obliged if people would leave my mother's name alone. I'm not aware that you are a personal friend of the Mater's. I'll swear I've never introduced you to her."

His puffy cheeks had flushed redder, and his words came slow, but wonderfully well articulated under the effort of will made possible by his indignation. He stood glaring at her, with his crumpled white shirt, his soiled white waistcoat, and faded white flower, a pitiable—oh, most pitiable—embodiment of ruin and degradation. Sodden with drink, destroyed by drink, heart, brain and soul decomposed and washed away by drink, with really less self-control than a monkey, less rational affection than a toad, with thoughts and impulses no more reliable or valuable than alcoholic fumes rising off a vat, with intellect no more working than strong spirit can be said to work when it bubbles in a pot or seethes above a fire; yet the wretched creature—Mrs. Cartwright forced herself to remember—was still wanted, badly wanted, down Wragford way, North Devon.

Why do women make friends of people like the Honourable George Denville?

"No—I am very fond of you, Edith—an' you've been very good to me; but there are some things I can't stand, and, if you ask me, I call it deuced bad form."

"But you made me read the letter, and I've been thinking. Your mother may be ill—she reminds you she is old. Old people easily get ill, and with them it's always dangerous."

"What d'you say? Don't talk so fast," said George angrily.

"I say she may be ill—now—very ill. For all you know, she may be dying."

"Oh, what a cruel thing to say—about the Mater—oh! oh! oh!" and Mr. Denville's



"'Don't cry, George.'"

fat cheeks fell, his full lip drooped, and he burst into tears.

"Oh! who told you that?" he sobbed. "Wimpleford's been gettin' at you. It's some lie of his. I won't believe it," and he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands, sobbing violently. "The poor old Mater—dyin'! How do you know she's dyin'? Why haven't they got Sir John Thingumibob?—stingy beasts!"

"Don't cry, George," said Mrs. Cartwright kindly, and she put her hand on his shaking back. "Don't cry; I only said she *may* be ill, and that you ought to go and see her. Now, look here, I've found there's a train, on Sunday mornings, leaving at one-thirty. I found it in the 'A B C.' It only goes Sunday mornings, but I suppose it's all right. I'll drive you over to Waterloo. There's heaps of time, and you can go down by that and be there before breakfast."

"Of course I'll go," said George, looking up and taking his hands from his face. His poor swollen cheeks were wet and glistening and streaked with dirt, where his fingers had pressed them; his poor lack-lustre eyes were wet and bloodshot.

"Of course I'll go. And I'll take Sir John What's-his-name with me, if I have to drag the old hog out of his bed myself. The poor old Mater!" he sobbed and spluttered.

"No—no—go yourself, George. That's all she wants. And look here. Mabel says you left a suit of clothes in a bag in the bathroom—the day you dressed here. You must change into them; and I'll lend you a tie—a red one. I should like you to look your best."

"You *are* a brick," said George almost cheerfully; and then, immediately, he began to moan again.

"But I haven't any money. How the deuce am I to buy a ticket? They wouldn't trust me, even if they knew the Mater was dyin'. Oh! oh! oh! I've only eighteenpence," and he groped in his pockets. "I know that's all, 'cos old Carper had to pay for the supper, and when I wanted to give the waiter a sovereign I promised him, I hadn't got it."

"I'll buy your ticket for you," said Mrs. Cartwright.

* * * * *

Slowly and heavily the long train dragged its way westward through the night, dropping coaches here and there in the darkness, and taking up parcel-vans from wind-blown, desolate sidings in the grey flicker of dawn; till the cold morning light made it gleam like a dusty, frost-bitten snake as it crept out of its hole on the other side of Exeter Station.

Limp and drooping in the corner of a first class carriage, with his back to the engine, his fur collar about his ears, a rug over his knees, and a foot-warmer under his patent leather shoes, the pale and frosty light showed the Honourable George Denville deep sunk in swinish slumber.

The same kind friend who had so placed him, after purchasing his ticket and putting some loose silver in his pockets, had seen him locked into his compartment in custody of a guard, who had solemnly pledged himself to keep his charge warm in transit and duly and faithfully insure delivery at the little North Devon station. Then the kind friend, having left a telegram to be despatched as soon as the office should open, had driven home through the silent and slippery London streets and had gone to bed.

With the chirruping of birds in his ears, the tinkle of cow bells and church bells near and far, Mr. Denville returned to consciousness—consciousness of a slightly acuter form than that of his evening hours, and wearily set himself to solve the riddle of his presence on the North Devon line at a wayside station not many miles from the land of his own people. His head and his limbs ached; his neck felt as if it had been dislocated; and he knew that his fur cuff was dusty and full of grit as he passed it drowsily across his face.

Oh, yes, he was coming home. His mother had wished it, and he had decided to gratify her, in a hurry, late last night. He had made up his mind suddenly, and here he was. Sunday morning! Quite so; and, with many a pig-like grunt and splutter, the heavy head drooped again, and Mr. Denville fell back into the country of misty visions, mingled voices, and foggy oblivion.

He was surprised to find a footman waiting on the platform when the guard turned him out into the crisp bright air, which felt like a cold bath, and the footman was surprised to hear that there was no luggage for the cart.

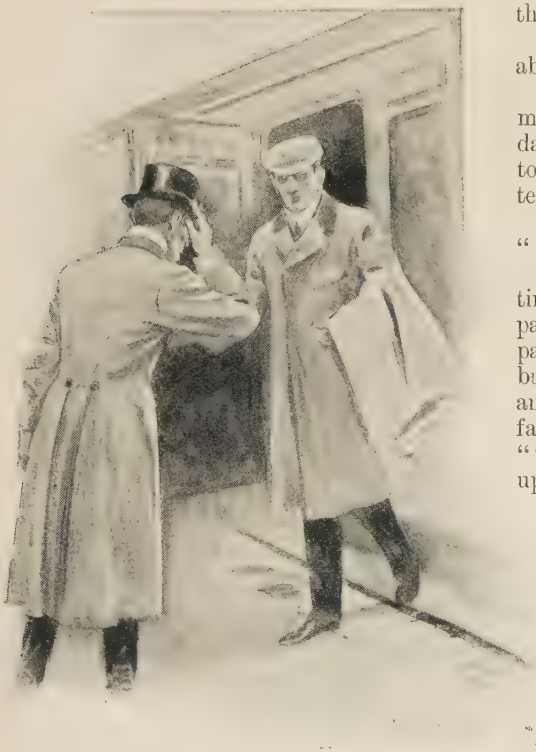
"'Er Ladyship is waiting in the brome, sir," said the footman, taking the proffered ticket from the guard, and Mr. Denville, hunching his big shoulders and shivering, shuffled through the booking-office to the outer door.

"Well, he'm be back sune," said one of

the porters, following the fur coat with attentive eyes.

"Yes. Sune enough, he'm be come hoam again," and the other porter added a West country oath and shook his fist after the receding figure in rustic pantomime.

"Oh, my dear, you have come back," said Lady Wragford, clasping her son's hand as he seated himself by her side in the brougham. "You have come back. My boy, my boy!" And each word was gulped out in a voice struggling with tears, and at each little struggle the thin, delicate hand



"He was surprised to find a footman waiting."

clutched the coarse one with a spasmodic and involuntary twitch of the muscles.

The footman, a Londoner, took his place by the old coachman, and the fine black horses, tossing their heads and snorting as the keen air entered their open nostrils, trotted away over the stone bridge that spans the river Wimple, past church and school, and, with a break of pace, a checked canter, a quickly curbed bound or two, swung along the upland road which leads to old Wragford House.

"'E looks a beauty, don't 'e?" the footman was whispering confidentially. "Just off the booze, I reckon. If you was to prick 'im, the juice 'ud run out of 'im."

"He'm be sune come hoam again," said the Devonshire coachman moodily, with eyes on the white, hard road where it showed above his horses' ears.

"When I got your dear telegram, an hour ago, my heart nearly stopped beating—the joy of it, dear. You had it sent from Waterloo, didn't you, dear?"

"What telegram?" Mr. Denville began to ask vaguely; but seeing the pink paper folded in his mother's hand he nodded his head, then, taking it from her, glanced at the message.

"I am coming home, as you wish. Honourable George Denville."

"The way it was signed puzzled me for a moment; but then I understood that my darling was really coming, and that he had told some servant or ignorant person to telegraph the good news."

"Yes," said the Honourable George, "that's about the size of it."

"My own brave boy," the poor lady continued, "you are so big and strong," and she patted his arm, "but you look tired and pale after your journey. Our upland air will build you up—will build you up in no time," and she stole a half fearful glance at his face and then withdrew her eyes quickly. "Tell me, dear, when was it that you made up you mind to come back to me?"

"Well," said George thoughtfully, "only yesterday. To tell you the truth, I got the funks on board last night. Got it into my head suddenly that you were ill—regularly bad."

Lady Wragford began to tremble.

"When did you think that? What time of night was it?" she asked eagerly.

"Oh, late; I know that."

"After midnight?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said George. "But you aren't ill, *are* you? You look pretty fit. I regularly got the funks on board that you were desperately bad."

"My darling!" cried the mother, bursting into tears. "My darling boy!" and she clutched his arm convulsively.

The parson standing by the vestry door had taken off his hat as they passed; the two schoolmistresses, returning arm-in-arm from early service, had bowed to the flying wheels; caps were touched and hats doffed on either side. Where the brougham rattled by the noble farmhouses, solid and weather-tight as fortresses, built of the clean West

country stone by the good Earl John eighty years ago, where the horses' hoofs rang out louder and clearer under the great walls of church-like barns and outbuildings, men and women and children made reverence and stood staring.

From beneath clipped yew porches, and leaning on oak gates, the apple-faced matrons and sturdy, grey-haired yeomen looked after the varnished panels. All along the stone-edged road his own people crept out from homestead and cottage and stable—and groaned as the carriage swept by.

They had all felt the weight of his hand upon them, as certainly and as heavily as though they had been his serfs, and he the prince of some vast estate in further Russia. In the sweat of their brows and the labour of their hands each one had suffered something, foregone some hope, missed some joy, for his sake. To them he was an ogre, a devouring monster, a maw to glut—with their all.

"He'm bin swallowing the chalk sore needed and promised by Lardship to my ridge pastures," groaned one. "Bin filling his belly with galvanised guttering to keep my yard dry foot, and now come back for more," groaned another, and so on.

And yet, with that strange instinct which gives wisdom to the dullest to trace out the cause of personal injury through the most complex and involved labyrinth of circumstances, they *understood*, however queerly they worded their complaint. They understood that they were made to suffer, unjustly, foolishly, uselessly.

That which was a mystery to friends and relations, of how one swollen young man, entirely dependent on his father, with no expectations but his parents' goodwill, can bring utter and most damnable ruin on a whole family, was clear as noonday to these slow-witted rustics. First they saw the palpable signs of the ruin; great signs and



"She clutched his arm convulsively."

little signs, everything that eye could see. The brougham of antique shape, the tarnished brass, the fading coronet on the cracking panel, the teeth in the black horses' mouths, the last of that noble stud of horses which his Lordship loved to breed, teeth indicating extreme age and fast-coming decrepitude; the shockingly old-fashioned shape of her Ladyship's mantle, made in Exeter and rusty with wear; closed rooms and barren walls, with patches of fresher coloured paper where the pictures used to hang; discharged servants, worn-out liveries, empty halls, blistering paint, decaying timber, shifted tiles, missing slates; close fist and short commons. They saw and understood; saw his Lordship, in pepper-and-salt instead of pink, slink down to the meet of the foxhounds which once were his, a shabby old man on a shabby old horse; and their minds hardened against him because of the folly of the thing. They understood and made allowances for pride—as some of his well-to-do friends never did. Pride is a fine thing, but a man should know when he is beaten; and the old man should have known that years ago.

They knew that *he*, the enemy, was aware that he held them all in the hollow of his hand, and that he would surely squeeze them dry. That he, too, understood what pride meant, and that he intended pride should be paid for. Without one redeeming touch of grandness in his vices, he would carry through the mystery to the remorseless end, and show the world how a family, a community, a territory, can be spent, with nothing on the face of the whole broad earth to show for the spending. If a glass of brandy-and-water in London cost a thousand pounds to Wragford, he would still gulp it down if athirst. A prey to everything vile, everything foul, everything dishonouring, clever in nothing but the manufacture of disgrace, the particular and well thought-out smirch upon the good name which that pride most dreaded; of course, as long as you paid, he was the bottomless pit itself. Pay and send him abroad, pay and send him to the Colonies, and he would come back to extract more. Then why go on fighting? Why not own yourself beaten, and quit fighting and paying, and leave him to the Devil's law.

This was the view of all his own people, as they came out in the sparkling sunlight, at the glad birth of the New Year, and cursed him as he rolled by—cursed him by their leaky roofs and broken walls and undrained fields, by the lack of allowance in hard times, by forced sales and poor markets, by their neglected cricket-grounds and exploded clubs, by winter dole refused, and Christmas feast suspended, by children's cloaks withdrawn and Grannies' tea withheld, by the totally vanished sovereign and the painfully rare half-crown, they cursed him from the bottom of their hearts, as he passed homeward. Was there any sense, justice or reason, in letting the mystery run its course? Well, there *was* one reason—and the tenants knew that, too.

His mother, who loved him, willed it so. It would break her heart to abandon him to his fate. She was speaking now, as the elderly blacks gallantly breasted the hill below the Park gates.

"I don't say that it was exactly a miracle, dear," she was tremulously explaining. "It was His infinite goodness surely working, as it works always, and there is no miracle in that. But, still—Mary had left me and I was all alone, with the curtains drawn tight to shut out the sound of the joy bells."

"They do make a row," said George kindly.

"You don't know how I have suffered through the long year, without once looking on your face. And then I thought of the New Year that they were ringing in without you. We had no servants' ball, you know. And I cried, dear—oh, I cried my eyes out—while I knelt and tried to pray."

"I hope you had a fire in the room," said George.

"I prayed, and at last I grew calmer and my prayers *seemed to go up*, dear. I felt that it was good prayer. I prayed Him to send you home. I implored His divine intercession. I besought Him to send one of his angels of pity to soften your heart, my darling, and turn your thoughts to your poor old mother's misery.

"And then," her Ladyship continued swayed by a gust of emotion and shaking with fervour, "I slept calmly and peacefully, as I haven't done for a year; and in the morning they woke me with your dear message in their hands. My boy, my boy! Then I knew that He *had* heard my prayer and, in His mercy, prompt as the lightning, but bountiful as the sun, had flashed His command upon you to come home by the first train."



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In Winter.

From the Picture by A. Müller-Lingke.



By William Westall.

JOSEPH SPECHBACHER was a yeoman of Judenstein, in the commune of Rinn, a picturesque part of the Middle Mountains, overlooking Innsbruck and Hall and the beautiful valley of the Upper Inn ; he was also a soldier and a hero who won renown in the war of 1809, when for eight months Tyrol defied, and again and again defeated, the armies of France and Bavaria, and only when overwhelmed by a very flood of enemies succumbed, fighting to the last. But with that war I am not at present concerned, except incidentally ; my purpose being simply to give an account of some of Spechbacher's escapes, especially the last of them, which affords yet another proof of truth being, indeed, stranger than fiction.

Let me say here that the story which I propose to tell is of unquestionable veracity. I have obtained my facts from various sources, but my chief authority is a rare book, published at Innsbruck in 1851, entitled, "Der Mann von Rinn (Joseph Spechbacher) von Joh. Eg. Mayr." The author knew Spechbacher in the flesh, and from his own lips heard the personal narrative which he has utilised in his book. I may also add that I have met men whose fathers knew Spechbacher well, that I have been to his house, seen the byre where he was buried alive, and visited most of the places which his exploits have made famous.

Tall and stalwart, hardy and robust, he was a splendid shot and keen sportsman, and in his younger days a bold poacher, often crossing the Bavarian border after chamois and other game, at the risk of his life ; for the frontier guards and keepers never hesitated to shoot an intruder who attempted to evade them or failed to surrender at the first summons. On these expeditions Spechbacher had seldom any other companion than his dog ; and his equipment consisted of a rifle and ammunition, a *rücksack*, containing bacon, maize, and a frying-pan. Many a time and oft he was in dire peril, and escaped capture or death by sheer audacity and courage. Having on one occasion shot a chamois on the wrong side of the border, he threw the carcass over his shoulder and carried it to an unoccupied herdsman's hut, where he had often been before, and thought he should be quite safe. After gathering wood and lighting a fire he lay down to rest, and, overcome with fatigue, slept till he was roused by a warning bark from his dog. Too late, however, for even before he could reach his rifle three Bavarian keepers were upon him and he was thrown down and bound.

Escape, save by stratagem, was now obviously impossible, and, being a man of resource as well as of courage, Spechbacher was not long in conceiving a plan which promised satisfactory results.

"If you had come a bit later I could have offered you something to eat," he said carelessly. "I was just going to fry a slice or two of that chamois, with a rasher of the bacon I have in my bag. I'll do it now, if you will loosen my arms, and we can have a good feed before we go further. As you are three to one, and have weapons, and I have none, I cannot possibly get away, as you well know."

This sounded reasonable. The keepers fell in with the proposal, and Spechbacher, being unbound, set about his cooking. One of the keepers stayed inside to watch and help him, the others stood before the door, their guns handy and their prisoner's rifle leaning against the door-post.

Spechbacher, keeping one eye on the cutlets and the other on the watcher, waited till

the latter turned his back, when, quick as thought, he floored him with the frying-pan, made a rush for the door, caught up his rifle, knocked one of the outside keepers down, and ran for his life, followed by a couple of rifle shots. Then there was a hot chase; but the Man of Rinn, being as fleet as a deer and as agile as a mountain goat, got clear away, with no other loss than that of the chamois and his frying-pan.

Spechbacher's first engagement was in 1797, at the battle of Spinges (fought on the top of a mountain in deep snow), where a force composed exclusively of Tyrolese militiamen gained a notable victory over the French. After the war of 1805, in which he also served, Tyrol was ceded to Bavaria. In 1809, when there was again war between Austria and France, the Tyrolese rose in rebellion against their new masters, captured Innsbruck, and took prisoners a Bavarian division and a French regiment. On this occasion, and in many subsequent engagements, Spechbacher fought with indomitable courage and showed great military capacity. His son Anderl, though only twelve years old, often accompanied him to the field, armed with a rifle suitable for his age and strength, and became almost as famous as his father.

But the odds against the little mountain land were too great. Tyrol was invaded from every side, and on October 17th, Spechbacher suffered a great overthrow at Melleck, in the Strub Pass, on the northern frontier. The Bavarians surprised one of his pickets, cut off his retreat, and he was so beset that there seemed no possibility of escape, the pass being inclosed between rocks rising on one side sheer from the river Saalach, on the other from the road, though at Melleck, a small hamlet, it broadens out somewhat. There was a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. Some of the Tyrolese took to the river; Spechbacher and the remnant of his force fought to the last. In the hurly-burly he lost both sword and rifle, was thrown to the ground again and again, struck with clubbed muskets, wounded with bayonet thrusts; but making an almost superhuman effort he broke through his enemies and sprang up the rocks. A soldier tried to seize one of his legs, but Spechbacher gave him a back kick that sent him sprawling, and, covered with blood and his clothes in tatters, succeeded in gaining a thicket where he was in comparative safety, and whither the less nimble Bavarians were unable to follow him. He had been preceded by about a score of his men; all the rest were either killed or prisoners, and among the latter was Anderl. But for the refusal of his companions to take part in so mad an adventure, Spechbacher would have tried to rescue the lad, who, however, came to no harm, being kindly treated by his captors. It was also his good fortune to find favour with the Crown Prince of Bavaria, who brought him up and gave him an excellent education.

Spechbacher and his followers, most of whom were, like himself, wounded and weaponless, made their way by night over the Kammerkerberg to Waidring, and after many perils and hardships succeeded in reaching Innsbruck.

After the fourth and last battle of Berg Isel, which virtually ended the war in North Tyrol, the Bavarian authorities offered a full and complete amnesty to all rebels who laid down their arms. But Spechbacher, doubting their sincerity and suspecting a trap, took to the mountains with a following of thirteen men, all as desperate as himself—on which there was a great hue and cry after "Firedevil" (as the Bavarians nicknamed him), a reward being offered for his capture, "dead or alive," and the soldiers and gendarmes who were sent after him threatened to "make straps of his hide."

In the meantime Spechbacher and his band were wandering among the mountains, cold, hungry, and insufficiently clad, and exposed to all the inclemencies of an Alpine winter; sometimes sleeping under overhanging rocks, sometimes in herdsmen's huts, giving villages, most of which were occupied by the enemy, and highways, which were continually patrolled by police dragoons, a wide berth. An attempt to escape by Dux and Zillergrund, and over the Hoerndljoch into Pusterthal, and thence into Austria, failed, owing to the depth of the snow and the frequency of avalanches. They got no further than Lanersbach, in Duxerthal, where Spechbacher found a temporary refuge and dismissed his men, whom he could no longer provide with food. One of them, however, turned traitor, and for a reward of two hundred florins offered to guide a detachment of soldiers to "Firedevil's" hiding-place. But the man did not keep his own counsel, and Spechbacher, getting wind of his intention, fled over the Geiler Joch to the Wattenser Hochthal, only just in time, and nearly falling into the toils by the way. From a wooded height near Kolsass, hard by the road from Hall to Rattenberg, he caught sight of his pursuers, heard the clash of



SPECHBACHER IN HIS AUSTRIAN UNIFORM, WITH THE GOLD CHAIN AND MEDAL BESTOWED ON HIM BY THE EMPEROR.

their arms and recognised the scoundrel by whom they were led. Had he gone by the road instead of the heights nothing could have saved him.

Then Spechbacher went still higher by devious ways, climbed the Vogelsberg, and only came to a halt when he had reached the extreme limit of vegetation, faint with hunger, and, though often seeing game, fearing to shoot lest he should give his pursuers or some would-be traitor a clue to his whereabouts. But meat he must have or die; so descending furtively into the valley he went to a farmhouse known as Unterhoppichl, where dwelt an old friend who, heedless of the risk, took him in and gave him of his best. But the fugitive had scarcely eaten his fill when an alarm was given. A search party had stolen up unperceived, the house was beset, and there being no possibility of getting out, either at the front or back, Spechbacher ran up to the garret and got out on the roof. As soon as the soldiers were inside the house he made a jump which carried him over a low boundary wall, and, though half stunned and badly hurt, gained a wood, where he lay perdu until nightfall.

The coast being, as he thought, now clear, the fugitive made for Alp Largatz and thence for Voldersberg, where, being near his own place, there would be a better chance of obtaining supplies. But this was attended by great risk and almost insuperable difficulties, troops being quartered in every village and in many farmhouses, and all over the country police and soldiers were hot foot after him. Moreover, friends and neighbours could succour him only at the hazard of their lives. Even to see without denouncing him was a crime, and he might find a traitor at the first house he entered. Homeless, lightly clad, wet, cold, and starving, Spechbacher wandered, often amid falling snow, from one hiding-place to another, for seventeen days, four of them without food, and never, even in solitary herdsmen's huts, daring to light a fire. Only an iron constitution, great bodily strength, and phenomenal will power enabled him to support so terrible an ordeal.

So apprehensive of betrayal or discovery at this time was Spechbacher, and not without cause, that he almost feared to trust his own shadow, never, except when hard pressed for food, appearing where he was likely to be seen.

One afternoon, when he had ventured forth, trusting to the falling snow and deepening gloom to conceal his identity, his ever watchful eyes discerned in the distance three figures, which at first he took to be enemies. But looking again he saw that one was a woman and that the others were children. So he went towards them, wondering why they were out in such weather and what they wanted in a spot so solitary and wild.

As he drew near there were loud cries, and to his surprise and consternation Spechbacher recognised in the wanderers his wife and his three little ones.

A short time previously they had left their home at Judenstein, where soldiers were quartered, and lodged at a farmhouse in the neighbourhood. But being presently warned that they were likely to be arrested and imprisoned, perhaps put to death, unless her husband surrendered, the poor woman gathered her children together and fled, she knew not whither.

Her fears were probably groundless, but the French and Bavarians had committed so many atrocities in Tyrol that she might well be alarmed. When the French were at Innsbruck, and there was a hue and cry after Joseph Straub, of Hall, a famous rebel leader, Marshal Lefebvre gave orders that a man of the town should be hanged every day until Straub gave himself up, which Straub, a man of noble nature, did, and would of a surety have been hanged had he not some time afterwards escaped from his escort and got clear away. When Spechbacher heard his wife's story he was so overcome that he burst into tears. But something had to be done; she and the children could not, like him, wander all night in the snow or sleep without fire and food in some remote hut or church steeple. In this extremity he bethought him of a friend who lived at a lonely farmhouse not far away, and would, perhaps, give the fugitives shelter and food. So thither they wended, Spechbacher carrying in his arms the youngest child, who was nearly perished with cold and hunger.

The man proved to be a true friend in need. He took them in and said that Frau Spechbacher might make his house her home until she could safely return to her own, as some time afterwards she did.

Spechbacher, however, whose mere presence in the house exposed his host to dire possibilities, tarried only long enough to satisfy his hunger and dry his clothes; then he went forth into the night and took refuge in the belfry of Tulfes Church, where he remained several days, safe in the sense that nobody was likely to look for him in so strange a hiding-place, yet at the mercy of accident, nothing to lie on but bare boards, always cold, and often in dire straits for food. Moreover, there were soldiers in the village, and he could only descend from his belfry at the hazard of his life. So the hard-driven fugitive decided to shift his quarters before worse befell, and stealing away at night made for a herdsman's hut on a



SPECHBACHER'S HOUSE AT JUDENSTEIN.

lonely Alp (these huts are, of course, unoccupied in winter). In the meanwhile he had managed to communicate with his friend at Unterhoppichl, and his servant, George Zoppel, who had been left in charge of the farm, and the two together kept him supplied with food. Zoppel was a true Tyrolese, loyal, steadfast, and brave. Though offered a reward of seven hundred florins to betray his master, and threatened with death if he gave him aid, or, knowing his whereabouts, failed to inform the police, the fine fellow never wavered in his allegiance and was faithful to the end.

Though for the moment safely hidden, Spechbacher was not content; it fretted him to think of the danger incurred by his friend and Zoppel in bringing him food, and he yearned to see his wife and children, who were still at the farmhouse. So on February 2nd, 1810, which happened to be his "name day," he fared thither by unfrequented paths, where he was not likely to meet either wayfarers or foes, and entered the house just as the family were returning from church. The wife and children were, of course, as delighted to see him as he was to see them, and all sat joyfully down to dinner. But they had hardly started when a maid who had been on the outlook rushed into the room exclaiming, "The Boaren! The Boaren! They will be here in a minute!"

Spechbacher sprang from his chair and went to the back door, which he was about to open when he heard the word "Halt!" and the thud of musket-stocks on the hard ground. Then he made for the front door, pulled his hat over his eyes, and slipping outside found himself face to face with seven Bavarian soldiers.

What was to be done? As yet the men had not recognised him; but a moment's hesitation, the least show of confusion, or even a change of countenance, would have been fatal.

Spechbacher, as usual, was equal to the occasion. Throwing a hand-sleigh, which lay in the yard, nonchalantly over his shoulder, he gruffly told the soldiers to get out of his way.

"Where are you going?" asked one of them.

"I have three loads of firewood to fetch. We are always having soldiers quartered on us, and they like to be warm," answered Spechbacher, on which he was allowed to go on his way, and regained his refuge without further difficulty.

It was a narrow escape, and not for the fugitive alone, since, if he had been recognised, his friend, as also his wife and children, would have been arrested and himself shot or hanged within twenty-four hours.



SPECHBACHER AND HIS SON.

The time had come for playing his last card and betaking himself to a place where he could abide without risk to his family and friends, until the coming of spring enabled him to seek safety in flight.

The place was ready—a large cave high up on the precipitous side of the Gungetzer, nearly 9,000 feet above sea-level, known only to a few chamois hunters, and even by them deemed unreachable in midwinter.

So far back as November, Spechbacher, foreseeing that in the time to come he might need a safe refuge, had caused Zoppel to convey thither an ample store of bread, smoked meat, salt, flour, bacon, and ammunition; also seventeen rifles. He had not gone to the cave sooner, partly out of a desire to keep in touch with his family as long as might be, partly because he could not reconcile himself to living as a hermit throughout the winter. For it would be of no avail going to the cave unless he meant to stay there until he could leave the country. Spies and would-be traitors were always on the watch, and to go to and fro, or even receive an occasional visit from George Zoppel, would be to risk discovery and court betrayal.

Choosing a night when the falling snow would efface his footsteps, Spechbacher set out for what, as he thought, would be his last refuge. As a further precaution he doffed his shoes, turned them the wrong way before, and fastened them to his feet with thongs, and so, unseen and untracked, climbed up to the cave, which could be reached only by a narrow, almost perpendicular goat path. For Spechbacher's purpose nothing could have been better. Hard by was a spring of pure water that never froze, a few hundred paces below a copse of stunted brushwood, where he might obtain a supply of fuel, and there was a great wall of rock which would prevent the smoke from being seen by his enemies in the vale.

His first work was to build a breastwork, behind which, ensconced, in the improbable yet possible event of his being attacked, he could pick off the Bavarians as they advanced in single file up the break-neck path. With his seventeen rifles he would be able to dispose of as many enemies before it came to hand grips.

Next, to guard against surprise by night, he hid one of the rifles in a suitable place, connecting the trigger with a line drawn net-like across the track in such sort that nobody could pass without firing the piece and giving an alarm.

This done, Spechbacher settled down to his lonely life, safe as might seem for the time being, though probably not happy; seeing naught living save an occasional chamois, as it sprang from rock to rock, or birds of prey as they flew past the cave or circled majestically in the upper air.

Meanwhile the earth was waking from its long sleep, the sun gaining power; it rained oftener than it snowed, the snow began to melt, and the crash of avalanches, echoing among the mountains like the din of artillery, betokened the waning of winter and the advent of spring.

And then an accident befell that came near to costing Spechbacher his life. One day as he was gathering brushwood for his fire the sun suddenly darkened, and ominous sounds as of distant thunder, whose meaning he knew only too well, struck on his ear. Near refuge there was none save an overhanging rock, towards which he ran, but ere he could reach it a great white whirlwind came thundering down the mountain, caught him up, and partly rolling him on the ground, partly carrying him through the air, left him breathless, stunned, and well nigh buffeted to death, on the edge of a yawning precipice.

For a while he lay where he had fallen, thanking Heaven for his miraculous escape. Then, thinking to regain the cave, he rose, with a great effort, to his feet—only to fall again. One of his hip joints was dislocated.

What should he do? He was so far from beaten tracks and the haunts of men that help was past hoping for. To stay where he was would be to perish miserably of cold and hunger. Better were it to fall into the hands of the Boaren and be shot or hanged. And then he bethought him of Johann Spielthener, an old comrade in arms, who lived at a farmhouse "In der Grube," about six miles away. With God's help he would try to go thither. So, pulling himself together, and using a broken bough as a crutch, Spechbacher started on a journey every step of which caused him unspeakable agony. Seven hours was he on this *via dolorosa*, painfully limping, sometimes crawling, often resting.

Ten o'clock had gone when he knocked at his friend's door.

"I am done for this time, John. Send for the soldiers. It will be five hundred florins. Keep fifty for yourself, give the rest to my wife," groaned poor Spechbacher, sinking into a chair.

"God forbid! My soul would be damned for ever," exclaimed Spielthener. "You are spent, and no wonder. After you have had something to eat and drink we will consider what it is best to do; and that hip must be seen to."

This was done. Spielthener, who had

served under Spechbacher in the war, and sometimes acted as a makeshift surgeon, succeeded in reducing the dislocation.

All night and all the next day Spechbacher lay in his friend's house, burning with fever and racked with pain. Longer he refused to stay. If the soldiers came, and they might come at any moment, he would be taken and disaster befall his friends. So Spielthener saw George Zoppel, and it was arranged that they should take Spechbacher to his own place, as they did, late on the following night, each of them carrying him in turn on his back. After an exhausting tramp by a roundabout road, for the Man of Rinn was no featherweight, they reached Judenstein shortly before daybreak, and set him down in the byre, making no more noise than they could help, for soldiers were still in the house. Spielthener then went home, and Zoppel, by his master's directions, dug a trench under the mangers, three feet deep and six feet long. When it had been well lined with clean straw, Spechbacher, helped by his servant, lay down full length in his strange bed. Zoppel then placed boards across the opening, leaving a slit through which his master could breathe and see, and strewed litter over them, so that they might match with the other parts of the floor.

Spechbacher strictly charged Zoppel not to tell his wife, who had come home, what had happened, lest by her manner, or by visiting him too frequently, she should inadvertently give the soldiers a clue to his hiding-place.

Six weeks Spechbacher lay hidden in the byre, where every now and then soldiers looked in; once a lieutenant, on the quest for arms, nearly trod on his face. The only food Zoppel could get for him without exciting suspicion was milk and bread, with an occasional egg, which, though rather lacking in variety, was, perhaps, considering his enforced inaction, the best regimen he could have had. Moreover, the complete physiological rest to which he was compelled did him good, gave his hip time to get well, and his wounds and contusions time to heal.

When Spechbacher had been buried a month he allowed Zoppel to tell his wife where he was. As she went, eager, excited and all in a tremble, into the byre, her husband sat up, looking, as we may well believe, like a ghost. His first request was for clean linen, which had to be brought to him by stealth, soldiers being still in the house.



A YOUTHFUL RECRUIT: JOSEPH SPECHBACHER'S SON, ANDERL, VOLUNTEERS.

At the beginning of May, the passes being open and the coast temporarily clear, Spechbacher decided to make a move, so, after getting the stiffness out of his joints by a few nocturnal walks, and somewhat restoring his strength by a few meals of substantial food, he set out for Vienna, carrying in his *rücksack* ten days' rations, and armed with a stout staff and a pair of pistols, with one of which he had resolved to take his life rather than let himself be captured. Travelling mostly by night, by unfrequented mountain roads, making long detours to avoid human habitations, and being still weak, he necessarily made short marches. The first and last serious danger he encountered was in Zillerthal. The only way of crossing the Ziller, a wild mountain stream, was over a bridge guarded by a Bavarian picket, who would allow nobody, unprovided with an official permit, to pass. Waiting until nightfall, when the bridge was left in charge of a single sentry, and his comrades were asleep round their watchfire, he stole silently to the river's brink and threw into the water a big stone, which made a great splash, then slipped into the shadow of the bridge, and while the sentry ran to see what had happened, slipped over unseen and went on his way. From Zillerthal he journeyed by St. Michael, over Kotschberg, and, finally, over the Stanger Alps to Steirmark and thence to Vienna, where he arrived at the end of May.

At Vienna our wanderer found himself among friends. His fame had preceded him. The Emperor received him in audience, gave him a gold medal and chain and a sum of money. In 1814 the Government made Spechbacher a major and sent him on a secret mission into his own country, which, from no fault of his, was not successful. Later on he took part in several engagements in South Tyrol. After the war and the reunion of Tyrol with Austria, Spechbacher settled at Hall, and lived on a pension granted by the Austrian Government, until he died in 1820, at the comparatively early age of fifty-four. But, as the doctors testified and the autopsy showed, his life had been materially shortened by the hardships he had undergone and the wounds he had received—above all, by his terrible buffeting at the battle of Melleck. Yet, though Spechbacher did not die full of years, he died full of honour; he was one of the heroes of a great time and a memorable war; his name is embalmed in history, and for ages to come his memory will be cherished in the romantic land that gave him birth.



UPWELL MILL, NEAR NEWTON ABBOTT, DEVON.



"If Candlemas Day be fair & bright,
Winter will have another flight.
But if Candlemas Day bring
clouds & rain,
Winter is gone & wont come again."

AN·OLD·WEATHER·PROVERB



MY FIRST DIPLOMATIC MISSION.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.*

Illustrated by A. Forestier.



"DON'T hurry, Charlie. I want you for a minute or two. The billiard match can wait."

Rather reluctantly I resumed my seat and refilled my glass. A *tête-à-tête* with my uncle after dinner was wont to be somewhat wearisome, and my saucy little cousin's challenge, as I had held the door open for her a moment before, was decidedly more tempting. Still, was not my uncle also my guardian and a Cabinet Minister, and was not I his paid secretary? And there being no alternative save compliance, I obeyed and waited in silence, mildly wondering whether anything had happened in the House that afternoon which he purposed to communicate to me, or whether I was doomed to an hour or two's somewhat prosy meanderings about things in general.

An unusually long silence rather stimulated my curiosity. Perhaps Kruger had dined with Chamberlain, or Salisbury gone over to the Rads. Something must have happened, I concluded, noting my uncle's thoughtful countenance, and I hinted at my growing curiosity by a gentle cough.

My uncle rose to the hint. "Charlie," he said abruptly, "could you go abroad to-morrow—to Rome?"

I stared at him in amazement, with my glass suspended midway between the table and my lips. Go to Rome to-morrow, with the London Season at its height! What could the old buffer mean?

"Rome!" I repeated feebly, setting my glass down, and inserting the wrong end of my cigar between my teeth. "Ugh! I beg your pardon. Certainly I could, if it were necessary."

My uncle bit his lip, but, leaning over the table towards me, went on seriously, "Take another cigar and listen to me. I have been with Dash this afternoon, and he agrees with me that someone must leave to-morrow for Rome with most important despatches for Sir Henry Odell. I mentioned your name—recommended you, in fact. Dash had no objection, so long as I vouched for your discretion, which I ventured to do. But remember, Charlie, the matter is an extremely important one, and we do not care for even the barest rumour of your mission to get about. And there must not be a second's delay. You must travel night and day until you reach Rome. A good deal hangs upon your zeal and discretion in this matter, and, unimportant though your part in it may be, do it well, and it will be a start for you."

Needless to say I was delighted with the mission, and swore to myself and to my uncle that I would be as discreet as Disraeli, and as swift as steamboat and express trains would allow me. Another thought, too, filled me with pleasurable anticipations of my coming journey. For had not Sir Henry Odell, grizzled old baronet, carried away from me my first sweetheart, pretty Nellie Aveland, the rector's only daughter down at Whilton, my old home, and had I not often wished to see her again? Poor little Nellie! Could I ever forget her, as in our last stolen interview she had flung her little white arms around my neck, and, with her large, innocent blue eyes filled with tears, had sobbed out that, though her parents insisted upon her marriage with the old baronet, her heart was always mine? How delightful to think that I should see her again so soon!

At noon on the following morning I was on the platform at Charing Cross, with a small portmanteau in my hand, my sole luggage, and in due course I crossed the

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Channel, journeyed through the mighty tunnel, and found myself careering down through Italy, within a few hours of my destination. At L—— there was a brief halt for refreshments, and, carrying with me my portmanteau (I knew too much of railway travelling in Italy to leave it in the carriage), I formed one of the mob of hungry and thirsty travellers who besieged the refreshment-rooms.

At the door of the room I had a great surprise. I caught sight of a figure which



"I undid the strap and held out a long black ebony case."

struck me at once as being familiar, and my heart gave a sudden leap, half of astonishment, half of pleasure, for when I reached the entrance I stood face to face with Nellie.

"Lady Odell!" I exclaimed, and, with a violent start, she turned round and recognised me.

"Charlie!" and the look in her eyes, as well as her tone, fulfilled my most sanguine expectations. I was not forgotten.

"You here?" she went on in astonishment; "and carrying your own luggage, too, like a veritable Cook's tourist! Where on earth are you going to?"

"To Rome. And you?"

"Also to Rome." She had gone to L—— to see an old schoolfellow off to England, and was alone, except for her maid. She was waiting for a parcel—a letter, in fact—which she had promised to deliver for her friend in Rome, and could not leave till the next train. It was only an hour's delay, and it was a faster train. Of course I would wait for her?

I hesitated, and, alas! yielded. An hour could make no difference, and, besides, it would be too late to see Sir Henry that night. Yes, I would wait, and, amid a shower of eager questions, I watched the train glide off to Rome without me.

We stood talking for about half an hour, and then she stopped a porter and asked a question. She appeared perplexed at his reply; he repeated it, and passed on, and she looked up at me with a gesture of annoyance. She had been misinformed. There was no other train to Rome until

6.30 in the morning. Whatever should we do? and she looked up half-piteously, half-comically.

My first impulse was one of decided anger, and a very British oath escaped through my teeth. But how could I be angry with her? And, after all, it could make no real difference. I had travelled all the way without an hour's real repose, and a night's sleep would do me no harm; and so I determined to make the best of it, and console my companion in misfortune, consolation which she needed very little, however, and indeed, somewhat to my surprise, she seemed inclined to regard the *contre'emps* as a capital joke. There was but one decent hotel in the place, we learnt, and there I proposed leaving her and her maid, while I sought quarters elsewhere. But to this she strongly objected.

"You silly goose, Charlie," she laughed; "we are not in England, you know, and you forget I have Hannah here with me. There isn't the least necessity for you to run away, unless you want to."

Needless to say I did not run away. We dined alone, and lingered long over the meal, and until late in the evening, full of reminiscences of our childhood and barely veiled allusions to that other period of our life, and even that parting in the old rectory garden. We lived the old days over again, and never in those times had I found Nellie Aveland so fascinating and bewitching as Lady Odell now was. She seemed scarcely changed at all, except that her figure was improved and her face just a trifle thinner and paler. But her tones had never been more tender or her manner more captivating, and I began to fear that unless I was very careful indeed I should make a fool of myself, for Lady Odell was fully as attractive to me now as had been Nellie Aveland in the not very distant past. After a while our conversation gradually drifted into things of the present, and with some little importance in my tone I told her of my mission to her husband. She laughed merrily and clapped her hands.

"Fancy you, Charlie, a special envoy! Do let me look at your despatches!"

I shook my head. "Quite impossible!" I declared, in an official tone as near as possible a counterpart of my worthy uncle's.

She fairly screamed with laughing.

"Why, Charlie, I don't believe you've got any!" she cried. "You're only hoaxing me. Why, you couldn't get a despatch-box in that little portmanteau!"

I undid the strap and held out a long black ebony case with silver knobs at each end.

"What a funny box for despatches, Charlie!"

"They're generally used at the F. O. now," I replied carelessly.

This was a most atrocious fib. The fact was, my despatches consisting only of one short letter, I had not been provided with a despatch-box. The long black case was the exact facsimile of one in which I generally kept my shaving implements, and which was now reposing at the bottom of my portmanteau. I had bought the pair at a shop in Bond Street only a week or two before, meaning to present them to my cousin for glove-boxes, but for some reason or other never did so. The one came in so nicely for my shaving things, and the other had caught my eye when glancing around for something in which to keep my precious document, and, attracted by its official-looking appearance, I had utilised it for that purpose.

"I wonder whether there is anything important in that letter," she remarked meditatively, after a short pause. "Nothing to call us back to England, I hope, Charlie; I hate England!"

I expressed my total ignorance of the contents of the letter.

"You could not expect me to divulge them even to you, Nellie," I added somewhat reprovingly, but she was silent.

It was very late before we said good-night, but at last Nellie rang for her maid and left me.

"Shall Hannah see about your bag being sent up?" she asked carelessly, as she rose to go.

"No, thanks. When will you remember, Nellie, that a special envoy never lets his despatches out of his sight?" I added, laughing.

"Well, just as you like," she said. "Good-night."

It was not long before I also retired; but not feeling in the least sleepy, and finding a very comfortable lounge in my room, I lit a cigar and sat up for a while. The hotel seemed quite quiet; apparently everybody else had long ago retired. I was rather startled, therefore, when all of a sudden I heard a light footstep pass along the corridor and halt outside my room. I listened for a moment, and then, without quitting my position, shouted out, "Who's there?" No answer, no sound of retreating footsteps. Very strange, I thought, and, moving across the room, opened my door and looked out. Not a soul was in sight. I shut my door and very soon dismissed the circumstance



"She drew near the dressing-table and caught up a long black case which lay there."

from my mind. Someone, no doubt, retiring late had lost his way, and had paused to read the number over my door, and as I was beginning to feel sleepy, I slowly undressed and got into bed, and very soon was fast asleep. Scarcely half an hour could have passed when I awoke with a slight start and an indefinable sense of something being wrong. The moment I opened my eyes and looked around I saw to what I owed my awakening. The door of the room stood wide open and a woman was standing just inside, with her back to me, holding a shaded lamp in her hand. My first impulse, and I very nearly yielded to it, was to jump out of bed; my next to lie quite still and watch the figure through half-closed eyes. She was standing nearly in the middle of the room, looking eagerly around, and with a start, which very nearly betrayed me, I recognised Nellie, with a white, scared look on her face. I could scarcely believe that it was not a dream, but I held my breath and waited. Suddenly she seemed to discover the whereabouts of what she sought, and with a rapid gliding movement she drew near the dressing-table and caught up a long black case which lay there. She tried to open it, but it was locked. Then she secreted it in her dress, and turning rapidly round—so rapidly that I only just had time to close my eyes—she glided softly out of the room and shut the door.

I sat up in bed and held my head in a maze of bewilderment. Then the thing grew clear to me, and I smiled as I felt under my pillow and drew out my despatch-box with the precious letter inside. Of course I could see how it was now. Nellie had always been an inveterate practical joker, and she had no doubt hit upon the idea of making off with my despatches, and herself conveying them to her husband. But I shouted with laughter until the old bed grew creaky, and the shaky mahogany poles rattled, as I reflected that she had made off with my razor-case, and as it was locked she would not, in all probability, discover the mistake until she presented it to Sir Henry. Sleep now was out of the question, so I rose, smoked another cigar, read for awhile in the grey dawn, and then made an elaborate toilet, minus the shave, and descended into the breakfast-room. As I expected, "Madame" had left by the early train, and there was a note for me. I tore it open.

"DEAR CHARLIE,—I think, perhaps, that I had better not be seen travelling in Rome with you alone, at such an unearthly hour, so I am going on by the early train. How I envy you in the express! You will reach Rome only half an hour later. Shall see you this afternoon, I suppose. Yours,

'NELLIE."

I smiled; nay, I laughed many times during the consumption of my matutinal meal, to the great surprise of the waiter, who seemed astonished to see an Englishman indulge in such unseemly, and, apparently, causeless mirth. In due course I arrived in Rome and drove straight to the Embassy. Business first, I thought, and presented my letter, rather surprised that Sir Henry did not greet me with a burst of merriment. He was very courteous, though, and affable; but as I watched him read, although he had never been a friend of mine, I was greatly grieved to see how bowed down and ill he looked, and an idea which had occurred to me, that this letter concerned his resignation, was confirmed. He read it through slowly and then folded it up.

"Has Lady Odell returned?" I burst out.

To my astonishment, Sir Henry drew himself up and flashed a haughty glance upon me.

"Sir?" he said, in a tone of stern interrogation.

I stammered and then hastened to explain, but my tale seemed to amuse him very little.

"You have had a very narrow escape, sir," he said quietly. "Lady Odell left me a fortnight ago."

"Left you?" I repeated, in an idiotic manner.

"Yes," he went on, in a low tone and with averted head; "her conduct has repeatedly been a source of annoyance to me, and, recently, has been such as to make her the talk of Rome. A fortnight ago she left me. Rumour asserts that she is—is under the protection of a certain Signor Tubelli, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs here. I have taken the necessary steps to procure a divorce. You have had a very narrow escape, sir; Tubelli is a dangerous man, and would give much to learn the contents of this letter," and he touched it lightly with his forefinger. "Let us change the subject."

I left Rome the next day on very good terms with Sir Henry, but Nellie I did not meet again. I wonder whether Signor Tubelli uses my razors?



GUARDING THE HIGHWAYS OF THE SEA:

THE WORK, RECORDS, AND ROMANCES OF A HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE.

By Theodore Waters.*

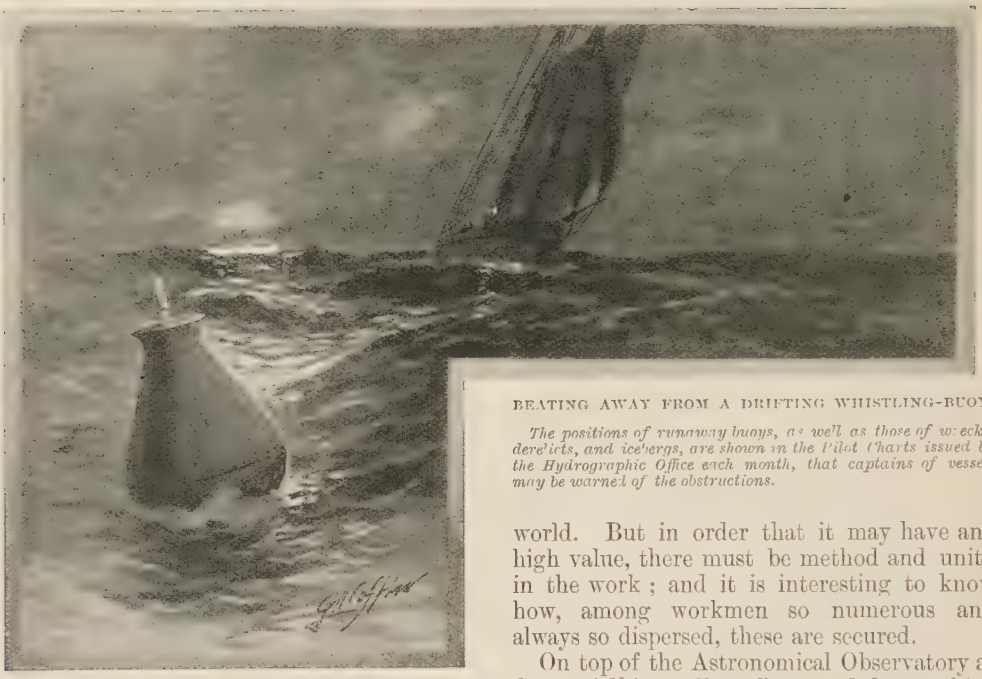
THE "trackless deep," as it was known to Magellan, Balboa, Da Gama, and other great navigators of the olden time, no longer exists. Instead, the ocean has become as minutely surveyed, and in its elements as closely tabulated, as the land. Constantly in its more travelled parts, and frequently in other parts, it is systematically observed and noted in all its winds, currents, temperatures, depths, and obstructions, transient or permanent; and from the records thus obtained the shipmaster is able to lay out his course with a knowledge and precision that could hardly be greater if he were projecting a journey through the most familiar region on land. The comprehensiveness and exactitude of the observation are nothing less than marvellous. Scarcely a swerve from wonted direction in winds or currents; scarcely one dangerous rock; scarcely a derelict, or even an iceberg, escapes detection and advertisement to all whom the knowledge of it may concern. And the appliances, organisation, and methods by which these priceless results are obtained are scarcely less marvellous than the results themselves.

On the wall of one of the rooms of the Hydrographic Office, in the Navy Department Building at Washington, there hangs what is known as a blank chart. It is really a large blackboard, on which are drawn in permanent outline all the oceans of the world, with the continents which divide them traced between. The parallels of latitude and the meridians of longitude are also shown. Then, starting at various points in the oceans, and running, seemingly, at random over the surface, are many irregular lines traced transiently in chalk. At the end of each of these lines is stuck a pin, from which is hung by a string a little green tag.

At frequent intervals during the day an authorised official removes one of these tags and pins, continues the corresponding line further across the chart, and then places the tag and the pin at the new termination of the line. Several extensions like this may be made in most of the lines in the course of a day, until finally they come to straggle and zigzag and curve in all directions. On each tag is the name of a derelict vessel that is known to be floating free in the ocean, and the lines represent the course which the derelict has been pursuing, the tag marking the point at which she is reported to the office as having been last seen.

On another wall hangs another blank chart, covered with lines reaching in long stretches from the Gulf of Mexico to the North Irish coast, or turning short of that and curving down past the Spanish headlands and back again above the Equator, until lost in the swirl of the Sargasso Sea. Others, in the South Atlantic, endeavour, like the *Flying Dutchman*, to weather the Cape of Good Hope, and lose themselves in the Indian Ocean, or to round the Horn and enter the Pacific. These are the tracks of bottles designedly cast overboard and allowed to drift as they may, for the purpose of showing the trend of ocean currents. On this chart,

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BEATING AWAY FROM A DRIFTING WHISTLING-BUOY.

The positions of runaway buoys, as well as those of wrecks, derelicts, and icebergs, are shown in the Pilot Charts issued by the Hydrographic Office each month, that captains of vessels may be warned of the obstructions.

too, the lines are extended or amended from time to time, according to information received by telegram or letter. Someone, perhaps, has found a bottle thousands of miles out at sea, and at the first opportunity has telegraphed the news to Washington.

Other charts show, with gradually growing detail, the progress of cyclones, the position and drift of icebergs, the position of waterspouts, the temperature of surface water, the movements of the Gulf Stream, the peculiar aberrations in the audibility of fog-signals, the growth of fog-banks, the peculiar formation of clouds, and so on through a list which comprehends almost every item in the condition and movement of the sea.

The very nature of the tidings set forth in these charts gives them an exceptional interest; but more interesting than their contents is the fact that the charts are really made by thousands of shipmasters scattered over the whole earth. The shipmasters themselves make all of the observations which are collated in the charts and so published for the shipmaster's special guidance. The officials in Washington are intelligent overseers who direct the business, but the real work is done by plain, weather-beaten skippers, who perhaps at the time of making their most important contribution are labouring in heavy seas in some out-of-the-way corner of the world. But in order that it may have any high value, there must be method and unity in the work; and it is interesting to know how, among workmen so numerous and always so dispersed, these are secured.

On top of the Astronomical Observatory at Greenwich is a tall staff, up and down which slides a great black ball. The ball usually rests near the top of the staff, but every day when the clock at Greenwich marks noon the ball drops swiftly to the base of the staff; and the dropping of this ball is the agreed signal to mariners in all parts of all the oceans to make a prescribed series of observations. In sea and air certain things are to be unfailingly taken note of at this hour; the results recorded in a prescribed form; and in a certain way the record transmitted to the Hydrographic Office. To be sure, when it is noon at Greenwich, it may be midnight somewhere else; but the seaman, peering eagerly through the darkness of the antipodes, can, by means of his chronometer and by making observations, calculate Greenwich noon to the moment, and then make his record accordingly.

All day, as into a great newspaper office, the reports stream from every latitude and every longitude of the sea; some by post, some by telegraph, some by telephone, and some by word of mouth. Some are of little significance; some are of startling import; many are fraught with romance and mystery. As fast as they are received they are read off to the stenographers who write them out for the Government printer. To sit and listen to this reading, as the visitor to the Hydrographic Office easily may, is a unique experience. It is a swift succession of skeleton

sea tales, and your whole fancy is soon on fire to fill in the blanks, supply the local colour, insert the characters, develop the incidents. As the brief and methodical reporter gives it to you, the story runs thus :

Captain L. Lloyd of the British ship *Crompton* reports as follows :

" That on May 2, at 7.40 a.m., we passed within 600 feet of a rock. Weather very fine, water very smooth, and could very plainly see the water washing over the rock. Length of rock about sixty feet ; breadth about seven feet. It was awash, with the exception of a small lump in about the centre, which was from six to eight feet above water and covered with seaweed." Position, latitude 49° N., longitude 37° 20′ W.

Evidently an uncharted rock in mid-ocean ! Perhaps the nose of some submarine mountain peak suddenly pushed above the water by a convulsion of Nature, and destined to become the occasion of more wrecks than Sable Island, or to sink (as many of them do) far beneath the waters as mysteriously as it came. The reader continues :

May 10.—Latitude 27° 80′, longitude 68° 17′, passed a large whistling-buoy painted red and black, vertical stripes, apparently in good working order.—*Narcissus* (Br. sch.), Veinot.

What should have been the sailor's protection has slipped from its post and become his danger. He can no longer trust to its warning, and he must see that it does not get into his path. Intermixed with the reports of these slighter menaces to navigation come others of more formidable character :

May 16.—Latitude 48°, longitude 48°, passed some small bergs ; latitude 48°, longitude 49°, found ourselves surrounded by field ice and bergs ; steamed around the field in latitude 48° 30′, passing countless bergs. Dense fog caused us to stop the ship for the night ; kept clear of ice by noting the wash of the sea.—*Durango* (Br. ss.), Evans.

June 3.—Latitude 50° 05′, longitude 45° 45′, passed a large conical berg 150 feet high ; saw four others during the day, the last one in latitude 49° 41′, longitude 47°, being about 1,000 feet long and fifty feet high. with two pinnacles at the end 500 feet high.—*Jacob Bright* (Br. ss.), Mills.

Think of the menace to the *Durango* when she lay by all night, her sidelights unnoticed by her invisible and invincible foe, her fog-horn unheard, and escaping collision only by so uncertain a means as that of noting " the wash of the sea " ! And what must have been the magnificence of that vast cathedral of ice sighted by the *Jacob Bright*—1,000 feet long, with twin spires reaching heavenward as high as the Washington Monument ! Even this is small, however, in comparison with the iceberg reported by Captain Towson. That, indeed, was an ice island, 300 feet high, sixty miles long, and forty miles wide. It was in the form of a large hook, and the bay formed between the two points was forty miles wide.

When a vessel starts out on a voyage the



A WRECK OF THE STORM OF NOVEMBER 26, 1898, AT SANDHILLS, MASSACHUSETTS.

From a photograph by A. H. Newcomb. The schooner was driven ashore, dragging her anchors (the chains are seen in the picture, hanging from the bow). The sea was so high that an inmate of the house, in trying to escape, was drowned.

Hydrographic Office furnishes the captain with two small blank books containing forms to be filled in. There is a leaf for each day. One book is a general weather report, the other is a supplementary storm log. The observations taken at Greenwich noon are to be recorded in them. It is from these books that the daily chart of the ocean is plotted. Nothing is left to chance or to the possible ignorance of the skipper. The forms are so arranged that all the observer has to do is set down a symbol beside the question asked. The symbols, rendered according to what is known as Beaufort's scale, are understood by all seamen. The questions asked concern the time of the observations ; the latitude and longitude ; the true direction and force of the wind ; the state of the barometer ; the temperature of the air and of the surface water ; the forms of clouds and the direction of their movement ; the state of the waves and the direction in which they are running ; the estimated current for twenty-four hours ; the weather experienced for twenty-four hours ; the apparent periodic time, or interval, in seconds, between the crests of successive waves as they pass ; the true direction from which they come, and the ship's true course and speed at the time ; the estimated heights of the several waves, from hollow to crests ; the depth of the sea where the observations are made, or at least the exact position of the ship, so that the depth may be obtained ; information concerning fogs ; general description of electric phenomena, and any experience in using oil to prevent heavy seas from breaking on the vessel. In the books are diagrams by which the observer may indicate the exact position of clouds and their height above the horizon.

These books, filled with reports of observations made from day to day, come into the Hydrographic Office by thousands. All the reports for each day are grouped and collated, and the balances and averages thus arrived at are set down in a chart, which thus becomes approximately a complete account and description of the whole ocean for that day. This is work of a very delicate and exacting character, requiring the closest attention and also excellent judgment, and it is entrusted only to men who have graduated at Annapolis and have had extended sea experience. In the back of each book are a number of pages reserved for any special information which cannot be set forth in the forms. Thus one is apt to come upon interesting data concerning cyclones in the South Pacific, or an account of a typhoon that has recently swept over Japan.

After the reports of daily observations, one of the most fruitful sources of information to the Hydrographic Office is the sealed bottle. Every captain, before starting on a voyage, is furnished with a number of bottles, with a printed form for each, in which is to be entered the time and place at which the bottle is cast overboard, and, in case it is recovered, also the time and place of the recovery. Full directions for its use are printed on the form, in seven different languages—English, French, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese—so that into whatever hands the bottle comes, the purpose of it can scarcely fail to be found out. The name of the captain, the name of the ship, and the time and place of setting the bottle afloat having all been duly entered, the form is sealed up in the bottle, and the bottle thrown out. Then, when the bottle is picked up and opened, the form (well preserved, if the sealing has been careful) is taken out, the entry of the finding made in the same manner as the entry of the casting overboard, and the form transmitted either to a convenient consul, or directly to one of the Hydrographic Offices.

The special purpose of the sealed bottle is to give indication of the strength and direction of the ocean currents. When a bottle is cast loose on the water, the currents, of course, take it up and carry it in their own direction, at their own rate of speed. With the time and place of starting and stopping all accurately recorded, many valuable inferences are possible regarding the course and character of the journey. And very curious and romantic the journey often proves to be. Sometimes a captain, on finding a bottle, opens it and makes the due record in the form, and then, resealing it, casts it overboard for a second journey. Bottles have been recovered that had floated over 4,000 miles, and others that have been in the water over a year. Some have followed tortuous courses ; some have gone straight across the Atlantic in the wake of the ocean liners ; some have been picked up in mid-ocean ; some have been found scraping up and down rough beaches, and some have even been found in the bellies of sharks. Many are lost, of course ; but it is often miraculous the way in which they survive delay and disaster, and turn up to report their story for record in the charts which the Hydrographic Office is always



AN OCEAN LINER RUNNING DOWN A DERELICT.

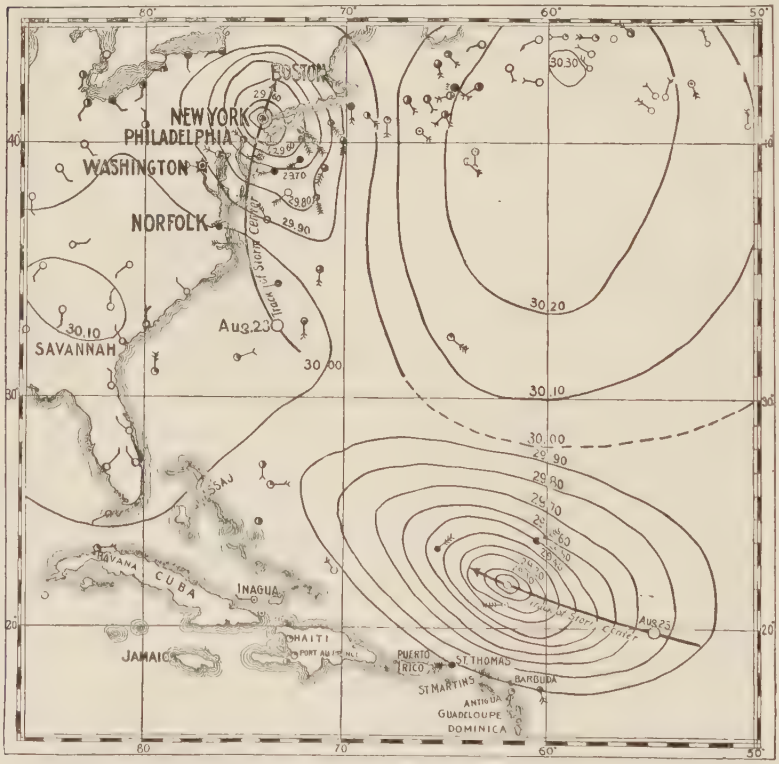
busy compiling out of this, as out of other material.

The information which the captains of ships are thus faithfully gathering for the Hydrographic Office comes back to them in new form ultimately, to their own great profit. The sense of this is their encouragement in collecting and transmitting it. First, they receive from the Hydrographic Office a weekly bulletin of about all the news that comes to the Office. This is valuable, but the information is not classified to any extent; it is put down about as it is received. Far more useful, therefore, is what is known as the pilot chart, in which the information received during a month is summarised and tabulated, and in which are given forecasts for the month to come. The pilot chart in no wise displaces the regulation geographical chart, but it supplements it, giving in

diagram a pretty full history of the recent behaviour of all the seas, and of any lawless company with which they may lately have taken up, and also cautious guesses as to what their behaviour and that of their questionable associates may be through the near future.

A captain as he studies his pilot chart, preparatory to undertaking a voyage, must be impressed with the force of the old saying that "the longest way round is the shortest way home," for on it the seas are dotted all over with designations, in red ink, of stationary wrecks, floating derelicts, rafts, logs, runaway buoys, waterspouts, icebergs, whales, and objects and points of danger without number. All of these are shown in red because they have been reported. Printed in blue are the predictions for the month, and for these the past accuracy of the Hydrographic Office has engendered the greatest respect among sailors. Within each rectangle formed by the lines of latitude and longitude are set four small circles with small arrows projecting from them. Within each circle is a numeral. The arrows point the probable direction of the wind, and by their length and character indicate for what time and with what force it may be expected to blow from a given quarter. The numeral within the circle denotes the number of chances in one hundred for calms in that locality.

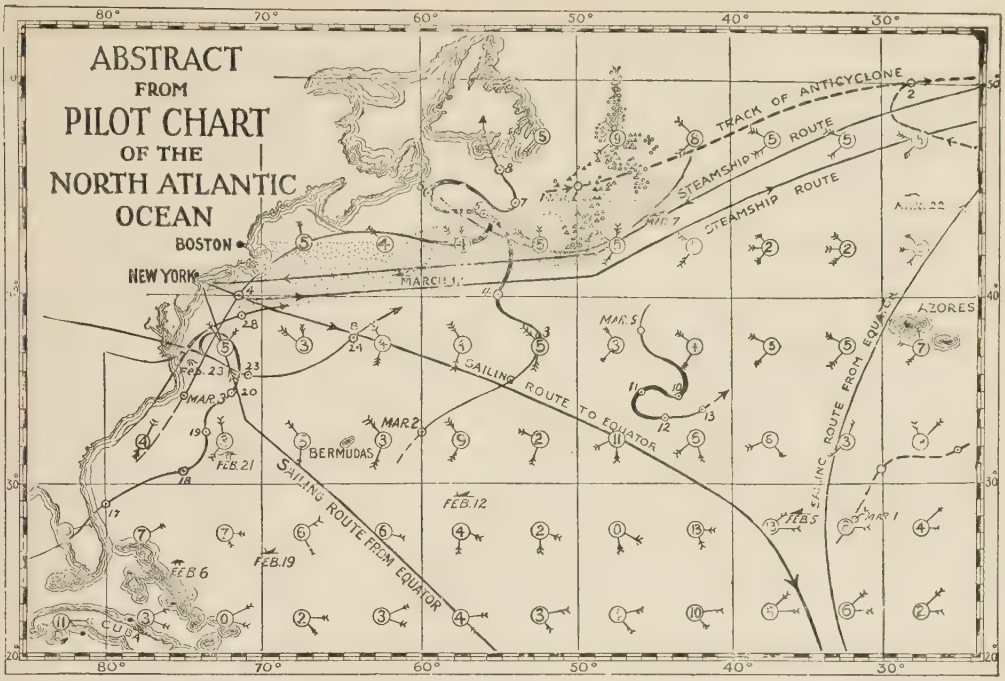
Next, the pilot chart sets forth for the captain the latest important changes in the direction and strength of currents, as these have been indicated by the recovered sealed bottles; and it marks, in accordance with the latest information, the "region of frequent fog." It shows exactly the tracks of the storms of the past month, and gives such forecasts as are possible of the course and time of those of the coming month. It traces the lanes newly made by transatlantic steamers, it shows the best Equator crossings, and it tells where to expect a succession of tropical rains, where the north-east trade winds cease to blow, where the south-east trades begin, the yearly average set of drift currents, the lines of magnetic variation, the northern and southern ice limit, and so on, until all the recent occurrences and most of the near possibilities in ocean mutation and movement are exhausted.



SPECIMEN OF THE SYNOPTIC WEATHER CHARTS ISSUED BY THE HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE. THIS ONE MARKS THE COURSE OF TWO STORMS.

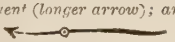
The arrows are placed in the positions of vessels from which the Hydrographic Office derives its reports. They point in the direction in which the wind was blowing, and by the varying number of their barbs indicate its force. The discs in which the arrows end mark the state of the sky, being white when the sky is clear, and partly or wholly black as the sky is little or much clouded. The circular lines mark the areas of given barometric pressures, the figures beside them telling what the several pressures are. Charts of this kind are published daily.

As the daily synoptic chart is averaged and compiled into the pilot chart, so the pilot chart is averaged and compiled, and, with the addition of Governmental surveys, made into a series of general charts and sailing directions. The sailing directions are pamphlets containing minute in-



SPECIMEN OF THE PILOT CHARTS—THE MOST IMPORTANT CHARTS ISSUED BY THE HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE.

Here, as in the weather charts, the arrows, by their direction and the number of their barbs, mark the direction and the force of the wind. By their varying lengths they mark also its frequency. The numbers in the circles mark the chances in 100 of finding calms. Thus  *shows that the prevailing winds are west, force three, and north-east, force two, with the former more frequent (longer arrow); and that there are seven chances in one hundred of finding calms at this point.*

 *Cyclone track—heavy lines indicate storms of great severity.*

 *Icebergs and field ice.*

 *Probable region of frequent fog.*

 *Probable limit of ice.*

 *Wrecks and derelicts—the dates given are those on which the object was sighted.*

The sailing and steamship routes shown are those that the Hydrographic Office recommends as best for the given month.

formation regarding harbours, islands, bays, straits, and the like, all over the world. They are based on the best and latest information obtainable by the Hydrographic Office, and they are to the sea captain what Baedeker is to the tourist. Then the Hydrographic Office periodically issues information sheets that give special information regarding derelicts, storms, icebergs, waterspouts, and kindred things. These special reports are often its most valuable publications, and also the most interesting.

Of all the features of the ocean, none appeals more strongly to the fancy, and none offers greater and more secret danger to the navigator, than derelicts. Under no human guidance, at the mercy of winds which often drive them with great speed, and drifting oftenest in those very currents that form the most frequented highways, these abandoned vessels offer a menace which was at no recent time to be disregarded, but which is [illegible] increasing with the daily growth of navigation. For the most part, the destruction of these conscienceless rovers is left to Nature and chance; all organised effort to destroy them has failed. Various governments have endeavoured to blow up with torpedoes such as come within their observation and reach; but these are comparatively few. Merchantmen, to which they offer the largest and most constant danger, rarely pause in their course, much less turn out of it, to destroy one. The possibility of salvage does not attract the captains of merchant vessels to tow a derelict into port, because usually vessels of this class are insured to carry passengers and freight between prescribed ports, and if a vessel should turn out of her path to tow a derelict, and suffer an accident while thus out of her proper course, the insurance policy would not cover it, and the full loss would fall on the shipowners.

A computation made by the Hydrographic

Office shows that 1,628 derelicts were sighted upon the North Atlantic Ocean within a period of seven years. Of this number only 482 were identified; the others were too weather-beaten or too much broken up to be recognised by the captains of passing ships. The average number sighted is 232 a year, or nearly twenty a month. One year (1893) 418 were sighted, an average of thirty-five a month. Inasmuch as the average term of survival for a derelict is one month, it is estimated that at least nineteen must be constantly floating over the North Atlantic Ocean. There are more derelicts sighted during September, October, and November than during other months of the year. The pilot charts show that most of the derelicts have been sighted in the Gulf Stream, off the coast of the United States, north of 30° north latitude and west of 60° west longitude. The number gradually decreases toward the eastward, along the routes of transatlantic steamers. About fifty ocean-going vessels are known to have collided with derelicts in the North Atlantic within a period of seven years; but this cannot be the whole number of such collisions, for doubtless of the many vessels destroyed in a manner never made known some are destroyed through running into derelicts. Of these fifty, nearly one-fourth proved fatal to the manned vessel; and in some cases new derelicts have been made in this way. Probably not more than 100 derelicts have been destroyed by human means and design. Nearly all of these were set on fire; but setting fire to them has not always proved efficacious. After drifting a long time the vessel often becomes too water-logged to burn.

It is not known precisely what derelict has had the longest life, but the *Fannie E. Wolston*, a schooner abandoned in 1891, is known to have floated three years and six days, and to have drifted over 10,000 miles. She was abandoned off Cape Hatteras, and floated in a north-easterly direction with the Gulf Stream until she passed the sixtieth meridian. She then wandered off toward the south-east, and circled around in the track of steamers west-bound from Gibraltar. Next she wandered south, until she reached the northern limit of the north-east trade winds. She followed the general direction of the sailing route from the Equator, approaching the United States coast until she encountered the Gulf Stream, which carried her northward again three degrees north of where she was wrecked, and there she was last sighted. She was reported by various vessels, and in all about forty-five times.

Another famous derelict was the schooner *W. L. White*, wrecked off the Delaware Capes during the great blizzard of 1888. She was probably the most to be feared of all the derelicts, as she was constantly in the track of the transatlantic liners. Her course was remarkable, and her floating rate was very fast. Instead of foundering, as her crew thought that she would when left to herself, she sailed straight away. The Gulf Stream carried her in a north-easterly direction until she reached the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. She then circled around and around for months, within an area of ten degrees of latitude and longitude, maintaining a position not only in the track of the ocean steamers, but also in the region of almost constant fog. Suddenly she started off again to the north-east, and finally grounded on one of the Hebrides. In her cruise of ten months she drifted 6,800 miles, and was reported forty-five times. During part of her drift she accomplished an average rate of thirty-two miles a day. She is blamed for several ocean catastrophes.

But the most curious of all derelicts was the *Fred B. Taylor*. She collided with the steamer *Trave* and was literally cut in two. But she did not sink; the two parts, bow and stern, each started out upon an independent voyage for itself. The stern went north; the bow went south. The stern brought up on Wells Beach; the bow drifted down opposite to the Carolinas and was ultimately destroyed. This instance illustrates how almost impossible it is to predict anything of the course of derelicts, and how useless would be even an organised search for them. In this case it is probable that the stern part of the ship was influenced more by the wind and less by the current than was the bow part; that the latter sank lower in the water, and thus was carried away by the cold southerly current which flows between the American coast and the Gulf Stream.

Next to derelicts, icebergs are probably the greatest peril of the sea. As with the derelict, the greatest danger to be feared from them is a collision at night. The tremendous inertia of an iceberg, however small the iceberg may be, renders collision with it nearly always fatal. If its extent be great, it adds all the perils of a lee shore, and a moving shore at that. According to observations made by the Hydrographic



A TYPICAL WATERSPOUT SEEN NEAR BY.

Office, great accessions of icebergs come in cycles. There are years during which few or no icebergs are sighted, followed by a period of years when the number is too great to be accurately counted. From 1891 to 1895 was a period of numerous icebergs. The year 1898 was especially fruitful in them.

The motion of an iceberg is apt to be a composite of the motion of wind, surface current, and undercurrent. It may be almost directly with the wind, or it may be as directly against it. The specific gravity of the iceberg allows only one-ninth of it to stand above the water. Hence the greater portion of it may be subject to currents far beneath the surface of the ocean, and its direction may be quite the contrary to that taken by surface

currents, and, for the same reason, to that taken by the wind.

About the only means of discovering the proximity of an iceberg in fog or darkness is by the changes it is apt to effect in the temperature of the air and the water; but this is most uncertain, for there are frequent instances of vessels coming close to an iceberg and finding both the air and water temperature unaffected. Even a very slight change, however, can always be ascertained by means of the electric thermostat. This is an automatic appliance which, responding with the greatest nicety to variations of temperature, opens an electric current, which in turn rings an alarm. Sometimes simply "the wash of the sea" gives warning of the presence of an iceberg, as in the case of the ship *Durango*, already mentioned.

The last really great iceberg encountered was sighted in 1893; it is probably now floating somewhere in the Antarctic Ocean. The following account of it is from the log of the American ship *Francis*, on file in the Hydrographic Office:

February 16, 1893, at noon, latitude 51° 01′ S., longitude 49° 15′ W., we passed between two large icebergs, about fifteen miles apart, and saw to the S.S.E. of us another *very* large berg, several hundred feet high and a mile or more in length. Put the ship under easy sail for the night. At 1 a.m., 2.30 a.m., and 4 a.m., passed large bergs. Weather cloudy and misty. Wind hauling to N.W. Soon after 4 a.m. it began to get daylight, when we saw before us an immense *barrier of ice*, extending from N.W. to S.E., as far as we could see from aloft. Some of the floating glaciers were miles in length, and from 300 to 500 feet high. Stood to within a mile of the track, but seeing no safe passage through the barrier, we wore ship to south westward at 5 a.m. We now saw icebergs all about us. Temperature of air and water from forty-seven degrees to fifty degrees.

At noon, wore ship to northward, passing a number of large and small bergs. At 3 p.m. saw the barrier again, to leeward, still continuing its line from N.W. to S.E., and as impenetrable as before. Stood on till 5.30 p.m., and as the ice was visible to N.W. (two points off weather bow) as far as we could see from aloft, we again put the ship on the southern tack. Wind hauling to S.W. and steadily increasing to a moderate gale. Now, having the ice-fields for a lee shore was anything but pleasant to contemplate during the long night watches. February 18th, midnight, wore ship to W.N.W. Reefed upper fore topsail, furled upper mizzen. Rough sea.

At daylight we saw a berg ahead about one mile long and 300 or 400 feet high. It was perfectly level on top, and its sides and ends were as perpendicular and clean cut as the blocks of ice taken from our lakes and rivers at home. It is also apparent that these immense pieces of ice are in the same condition as when first broken from the main glaciers, as the irregular angles of the smaller bergs indicated that they have turned over occasionally.

At 11 a.m. saw the dreaded barrier again, still extending to N.W. At noon our position was latitude 50° 29



A WATERSPOUT AT COTTAGE CITY, MASSACHUSETTS, AUGUST 19, 1896.

From a photograph by J. W. Chamberlain. Professor Dwight, of Vassar College, pronounced this a genuine waterspout. Its height was estimated at from one to one and a quarter miles; diameter, 200 feet. The water of Vineyard Sound was disturbed for several hundred yards, until it looked like a boiling pool. The spiral motion of the spout, as it drew the water up, was plainly observed through the camera. The water thus taken up was poured down in torrents in a storm a few hours later, as was shown by the fact, discovered by passengers on a boat and by persons on land, that the water that fell was salt water.



A TYPICAL ICEBERG.

Next to derelicts, icebergs are perhaps the greatest peril of which the Hydrographic Office strives to keep the sailor fully advised.

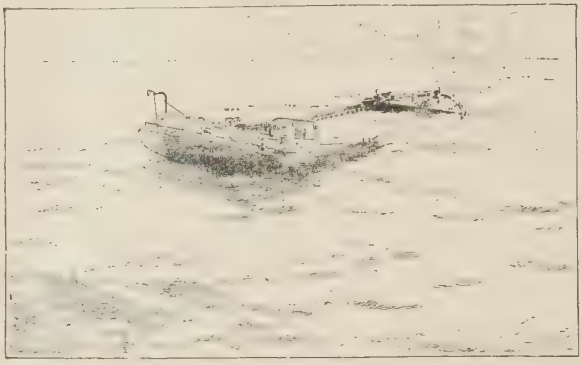
longitude 47° 12′ W. Found we had a very strong N.E. current setting us towards the ice, adding another factor to the manifold dangers by which we were surrounded. At 1 p.m. judged we could see the end of the barrier to the N.W., or about one and a half points off our lee bow. Gave the good ship all the sail she could bear, and pushed her through a very large and turbulent sea, caused partly by the deflection of the strong N.E. current against the large mass of ice under water, the pack being from two to four miles to leeward. We now had the satisfaction of seeing the ship steadily draw past the last fearful piece of this gigantic ice-field, which we found by careful measurement by the patent log was just six miles long, and, as near as we could judge, it was three or four miles wide. This would give an unbroken area of eighteen or twenty square miles between 300 and 400 feet *above* the sea.

Too much notice cannot be given to our mercantile marine of this great danger that lies directly in the fair way of vessels bound eastward around Cape Horn, as it will doubtless be years before such a mountain of ice as I have described will be destroyed.

Waterspouts may well be numbered among the perils of the sea, although they seem not to be greatly feared by captains of very large vessels. Old prints show us vessels drawn up into the very clouds by these ocean whirlwinds ; but while small craft undoubtedly would be swamped if caught in the middle of one, the general opinion is that an ocean liner, proceeding at a good rate of speed, would not suffer much from one. They are sufficiently dangerous, however, to call forth much warning comment from the Hydrographic Office. The conditions just off the coast of America are such as to make them especially frequent in the region between the fortieth parallel and Cuba and as far out as the Bermudas.

Some very remarkable waterspouts have been reported to the Hydrographic Office. Captain Cleary, of the British steamship *River Avon*, states that he saw what he thought was a heavy squall to the south-east, but upon looking at it through his glass he discovered that it was a whirlwind, raising the water to a great height. It must have been over a mile in diameter, but he hesitates to even estimate the height to which the water was raised or the size of the spout, although it must have had terrific power. A severe waterspout passed over the American bark *Reindeer* when she was under full sail. It completely dismasted her below the heads of the three lower masts. No previous warning was received ; the weather was apparently clear at the time, and the whole affair was over in a few minutes. But the most striking story is from the log of the schooner *Ethel A. Merritt*. She was in the Gulf Stream, off Key West. "There was a light breeze from the north-east at the time, and the sky was about half covered with nimbus clouds, moving slowly. Just after a light squall had passed by, the first

appearance of a waterspout was indicated by the formation of a whirlwind, gradually increasing in size. It was cylindrical in shape below, spreading out above, and rotating in the direction of the hand-movement of a watch. When within about 100 yards of the vessel its angular altitude was about 35°, which would indicate a height of 250 feet or less. It was moving at the rate of eight miles an hour. At the base it was transparent, and descending currents seemed to be plainly visible, causing the water at the surface to fly in all directions. A heavy shower accompanied the phenomenon."

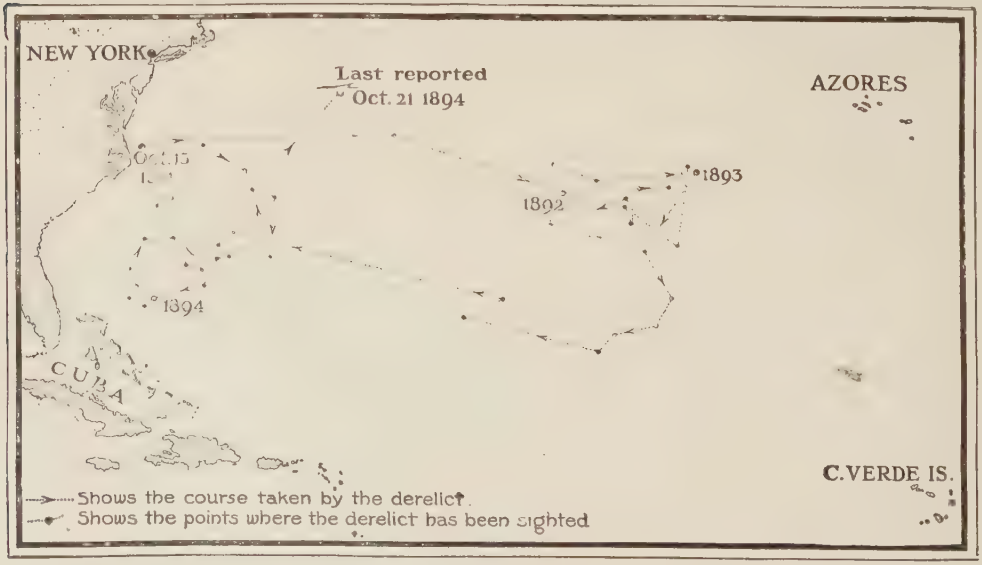


THE DERELICT "FANNIE E. WOLSTON."

Drawn from a photograph. The "Fannie E. Wolston," a three-masted schooner, was abandoned October 15, 1891, off the coast of Virginia, and was last seen October 21, 1894, having been a derelict three years and six days. She drifted half way to the coast of Spain and back again, covering a total course of 8,995 sea miles, equal to 10,357 land, or statute, miles.

A cyclonic storm is a waterspout on a greatly extended scale; and, keeping in view its vortex-like character, and knowing the laws which govern its motion, the Hydrographic Office is able to issue instructions to sailors regarding the character and behaviour of a cyclonic storm that will enable them to keep out of the storm centre. In order to be as practical as possible, these instructions are printed on a "storm-card," which may be hung up in the cabin of a vessel for general inspection. The laws of storms are apparently so absolute, that if a vessel is conducted according to the suggestions laid down on the card, she will almost certainly be able to weather the gale. The contrary result is the exception. In fact, so plain and so minute are these instructions, that by them the captain of a vessel can determine not only the direction in which the storm centre is moving, but also its location within an eighth of a mile; and it is safe to say that a considerable percentage of the wrecks wrought by storms in mid-ocean are due to neglect of the Hydrographic Office's instructions.

Against the dangers of darkness and fog at sea there is still far from any perfect



A CHART SHOWING THE WANDERINGS OF THE DERELICT SCHOONER "FANNIE E. WOLSTON" IN THE ATLANTIC.

protection. For guarding against the latter, the main dependence is still the fog-horn or steam-whistle. Various electrical devices for notifying one vessel of the approach of another have been tried, and we are told greatly in response to the varying conditions of the atmosphere. Sometimes a fog-horn will be audible everywhere within a given area ; at other times the same horn will be inaudible near at hand, and audible farther



"CLAWING OFF" A LEE SHORE.

The lee shore is a constant danger, especially to coastwise vessels; but the careful surveys of the Hydrographic Office have latterly much lessened it. The full-rigged ship shown in the picture (which portrays an actual occurrence), has come dangerously near the coast, a heavy fog having concealed its proximity until the breakers were in sight. She has now just changed her tack, and it is yet a question whether the inertia of the enormous fabric can be sufficiently overcome by the wind controlled by her sails to enable her to "claw off," just rounding the dangerous point, before her previous motion and the sweep of the sea drift her on the rocks.

that the time is near when, by means of wireless telegraphy, every vessel will be able to calculate exactly the approach of other vessels at night or during a fog. All appliances for signalling or warning by sound have this disadvantage, that their audibility varies off. Again, there will be successive belts of audibility and inaudibility. What the Hydrographic Office tries especially to do, with reference to fogs, is to keep close watch on the fog belts and warn sea captains where these belts are, which way they seem to be

moving, and by what courses they are likeliest to be avoided.

Another subject of constant study in the Hydrographic Office is the possibility of subduing the waves. They have full faith there in the power of oil to quiet troubled waters, and constantly recommend its use to seamen. Special instructions are issued as to the manner of applying it so that it will be of most service. The position of the vessel, the direction of the wind, and the set of the waves, all need to be considered. Sometimes the oil should be thrown from the bow of the vessel, sometimes from the sides, and sometimes from the stern. It has been found that oil of turpentine possesses the best spreading qualities; but even simple soap-suds have proved of good service in laying the waves.

Yet another matter in which a Hydrographic Office gives instruction is cloud forms. It is most important that seamen should be familiar with the aspects of clouds, and know what their several shapes portend. A most useful book, showing all varieties of clouds, with plates printed in colours, is issued by the Office; and its coloured cloud plates, by the way, are one of the special distinctions of the United States Office.

Thus the Hydrographic Office is interested in everything that can impart greater accuracy and security to the navigation of the seas. If a wreck occurs along shore, the Secretary of the Navy is at once notified, and the first man-of-war passing that way receives orders to destroy it. If a new shoal is discovered, a channel deepened, a new buoy placed in position, a new rangelight established, a new lightship stationed somewhere—or if, in short, anything takes place that may in the slightest manner influence the conditions of seafaring, the fact is at once published in bulletins and sent free of cost to all seamen. It is the sailor's own fault if he fails to note the event. Nothing, in fact, has been omitted that would forward or perfect the work. The bureau has not come to its present extent and efficiency in a day; it has been, indeed, the growth of years; and with the natural extension of scientific knowledge and the natural impulse to give such knowledge practical application, it is bound to grow still further, until by the accuracy of its information it has made almost literally true the old sailors' contention that the sea is the safest place in the world.



THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

OVER LONDON BRIDGE.

By W. Pett Ridge.

THE attraction possessed by London Bridge over all other London bridges is that there, on the left hand side starting from the City, a man can lean his elbows on the parapet and look at a scene of hard work on the vessels below, thus obtaining all the satisfaction of labour without its attendant inconvenience. I have observed men turn away after an hour's hard survey of the busy scene below—with its continuous line of porters, their cumbersome knots worn on their head with as much unanimity as women wear a popular shape in bonnets from Conduit Street, and upon the knots bursting cases of oranges—and say to each other, "Well, Bill, old man, that cargo's cleared out, and chance it," strolling off Boro'-wards with the slightly exhausted air of men who have completed a hard day's work. Also in the summer months at this point may be seen the unshipment by groaning, complaining cranes of enormous blocks of ice for consumption by the heated giant London, and, better still, the departure of pleasure steamers. Here, again, one can act by deputy. Next to taking the voyage to Clacton or to Ramsgate on a bright sunshiny morning, what can be better than to see the voyagers off and wave to them an adieu? I declare that the farewells at the Royal Albert Docks are not more important, the good-byes at Southampton not more tearful.

"Goo' - bye, mother. Don't forget to eat your sandwiches."

"Mind you 'old the baby right side up. If he cries, give him a good shake."

"Enjoy yourself, Awthur, ole man. It's your one chance of the year, and you've got the week to do it in. Don't go losin' your 'at, or else you'll look foolish."

"Mind you write, Mabel, and tell us how ill you've been, and be sure to bring back some sea-weed. Oh! and I say, about that hat you're goin' to trim for me. How'd it be if, instead of——"

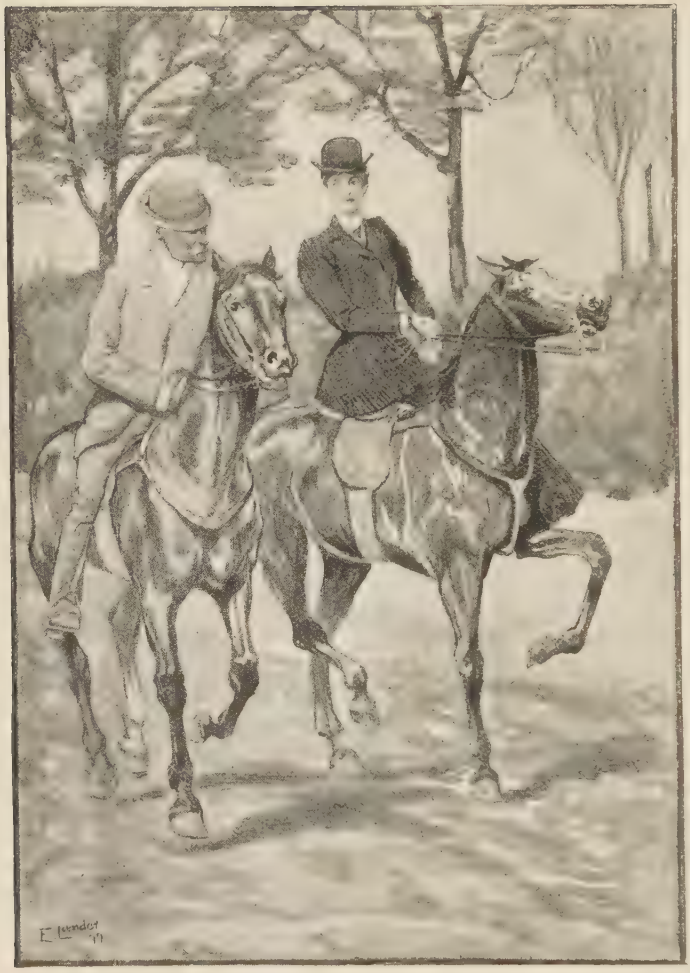
"Be sure to ask the captain, dear, not to have no accident on the voyage. He's got a very kind face, and I am sure if you was to ask him nicely——"

"Now you're off!



THE UNFORESEEN.

MASTER: John, I'm sorry, but I find we must part with your services at Midsummer.
JOHN (after forty years in the firm's employ): Weel, if I'd known it wasna gaen to be a steady job I'd na have taen it.



QUITE ENCOURAGING.

HE: I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite.
SHE: Well, there are plenty of bright, intelligent girls in the neighbourhood.

Now she's movin'! Now you'll soon begin to rock about. I say! I say!" A sudden remembrance of an injunction till now forgotten and of the highest value. "Don't go and get drowned, mind, or else mother'll be cross with you."

An added joy to the parapet loafer comes with the stately raising of the bascules of the Tower Bridge. (For the matter of that, I know few men and no women who, crossing London Bridge, can see this without stopping to watch it carefully to the end.) With the slight mist that sometimes hangs over the Pool, this has all the effect of a spectacular performance: the ring of the distant bell, the stopping of traffic on either side, the slow opening of the two halves of the bridge, the passing through of some high-masted vessel with a slight inclination, as who should say, "So much obliged to you," the careful descent and reclosing of the two halves of the bridge, the release and the resumption of carriage traffic. Office boys in the City excuse their late arrival on the grounds that they stopped to watch the Tower Bridge, and stolid chief clerks, with a knowledge of their own weaknesses, say gently——

"Perhaps, in future, you had better come over Southwark."

Tower Bridge is on friendly terms with London Bridge because it was born at a time when the elder had found its task to be almost beyond bearing. Now it relieves its neighbour of much of the heavy Wapping to Rotherhithe traffic, and London Bridge has more room for its wayfarers, and the temper of drivers has softened. Thus it is possible at the present time to start from the City side in the early morning to go to Southwark and to reach Southwark in a few minutes; whereas in the old pre-Tower Bridge days there were painful invented stories of mild men starting with this intent and being met by the swift, determined stream of silk-hatted City men, of trying to breast the stream and being borne back Citywards and essaying the journey south again under the protection of a detachment of fish barrows from Billingsgate, but of being again caught and swept back to King William's Statue and eventually having to wait until nightfall ere they could ford the river in comparative peace. The City man, in a hurry to make his fortune, is an impetuous fellow, and, armed with his little brown bag and an umbrella, he is no enemy to be considered lightly. Indignant small boys may protest and say, "Now then, awk'ard!" and old ladies may remark satirically, "Nice manners, I *must* say," but the City men march on, the Mansion House ever before them as their goal.

The recesses of the Bridge, where timid people may step aside to take breath from their contest with the traffic, and where others seat themselves on the stone ottoman to enjoy an open-air meal, are the only survivals of the dwelling-houses which, in the days that are gone, bordered the side. Essays are made sometimes by tired-out wastrels to convert these resting-places into apartments for sleep, but the City Police frown at this and check it sharply. In these retreats one can look around and down. The masts of ships stand about the river like a half-cleared hop-garden in September; the wharves down to the quay of the Customs House are busy on every floor. Behind them the gilded top of the Monument shines and glistens

Showing how JEAN-MARIE WAS done out of his dinner.
drawn as seen
BY K.J. FRICERO



② 

③ 

④ 

⑤ 

⑥ Conclusion.
"Imbécile!"



in the sun; a few black flies move in the cage of ironwork near to the summit. The flies are country men and women; no Londoner ever has the courage or the spare energy to climb its many steps. The flies come down after they have had what they consider to be their money's worth in fresh, swift air and the view, and having resumed their normal size, congratulate themselves on crossing the Bridge.

"Aye, it's a grand thing to be able to say as you've climbed it."

"I'd sooner say I've climbed it," remarks the tired wife, with some bitterness, "than say I've got to go climbin' it again."

Small watercarts creep along close to the parapet and insinuate a quiet stream of water, which trickles away across the stone pavement to the gutter and baulks the intentions of dust. The Bridge is cared for by a number of other attendants, who are ever giving it a wash and brush up, ever removing distracted pieces of contents bills and advertisement slips which fly about on its surface, ever begging its pardon and setting it to rights solicitously. Its clusters of lamps, with their whitened backs, are cleaned; every corner in the recesses is brushed out; everything is carted away carefully, and by the time this has been done the first end of the Bridge, like a tiresome and mischievous child, is requiring attention again.

The Bridge prepares for a descent on its Southwark side, and loaded vans, bulging with fruit and vegetables for Borough Market, have to skid their wheels for safety. Here, too, the wayfarer has need of caution. Bear to the left, past the old lady in a shawl, who, seated comfortably at her tray of collar-studs and button-hooks, has the complacent air of saying, "Show me the shop window that looks like *that*!" past the mulatto, who is selling matches, the shoeblacks, the flower-girls with their baskets of "voilets, sweet voilets"—go past all these, I say, and you find yourself before you have time to think in Dockhead, in Rotherhithe, in Bermondsey Wall. Return, and take the middle course, and you run plump into the arms of two railway stations, where you have to take a ticket to Folkestone or to Brighton, to avoid the appearance of confusion. Swerve, in leaving the Bridge, to the right, and you are down the hill past St. Saviour's Church and into the bustle and turmoil and stress and tumult of High Street, Borough, where the honest country smell of hops fights stolidly with alert London scents that come from the by-streets, and farmers meet with the jolliest faces to brag to each other of how very badly they are doing.

"Hops, my dear sir? Why, bless your soul, I've got no hops to speak of. How did your fruit turn out?"

"Fruit," says the other farmer, with a puzzled air, "Fruit? Bless my heart! I only grew a sieve or two. What price did your corn fetch?"

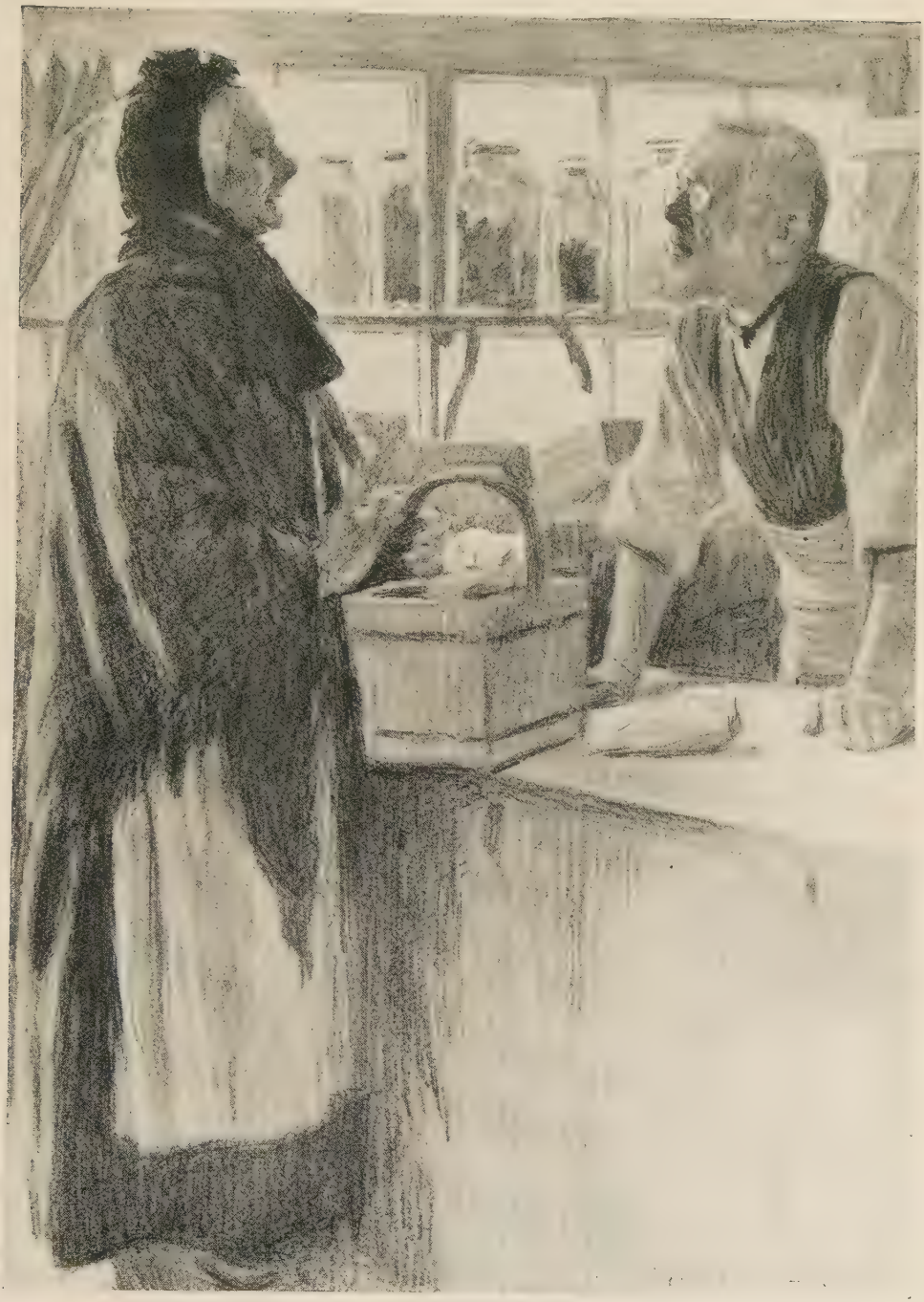
"Corn!" echoes the



SUUM CUIQUE.

SPORTSMAN (having caught stranger's mount): Here you are, man! Look sharp and collar hold of your horse!

STRANGER (whose hireling has put him down): Oh, let 'im go again, let the brute go! I tell you this is a new 'at!



GROCER: What are yer grumblin' at now? D'yer want the earth?
IRATE CUSTOMER: Not in the sugar!

first farmer, with great astonishment. "Corn? You mean—oh, I know what you mean. Why, I ain't grown none worth speakin' of. Another year like this" (here he laughs outright), "and, as I tell the wife, we shall have to apply for outdoor relief. I brought her and the girls up with me this mornin'. They've gone up to the West End to buy some frocks and bonnets

and goodness knows what else. How's your missis?"

"Middlin' to well," replies the other cheerfully. "She'll be upset, though, when she sees your wife at church next Sunday. Means twenty pound out of my pocket. Got any pigs?"

"Pigs?" repeats the first farmer, resuming quickly his attitude of agricultural distress. "I never have no luck wi' pigs. How's that young foal of yourn gettin' on?"

"Don't ask me! Come and have a bit o' lunch at the Bridge House, and I'll tell ye all I have to put up with."

London Bridge takes a veil in the evening rather earlier than do the neighbouring thoroughfares, this being sent up by the river below. Then its lamps are lighted, and down river specks itself with red and white lights, whilst up river the railway bridge takes its ornaments of green and danger signals. Advertisements flash disturbingly; the stress of traffic becomes for a while more insistent. The Bridge at no hour sleeps, but after midnight it dozes—dozes to be awakened, perhaps, by a fire-engine dashing and spluttering across to a Shoreditch outbreak, followed by a regiment of people hastily recruited from nowhere; dozes until the market vans begin to rumble and the dawn comes; dozes until the world requires it to be wakeful. Wherein, indeed, is London Bridge a pattern and example to us all.



A CAUTION TO SANTA CLAUS: THE END OF JANUARY—ARE THERE ANY MORE TO BE DESTROYED?



Too Inquisitive.

From the Picture by Bertie Boese.



More Dolly Dialogues

by Anthony Hope

Drawings by Howard Chandler Christy

A LIFE SUBSCRIPTION.

"I NEVER quite know," said Mrs. Hilary, taking up her embroidery, "what you mean when you talk about love."

"No more do I," I admitted, stroking the cat.

"If you mean that you dedicate to a woman your whole life——"

"And more than half your income——"

Mrs. Hilary laid down the embroidery, and observed, as though she were concluding the discussion—

"The fact is, you don't know what real love is."

"I never met anyone who did," said I.

Mrs. Hilary opened her mouth.

"At least, they could never tell me what it was," I added hastily.

Mrs. Hilary resumed the embroidery.

"Now, the other day," I continued, "my friend Major Camperton married his cook."

"What for?" cried Mrs. Hilary.

"Because his wife was dead," said I.

"That's not a reason."

"You must admit that it's an excuse," I pleaded.

Mrs. Hilary, taking no notice of my apology, made a thoughtful stitch or two. Then she observed—

"I was never in love with any man except Hilary."

"You're always boasting of that; I suppose it was difficult?"

"But once I was awfully—but if I tell you, you'll talk about it."

"Upon my honour I won't."

"You will——to Lady Mickleham."

"Lady Mickleham takes no interest in you," said I.

"Well, once I was awfully tempted. It was before I knew Hilary."

"But after you knew me?" I suggested.

"Don't be absurd," said Mrs. Hilary. "He was very rich—rather handsome, too."

"I have always persisted in maintaining that you were human," I observed complacently.

"I think," said she, gazing at me, "that you are the most *earthy* man I ever knew."

"Go on with the story," said I, taking the cat on my knee.

"And he was really very fond of me."

"Oh, so he said."

"But — well, I might have, if he hadn't——"

"Oh, I understand; at least, I hope so."

"I mean, he wouldn't talk about anything else."

"I suppose he saw nothing else in you."

"That was what I felt. Good looks aren't everything."

"Were you good-looking?" I inquired.

Mrs. Hilary showed signs of being about to take up her embroidery.

"All right; Hilary isn't here," said I, in excuse.

"I hated it. I wanted to be——" She paused.

"What's in a word? Say 'esteemed.'"

"Yes—for something more than that."

"So you wouldn't have anything to say to him?"

"No. I was so glad—afterwards."

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"'Aren't you *ever* going to marry?' she asked."

"And what's become of him?"

"Oh, he's married."

"It's a just world. Now, lots of those immoral writers would have rewarded him with perpetual bachelorhood."

Mrs. Hilary pushed her embroidery quite far off and leant forward towards me.

"Aren't you *ever* going to marry?" she asked.

"Marriages are made in heaven," said I. Mrs. Hilary nodded approvingly. "I thought of waiting till I got there," I ended.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Hilary, and she added, "I know a really charming girl."

"You cruel woman! Would you doom her to me?"

"You'd be all right," said Mrs. Hilary. "If you could be removed from——"

"Certain influences?" I suggested hastily. "But for Hilary you also would be a pleasant woman."

"There's not the least comparison," said she, with a blush.

"There's always a comparison," I observed. "What are we talking about?"

Now, Mrs. Hilary could not, as I well knew, answer this question.

"Well, I'm very sorry about it," she said.

"A romance," said I, "is a thing to be cherished."

"I can't think it's right," said Mrs Hilary.

"To remember—to be proud of——"

"I don't want to be hard about it," murmured Mrs. Hilary.

"To be taken——"

"Seriously? Yes, of course, or it's worse than——"

"To be taken," said I, "between meals."

Mrs. Hilary leapt to her feet.

"Or else, you know," I added, "it would spoil dinner."

Mrs. Hilary was very angry; but she was also a little curious. The latter emotion was more powerful.

"I wonder," said she, "what you do really feel about——"

"What?"

"It," said Mrs. Hilary.

"Am I in the confessional?"

To my delight a smile lurked round Mrs. Hilary's lips.

"You think," she said, "that I don't understand it. Well, I do a little. She's been here."

"Has she, though? What was she doing here?"

"Oh, coaxing," said Mrs. Hilary. "She wanted a subscription from Hilary."

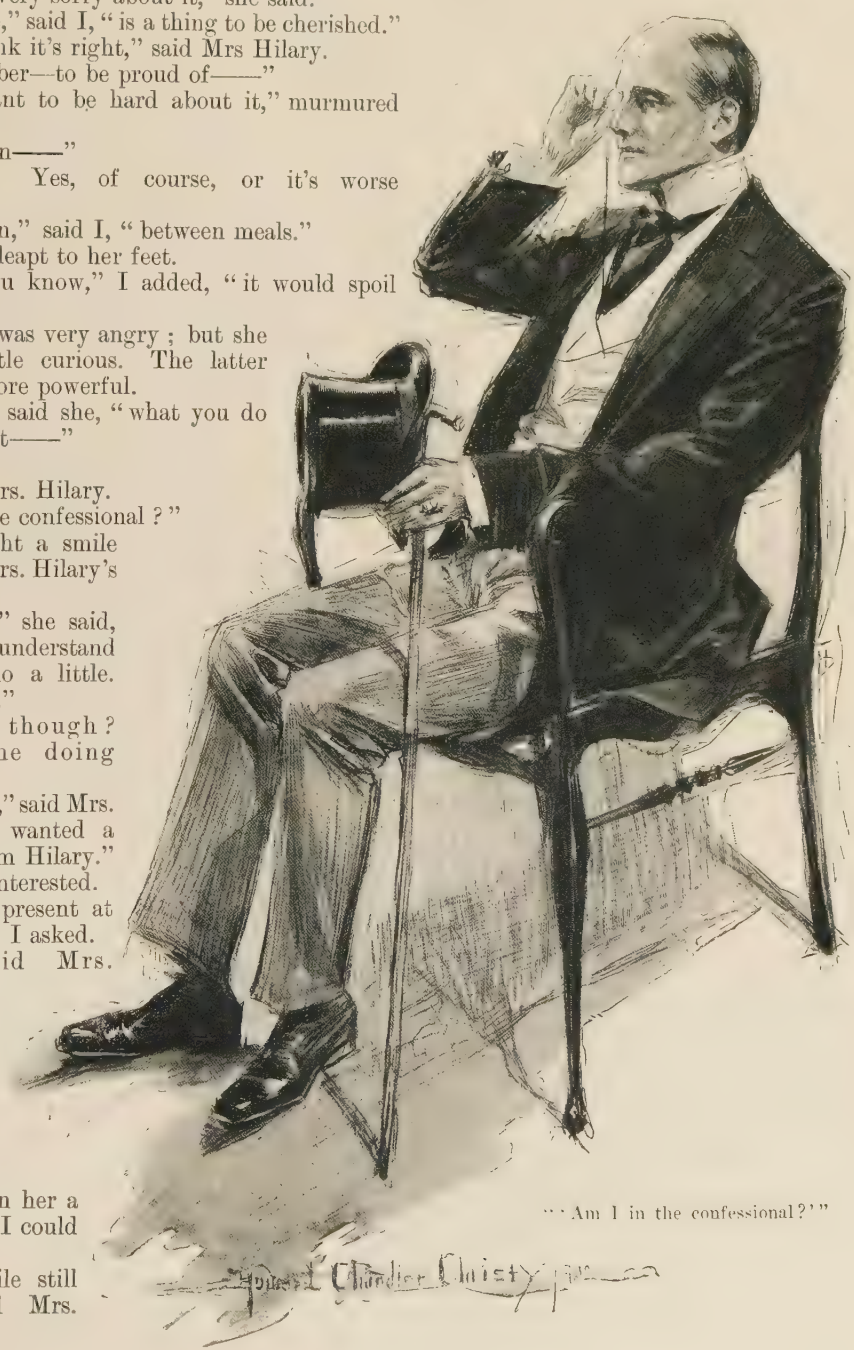
I was much interested.

"Were you present at the interview?" I asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hilary. "She got the subscription, Mr. Carter—a larger one than Hilary could afford."

"I have given her a larger one than I could afford."

The rare smile still twitched round Mrs. Hilary's mouth.



"'Am I in the confessional?'"

"What do you think Hilary did when she'd gone?" she asked.

"I should think he felt a fool," said I.

"He apologised," said Mrs. Hilary.

I laughed. Mrs. Hilary laughed reluctantly.

"Guileless creature!" I observed.

"Oh, you needn't say that!" she said, with a slight flush. "Shall I tell you what he did afterwards?"

"I know that well enough!"

"I'm sure you don't."

"Gave you a new bonnet, of course."

I believe that Mrs. Hilary was annoyed, for she said, quite sulkily—

"It was a bracelet."

"I told you so," I observed.

"He'd have given it me, anyhow," she cried.

"Not he," said I.

"He'd meant to before," said she. "He said so."

I smiled, but I did not wish to make mischief, so I added, "The subscription was, of course, civility."

"That's all, of course. Still, it's funny, isn't it?"

"Perhaps it is, rather."

There was a pause.

"Do you care to meet that girl?" asked Mrs. Hilary.

"N—no," said I.

"I would give you one more chance," she said generously.

"Thank you. I am still subscribing," I answered. "No bracelets for me!"

"We laughed about it when she was gone. Hilary was amused at himself."

"I have experienced the feeling," I observed.

"I wonder if I ought to tell you what he called her."

"Probably not. Go on."

"He said she was an insinuating little——"

"Why do you hesitate, Mrs. Hilary?"

"*Devil!*" said Mrs. Hilary, almost under her breath.

"Ah!" said I, setting the cat down and reaching for my hat.

"Yes, devil," said Mrs. Hilary, more courageously.

"And what did he say you were?" I asked.

"Oh—nothing," said Mrs. Hilary, blushing again.

"Then you and Hilary are friends again?"

"I didn't mind in the least," declared Mrs. Hilary; "only it's curious——"

I began to laugh. I enjoy a chance of laughing at Mrs. Hilary.

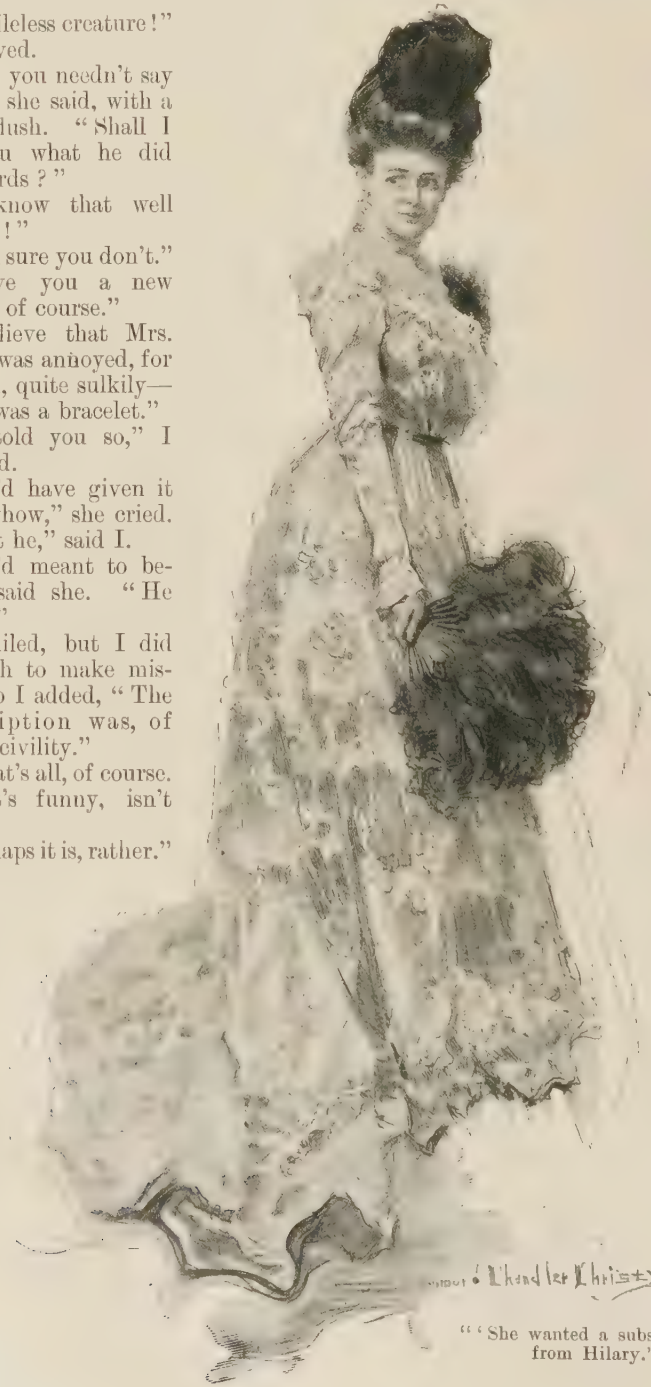
"We are all much indebted to her," said I. "Some for a bracelet——"

"Nonsense!"

"Some for a momentary emotion——"

"He didn't feel even that."

"Some for a



"'She wanted a subscription from Hilary.'"



"'Oh, go away!' said Mrs. Hilary."

life-long—— Dear me, how late it grows! I must be off." And I held out my hand. As I did so, Hilary entered.

"By the way, Carter," said he, when he saw me, "what's that society Lady Mickleham collects for? She got something out of me. I hope it's not a fraud."

"I hope not," said I.

"Because I've given her a trifle."

"So have I," I remarked.

"A donation, you know."

"Oh, mine's a life subscription," said I.

"Oh, go away!" said Mrs. Hilary impatiently.

"Well, you've got nothing else to do with your money," said Hilary. "You've not got a wife and family."

"That is, of course," said I, "the explanation." Then Mrs. Hilary drove me out. She'd have done it sooner, only that in her heart she credits me with a tragedy.



Lilian.

A Study by Aimee G. Clifford.



Photo by Karoly, [*Nottingham.*

MR. SEETH AND HIS FAVOURITE LION.

MODERN DANIELS:

FEATS IN THE LIONS' DEN.

By Harold J. Shepstone.

"IT only requires nerve and patience," remarked a well known lion-tamer recently to the writer, when questioned about the risks of such a profession. "Nerve and patience" undoubtedly overcome much, but to be a successful trainer of wild animals other qualifications are desirable. To be able to study minutely and grasp the temperament and characteristics of the kind of animal you are dealing with is essential, for animals are addicted to occasional fits of temper, when they should be carefully handled.

But it is not our intention in this article to enumerate definite or prescribed rules which should be followed by those who are desirous of entering such a profession, for that is impossible, but rather to refer to some of the most successful lion-tamers of the day, and to prove by our photographs the high pitch of intelligence to which the king of beasts can be trained. And to show complete mastery over the monarch of the forest is naturally more creditable than over any other animal, not so much because the lion is more difficult to train, but because as king of beasts he is regarded as the most interesting.

In looking at the list of present day lion-tamers we are confronted with such a long string that it would be difficult and unfair to pick out any particular individual and pose him as the most successful trainer of his day. Nearly every circus can boast of its performing animals, and consequently a trainer. The profession has been invaded by both men and women, and all sorts and conditions of beasts have been trained to do various tricks. Some of the feats are easy, while others are difficult and clearly indicate the intelligence of the animals who perform them.

Many travelling menageries can boast of lions that are exceedingly tame. They have not been taught to perform any tricks, but are nevertheless so tame that their keepers can do almost anything with them. Barnum and Bailey's collection of wild animals possessed three such lions, and we reproduce a photograph of the largest, "Prince," taken with his keeper seated comfortably beside him. Mr. Ayers, for this is the keeper's name, is thoroughly at home with his unusual "companion," and no one can dispute the friendly feeling which exists between them. It would be most dangerous, however, for a stranger to attempt to take such a liberty. The lion in question has been described as a "handsome beast," with a beautiful upstanding mane, and an erect tuft between the ears that gives him a very alert look. He is seven years old and weighs over 500 lb.

Probably the greatest authority on the training of wild animals is Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, of Hamburg. This gentleman has devoted over thirty years to the training of wild beasts, and his collection at Neuer Pferdemarkt, in Hamburg, is without doubt the most interesting collection of wild and curious animals to be found anywhere in the world. Not only does he supply zoos, menageries, and circuses all over the world with all kinds of rare beasts, but he makes a special feature of training wild-beast performers, and most of the lion-tamers of Europe and America have passed through his hands.

At present Mr. Hagenbeck's collection includes thirty-two lions, and most of these animals have been trained to perform in some way or another by Mr. Richard List, whose fame as a daring lion-tamer is known

throughout the Continent. In the illustration on page 413 Mr. List is quietly enjoying breakfast with four full-grown lions, while a huge tiger and a bear go to make up the group. More daring still, however, is the photo on page 412, where we are introduced to the same beasts; but in this case Mr. List has taken the liberty of pulling open the mouth of one of the lions on which he is sitting, and with the other hand is keeping another beast flat on the ground.

No other man has been so successful as Mr. Hagenbeck in introducing such a variety of animals in the arena at one time. Lions, tigers, leopards, bears, and dogs have been trained to perform together, and at the command of their trainer will group themselves into most picturesque pyramids. Difficult as it undoubtedly is to get individual animals to perform, the difficulty is greatly increased when it is desired to get a number of animals of different species to do tricks together. To accomplish this end it has often been found necessary, in the case of the collection at Hamburg, to keep trainers with the animals all day and frequently all night.

One of the pyramids, of which we give an illustration, is composed of four full-grown lions; and to show the tameness of the beasts, and how successfully they have been trained to take no notice of any other animal, a cock has been placed on a perch directly under the lion who majestically occupies the place of honour on the top of the pyramid. Or look at the other group, which is made up of four lions and two tigers. Mr. List is seated, his companions on either side being two African lions, who have been taught to sit back on their haunches. Not even a fastidious critic could find fault with the pose of these two animals. Directly in front, another monarch of the forest has prostrated himself, fully cognisant of the importance of a majestic pose to complete the tableau. A beautifully striped Bengal tiger on either side, and a fourth lion from behind, give the finishing touch to the pyramid.



A PYRAMID OF FOUR FULL-GROWN LIONS. NOTICE THE COCK ON THE PERCH.

One of the prettiest spectacles ever presented in a circus by trained animals is depicted in the illustration on page 415. It is the crowning point of Mr. Hagenbeck's performing arena, and cost much patience and no little time. The greatest difficulty



A LION AS A CYCLIST.

experienced was with the tigers. To harness them and get them to walk evenly was not accomplished without a great deal of pains. The king of beasts in his purple velvet robe and crown makes an imposing figure as he stands with his two huge paws on the top of the chariot. Two boarhounds, acting as footmen, bring up the rear, and altogether the picture is a most striking one. All this Mr. Hagenbeck assures us has been done by kindness and rewarding the animals after they have done their tricks successfully.

Probably many readers of this article, who visited Blackpool during the summer, saw the clever animals, which were on show there at the magnificent Tower, go through their evolutions with almost humanised intelligence. The group consisted of fifteen animals, made up of two lions, four tigers, six bears, and three boarhounds. This group was trained at Mr. Hagenbeck's establishment and sent over by him in charge of Mr. Richard Sawade, a well-known Continental lion-tamer.

Mr. Hagenbeck assured the writer, when questioned about this particular group of animals, that it took three years before the various animals thoroughly grasped what was expected of them. Although the group only consists of fifteen animals, Mr. Hagenbeck bought and trained over sixty before he could obtain the fifteen he desired. Three men were engaged to do nothing else but attend to this one lot. Before the animals crossed to this country Mr. Hagenbeck was offered £8,000 for them. He declined the offer, as, in fact, the animals cost him more than that to get together and train. A group of various trained animals, such as



AN ARTISTIC POSE. IT TOOK TWO YEARS TO GET THE SIX BEASTS TO FORM THIS GROUP.



IN STRANGE COMPANY: A FULL-GROWN LION AND A TIGER.

those seen in our photographs, are worth from £10,000 to £15,000.

Mention should also be made of Mr. Seeth and his wonderful troop of twenty-one performing lions. No lion-tamer ever created such a sensation in London as did Mr. Seeth at the Hippodrome, London. The writer endeavoured to get this intrepid German to be photographed with his lions, but he stolidly refused. An attempt was certainly made to do so one afternoon, but with poor results. To get twenty-one lions to "sit" for their likeness is no easy matter and is attended with much risk. On the occasion referred to, it took up so much time, and the lions were kept so long after their usual dinner hour, that they became ravenous, and it was not without some danger that Mr. Seeth issued from the ordeal.

Those who watched Mr. Seeth put his twenty-one lions through their evolutions declared it a fascinating sight. One thing is certain, they were well trained and seemed to enjoy the performance as much as the public. They formed groups and pyramids, jumped over one another, and acted in various ways. One of them had been taught to waltz, which he did with his trainer with the utmost ease and grace. To show the friendly feeling which existed



MR. LIST AMONG HIS LIONS



MRS. LIST PAYS A VISIT TO THE ANIMALS.

between Mr. Seeth and his animals, he carried one round the ring on his shoulders, and we reproduce a photograph showing him in this very act. Apart from the danger of such a proceeding, one is none the less surprised at the feat, considering that twenty stone is an average weight of a full-grown lion. But those who have seen Mr. Seeth have been struck with his athletic and muscular appearance. He stands over six feet in height, is broad-shouldered and powerfully built.

Most of these lions were given to him two years ago by King Menelik of Abyssinia. He spent nearly two years in training them for the circus, and when it is remembered that they have been taught their tricks and parts individually, the time does not seem excessive. Up till very recently Mr. Seeth's collection boasted of twenty-five lions, but he has had the misfortune to lose four of them through colds. Unfortunately, too, they were the best trained animals this intrepid Daniel had ever owned. They were fine beasts and cost him £500 each. They had not been trained when he bought them,



MR. LIST AND HIS LIONS AT BREAKFAST.

and it is interesting to note that a trained lion will fetch four times as much as one that has not been taught to perform tricks for the amusement of the public. Mr. Seeth is reported to have said that he would not take £25,000 for his lions.

For the last twenty-one years Mr. Seeth has been engaged in the business of training animals, and has a record of having trained over two hundred lions. When questioned as to the secret of his success, Mr. Seeth has only one answer, "Keep cool and don't get excited." Like many other notable lion-tamers, Mr. Seeth has not always emerged from the den scathless, for he can show many scars about his body which plainly tell their story of struggles with the king of beasts. But Mr. Seeth knows his lions and they know him. He feeds them personally and grooms them, and occasionally lets them loose in a large ring and goes in and plays with them, allowing them to jump over him and romp with him as though they were a pack of harmless dogs.

Of strange yet daring feats in the lions' den, either for mercenary gains or out of pure bravado, there would seem to be no end. Mlle. Adgie's recent performance in a cage of lions at the Olympia, New York, was undoubtedly daring. Her "turn" included a serpentine dance with the full power of coloured calcium lights thrown upon her. More startling still, however, was the act of changing from an ordinary walking costume into tights while in the lions' den. It caused a great sensation at the time in New York, but has now been stopped.

Last summer the visitors to the Riviera had the opportunity of witnessing a cycling Daniel, in the person of Mr. Stanley C. Hart, a well-known cycling instructor. For a wager he elected to ride a safety cycle



Photo by Elmer Chickering. [*Boston.*

A WEDDING IN A LIONS' DEN.

round a cage containing two lions. The feat, if one may so term it, was such a success that the proprietors of the circus asked him to continue it, and for many nights the public had an opportunity of witnessing this daring ride. It should be explained that Mr. Hart used two cycles, riding one and wheeling the other, keeping the latter towards the lions. All went well until one evening the pedal of the off machine struck one of the animals, who bitterly resented it, and it was only the quick intervention of the keeper that saved the daring rider's life.



HIS MAJESTY IN HIS STATE CHARIOT, AFTER MONTHS OF TRAINING.

Many will probably recall to mind the foolhardy feat of a farmer called Roberts, belonging to a small village known as Newtonards, in the North of Ireland, who, but a few months ago, for the paltry sum of £5, entered the cage of a travelling menagerie and treated the spectators to a comic song and dance. Roberts, in company with the trainer, entered the cage and rendered his song, to which the lions offered no serious objection. When he began to dance, however, they showed evident signs of discontent, and the trainer had hard work to keep them in check. The performance was carried through safely until the last moment, when one of the animals sprang at the trainer just as he was leaving the cage, with the result that he emerged from the den with a very nasty wound in his left arm.

To deliberately enter a cage and wrestle with a lion demands, we should say, both nerve and strength; but Eugene Sandow, whose remarkable feats of strength are world-famous, once matched himself against a lion in San Francisco. The animal was muzzled and its claws were covered, so that it could not bite nor scratch. Otherwise it had perfect use of its limbs and could exert its full strength in delivering blows with its paws. This unique contest happened many years ago, when Sandow's fame as a strong man was not so well known and appreciated as it is today. The affair



Photo by J. E. Hunt,] [*Clarendon Road, W.*

BARNUM AND BAILEY'S LION, "PRINCE," AND HIS TRAINER.



Photo by Lee & Co., [*Cape Town.*

THE CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN TAYLOR, THE FAMOUS LION-TAMER OF FILLIS'S CIRCUS, DECEMBER 15, 1898.

attracted much attention at the time, and thousands flocked to the circus to witness the match. On the first night the lion appeared very "game" and came on to the attack with great vigour. He was thrown every time, however, and those who witnessed the contest describe it as science pitted against brute force. One thing was evident—it was both gigantic strength and nimbleness that saved Sandow's life. Again and again the enraged beast struck at his human antagonist with his huge paws, and it was only some alert movement, or quick dodge, that saved the man from receiving what would probably have proved a death-blow. On the second night the animal was not at all disposed to show "fight" and, according to reports, it was a "poor show." On the third evening the king of beasts acknowledged himself defeated and shrank away into a corner. To ascertain that the statements are actual facts, and such a contest did really take place, the writer has been in communication with Mr. Sandow, and were it possible we should have given a photograph of this remarkable scene; but, alas! no such snapshot was taken.

Two years ago the following extraordinary advertisement appeared in the Boston papers—

WANTED,

AN ATTRACTIVE COUPLE TO BE MARRIED IN A

DEN OF LIONS

AT THE ZOO.

The date to be decided according to the wishes of those to be married. Apply to the Treasurer of the Boston Zoological Society at the Zoo at once.

As may be supposed, the advertisement caused great sensation. Contrary to expectations, many couples volunteered to be married under the conditions of the advertisement, and as the authorities did not attempt to interfere with the proceedings, it was decided at last to accept the application of Mr. Arthur St. Andrassy, who declared himself willing to marry his intended bride, Miss Charlotte Wiberg, in a den of lions.

The ceremony took place at nine o'clock one evening in the hall of the Zoo—a popular amusement resort in Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.—in the presence of three thousand persons. The cage in which the marriage

was celebrated was 20 feet by 12 feet, and in this space were confined two lions. The trainer entered the cage first and drove the lions to the farther end. At a signal from him the bride and bridegroom took their places inside the cage, with their backs to the lions, facing the minister, who stood on a platform outside the cage. The service was somewhat abbreviated for the occasion. The affair came off without any mishap. The Zoo presented the daring couple with a fine silver table service and a sum of money. The only christening which has ever been performed in a lion's cage was that of the infant son of Captain Taylor. This took place at Fillis's Circus, Cape Town, in 1898.



"FOR MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY." FROM THE PICTURE BY H. M. BENNETT.



AN UNLUCKY REHEARSAL.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Illustrated by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.

SILEBY GRANGE had received a guest, and old Joseph, the butler, heedless of his rheumatics and the cold east wind, hurried out on to the broad steps to receive him in person, for Gordon Crawford was a general favourite and a frequent visitor.

"How do you do, Joseph? Glad to see you!" exclaimed a tall young man, as he sprang down from the dog-cart and walked lightly up the steps. "All well, eh?"

"Yes, thank you, sir," replied the old man respectfully. "I'm afraid there's no one in just now, though," he added apologetically. "They didn't expect you quite so soon, and Mr. Dudley he's gone over to Harborough, to see about getting the stage fixed for the theatricals."

"Mrs. Carr in?" inquired the young man, divesting himself of his ulster and leisurely drawing off his gloves.

"No, sir. She's gone out to pay some calls, and Mr. Willie and the other gentlemen are out after the hounds. Howsomever, they'll be home by the time you've changed your things, sir. Will you take anything, Mr. Crawford? A cup of tea, or a whiskey and seltzer?"

He shook his head.

"No, thanks. By the bye, Joseph, is Miss Allnut stopping here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. There's several of them come on purpose for the theatricals. Miss Botsworth's here, too, and Dr. Thomson, and another young gentleman from Sorchester. Miss Allnut's in the study now, sir, if you'd like to see her—leastways, I mean the library."

The information seemed to please Mr. Gordon Crawford.

"I'll go in and see her," he exclaimed with alacrity. "No, you needn't trouble to announce me," he added hastily, as Joseph turned away with that intention. "I'm going round by the terrace. Have my traps sent up, there's a good fellow, and some hot water. I shan't be more than a minute or two."

Joseph turned away with a quiet chuckle. "I allus thought he was rare sweet on Miss Allnut," he ruminated. "That's what he's come back for, of course," and he descended to the lower regions to impart this delightful gossip to his better half.

Gordon Crawford walked quietly down the wide hall, passed through a conservatory, and stepped out on to a terrace which ran along the side of the house. Outside the high French windows of the library he paused and looked eagerly in. This is what he saw.

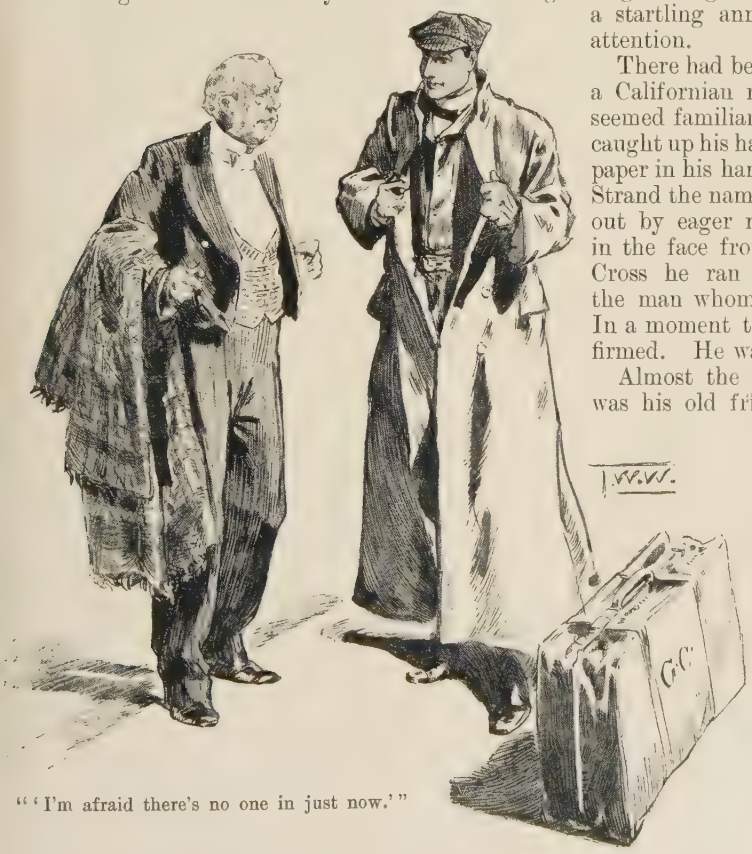
A girl stood on the hearthrug in the act of indulging in a merry laugh. Her small but well-poised head was thrown back, and the merriment was shining out of her eyes as well as asserting itself from her lips. She was *petite* in stature, but her figure was lithe and exquisitely graceful. Her features, though not of classical regularity, were clearly cut and of good type, and the bright, piquant expression, which animated her face and shone out of her blue eyes, redeemed her face from the mediocrity of good looks, and made her appear irresistibly charming. He watched her for a moment with a pleased, happy smile of anticipation, and then raised his hand to knock at the window. A movement within the room, however, arrested him, and he remained watching. A tall, athletic-looking man in scarlet hunting-coat and tops splashed from head to foot, evidently just returned from the hunt, had moved to her side and, leaning against the mantelpiece, began talking earnestly. Her laugh died away and she glanced downwards to where her tiny foot was tracing out the pattern of the hearthrug. He moved closer still and continued talking more emphatically than ever, apparently gaining boldness from his companion's confusion. He took her hand unchidden, passed his arm round her waist, and her sudden joyful cry of "Lionel! dearest Lionel," penetrated through the closed windows. With a barely repressed groan and a white, set face the watcher on the terrace moved away.

Six months ago Gordon Crawford had met Edith Allnut at this same house. He was not a man who, as a rule, contracted sudden likes or dislikes, but in less than a week he was hopelessly in love. Her lively conversation and bewitching manners had at first attracted, then completely enslaved him, and for a while he lived in a fool's paradise. Then his sense of honour brought him a rude awakening. A slight change in her manner, the frequent aversion of her blue eyes which had formerly met him so frankly and fearlessly, warned him that unless he wished to behave like a brute he must be gone. Marriage was an impossibility for him. He was a well-nigh briefless barrister, without fortune, influence, or prospects, and life, as it was, was somewhat of a struggle. Under such circumstances, even an engagement was out of the question.

He had met her in the garden, on the morning of his departure, and had taken leave of her there.

"You are going away sooner than you intended, Mr. Crawford," she remarked, looking away from him.

He laughed a little bitterly.



"'I'm afraid there's no one in just now.'"

"I fear that I have taken too long a holiday already," he replied. "I am a poor man, you know, Miss Allnut, and life is not golf and shooting for me."

She looked at him curiously.

"Is it so hard a thing to be poor, then?" she asked.

"I begin to realise that it is," he said, and, fearful of saying too much, he said no more.

They turned towards the house, and the bright expression had vanished for a while from her face.

"Well, since you must go, Mr. Crawford, good-bye," and she held out a little white hand. He took it and gazed into her eyes. What he read there he never told anyone, but he went back to his chambers and worked as he had never worked before.

Barely six months had passed, when an event happened which considerably changed the tenor of his life. His father had died some ten years back, a poor man, ruined through heavy investments in some silver mines, and his sole legacy to his son had been the worthless scrip. One evening, whilst Gordon sat alone in his chambers, idly glancing through the columns of the *Globe*, a startling announcement attracted his attention.

There had been a great find of silver in a Californian mine, the name of which seemed familiar to him. Half dazed, he caught up his hat and hurried out with the paper in his hand. All the way down the Strand the name rang in his ears, shouted out by eager newsboys, and stared him in the face from placards. At Charing Cross he ran against his stockbroker, the man whom he most desired to see. In a moment the glad tidings were confirmed. He was a rich man.

Almost the first to congratulate him was his old friend, Dudley Carr, whom he encountered coming out of a costumier's in Bond Street. The two men dined and spent the evening together.

"I wish you'd come down and spend a day or two with us, old man," Dudley had said, as they parted. "We're getting up some theatricals. They'll be rather fun, and your old flame, Miss Allnut, is stopping with us. Come down to-morrow, do."

The invitation was

exactly what Gordon Crawford desired, and accordingly on the very next day he had followed his friend down to Sileby Grange.

He was a man of strong nature, and his penchant for Edith Allnut had been no passing fancy. His first thought when he realised his wealth had been of her, and his first throb of joy had been caused by the reflection that he might now seek to win her. He had hurried down to Sileby Grange full of hope, and he had arrived just in time to see her in another man's arms, and hear her lips utter caressingly another man's name. What a fool he had been, and what a flirt she was!

Soon Dudley, all over white and sawdust, came hurrying up from the scene of his labours and welcomed his guest heartily. Then Mrs. Carr, his mother, returned, and presently Edith appeared. She welcomed him almost shyly, and there was a subdued, half-conscious light in her eyes which puzzled him. He muttered a stereotyped answer to her little speech, cursing her the while under his breath for a flirt, and then turned coldly away to continue his conversation with Mrs. Carr.

During dinner he sat glum and silent, eating scarcely anything, and drinking a great deal more than usual. Opposite him sat Miss Allnut, with an unusual colour in her cheeks, and a brilliant sparkle in her eyes, talking with reckless gaiety to her right-hand neighbour, whom Crawford easily recognised as her red-coated cavalier. Afterwards, when Dudley rose and proposed joining the ladies, he flatly refused to enter the drawing-room, and persuaded good-natured old Colonel Josser to accompany him into the billiard-room. For a while they were alone, but suddenly, when they were in the midst of the third game, there was the sound of merry voices and footsteps outside, and the door was burst open.

"Sorry to disturb you fellows," Dudley cried out, "but we want to have a rehearsal here. No, don't go away, Gordon, there's a good fellow. We want you to play the part of criticising audience. You're a dab hand at this sort of thing, you know"; and very unwillingly Gordon Crawford resumed his seat on a lounge and took up a paper. He listened to Dudley's coaching, to the merry laughter and badinage, and he felt very sore. Despite his efforts, he could not keep his eyes from following Edith, as, clad in a gown of soft black lace, which hung gracefully around her supple figure, she moved brightly about, the centre of all the mirth. Bah! how happy they all were, and how miserable he was! Suddenly he started, and the paper fell from his hand. He leaned forward, with eyes riveted upon the little group.

Miss Allnut and Mr. Scott (the man whom he had seen with her in the library) were alone on the pretended stage. He advanced towards her, leaned over the back of the chair, and made an ardent speech; moved closer still, and finally, in conventional terms, made her a proposal of marriage. She blushed, looked down, and accepted him, whispering, "Dearest Lionel!" He put his arm around her waist, and then, just as the infuriated guardian entered, Dudley stopped the scene.

"It won't do at all," he declared. "Scott, my dear fellow, you'll excuse me, but you must improve in this scene. You're fearfully stiff, and Harborough audiences are critical, I can tell you."

"I'm beastly sorry," declared Mr. Scott ruefully. "I'm an awful duffer at this sort of thing, I know. Miss Allnut was good enough to rehearse with me this afternoon in the library, but she couldn't help laughing at me. I can't seem to get into it, somehow."

"It must be improved upon," Dudley exclaimed decidedly, "or it will spoil the piece. Come, let's try again."

"I say, look here," said Scott, turning round eagerly. "There's your friend, Mr. Crawford—he's a dab at acting, you say. Perhaps he would take this part. Pitcher's quite as much as I can manage comfortably. Would you mind, Mr. Crawford?" he added. "I can assure you that I should take it as a special favour," he declared earnestly.

Miss Allnut drew herself up and frowned, but she caught a sudden appealing glance from Gordon Crawford and was silent.

"I shall be very happy indeed," he assented, "if Mr. Scott really wishes it."

"That's capital," pronounced Dudley, rubbing his hands with pleasure. "Here, Gordon, take my book and read your part over with Miss Allnut, while we go through the other farce. Other end of the room, please, ladies and gentlemen, for the 'Area Belle.'"

Miss Allnut looked almost inclined to follow them, but she thought better of it.

"Your part begins here, Mr. Crawford," she said coldly, showing him the book. "I think you had better learn it first, and we can rehearse to-morrow."

"I think we'll follow Dudley's suggestion,



"With a white, set face the watcher on the terrace moved away."

if you don't mind," he objected. "This is my first speech, is it? Thanks."

"Maud, I have come to ask you to be my wife. I—— Oh, bother the book!" he exclaimed, softly throwing it down, and glancing across the room to where the others stood in a little knot, busy rehearsing their farce. "Edith, I came down here to tell you something that I dared not tell you in the summer. I was coming to you in the library this afternoon, and I saw you rehearsing with that fellow Scott. I didn't know anything about these theatricals, and —and——"

"And you thought he was making love to me," she said, with a quiet, happy smile parting her lips.

"Exactly!"

"And that's why you've been so horrid ever since you came," with a sigh of relief. "How ridiculous!"

"Darl——"

"I say," cried Dudley, looking round, "I can't hear the words, but the attitude is capital. No one could tell that was acting, Scott, could they?" he continued innocently, and no one could imagine for the moment why it was that Miss Allnut looked so frightfully confused.

The theatricals took place in due course, and were an immense success. Everyone knew his or her part, but the number of rehearsals which Gordon Crawford and Miss Allnut went in for astonished everyone, until an interesting little item of news was confided to Mrs. Carr and spread among the guests. Then everyone understood it at once.



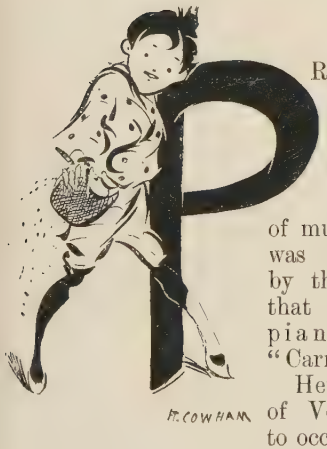
COTTAGES AT DAWLISH WATERS, DEVON.



A BATTLE OF FLOWERS ON THE RIVIERA.

CARNIVAL CUSTOMS.

By York Hopewell.



PROBABLY our first introduction to a "carnival" took place when, in early days, what little bump of music we possessed was daily stimulated by the practising of that ever-perennial pianoforte piece, "Carnival de Venise." Hence the Carnival of Venice has come to occupy a traditional place in the minds of many people far above that of other carnivals which are not one whit behind that of the Adriatic city in their beauty and success. Venice holds, it must be confessed, a unique advantage for a carnival, since its water-streets lend themselves so readily to illumination and decoration, and its palaces of the Middle Ages set off so well as a background the festivities which take place during carnival time. And then, again, the carnivals of Venice have come to be historic and renowned throughout the world. There is something weird and intensely attractive in being rowed in a black gondola along narrow waterways, which are only lighted up by gorgeous lamps and lanterns, on a summer evening, whilst sounds of music and revelry and the soft speech of the Italians break upon the ear on every side.

To witness a water carnival in Venice is an experience of a lifetime. Whatever can be made lovely, voluptuous, pleasure-giving, charming to both eye and ear, is brought into requisition for the Carnival of Venice. The city of the Doges has not been Queen of the Adriatic for five hundred years without learning a thing or two concerning the management of such dissipations, and in this twentieth century she contrives to be well up-to-date with her attractions.

The Riviera carnivals are nowadays almost as renowned as those of Venice. Nice, Mentone, Cannes, besides several smaller towns in that district of Southern France, have brought carnival pleasures and arrangements to almost absolute perfection, including the charges for lodging and board during the festal time! The favourite season of carnival is just before the commencement of Lent, Shrove Tuesday being a great holiday. There seems to be a concensus of



CONFETTI-THROWING AT NICE.

opinion that, ere one embarks upon the self-sacrifice and restrictions of the fasting period, one is entitled to squeeze as much pleasure and satiety as can possibly be got into the few preceding days, even if one has to gorge in order to accomplish it!

At Nice one of the chief features of the carnival is the decorated cars, which are dressed up to represent every kind of fancy. Our photographs give some idea of the absurdities that are perpetrated in this way. The figures on the cars are always, without exception, made as grotesque and hideous as possible — why, is not easy to explain. One would have thought that, in such a lovely spot as Nice, the authorities in charge of the arrangements for the festivities would have tried to make their car-figures as lovely as the surrounding scenery. But a spirit of jesting and foolery seems to be inseparable from all carnivals in Southern Europe, and this travesty of human figures is only a part of it.

Crowds line the route to see the processions pass. The usual concomitants of an English fair are not wanting. There are conjurors, showmen, beggars, street-performers innumerable; all ready and trying to "make a little bit" out of the joyous merry-makers on this notable day. Confetti-throwing has of late years been much in evidence at many carnivals. Often the throwers are dressed in fancy garments of theatrical cut, and proceed in groups about the streets which are to be honoured by the passing of the procession. Sometimes, however, they are in ordinary dress, and even the spectators take part in the battle of confetti, throwing the small multi-coloured pieces of paper until the whole ground under their feet is thick with it.

Occasionally the throwers are masked, but this is somewhat uncommon. Practice and skill often make the confetti-thrower able to accomplish strange things in his play. He can jerk his ball of confetti in such a way as to make it resemble gently-falling rain; he can arrange a series of it in circles and other ways so as to represent a veritable bombardment of a city by an army. Lately the practice of throwing confetti has spread to our country, and weddings are often enlivened with it. At any rate, it is not so awkward for the bridegroom to leave the church with the harmless confetti down his back as it used to be when several grains of rice were striving to make him as uncomfortable as they could.

The great feature of the Cannes Carnival is the "Battle of Flowers." There are other towns that copy this feature, but none are worthy to be counted as rivals of Cannes in this respect. The extreme loveliness of carriages decorated with roses, red and white, with violets, and many other kinds of blossoms that flourish on the Riviera when

here in England we are still labouring against the east winds of March, must be seen to be understood. Cycling gymkhanas in this country have, of late, given us some indication of how pretty and attractive vehicles can be made when thus adorned, but to completely hide a landau with red roses for the Battle of Flowers, especially to do it in such an artistic way as to carry off the valuable prize offered by the committee, requires expense and tact that is yet far too uncommon at most of our English festivities of any similar kind.

As to the flowers thrown from one carriage to another during the progress of the "battle," it has been estimated that a quarter of a million blooms will often be used at even a "moderate" festival. A regular rain of flowers, single or in bunches, may frequently be seen during the progress of the "battle," and to sustain this for a length of two miles or more, in the streets of Cannes, demands an expenditure of money and flowers that not every English visitor is prepared to undertake. The scene is about as beautiful in its way as any festivity on earth can well be; and if the inveterate croaker objects to it on the ground of its uselessness and its waste of money and material, there is the inevitable answer waiting for him in the French proverb equivalent to our English one, "Christmas comes but once a year." In France they credit this to the carnival.

It may be news to some people that there are carnivals in our own land. True, they are not battles of flowers; nor are they battles of confetti, though these have lately been tried at Eastbourne and other enterprising centres of gaiety. But they are social events of show and display, of beauty and charm, that are no less characteristic. Can even Venice show any such scene as the Henley Carnival at its best? Where can one go on any river in the world to view such a procession of boats, to see so many graceful women and athletic men enjoying themselves on the water? The best refutation to the foreigner who asserts that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly would be to bring him to the "Red Lion" at Henley, or to the "Angel," when the "Henley week" is on, and to let him see how folks in houseboats and other boats spend their days. If he has not entered into the enjoyment and pleasures there himself before the day is out, he must be set down as a misanthrope indeed. Who can forget, that has seen them, the beautifully decorated houseboats, with their



CONFETTI-THROWING AT CANNES.

merry owners and their friends taking tea under those vari-coloured awnings amidst gardens of flowers that a horticulturist's eye might often envy? Who can pass by undelighted with the great procession of decorated boats, the sweet music floating over the evening air after some dinner-party on board the *Ibis*, the *Non-Such*, or the *Aloha?* The Henley Carnival is one that no other place in the world can show. During that week in July, the bridge over the Thames at the old country town is not the worst place for standing and watching the thousands from everywhere who come and congregate at Henley for its water carnival.

How many people are aware that Aldershot has often a grand military carnival? Not a procession of troops, to which Aldershot is but too well accustomed all the year round, but a day when the town is given up to procession, to confetti, to fun and frolic, to pageants of cars and costumes that would do infinite credit to any Riviera town? Somewhat unusual, too, is the time of the year chosen for Aldershot's carnival; the one in 1899 was held in November.

It is impossible here to do full justice to the gaiety, to the charm, to the success of



KING CARNIVAL INVADES NICE IN HIS MOTOR CAR—



SCORTED BY NUMEROUS GIANT ATTENDANTS—



AND IS FINALLY ENTHRONED IN GORGEOUS STATE.

Stereoscopic photos by Underwood & Underwood.

the Aldershot Carnival. And, unlike so many other celebrated carnivals, Aldershot can look back upon its frolics with feelings of gratification; for it sees, as a result of them, large sums of money given to the Gordon Boys' Home, to the Aldershot and Guildford Hospitals, and to the Soldiers' Families Association. There is, perhaps, no other well-known carnival that so disposes of the profits it makes, and our soldiers' town is to be congratulated upon the result of its work in this particular.

When "Tommy" goes in for a day of enjoyment he generally means business, just as he does when he goes in for work. Hence the Aldershot Carnival lacks neither originality nor individuality. One car in 1899 represented Britannia in the midst of her loyal sons, and the latter consisted of properly dressed "Soldiers of the Queen" from all parts of the Empire—a second "Jubilee" procession on one car, so to speak. Decorated with evergreens and the various

national flags, this car was admirable, and drew forth tremendous applause from the



THE MENTONE GIANTESS ASSISTS KING CARNIVAL.

spectators *en route*. It was entitled "Under One Flag." Another car was arranged to portray "The Cavalry Charge at Elands Laagte," and on it were seated juvenile "Tommies" on wooden horses, with their lances pointed in the direction of the supposed enemy in front.



A MILL OF VIOLETS AT THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS.

The soldier can be peaceful, however, as well as warlike, and he showed his appreciation of what the British nation was doing for his wife and family by decorating a car as "The Good Samaritan," and this was extremely realistic and fine. It is impossible to give here any full account of the various cars besides those mentioned, or of the charming decorations that Aldershot itself had prepared for the occasion. But, as is usual in this military centre, all "went merry as a marriage bell," and the carnival was a thing to be remembered.

And let it not be forgotten that—once a year, anyhow—Cowes can boast such a carnival as falls to the lot of no other place in the shipping world at home or abroad. What the popular Isle of Wight town would do now without its yachting week is difficult to state. For many decades it has attracted the finest yachtsmen and yachtswomen from all parts of the globe who take part in it, though it must be confessed that the racing of the beautiful white-winged steeds is perhaps less attractive to the majority of those present than are the festivities connected with the carnival.

There, out in Cowes Roads, one may see a superb collection of vessels, yachts of all sizes and shapes, from the *Meteor* of the Kaiser down to the humble craft belonging to the villa-resident on the shores of the Isle of Wight. The brilliant scene, when the summer sun glows with its burning heat and sheds its rays upon this wonderful fleet of yachts, is absolutely unique—there is nothing anywhere else to be compared with it.

Concerning the parties on shore and afloat; the gaily decorated vessels, illuminated night after night; the lovely dresses of those of the fair sex who make the pilgrimage to Cowes—and who in Society doesn't?—what can be said of all this that has not



ANOTHER OF KING CARNIVAL'S RETINUE.
Stereoscopic photos by Underwood & Underwood.

been written again and again? The Cowes week is a perfect carnival. The various towns on the Riviera may rival one another in their festivities; they may look upon each other's efforts with envy and uncharitableness. But Cowes smiles serenely at all such; she can afford to smile, too.

And as we began with Venice and its water carnival, let us close our account of celebrated carnivals with that of another water *fête*, which has attained no small degree of renown, and has been worthily compared to that of Venice; but this time it is an English *fête*. Unfortunately it is not an annual one, but very intermittent in its occurrence. Sometimes it takes place in alternate years, and, again, it may show five years or more between one water *fête* and the next. But whenever it does take place it is done in a style beyond reproach, and there is nothing else in England like it. Even Henley has then to take second place as a river-town of social and pleasure importance.

I am, of course, speaking of the Richmond River Fête. The last one of any note took place in 1897, and was, to those who saw it, "a thing of beauty." No merry-making spots in Southern Europe, or throughout England, that the writer has seen, could for a minute compare with the loveliness of Richmond under the guise of that night's carnival. Let those who know the charming scenery of the place try to imagine the Thames covered thickly with boats, steamers, and craft of every kind from Isleworth to Twickenham; let them picture to themselves the grand trees of the Hill and of the river-banks lighted up for miles with every species of coloured fire and searchlight, glimmering in the summer night with red, blue, green, yellow light;



A BATTLE OF FLOWERS IN A BYGONE PARIS CARNIVAL.

let them imagine Richmond Bridge picked out with Chinese and Japanese lanterns round every arch and along all its lines; let them try to fancy five hundred decorated and brilliantly illuminated boats plying on the river between Petersham and St. Margaret's at the same time. Then rockets and fireworks innumerable; supper-parties in the open air on specially chartered steamers; thick lines of illuminations running along both sides of the river-banks for a great distance; thousands of visitors, as well as residents, crowding the town and the places of vantage for



Photo by Frith & Co., [*Reigate.*

HENLEY'S ANNUAL CARNIVAL.

viewing the scene—all this, and much more that must remain untold, let him who would like to see the finest river *fête* in the world, and has not yet done so, try to picture to himself. And even then, however brilliant may be his imagination, he will fall infinitely short of the original. Richmond is slow in some matters, it must be confessed, but when she sets out to "do" a river *fête* in style she brooks no rivalry and spares neither expense nor trouble to make the affair beyond criticism.

These, then, are some of the best-known of the world's carnivals. Each has its distinguishing features; several of them are unique in their own line. Why should there not be more of them in our own land?



JUBILEE RIVER FÊTE AT RICHMOND. BY IRVING MONTAGU.

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"He guides them in covert, he leads them in chase; though the young and the jealous try hard for his place."

"THE KING OF THE KENNEL." By Dorothy Hardy.

THE FALL OF GOLIATH.

By IAN MACLAREN.*

Illustrated by Harold Copping.



BAILIE MACCONACHIE made a mistake when he risked a war with the boys of the Seminary, and it was colossal folly on his part to continue the war after his first defeat in the affair of the advertisement. No doubt it was humiliating to have his respectable place of business filled with the mob of Muirtown demanding whisky as a right, and threatening him with penalties as a covenant-breaker when they did not get it; he had also very good reasons for believing that the unholy inspiration which gathered the vagrants to his shop came from the Seminary. His best policy, however, would have been to treat the matter as a joke; and if the Bailie had stopped on his way to dinner, and told the boys plainly that he knew quite well they were at the bottom of the affair, that they were a set of confounded young rascals, that he had intended to hang six of them and send the rest to penal servitude, that he was going to forgive them for the sake of their unhappy parents, and because it had not been half bad fun after all, that there would be no more policemen before the Seminary, and there must be no more windows smashed in his (the Bailie's) house—the Seminary, which always respected a fellow who took his licking with good humour and didn't squeal, would have given the Bailie the best cheer he ever got in his public career, and a covenant of peace would have been made between him and the boys which would never have been forgotten. Had another pane of glass been broken by a Seminary ball, the value thereof in a packet of halfpence, with an expression of regret, would have been handed in before evening. The honorary freedom of the school would have been conferred on the Bailie, without any public ceremony, but with immense practical advantage, and although the Bailie was surfeited with civic honours, yet even he might have tasted a new pleasure as he passed along the terrace to see the boys suspend a game for an instant to let him pass in stately walk, and to hear Sparrow cry, "Oot o' the Bailie's road," and to receive a salute from tailless Highland bonnets that were touched to none outside the school, except to the Count and Dr. Manley. If Providence had given a touch of imagination to the Bailie, and his head had not been swollen by a position approaching that of the angels, he would have come to terms with the boys, in which case bygones would have been bygones, and he would have added the last glory to his career.

Unfortunately the Bailie allowed his temper to get the better of him, raging furiously in public places, and breathing forth threatenings about what he would do to the plotter, till all Muirtown, which otherwise might have pitied him, held its sides. He kept our single detective at work for a fortnight, who finally extracted from London John that the "boardies" containing the shameful advertisement had been given him by a man uncommonly like the detective himself, and that the said "boardies" were not to be compared with those he used to carry in London. The detective also learned, on a somewhat risky visit to Mr. McGuffie's stables, that the Sparrow had spent the whole of that historical Saturday till the hour of two—when he called for peppermints at the Bailie's shop—in cleaning out his rabbit-hutch, and other domestic duties—this on the testimony of three of Mr. McGuffie's grooms, each of whom was willing to swear the same anywhere, or fight the detective, with gloves or without gloves, in the stable-yard or any other place which might be agreed upon. The Bailie also, going from bad to worse, offered a reward of £5 for any information which would lead to the conviction

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of the offender, and received thirty letters —so many anonymous, attacking his character, public and private, and so many signed, from various cranks in Muirtown, in which the crime was assigned to Irish Roman Catholics, to the Publicans, to the Morisonians, and to a tribe of gipsies camped outside the city. They were all annoying, but there were two which cut the Bailie to the quick. One was written from the security of Glasgow, in which the writer promised, on receipt of the reward, to send a full account of the conspiracy, and, having got the money, replied briefly that he left the matter to the Bailie's own conscience; and the second, which asked for no reward, except the writer's sense of having done his duty, and which hinted that if the Bailie put the question straight to his senior assistant, he might find that he had been nourishing a viper in his bosom, and that a young man with such a smug appearance could be little else than a rascal. This letter, which was written in a schoolboy hand, and had five words misspelt, was signed, "An Elder of the Free Kirk." None of the letters seemed to help the matter forward, and life at the Bailie's residence was very troubled during those weeks.



"In an exact imitation of the magistrate's manner."

When news of the Bailie's vindictive spirit spread through the Seminary, the boys were much pained, for it was sad to see an old man forgetting himself and harbouring a spirit of revenge. It seemed, indeed, as if all they had done for the Bailie was simply love's labour lost, and that they must begin again to bring him to a proper state of mind. The Seminary loved peace and hated war, being a body of quiet, well-behaved, hard-working lads. Still, if war was forced upon them, and detectives set upon their track, it was a duty to themselves and their families to meet the situation bravely. Nothing could have been more successful than the last campaign; and, although Sparrow had never boasted, and none dared say that he had anything to do with it, there was a feeling in the Seminary that the conduct of the next campaign was safe in his hands. As it turned out, it was certainly safe, and one ought not to detract from genius, but there can be no doubt that Fortune played into the hands of Sparrow.

Much may be allowed to a broad sense of humour, and the walk of the Bailie was

marvellous to behold ; but it was rather poor business for Sparrow to walk half the length of the terrace a yard behind the Bailie in an exact imitation of the magistrate's manner, although the school was hugely delighted. If the Bailie had taken no notice, the score had been on his side ; but when he turned round and gave Sparrow a sound box on the side of the head, he lost himself, and out of that single mistake, by a chain of consequences, arose the scandal which almost drove the Bailie from Muirtown. Sparrow could not have hoped for anything so good as that foolish blow, and the moment that it came he saw his opportunity. Many a stroke had he endured in his day, from his father and from the grooms, when his mischief was beyond endurance, and from Bulldog when he caught him red-handed, and from the boys in a fight, and there was no one of his age so indifferent to such afflictions. Had the hand been any other than that of Bailie MacConachie, Sparrow would have made derisive gestures and invited the second stroke. As it was, he staggered across the pavement and fell with a heavy thud upon the street, where, after one sharp, piercing cry of pain, he lay motionless, but his moans could be heard along the terrace. His one hope was that, when he had seized the occasion with such dramatic success, the Seminary would not fail to play up and support his *rôle*, and, although they were cleverer at reality than acting, they entered heartily into their opportunity.

"Are ye conscious, Peter ?" inquired Howieson tenderly, as he stooped over the prostrate figure. "Div ye hear us speakin' to ye ? Dinna moan like that, but tell us where ye're hurt. What are ye gatherin' round like that for and keepin' away the air ? Hold up his head, Bauldie ? Some o' ye lift his feet out o' the gutter ? Run to the lade, for ony's sake, and bring some water in yir bonnets."

It was pretty to see Jock and Bauldie lifting the unconscious form of their beloved friend, and carrying him carefully across the pavement, and placing Spiug in a sitting position against the railing, and then rendering what would now be called first aid to the wounded, while that ingenuous youth kept his eyes tightly closed and moaned occasionally, to show that he was still living. Never in his life had Providence given him a chance of playing so much mischief, and he was not going to be disobedient. They opened his shirt at the breast to give him air, they anxiously searched the side of his head for the wound, and washed away imaginary blood with very dirty pocket-handkerchiefs. They bathed his forehead with such profuseness that the water ran down his chest, whereat Spiug expressed himself in low but stern tones, so Nestie advised them to stick to his head ; and some of the smaller boys were only prevented from taking off his boots by a seasonable warning from Bauldie and a reasonable fear of consequences. The Seminary circle was reinforced by all the message-boys within sight, and several ladies who were coming home from the shops. Two maiden ladies, against whose railings Peter had been propped in the hour of his distress, came out—their heart full of compassion and their hands of remedies. As Jock and Bauldie did not consider it safe that Peter should be moved at once, one maiden lady placed a cushion between his head and the railings, while the other chafed his forehead with scent, while both insisted that Dr. Manley should be sent for at once. This was the first suggestion which seemed to have any effect on Peter, for it would not at all have suited his plans that that matter-of-fact physician should have arrived on the spot. And when a bottle of ferocious smelling-salts was held to the patient's nose, Sparrow showed signs of returning consciousness.

"Poor dear !" said one lady ; "what a mercy he wasn't killed ! A blow behind the ear is often fatal. He's coming round nicely. The colour is returning to his cheeks. Bailie MacConachie, did you say ?" as Jock Howieson unfolded to the ladies in simple, straightforward, truthful words the story of the murderous attack. "I can't believe that any man would so abuse a poor, helpless child." (At this moment Peter, who had been reconnoitring the whole scene through his half-closed eyelids, seized the opportunity to wink to the mourners with such irresistible effect as to prove once again the close connection between tears and laughter.) "And him a magistrate," concluded the sympathetic female. "He ought to be ashamed of himself ; but if I were the laddie's friends, I would make the Bailie hear about it on the deaf side of his head."

Upon a sign from Sparrow, who was getting a little weary of inaction, he was helped to his feet, and after one or two staggers seemed to come to himself, and submitted with agreeable humour to the attention of his friends, who dusted him from head to foot, under the superintendence of the ladies

and to the huge delight of the message-boys, who were now entering into the meaning of the scene. His bonnet, which had been thoughtfully used as a water-can, was placed wrong end foremost upon his head, but Peter resisted the proposal to tie up his head in Bauldie's handkerchief, partly because there was a limit even to his endurance, and because Bauldie's handkerchief served many a purpose in the course of the day. The maiden ladies were anxious that he should rest in their house, but Sparrow indicated that he preferred to be taken home, where he could break the news himself to his anxious father. And so an impressive procession was formed, with so many boys in front to clear the way, and then Spiug, upheld on the one hand by Nestie, and on the other by Jock, while Bauldie commanded the rearguard and kept the message-boys at a distance, in order to secure due respect for the sufferer. It was with difficulty that Sparrow could sustain his *rôle* until he and his friends got safely within the shelter of the stable-yard, when they plunged into a straw-shed and rolled together in one heap of triumphant mischief.

"You're a g-genius, Peter," said Nestie, "and it would be pure waste for you to be a h-horse-dealer. You must go on the st-stage. The way you came whack on the pavement was j-just immense; and do you know, Peter, you looked quite nice when you lay f-fainting. One lady called you a pretty boy, and I was quite sorry you were unconscious."

"Ye're a disgustin' liar, Nestie, besides being an impident young brat. I heard every word, and she never said 'pretty'; but," and Spiug looked round thoughtfully, "if I knew which o' ye emptied the water down my breast, I'd give him something to remember. I'm wet to the skin," and Sparrow made a dive at Bauldie, who caught Howieson by the leg, who pulled down Nestie by the hair of the head, and they all fought together in high glee. Spiug extricated himself and demanded news of the Bailie. Then the three told Spiug the story together in bits, one beginning where another left off.

"He was that astonished when ye coupit over that he couldna speak, and Jock cried, 'The Bailie has killed Spiug.'" "He was wantin' to lift ye up, but Bauldie gets in afore him and dares him to strike ye a second time." "It would have done you good, Peter, to see the Bailie walking along to his house, just like an ordinary man, all the s-starch out of him, and taking a look back to see what was h-happening." "Aye, and he stoppit opposite the lade to get another look, and if Cosh didna empty a cupful of water on his legs by mistake! I didna think Cosh had the spirit." "He was ashamed to stand at the w-window, but I saw him p-peeping out behind the curtains, just to find out whether you were living." "If his servant lass didna follow us across the meadow, and, my word, she's back to the Bailie with a fine story." "He's sweatin' the now for fear he be taken up for assault, and maybe manslaughter." "What w-would you say, Peter, just to die altogether, and we would gi-give you an A1 funeral? If you'll just be g-good-natured and do it, I'll write your l-life myself. It's perfectly sc-scrummageous." And then Peter fell on Nestie, and Howieson on Bauldie, and they rejoiced together once more in the straw.

"You're 'avin' an 'igh 'ole time in 'ere, young gentlemen," and Mr. McGuffie's English groom looked down on the boys; "but you're missin' the Derby, that's what you are. Hold Pompous has come 'isself, and if he ain't been hexplainin' to the master 'ow he 'appened to knock the Sparrow down. He's out o' breath now, and the master he's took up the runnin', and—my eye and Betty Martin—ain't he talkin'! Not cussin'—no, not one swear word has he let go. Young gentlemen, upon my Alfred David, if the master ain't preachin' for all the world as if he was a blessed beak on the Bench and old Pompous was a 'habit and repute.' It's as good as a circus; you just go and 'ear 'im," and in exactly one and a quarter seconds the boys were an unseen audience when Mr. Peter McGuffie senior gave his opinion of the conduct of Bailie MacConachie, which he had been doing already for some time with much effect.

"Imitatin' you, was he, and followin' you along the street, walkin' as you walk, and so you knocked him down in open day? Why should he not be doing as you did? Is your walk protected by law, that nobody dare step the same way on the streets of Muirtown? Answer me that, if you please. Bailies are pretty high and mighty in this town, they are; but I never heard yet that the street belonged to them, and that a laddie was in a danger of death if he followed in their steps. That would be a fine pass. Aren't boys always imitatin' somebody? Why, you stupid old fool, half the laddies in this district try to imitate me; and, as sure as you're standing there, I've seen half a dozen of them, each one with a



"Sparrow showed signs of returning consciousness."

straw in his mouth, and the bit legs of him straddled, and his bonnet on the side of his head, and the belly of him stuck out like a pillow, just the eemage of myself. What would you think of me if I knockit one of them down, you double-distilled old fool?

"I'm astonished at you, for you might be pleased to think that the laddies, instead of copying a horse-dealer, are trying to be magistrates. Didna the Provost tell the laddies the last time he gave the prizes to 'take notice of my freend Bailie MacConachie, and try to be like him'? And now, when one of them has taken his advice, if you dinna turn round on the street and half kill him, till he had to be brought home half faintin' to his father's house! Fine-like conduct for a magistrate! You bloodthirsty old ruffian!

"Came to make inquiries, did you? You made enough inquiries, by all accounts, on the terrace. Expression of regret, was it? We don't want your regret, you hypocritical Pharisee! Present of a top? I wonder you have the face! You break a laddie's head and then offer him a top! I can buy tops myself for my family. Confound you! to think you're standing there after manglin' a poor, defenceless, harmless, motherless laddie! You should be ashamed to show your face in Muirtown; and if there was any public spirit in this town, you would be drummed out o' the place!

"Look you here, Bailie MacConachie"—and Mr. McGuffie adopted a conciliatory tone—"the best of us will make mistakes, and you've made a particularly big one when you knockit down Peter McGuffie in the face of the public of Muirtown. You may bet on that and take my tip for it. Let's settle this matter fair and sure as between man and man. You say you're sorry, and you don't want any noise made about it. Well, now, I've lived here man and boy for fifty years, and any man in Muirtown will tell you I'm straight. If I give a warranty with any horse, you needn't be afraid to buy that horse, and I'll deal with you on the square.



"'They've lickit you once, Bailie, and they've lickit you twice, Bailie.'"

"You and me are about an age of and on, and we ought to be pretty even as fighting men. You have the pull of me in height, but I would say that I am nimbler on my legs. You might be called a heavy weight, and I am a middle weight, but there isn't much in that. We could meet pretty level with the gloves.

"Suppose, now, we just went into the straw-shed here, and stripped and fought the matter of six rounds, easy and quiet? There would be no mischief done, and no bad blood left, and that would be the end of the matter.

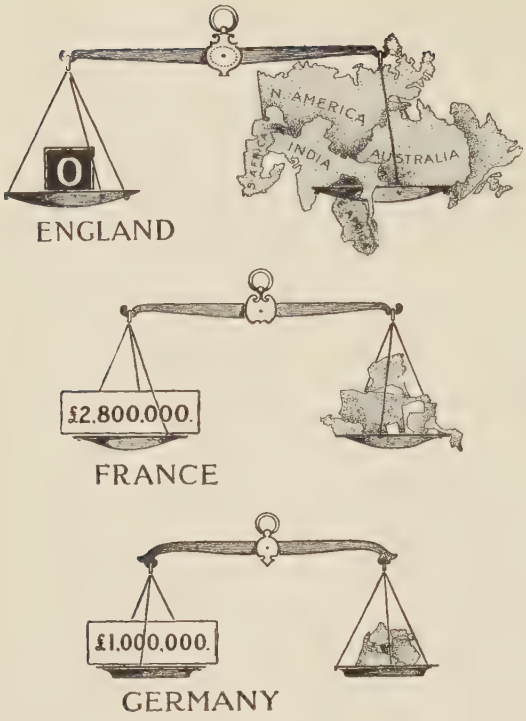
"Magistrate, did you say, and elder in the Kirk. What do you take me for? Do you mean to say I'd split on you, and go round Muirtown saying that Bailie MacConachie and me had a friendly turn with the gloves? You don't do me justice. Why, there's nobody outside this stable-yard would ever hear tell of it; and if they did, they would respect you, and count you an able-bodied man, which is more than a Bailie any day. Is it a deal, Bailie? You won't, won't you, and I ought to be ashamed of myself, ought I? And a prizefight would be a disgrace to Muirtown, would it? Muirtown is pretty easy disgraced, then. Who's speaking about a prizefight, you haverin' old body? But I

see how the wind blows. If the other man stands a bare five feet, and you can get at him before he's ready, you're mighty handy with your fists. You cowardly old sneak! But when you're offered the chance of facing a man about your own size, ye count it a disgrace. My opinion is, you havna the spirit of a mouse in your big body! I'm ashamed to think you're a magistrate of Muirtown! Dinna speak to me, MacConachie, for I might lose control and send you out of the stable-yard, with my foot followin'! My advice is to be off as quick as you can, for if some of the grooms got hold of you they would make an awful mess of you—they're not just particularly fond of magistrates, and they've a great notion of Peter.

"One word before we part, Bailie," and the Bailie took that word walking. "So far as I understand, you might be arrested for assault, and I might prosecute you for damages; but I will let you off just this once with a word of solemn advice. You're a Bailie of Muirtown, and you're an elder in the Kirk, and you're an Italian warehouseman; but for all that, MacConachie, remember you're just a man. You're swollen up and fozzy with pride and vanity, and you pace down the streets like an elephant let loose from a menagerie; but, MacConachie, consider you're just a man. You're wily and cunning and pawky and long-headed, and you've got your own way in this town for many a year; but lay it to heart, you're just a man. You've sat on the Bench and laid down the law, and when you wagged your head everybody kept quiet, and when you've scrapit your throat they thought it was Gospel; but, MacConachie, dinna forget it, you're just a man. You needna hurry," and Mr. McGuffie, standing in the gateway of the stable-yard, pursued the Bailie along the street with exhortations. "I've said all I wanted to say, and I've just one word more. You've fought with the Tories and you've fought with the Publicans, you've fought with this body and with that body and you've beaten them, and you thought you were cock of the roost in Muirtown; but you meddled with the laddies, and they've lickit you once, Bailie, and they've lickit you twice, Bailie, and if you dinna cry 'Peace,' they'll lick you again, and that'll be the end of you, Bailie MacConachie."

When Mr. McGuffie returned to the stable-yard he called for his son, and passed a careful hand over Peter's head, and then he declared that the Sparrow was a chip of the old block and prophesied aloud that there lay before him a long and useful life.





COST OF COLONIES PER ANNUM.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE COLONIES OF THE GREAT POWERS.

By Alleyne Ireland.*

ALTHOUGH the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—referred to throughout this article as England, for the sake of brevity—is not the oldest of the colonial Powers, being outclassed in that respect by Spain, France, and Portugal, her colonies are to-day by far the most important, both in regard to their extent and population, whilst the commerce of the British colonies is greater in volume than that of all the colonies of all other Powers put together.

If we include India, the colonies of England cover an area of 9,000,000 square miles; and if to this we add the area of British protectorates and spheres of influence, the total area subject to British rule is 11,000,000 square miles. The smaller area, that of the colonies and India alone, supports a population of 367,000,000; the larger area about 420,000,000, or, roughly speaking, six times the population of the United States. As a colonial Power, France comes next to England, but at a great distance behind. The French colonies, including Algeria, Tunis, and all protectorates and spheres of influence, have an area of 3,500,000 square miles and a population of 53,000,000. Next comes Germany, whose colonies and protectorates have an area of 1,000,000 square miles and a population of 11,000,000. The Dutch colonies have an area of 800,000 square miles and a population of 33,000,000. As compared with these, the colonies of the United States cover an area of 125,000 square miles, and have a population of 9,000,000. The details are :—

	Area.	Population.
Hawaii	6,640 square miles.	117,000
Puerto Rico . .	3,668 ,,	813,000
Philippines . .	115,000 ,,	8,000,000

A most interesting point in connection with the colonies of the European Powers is whether they are a source of profit or of loss to the sovereign state. This may be looked at in two ways: first, whether they are directly a source of profit or loss, or, in other words, whether they pay revenue into the treasury of the sovereign state or are a cause of actual expense to the mother country; second, whether the home country succeeds in securing such a proportion of trade from her colonies as to amount to a real national advantage.

In regard to this point we may compare the colonies of England, France, and Germany. The British colonies receive nothing from the Imperial treasury and contribute nothing to it. This does not, of course, imply that under special circumstances, such as those created by the disastrous hurricane in the West Indies some two years ago, no financial aid is given by England to her colonies, but merely that each colony raises its own revenue without depending on England in any way. Both Germany and France, however, pay out annually large sums of money for the administrative expenses of their colonies, scarcely any of which are self-supporting. France pays yearly about £2,800,000, and Germany about £1,000,000. It has been stated that, although England's colonies are not a source of direct expense to the mother country, they are so indirectly, for it is the possession of colonies which

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VALUE PER ANNUM OF THE IMPORTS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY FROM THEIR RESPECTIVE COLONIES

necessitates such enormous expenditures for the British Navy. This is a mistaken idea. Even if England owned no colonies, she would still have to keep her Navy at its present strength, for two reasons—because it is her first line of defence, and because her carrying trade, which forms about sixty per cent. of the carrying trade of the world, must be protected.

It is seen, then, that so far from colonies being a source of direct revenue to the sovereign state, they are in the case of both France and Germany a source of great expense.

But what of trade? Does not the possession of colonies imply a very important commercial development in which the mother country reaps great profit? Here again we will compare England, Germany, and France. First, in regard to imports from colonies. In 1897, England imported from her colonies goods to the value of £94,000,000, her total imports from all countries, including her colonies, being valued at £450,000,000. In other words, she received more than one-fifth of her imports from her own colonies. In 1896, France imported from her colonies goods to the value of £14,000,000, her total imports being valued at about £150,000,000. That is to say, she received less than one-tenth of her imports from her colonies. Germany received, in 1896, imports from her colonies to the value of £400,000, her total imports being worth £200,000,000. That is, she received about one-five-hundredth part of her imports from her colonies.

Turning now to exports, we find that in 1897, England exported British and Irish produce to the total value of £234,000,000, of which £80,000,000 worth went to the British colonies—roughly, one-third of her total exports. In 1896, the value of exports of French merchandise amounted to £136,000,000, of which £13,600,000, or one-tenth, went to the French colonies. Germany exported, in 1896, home merchandise to the value of £140,000,000, of which £400,000 worth, or one-three-hundred-and-fiftieth part, went to the German colonies.

If we consider these figures for a moment, we shall perceive several curious facts. England exported to the British colonies goods to a value six times as great as that of the exports from France and Germany to their respective colonies; and she also imported from her colonies six times more goods than France and Germany put together imported from their colonies.

Now, both France and Germany strive to secure a monopoly of the trade of their own colonies by erecting formidable tariffs against the goods of other nations. England, on



VALUE PER ANNUM OF THE EXPORTS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY TO THEIR RESPECTIVE COLONIES

the other hand, throws open the trade of her colonies to the whole world, and anyone can thus compete with her for the trade of her own possessions; yet it is seen that England secures an immense trade with her colonies. This is not because the colonies are under the British Flag (since there is no preferential treatment of British goods in the British colonies), but because she is highly efficient commercially. England's commercial efficiency is well shown by the following table:

Population.	Exports.
England.	
40,000,000	£234,000,000
United States.	
70,000,000	£242,000,000
France.	
39,000,000	£136,000,000
Germany.	
53,000,000	£140,000,000

Roughly speaking, England produces for export a little less than twice as much per head of her population as the United States, France, or Germany.

But to return to colonies. These may be divided into two great classes, tropical and non-tropical. The difference between tropical and non-tropical colonies from the commercial standpoint is most striking. During the five-year period, 1893–1897, England imported from her non-tropical colonies annually goods to the value of £46,000,000, and from her tropical colonies goods to the value of £47,800,000. What this means will be seen when it is remembered that the population of the non-tropical colonies during the five years was about 9,500,000, whilst that of the tropical colonies was 346,500,000. To put it in another way: each man, woman, and child in England's non-tropical colonies sends annually to England about £4 13*s.* worth of goods, whilst each man, woman, and child in the tropical colonies sends only 2*s.* 9*d.* worth. Similarly in regard to exports of British goods. Each person in the non-tropical colonies consumes £2 10*s.* worth of British goods, whilst each person in the tropical colonies consumes only 3*s.* worth. In other words, taking imports and exports together, it pays England better that one child should be born in Canada than twenty-five children should be born in Ceylon.



TERRITORIAL AREA AND POPULATION OF THE COLONIES OF SEVERAL NATIONS

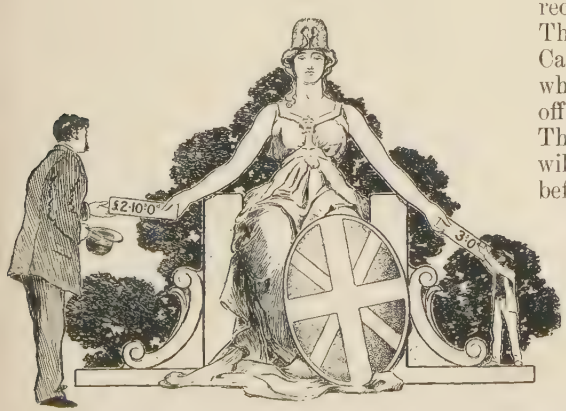
Let me put this in yet another way. Taking Victoria in Australia as a typical non-tropical colony, and comparing it with the average of twelve tropical colonies—British Guiana, Mauritius, Trinidad, Jamaica, Barbadoes, St. Kitts-Nevis, Antigua, Grenada, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Montserrat, and Dominica—we get the following results, the figures being based on the average returns of ten years: Victoria, the non-tropical colony, exports yearly per head of her population goods to the value of £14, whilst the tropical colonies export only £5 3*s.* 4*d.* worth per head of their population.

But the tropical colonies themselves vary very greatly in their productive efficiency, as measured by their exports, some exporting as much as £9 per head, whilst others export only £2 12*s.* 6*d.* per head, annually. This wide difference is easily explained. The value of exports from these colonies is regulated by the efficiency of their labour supply—a good labour supply means big exports, a poor labour supply small

exports. In regard to their labour supply, we can divide tropical colonies into three classes: 1. Those in which imported contract labour is used. 2. Those in which there is such a dense population that the natives must either work or starve. 3. Those in which there is no pressure of population, and in which imported contract labour is not used.

In order to compare the productive efficiency of these three classes of colonies, I select three of each class: Mauritius, British Guiana, and Trinidad, which employ imported contract labour; Barbadoes, Antigua, and Grenada, in which there is a pressure of population; and St. Vincent, Montserrat, and Dominica, in which there is no pressure of population, and in which there is no imported contract labour. If I take the average value of the annual exports of these colonies during the ten-year period, 1882–1891, I get the following results: The colonies of the first class export yearly £9 2*s.* worth of goods per head of their population; the colonies of the second class, £5 6*s.* worth; and the colonies of the third class, only £2 7*s.* worth.

It is not difficult to understand why this should be so. In the colonies where there is no pressure of population, there is no need for the natives to work, for they can supply all their wants from the bounty of Nature. The forest furnishes them with excellent material for a house, and food in abundance, whilst a little desultory labour will soon establish a small garden which will grow a few bananas or plantains to be sold in the nearest town, thus supplying what little money is necessary for clothing. Under these circumstances the ordinary dweller in the tropics is content to live. His wants are few and simple, and he can gratify them



VALUE PER CAPITA OF BRITISH PRODUCT CONSUMED YEARLY BY HER NON-TROPICAL AND TROPICAL COLONIES.



VALUE PER CAPITA OF THE YEARLY EXPORTS OF BRITISH NON-TROPICAL AND TROPICAL COLONIES TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

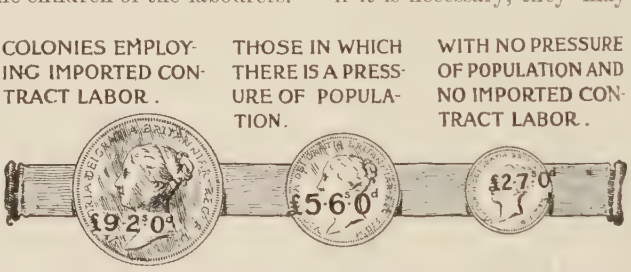
without the wages which the white man offers him. So he does not work. Where there is a pressure of population, things are different. Take Barbadoes as an example. There every inch of soil is occupied. There are no forests in which the negro can build his hut, and no spare lands on which he can cultivate his patch of corn or plantains. And there are about 1,200 souls to the square mile. Under these circumstances it is easy to understand that there is a moderately good labour supply. Lastly, there are the colonies employing imported contract labour. Their high productive efficiency is due to the presence of a large body of labourers who are under contract to work five days a week and seven hours a day.

I may close this article with a very brief description of the manner in which the system of imported contract labour is worked in the British colonies. I select British Guiana as an example. The labourers are recruited in India by voluntary enlistment. The agent of British Guiana resides in Calcutta, and sends out recruiting agents who make known to the people the terms offered by the British Guiana planters. Those men and women who express their willingness to go to the colony are called before a magistrate, and the terms of the contract are read over to them in their own language. If any wish to withdraw at the last moment, they are allowed to do so, and are then sent back to their homes at the expense of the British Guiana Government. Those who sign the contract are then put on board a sailing vessel for the voyage. Each vessel carrying labourers is provided with a medical man, who has to see that all the regulations in regard to sanitation

and food are observed during the passage. The labourers get the passage free of cost, as also food and clothing. Those who wish to carry young children with them are allowed to do so.

On arrival in British Guiana, the labourers are allotted to the different estates. The terms of the contract are as follows: The labourer contracts to reside on the estate and to work five days a week for seven hours a day for five years, at the end of which time he becomes absolutely free to go where he pleases. The planter contracts to supply each labourer with a well-built, well-ventilated house, with a good water supply. He must also provide on his estate a hospital for the use of sick labourers, and must employ a medical man to visit the estate at least once every forty-eight hours and examine and prescribe for all labourers presenting themselves. He must also build a school on his estate for the education of the children of the labourers. All the above are provided free of cost to the labourers. In addition to this, he must pay each man not less than one shilling a day, and each woman not less than eightpence a day. When it is remembered that the ordinary labourer can buy all the food he can eat for fourpence a day, the wages seem very fair. As a matter of fact, the labourers save considerable sums of money, and frequently after their term of indenture is over they set up small shops on the estates, and eventually in many cases become prosperous citizens. It should be noted that the planters are not allowed to sell goods of any kind to their labourers, under a very heavy penalty. In 1897, there were 4,444 East Indian depositors in the British Guiana Government Savings Bank, with a total sum of £82,670 to their credit. At the end of the five years' contract the labourer becomes free and cannot be engaged under contract again, a provision intended to protect the immigrant from any influence which might be brought to bear on him to forego his rights to entire freedom after his contract was out. If an immigrant remains five years in the colony after his indenture expires, even though he does no work during that time, he becomes entitled to a free grant of land from the Government. Until quite recently he was entitled to a passage back to India on paying one-half of the actual cost of transport. Under this latter provision, 38,000 immigrants returned to India during the past twenty-five years, carrying with them money and jewellery to the value of about £560,000.

The interests of the contract labourers are under the care of a special department of the Government—the Immigration Department. All *employés* of this department must pass examinations in the native dialects of the immigrants. Inspectors from this department visit the estates frequently, and examine the pay-lists in order to see if the labourers are getting their fair wages. These officers also hear and investigate any complaints that may be made to them, and, if it is necessary, they may issue all process of law free to the labourers.



PRODUCTIVE EFFICIENCY OF THREE CLASSES OF TROPICAL COLONIES—PER CAPITA VALUE OF EXPORTS PER ANNUM.

The Immigration Department can always enforce any demands it may make, for if a planter refuses to remedy any defect in his arrangements, or declines to perform any act suggested by the Immigration Agent-General, that official has the power to refuse further supplies of labourers, and may also take away from his estate what labourers it has. As this would mean ruin to the planter, he cannot disregard the orders he gets from the Immigration Department. Should any planter be convicted of an offence against a labourer, the Immigration Department demands his dismissal from the estate, and warns all other estates that if they employ him they will not be furnished with any more labourers. As no punishment of any kind can be inflicted on a labourer except by the legal authorities of the colony, it will be readily perceived that the lot of the indentured labourer in British Guiana is not a hard one.

All this forms a marked contrast to those systems of indentured labour which, when not under proper Government supervision, give rise to great abuses.

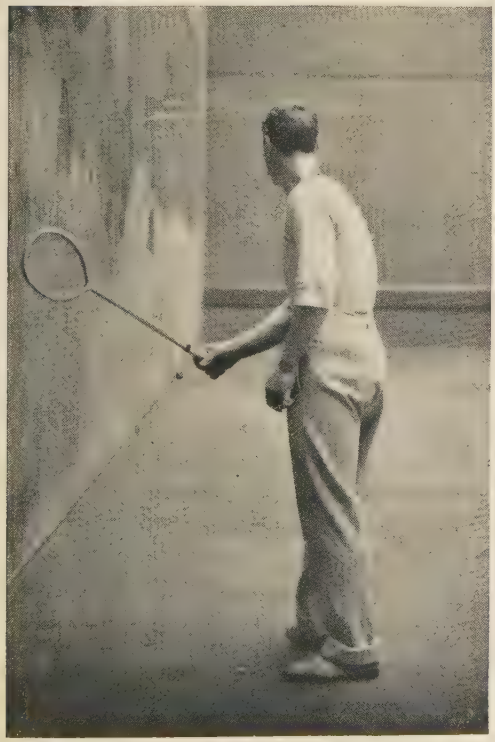
RACKETS AND SQUASH-RACKETS.

By Eustace H. Miles,*
Winner of the Open Competition in the Amateur Racket Championship, 1899.

Photographs by H. Mason, Cambridge.

IN a former article I gave some account of Tennis ; here I shall consider two other ball-games, and shall take Rackets first and Squash-Rackets afterwards. The latter game might be called Baby-Rackets ; it is played in a smaller court, with shorter rackets and with softer balls.

Squash-Rackets, or Squash, as it is usually called, bears to Rackets very much the same relation that Lawn Tennis bears to Tennis ; it is cheaper, and it appeals to a larger number of people. Moreover, Squash courts are easier than Racket courts to make or to improvise ; for one wall is almost enough to form a Squash court, and those who need exercise would do well to remember this.



I.—ABOUT TO TAKE A BACK-HAND STROKE.

RACKET BALL.



ETON FIVES. RUGBY FIVES.

II.

Again, in Squash-Rackets it is far easier to reach the standard at which one can enjoy the game than it is at Rackets ; but I shall leave the discussion of Squash till the end of the article.

I shall first contrast Rackets with Tennis, which I tried to describe in the November number of the Windsor Magazine.

Rackets has far more players than Tennis, though Rackets has not nearly so many players as Squash. Both Rackets and Tennis, however, have received very severe blows from Golf and Bicycling ; for Golf requires less activity and Bicycling requires less money.

There are many more Racket courts than Tennis courts. Not only do we find them in the large clubs—for instance, at Lord's, Queen's, Prince's, and the Universities—but we also find them at most public schools, in most garrison towns (such as Portsmouth), where they do much to account for the fitness of our British officers. I need only mention the names of Spens, Eastwood, Hedley, and Crawley—in fact, the Army is keener about Rackets than any other class of people.

The garrisons in India have their Racket courts, in spite of the heat. Players have described a game in India as being like running about in a Turkish bath ; but it helps to keep the players brisk and vigorous. This would otherwise be rather hard, as officers are seldom content to give up those English foods and drinks which are not well suited to a hot climate.

There are Racket courts in America – for instance, at New York, Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia ; but there should be a great many more. The American universities and

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III.—THE RACKET HELD UP BEFORE THE STROKE.

schools all ought to have their Racket and Squash courts. Lawn Tennis players would find Rackets a great help and a great change in the winter.

Besides the above, there are courts in Canada, where the game is played with great keenness, though Hockey on the ice is more popular. Melbourne also has a Racket court, and so have many other places.

As to the leading players, looking on the Cambridge Challenge Cup I see the names of many well known cricketers, such as Lyttelton, Ivo Bligh, Steel, Studd, Butler, and Crawley. In fact, most cricketers play Rackets well, and most Racket players play Cricket well.

Among the leading players of to-day are Mr. Harry Foster, who has held the Amateur Championship for six years, and Mr. Percy Ashworth, who is the neatest and most graceful of all Racket players; Mr. Dames Longworth, who is now a master at Charterhouse, is still one of the best exponents of the game.

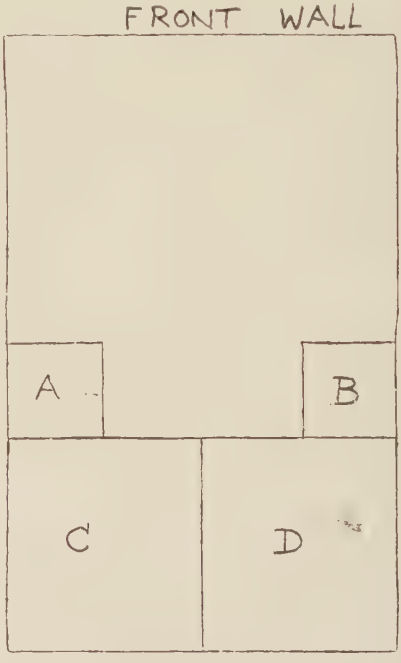
Of professionals, Standing is champion of America, but he was beaten in a great international match by Peter Latham, who stands far above any other player in Rackets, as he does also in the kindred game of Tennis.

In the second class of professionals come Moore, Crosby, Laker, Brown, and Hawes, and a few others.

Question of space precludes more than a passing mention of the older players—for instance, of the great family of Grays, of Punch Fairs, and of Sir William Hart-Dyke, the only amateur who has ever been champion of Rackets.

As to the implements of Rackets—the racket itself is lighter than in Tennis. Illustration No. I. will give some idea of it: Moore is here just going to take a back-hander with a racket which is between half and a third of the weight of a Tennis racket; it weighs about seven or eight ounces, and its gut is thinner; this is partly because the ball is so much smaller.

The size of the ball may be seen in the illustration; it is very different from the real Tennis ball, both in size and in covering, for its covering is smooth; but both balls are quite hard, and both of them have their insides made of cloth, which has been wetted in hot water and rolled round and round into a hard sphere. The Racket ball has over this cloth a number of rounds of fine thread to keep the cloth together.



IV.—GROUND PLAN OF A RACKET COURT.

There is just room for a Racket ball in the human eye. Once or twice this has been proved by actual experience, and there is a little danger in the play; but I have never seen an accident myself. The nearest approach to one was when a ball missed my eye by half an inch; but this should have been avoided. I should have held my racket in front of my face; very few players attend to this rule—namely, to hold the racket up. It has an extra advantage, since the racket is ready for its swing; it moves easier down to strike the ball. In illustration III. I am waiting to take a ball off the back wall; I have my racket up, ready for the downward swing.

The courts of Rackets and Tennis are very different. The ground plan of a Racket court is far simpler than that of a Tennis court. In our diagram, A and B denote the places from which the server serves on to the front wall. Facing the front wall, and above the back wall, is the gallery, from which spectators watch the game. In America the courts are better arranged than in England, for they have one gallery above another.

In both courts there is a height above which the ball has to be hit, but this is not a net, as in Tennis and Lawn Tennis, but a line on the front wall. It may be mentioned that, if a net is stretched across the Racket court, a very good game can be played, a sort of Lawn Tennis with side walls. At Marlborough, when I was at school, I used to stop behind after the term was over and play Lawn Tennis in the old Racket court with Mr. E. F. Benson. It is one of the very best games possible, though of course we were not allowed to play it in term-time.

As the ball is hit on to the front wall, both players have to face this wall, and do not face one another, as in Lawn Tennis or Tennis; hence it is somewhat harder to watch one's opponent's stroke. The illustration will show one player watching the other.

Both Tennis and Racket courts have side walls and a back wall, but the Racket court has no "extras"—no furniture. There is no penthouse, there are no winning openings, and no galleries; there is no buttress in the side wall: and in Rackets there are no chases, which are so excellent for giving intervals and rests in the game, while the players change sides.



V.—ONE PLAYER WATCHING THE OTHER'S STROKE.

As there are no obstacles of this kind, the play is much faster, and, I think, requires much more activity, or at any rate more constant activity; there are far fewer pauses. The strain of a hard match is nearer to that of a Lawn Tennis single. Players are often quite exhausted after a hard single of half an hour at Rackets, whereas a Tennis single may last over two hours; I have played one that lasted upwards of three; it is the intervals that make this possible.

As Rackets has no chases, it is far simpler in its scoring; and this will make it more popular with a great many than Tennis, of which the scoring is a puzzle to the uninitiated.

The game is for 15, as Lawn Tennis used to be. Let us imagine the beginning of a game between Moore and myself.

The illustration will show the spinning for courts; one player calls "Rough" (or

"Smooth"), and if he wins he nearly always chooses to serve.

Moore wins the toss and serves from whichever court he likes. The illustration will show him in the right-hand court; he must serve high above the red line and across the court from B and to the front wall and into C.

The service is usually a heavily cut stroke, though it can be varied. As a rule the ball is sliced and made to spin, so that it will come down very quickly and suddenly off the side wall or off the back wall. The Lawn Tennis service, on the other hand, is almost a plain service, though a little cut and twist are frequently given.



VI. SPINNING FOR COURTS.

Now I have to return the service above the lower line, which is generally marked by a board. I may volley the service if I like, and I probably shall do so if the ball is heavily "cut," for, if I leave this for the back wall, there will be very small space into which I can put my racket; a shorter turn of the wrist is needed. Peter Latham, the champion, seems to be able to get up a ball which hardly comes off the back wall at all. How he flicks his racket in between the back wall and the ball, where there seems only a space of a few inches, is a mystery to everyone.

Supposing I miss the stroke, then Moore scores one point, and the score is called "1—love"; here, as in Lawn Tennis and Tennis, "love" means nothing!

But if I take this service and win the rally, then I go in and serve; and if I win my service, I score one point. Illustration VIII. shows Moore getting ready to take my service; he is standing in the left (or back-hand) court.

When once the rally is started, it has to be very quick work. A ball which has passed a player is not necessarily a winning stroke—he may take it off the back wall. Illustration III. shows myself waiting for a ball off the back wall. I am facing the back wall, so as to get a good sight of the ball: and when I have seen it, I shall be able to get into position. It is this back wall play which makes the game so interesting; there is a fascination in it which is entirely absent from Lawn Tennis.

And not only may the stroke be taken when it has passed the player, but it is possible even to pick up when one is far behind in the score. There was one great match for the best out of five games, in which one player won the first two games and the first 14 points of the third game; this brought him up to "game ball," as they call it; he then lost the match. In Rackets, therefore, as in so many other games, the match is not lost until it is won.

Among the prominent features of the *modern* game may be mentioned the excellence of the courts, which now make the ball bounce more "true," the tightness of the stringing of the rackets, and the hardness of the balls. There is much more volleying than there used to be, and the service is much more heavily cut.

But there are two or three features of



VII.—SERVING FROM THE RIGHT-HAND COURT.

which one cannot but regret the gradual disappearance. First of all, there is the drop-stroke. Illustration IX. shows Moore taking a half-volley which will drop just above the line and fall close to the wall. If I want to get it, I shall have to run with all my might almost up to the front wall. This is a most useful and graceful stroke, but one which one scarcely ever sees in a match or even in a practice game.

Then, again, the service used to be more varied. We seldom see nowadays the high lob service ; we see little but the monotonous heavy "cut," though Indian players of the old school tell us that the high drop service was wonderfully effective.

Rackets and Tennis and Squash are very much alike in three respects. First of all, they are ball games played with a racket in courts which have a back wall (some Squash courts and old Racket courts have none), side walls, and hard floors, and the ball has to be hit above a certain height before it has bounced twice.

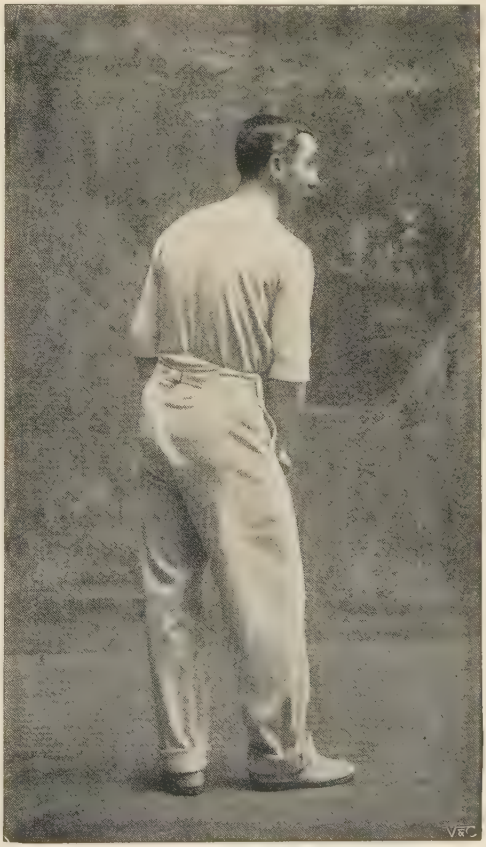
Secondly, in all three games the racket should be held up, so as to be ready for a stroke, and also to protect the face if necessary.

Thirdly, in both games the player should not face the front wall. When he is making a stroke his body should face the side wall. If the ball is coming to the left of him, he should face the left side wall ; if to the right of him the right side wall, as in the illustration. It is this rapid moving of position and twisting of the body which helps to give these games their great value for health and muscle and general activity. The sideways position is the very foundation of good play, and it is one of the hardest things to acquire.

Squash is played largely at Harrow, and this accounts a good deal for the success of Harrow at Rackets. It might be said that any school which was devoted to Squash would probably become good at Rackets also.

The court is much smaller, but otherwise is very like a Racket court, though it need not have a back wall and even side walls. Illustration XI. shows the front wall of one of the Squash courts at Cambridge.

It follows that a Squash court is easier to build than a Racket court, and requires less space and less expense. There are some who



VIII.—PREPARING TO TAKE THE SERVICE.

say that a game up against a single wall, which, indeed, was the older form of Rackets and Squash, is the very best game of all in many respects.

Not only is the court cheaper, but the game is cheaper also; the balls last longer, for they are soft (being made of indiarubber) and hollow. They are either rather larger or rather smaller than Racket balls; the smaller they are, the better the game is generally found to be. Moore keeps the best Squash balls that I know, at the Racket courts at Cambridge.

The racket is shorter, and of course does not wear out so quickly, because the ball itself is softer.

Women can play Squash, and they should do so. It would make them active, and give them exercise (which most of them very sadly need).

As compared with Rackets, Squash demands quicker turning in various directions, but less running about from place to place, because it is easier to reach any part of the court without moving one's feet.

In Squash, the scoring should not be on



IX.—THE HALF-VOLLEY DROP-STROKE.



X.—THE SIDEWAYS POSITION OF THE FEET (TOWARDS THE SIDE ON WHICH THE BALL WILL COME).

the lines laid down already for Rackets. The following plan is very good for Rackets as well as for Squash. In Rackets, we saw that Moore went in and served, and that, if he won the rally, he scored one point; if not, he went out, and I served instead; if *I* won the rally, *I* now scored a point.

In Squash, however, it is better that, for instance, Moore should serve, and then, if he wins the rally, I should serve the next; if I lose the next rally and Moore wins it, Moore scores a point, and I serve again. In fact, I go on serving until I *win* a rally; whereas in Rackets I go on serving until I lose one. At first this system is very puzzling, but it soon becomes easy.

The advantages of Rackets and Squash are very numerous. They are excellent for other games: for instance, the Allens keep in practice for Lawn Tennis during the winter by means of Squash, and women can improve their back-handers very much by Squash, or even by merely hitting a ball against a wall.

Both games are short and sharp, whereas

Golf and Cricket are very tedious, however enjoyable they may be. Rackets and Squash are therefore preferable for business men and hard workers; they are undoubtedly vigorous exercises.

Besides this they require more promptitude, more readiness to change quickly, than almost any other game. They do not merely require rapidity, such as a man shows in a hundred yards' sprint, but they also keep the player on the *qui vive*.

They are good for wet weather and for the winter, whereas Lawn Tennis (on the grass) and Cricket are next to impossible except in the summer and autumn.

Besides this, they can be played in towns, as I shall show below. And it is in towns that healthy recreations are most needed, and that unhealthy amusements are most disastrous. It is all very well to tell people to walk and to bicycle, but it is not everyone who finds these forms of exercise interesting, and there are thousands who positively hate Gymnastics. But there are very few who would not enjoy a game of Squash, and whose nerves and blood would not be benefited by the enjoyment.

Then, again, Rackets especially admits of a three-handed game; a single is often too "fast," a four-game or double is often too "slow." But if we have three players, A, B, and C, playing all against all, and if A first plays against the other two, then B against the other two, and then C, there will be just exactly the right amount of change between the fast single and the slow double.

Someone will say, however: "If these are the advantages, why are not the games more popular?" For this there are many reasons.



XII.—A BACK-HAND SERVICE.

They are not played in the open air (though they might be), and there have been several Racket accidents, though these are very rare. But the chief difficulty is the expense. Racket balls cost about twopence each, and only last for a very short time; in fact, the better the game, and the better the players, the more balls are needed. Last, but not least, there are not enough courts, and I shall conclude this article with a few suggestions, which apply especially to Squash, as being the cheaper and more popular game.



XI.—FRONT WALL AND PORTION OF SIDE WALLS OF A "SQUASH" COURT.

Any wall—for instance, the wall of a room or the outside wall of a house—can be used for Squash. The wall need not necessarily be plain, if only the windows be wired over. A visit to Harrow would show you that the windows and other irregularities in the surface can actually be made to add to the interest of the game. Those who need exercise should consider where they could put a Squash court. The roof of a house, if it were flat, would not be a bad position, and the expense of the court would be slight.



A Morning Call.

From the Picture by H. J. Walker.

THE MAN WITH THE ULTIMATUM.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.*

Illustrated by Henry Austin.



STROMBOLI burst in upon me in a state of exceptional excitement. "Listen!" he cried, gesticulating energetically; and I answered that I had anticipated his wishes and was already listening.

"I have news for you," he continued.

"What news?" I asked.

"I was already telling you when you interrupted me," he replied. "I have had an idea, and with the rapidity of genius I have carried it into execution."

"What sort of idea?"

"*Voyons!* an idea that was at once brilliant and simple. Let me explain."

"By all means do so."

"Then listen! The great popularity of the stories which I have been telling you inspired me with the idea. It occurred to me, while I was occupied with my toilet, that I might profitably address a larger audience. I completed my toilet. I put on my hat. I chased an omnibus. It conveyed me to the Waterloo Road, where I descended from it."

"A strange neighbourhood to seek," I interposed.

"You think so? But I had my plan. I descended from the omnibus at a door whereupon was a brass plate bearing the words, 'Musical and Dramatic Agent.'"

"Heavens!" I ejaculated, beginning to understand; and Stromboli proceeded—

"The door was open, and I walked in. I found myself in an antechamber, surrounded by men with blue chins, and young women with blue eyes and fair hair, who stared at me curiously. I took no more notice of them than if they had been waxwork models, but walked on towards another door, leading to an inner room. A young man—a clerk of some kind—presumed to bar my progress. I swept him before me and so forced my passage into the presence of the 'Dramatic and Musical Agent.'"

"I presume," I said, "that the 'Dramatic and Musical Agent' was surprised to see you."

"Naturally. 'Who the dickens are you, sir?' was his brusque but kindly greeting. 'Who should I be but Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski?' I replied. 'What do you want here?' he asked inquisitively. 'I am here to do business with you to our mutual advantage,' I explained. And with that I sat down affably in his arm-chair and engaged him in a serious conversation."

"What!" I explained. "You don't mean to tell me that you are going on the music-halls in the character of a performing Revolutionist?"

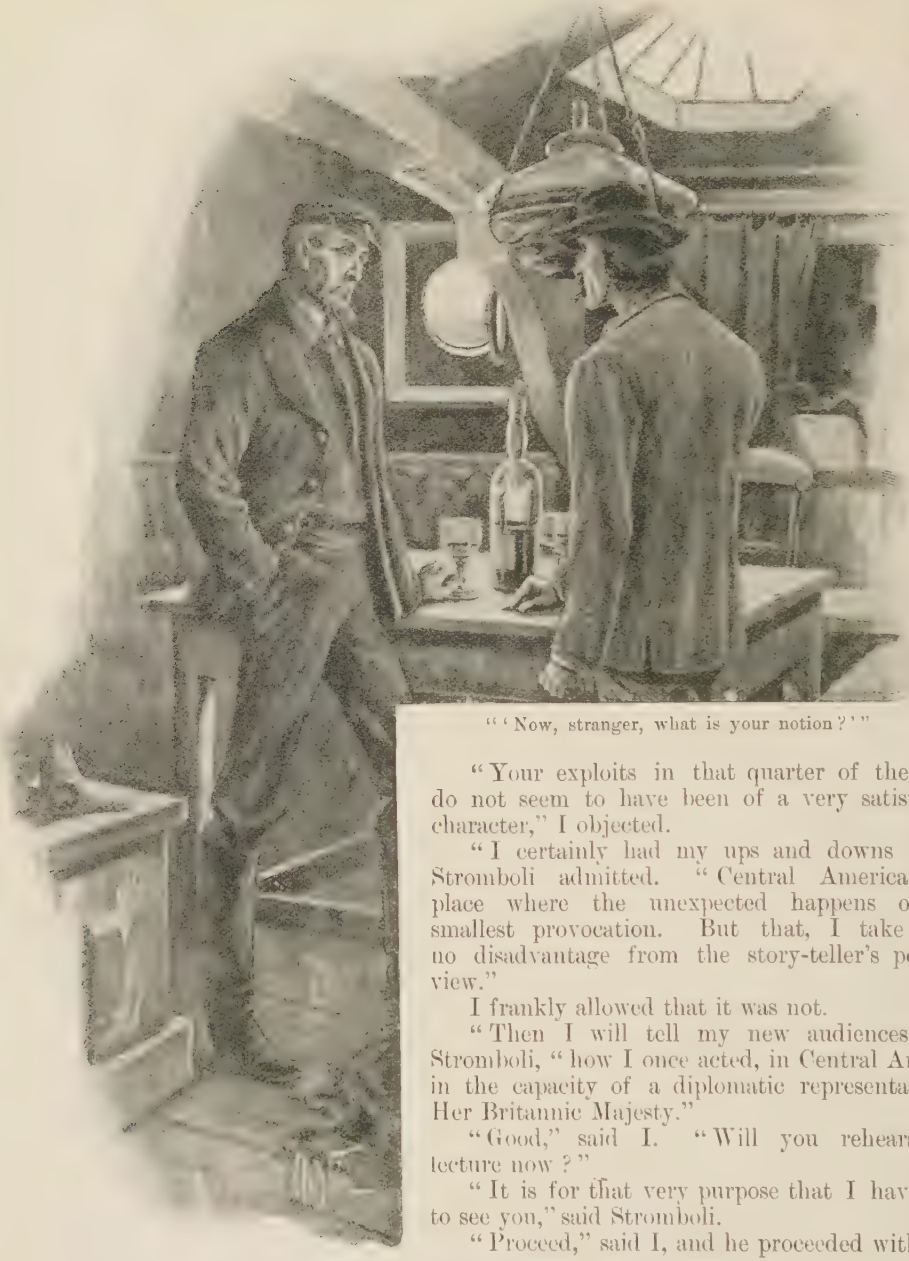
Stromboli seemed hurt.

"It has been arranged," he said, "that I am to give a series of lectures on my experiences at certain Palaces of Varieties. The general title of the series is to be, 'Disturbances that I have Made.' It is not precisely what I contemplated in my youth; but it is a way, like another, of making provision for my age."

"Precisely," I said, seeing that it was useless to argue with him. "With which of your thrilling experiences are you meaning to begin?"

"With a certain further experience of a Central American republic," Stromboli answered.

* Copyright, 1901, by Francis Gribble, in the United States of America.



"'Now, stranger, what is your notion?'"

"Your exploits in that quarter of the world do not seem to have been of a very satisfactory character," I objected.

"I certainly had my ups and downs there," Stromboli admitted. "Central America is a place where the unexpected happens on the smallest provocation. But that, I take it, is no disadvantage from the story-teller's point of view."

I frankly allowed that it was not.

"Then I will tell my new audiences," said Stromboli, "how I once acted, in Central America, in the capacity of a diplomatic representative of Her Britannic Majesty."

"Good," said I. "Will you rehearse the lecture now?"

"It is for that very purpose that I have come to see you," said Stromboli.

"Proceed," said I, and he proceeded with

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MAN WITH THE ULTIMATUM.

"It has to be admitted—it has been admitted—that my experiences as President of the Republic of Nicaragua were not entirely to my satisfaction. It was also easy for me to perceive that they were likely to entail a coolness between myself and the confiding capitalist whose money I had spent—a thing to be avoided if I hoped to have the spending of more of his money at some future time.

"'This must not be,' I said to myself. 'Something must turn up—if not in Nicaragua, then elsewhere. There are other Central American republics besides Nicaragua, and in all of them the career is open to the talents. But the adventure in which I next engage must not be one involving the outlay of large sums of ready money, seeing that

five hundred dollars is my present worldly wealth.'

"Even as I was soliloquising, my opportunity occurred. Without immodesty I may take some credit to myself for having recognised that opportunity at a glance. The man who introduced it to my notice did not; but, as I required his help, I soon explained it to him.

"His name was Captain Shagg—which, when you come to think of it, is every bit as good a name as Cavendish—and he commanded the little trading steamer on which Colorado Charlie had given me my free passage back to San Francisco. Hardly had we cleared Managua Harbour than he began to beguile the time by passing criticisms on Central American republics generally.

"'They're lively places, sir, lively places. They may not be caught in the great whirlpool of European complications; but they don't stagnate, sir, they don't stagnate. If anyone was to come alongside and ask them to stagnate, I sort of reckon they'd say they'd see him hanged first. Here in Nicaragua they seem to be raising Cain with the generous help of imported Amurrican citizens. Over in Salvador, from what they tell me, they're raising Cain by their own individual efforts.'

"'This is very interesting,' I said. 'What's happening in San Salvador?'

"'A revolution, sir—with trimmings.'

"'With what?' I repeated.

"'With trimmings, sir. And when I say trimmings I mean shootings. And I also mean destruction of property and outrages on British and Amurrican subjects.'

"'Did you hear the story in any detail, captain?' I inquired.

"'Detail, sir? Yards of it, from a dago employed in the Amurrican Consulate, who deserted his duties and came along here because he was peaceably inclined. He told me that the Amurrican Consul was all right, having started for his annual holiday just before the bust up began, but the British Vice-Consul had his house wrecked and escaped to the mountains in his nightshirt. He was only a dago, so I suppose the other dagos thought they could do what they liked with him.'

"'And has the British Navy no word to say?' I interposed, and Captain Shagg replied reflectively.

"'Wal,' he said, 'I guess there'll be a tea party, not to say a picnic, when the British Navy comes along. But it ain't there yet, and in the meantime the dago in the nightshirt will be taking cold. Strange as it may seem, the Pacific Squadron is not permanently stationed off the coast of Salvador.'

"The outlines of my scheme had already begun to sketch themselves in my brain.

"'I'll put another question to you, captain,' I said. 'A well-informed man like yourself might know where the nearest British cruiser or gunboat is, and how soon it is likely to arrive.'

"Captain Shagg mopped his brow and spat upon the deck, as is the habit of American seafarers when engaged in thought.

"'So far as I know,' he answered, 'the nearest British gunboat is way down off Columbia. When it arrives at Libertad will nat'rally depend upon when it starts. Anyhow, I reckon it won't come alongside quite so soon as the dago in the nightshirt would like to see it. And I also reckon that dago wants to see it just as badly as he ever wanted to see anything.'

"You think it likely, then,' I continued, 'that we shall be off Libertad before the gunboat?'

"Why, certainly,' said Captain Shagg.

"Then I was able to fill in the outlines of my scheme.

"'*Voyons!*' I said, 'the voice of duty calls. It would be possible, I take it, to make such alterations in the appearance of this steamer as would cause it to be mistaken for a gunboat by persons whose acquaintance with gunboats was not particularly extensive?'

"The captain spat again on the deck. He also half closed one of his eyes and concentrated the other upon me.

"'Stranger,' he said, 'I reckon that you did not put that question to me merely out of idle curiosity.'

"I half closed one of my own eyes and admitted that I had been actuated by a higher motive.

"'You have a notion, likely?' he continued.

"'I do not waste words,' I rejoined impatiently. 'I do not talk for the sake of talking. I am Jean Antoine——'

"'Jest so,' said Captain Shagg. 'You have a notion. I have no notions myself, but I have grit. And I'm a judge of notions—more particularly over a glass of rum. The rum, stranger, is in my cabin.'

"He led the way to his cabin and I followed him. He produced the rum, and would not let me follow up the subject until we had both drunk two stiff glasses of it,

explaining that, for a proper appreciation of notions a clear head was necessary. Then, having filled the glasses for the third time, he got to business.

"'Now, stranger, what is your notion?' he inquired encouragingly.

"I answered by repeating my previous question—

"'I must first know whether you can do anything to this steamer to make it pass, at a reasonable distance, and among comparatively ignorant people, for a gunboat.'

"'Wal, yes,' said Captain Shagg. 'There's Union Jacks; there's paint; there's timber to make dummy guns. Allowing that it was worth while, I reckon it could be done. But what's your notion, stranger?'

"I explained that my notion was that we should disguise the trading steamer as a gunboat, fly the Union Jack, and proceed to the port of Libertad as the plenipotentiary representatives of the British Government.'

"Captain Shagg tossed off his glass of rum and shook hands with me in his enthusiasm.

"'*And* bring off the dago in the night-shirt? *And* arrest the President? *And* drill a hole in him if he argues? Sir, your notion is equally creditable to your heart and to your head. Sir, it appeals to my chivalrous instincts as an Amurrican citizen. Sir, I tumble.'

"I was not positive that he had caught my meaning quite so completely as he fancied. For, as you shall see, the rescue of the British Vice-Consul was not the only object that I had in view. As I had secured his co-operation, however, it seemed superfluous to puzzle him with further details, lest he should raise objections. It would be better, I felt, to spring those details on him later, when there was no time for argument. In the meantime we had plenty to do in deciding how certain obvious obstacles should be overcome.

"First of all, I suggested, there were the feelings of the crew to be considered; but it appeared that this difficulty was not serious.

"'You leave the crew to me, stranger,' said Captain Shagg. 'They're spoiling for a fight, every man of them; and if they weren't, I'd put a sense of dooty into them till they were.'

"Thus reassured, I lifted my hat and bowed in homage to this terrible disciplinarian. He acknowledged the compliment by filling up my glass, and then raised an objection of his own.

"'Those dagos aren't very spry,' he said, 'but they aren't absolute durned fools, either, and it's more than likely they'll expect us to show some sort of papers, just by way of proving who we are, more especially as you yourself, if I may say so, look more like a Smoky Mountain prophet than a British naval officer.'

"This time it was my turn to acknowledge a compliment and reassure the captain.

"'What can have led you to imagine that I propose to figure in the ridiculous light of an ambassador without credentials? It would be too absurd. Of course we shall present credentials.'

"'Wal, we ain't got the real thing aboard this ship, anyhow, I reckon,' said Captain Shagg; and his stupidity amazed me.

"'Do you imagine that the newly elected provisional President of the Republic of Salvador would be likely to recognise the real thing if it were shown to him?' I retorted.

"'Maybe not,' said the captain cautiously. 'But I'd guess it's likely there'd be somebody mouching around who'd recognise the substitute.'

"'You think so?'

"'Wal, why not? There's the ship's papers—they'd know those. There's the log-book—they'd know that. There's my master's certificate—that won't flummox 'em, either.'

"He was apparently intending to recite the complete list of more or less official documents on board his vessel; but I interrupted him impatiently, drawing a document from my own pocket.

"'No doubt they would know those documents,' I said. 'No doubt they would also recognise your Post Office Savings Bank book, and your marriage settlement, and your receipts for harbour dues, and your tailor's bills, if those are documents which you are in the habit of carrying about with you. But do you suppose the average newly elected provisional President of the Republic of Salvador is likely to recognise this?'

"And I unfolded my paper, which was mounted on canvas, and read with solemn emphasis—

"*Dieu et Mon Droit.*

"*We, John, Earl of Kimberley, Baron Wodehouse, a Peer of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and a Baronet, a Member of Her Britannic Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, etc., etc., etc.*

"*Request and require in the name of Her Majesty all those whom it may concern to allow Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski* (*British subject*) *travelling on the Continent to pass freely without let or hindrance and to afford him every assistance and protection of which he may stand in need.*

"*Given at the Foreign Office, London.*



"We manned a boat and rowed ashore."

"The American skipper listened and was visibly impressed. It looked as though his eyeballs would start from their sockets in his astonishment. He banged the cabin table with his fist, exclaiming—

"'Snakes alive, man! that *is* the real thing, ain't it?'

"I explained that it was merely an ordinary Foreign Office passport, which I had acquired through my banker when, for a brief period, I had a bank account in London; but Captain Shagg was not disheartened.

"'Wal,' he said, 'it bluffed me, anyhow. And I conclude that what is good enough to bluff me is good enough to bluff the dagos. I'm with you, stranger, in your gallant enterprise. Full speed ahead!'

"I further pointed out that, in order to carry conviction to the eye as well as to the ear, the credentials of an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary must be tied up in green ribbon and fastened with green sealing-wax; and Captain Shagg, with the natural adroitness of the sailor man, showed me how this could be managed.

"'I have no ribbon,' he said, 'but I can make some out of the lining of my hat. I have no green sealing-wax, but I have plenty of green paint. It won't be the real thing, any more than the papers are, but it will be

near enough for the dagos. And now we'll pipe all hands on deck and tell the crew just what it's needful they should know.'

"So, our plan being arranged, the preparations for carrying it through were set in hand at once. We hove to in mid-ocean and gave the ship a new coating of black paint; we holystoned the deck; we smartened up the vessel's rig; we painted some spare spars and fixed up dummy guns; we lettered H.M.S: *Terror* on the caps of the crew of the gig; and we hoisted the Union Jack conspicuously.

"The result was satisfactory. I do not say we could have stood inspection by an admiral; but there was no admiral to inspect us. Captain Shagg, at any rate, was gratified and confident.

"'Tain't the real thing,' he repeated, 'but it's near enough to bluff the dagos. No dago will express doubts as to the genuineness of this show—more especially when he observes that my hand is deep down in my revolver pocket.'

"And he added, summing up the situation generally—

"'The proceedings may not be precisely regular, but they are regular enough for dagos. On an errand of mercy, for the purpose of rescuing a poor cuss catching cold on the hillside in his nightshirt, other considerations besides those of regularity must be weighed. I stand in with you, sir, in this enterprise, which, as I have remarked, does equal credit to your heart and to your head; and if, as I venture to anticipate, the British Government rewards you for your noble conduct, I look to stand in with you in that little matter also.'

"For Captain Shagg, as I have hinted, was less quick-witted than myself. He had not yet gathered in what manner I proposed to make the adventure profitable, and I did not think it necessary to inform him before the hour for taking profits came.

"As we conversed, however, we were quickly nearing the Port of Libertad, and the hour for stirring action was at hand.

"Steaming slowly, we selected a point of vantage from which, if our guns had been real guns, we could readily have shelled all the principal public buildings of the town—yet so far out that we could not be too critically examined. Then we manned a boat with the most presentable of our sailors and rowed ashore.

"'You do the palavering, stranger,' said Captain Shagg. 'When the shooting begins, I'll take a hand. I may not have the distinguished manners of an ambassador, but I am uncommonly quick on the draw.'

"'You have only to put your trust in me, and there will be no need for you to shoot,' I replied.

"'Shooting is a language that goes without the need of an interpreter,' Captain Shagg protested.

"'So is my Spanish,' I answered proudly.

"'Go ahead, then!' said the captain; and we went ahead.

"A courteous official in a ragged uniform received us on the quay. He represented the Custom-house, and inquired whether we had anything to declare.

"'Better shoot now, hadn't I, just to clear the air a bit?' whispered the captain under his breath; but I checked his enthusiasm with an authoritative gesture and explained the situation to the Custom-house official.

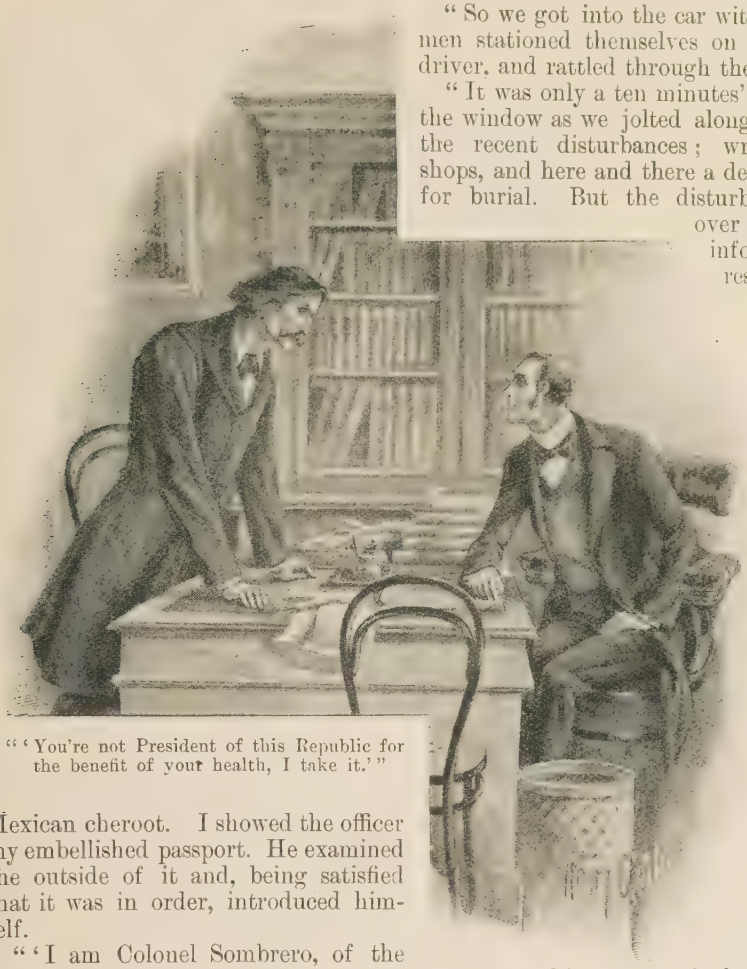
"The sight of the passport, with its green ribbon and green paint, impressed him as we had expected. He bowed like a footman and said he would summon a guard of honour to conduct us to the presence of the President. While we awaited the arrival of the guard of honour I conversed with him, in order to inform myself of the precise position of affairs.

"'I understand,' I said gravely, 'that there has lately been a change in the *personnel* of your Executive. Be good enough to tell me exactly what has happened.'

"He told me, supplementing the story which I had heard from Captain Shagg. There had been a revolution—as I knew. A President named Gomez had been succeeded by a President named Gonzalez. As the President named Gomez had shown some reluctance to retire, the President named Gonzalez had been obliged to have him stood against a wall and shot. There had been other rioting, but order was now restored. The President named Gonzalez would unquestionably be very happy to receive the accredited representative of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, and regard it as a specially fortunate occurrence that he happened to be at Libertad at the moment of our arrival, so that he could see us there, without troubling us to travel to San Salvador.

"'The pleasure will be mutual,' I replied politely; and I had hardly made my answer before the guard of honour came.

"It consisted of ten ragged soldiers smoking cigarettes, and an officer, with plenty of tattered gold braid, smoking a



"'You're not President of this Republic for the benefit of your health, I take it.'"

Mexican cheroot. I showed the officer my embellished passport. He examined the outside of it and, being satisfied that it was in order, introduced himself.

"'I am Colonel Sombrero, of the President's bodyguard,' he said. 'If your Excellency will do me the great honour of accepting a cigar——' I took one. Captain Shagg said that he preferred a pipe, and lighted up. The colonel seemed surprised at his choice, but shrugged his shoulders in a friendly manner, making allowance for the peculiar tastes of foreigners. He also said he was sorry we had not announced our intention of visiting the President, as in that case there would have been a carriage waiting for us. In reply, I said that we were willing to dispense with ceremony, because our business was of a pressing character. 'In that case,' said Colonel Sombrero, 'may I venture to invite your Excellencies to be so infinitely condescending as to ride with me to the Plaza in a tramcar.'

"'A tramcar drawn by mules,' I answered, 'is a somewhat unusual conveyance for an ambassador; but, our business being urgent, we will waive the point.'

"So we got into the car with the officer, while the men stationed themselves on the platform beside the driver, and rattled through the streets.

"It was only a ten minutes' ride. Looking out of the window as we jolted along we saw many signs of the recent disturbances; wrecked houses, pillaged shops, and here and there a dead body being removed for burial. But the disturbances themselves were over; we had been correctly informed that order was restored.

"A few minutes later we were ushered into the presence of the man who had restored it. He was a civilian, some five feet high, dressed in a frock-coat that did not fit him, and a pair of shabby trousers that had seen better days; his collar and tie testified to a toilet made in our honour. The expression of his face was not devoid of vigour, but cunning was even more prominently marked upon it. I towered conspicuously above him.

"'Attention!' called the colonel to his men, and they arranged themselves in rows on the two sides of the hall, still smoking cigarettes—to smoke on duty being, as I am told, the privilege of the soldiers in all the Central American republics.

"President Gonzalez and I bowed to each other with distinguished courtesy; Captain Shagg also bowed after the usual careless fashion of a seafaring man. The colonel pulled at his cheroot; the soldiers puffed their cigarettes; and I proceeded to my business without delay.

"'Here is the letter accrediting me to the Government of your Excellency,' I said. 'If your Excellency does not read English——'

"To my relief he shook his head.

"'Your Excellency will at least recognise the British arms, and the sign manual of the British Minister for Foreign Affairs.'

"His Excellency bowed again. He said he always had been and always should be

animated by the most friendly sentiments towards Her Britannic Majesty's Government: and as he said this he handed me back my passport, which I thrust into my pocket.

"'Your Excellency,' I proceeded, affably but firmly, 'has now an opportunity of demonstrating the genuineness of those amicable sentiments.'

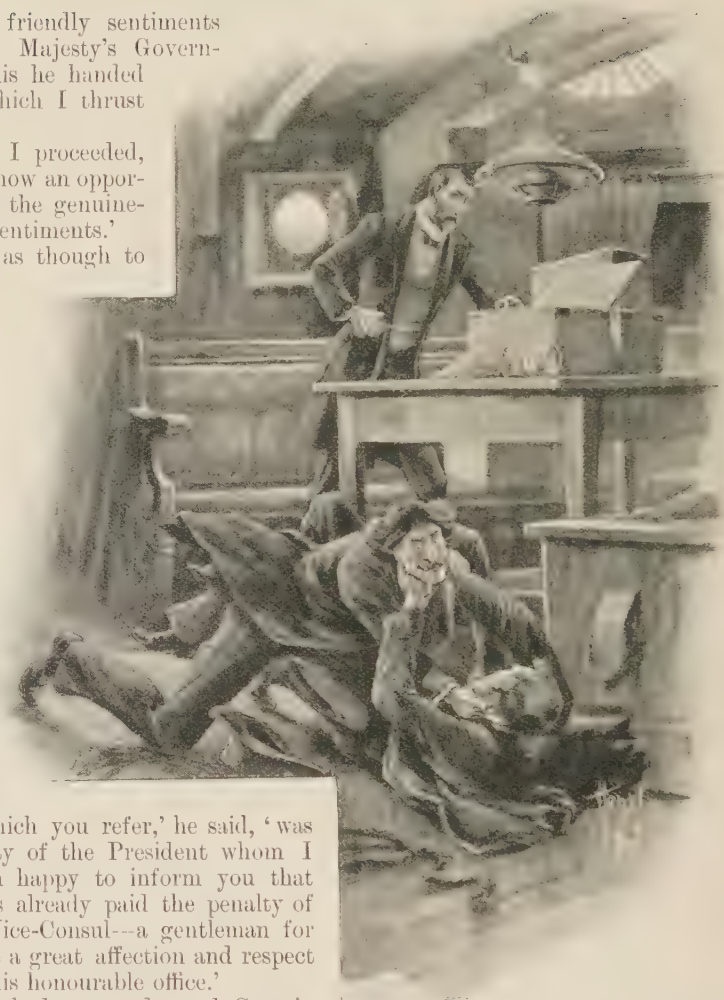
"He made a gesture as though to signify that his entire possessions were at Her Britannic Majesty's disposal.

"'The object of my mission,' I continued, 'is to draw the attention of your Excellency to an outrage committed upon the person of Her Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consul, and to require immediate satisfaction.'

"To my amazement the President was not at all embarrassed. He smiled on me more graciously than ever.

"'The outrage to which you refer,' he said, 'was committed by the party of the President whom I have succeeded. I am happy to inform you that ex-President Gomez has already paid the penalty of his crime; and your Vice-Consul—a gentleman for whom I personally have a great affection and respect — is now reinstated in his honourable office.'

"It was not what I had expected; and Captain Shagg, to whom I interpreted the speech, was absolutely dumfoundered by the turn affairs were taking.



"We wrestled together on the floor."

"'Why, durn,' he said, 'this dago's a white man, after all. We've come on a fool's errand, and the sooner we quit, the better for our health. Else he'll fetch the other dago along, and the game'll be blown upon, and we'll have to start the shooting without the moral support of a clear conscience.'

"I checked him, however, and introduced the necessary modification into my plan.

"'Captain,' I said, 'it was arranged, I think, that it was I who was to take control of the details of this piece of business.'

"And to the President I replied

"'Your Excellency must understand that my instructions require me to verify your Excellency's statement.'

"'Naturally,' he answered, with more gracious affability than ever.

"'It is necessary that I should see and speak with our Vice-Consul.'

"'Naturally. He shall be fetched.'

"'It will be necessary for me to speak with him in private.'

"'By all means. A room will be placed at your disposition.'

"'And, after the interview, it will be desirable that I should speak with your Excellency again.'

"'You will add to the favour for which I am already indebted to you by doing so.'

"The man's politeness was absolutely irritating. To Captain Shagg it seemed to foreshadow danger.

"'Now what's this fool-game, stranger?' he protested.

"'Wait,' I answered; 'the game is not finished yet.'

"For, as I have said already, this captain was a dull-witted though a determined man.

"My calm words quieted him, however; he waited patiently, with his eye on the President, and his hand in his revolver pocket, while I conversed apart with the Vice-Consul, and took him, as far as was necessary, into my confidence.

"It would be superfluous to report our rapid dialogue; it is enough to give the Vice-Consul's answer to my arguments.

"'Señor,' he said, 'President Gonzalez is my friend. But justice is more to me than friendship—especially as I am a poor man with expensive tastes.'

"Strange words, you think? Their meaning will be clear enough when I relate what happened at my second interview with the President of the Republic.

"'Your Excellency,' I said, returning with the Vice-Consul by my side, 'I have the honour to inform you that I have now completed my inquiries, and can give you my decision in the matter.'

"His Excellency bowed and showed his white teeth smilingly. The soldiers stood at attention, lighting fresh cigarettes from the stumps of the old ones as they did so. And then I showed my hand, and, so to say, threw my bombshell.

"'The personal behaviour of your Excellency in connection with the unfortunate *contretemps* which has brought me here has been beyond all praise. I have the honour to thank your Excellency in the name of Her Britannic Majesty.'

"There was another bow and a fresh display of gleaming teeth.

"'But,' I continued, 'I have the honour to address your Excellency at the present moment, not as a private individual, but as the representative of the State. It must be obvious to your Excellency that, in a civilised country like the Republic of Salvador, the responsibility for an outrage that has been perpetrated does not disappear in consequence of a change of Government. Changes of Government are too frequent in the Republic of Salvador for that political doctrine to be accepted, even by the representative of a friendly Power. On the contrary, the liability remains, and the indemnity must still be paid. In consideration, however, of the correct behaviour of your Excellency in the matter, I am prepared to fix that indemnity at the very moderate sum of 50,000 dollars.'

"A word or two whispered in his ear by the Vice-Consul had caused Captain Shagg to listen carefully to my speech. He did not understand much of it, but he caught the essential words, '50,000 dollars,' and his dull intelligence at last grasped the true nature of the business which he was assisting me to carry through. He went so far as to withdraw his hand from his revolver pocket and slap his thigh, exclaiming—

"'Bully for you, stranger! You're a dandy! Durned if I ever guessed——'

"'Hush!' I said, fearing lest his strange manners should arouse suspicion; and he stopped and put his hand back into his revolver pocket in readiness for emergencies, while I turned to the President, saying, 'Your Excellency's reply?'

"He shrugged his shoulders, laughed, pretended to think that I was joking with him. I went on sternly—

"'Your Excellency must understand that, though I speak in the polished phrases of diplomatic intercourse, my demand is, in fact, of the nature of an ultimatum, failure to comply with which will entail a rupture of amicable relations.'

"Not knowing what else to say, the President said that the rupture of friendly relations would be painful to him.

"'It will be the more painful,' I said, pointing through the open window to where our steamer flew the Union Jack. 'It will be the more painful in that its first consequence will be the bombardment of this port, and the destruction of all the public buildings.'

"For the first time in the course of the interview the President began to show his temper.

"'It might also result,' he said, 'in your being taken straight out into the courtyard, blindfolded, and shot.'

"Captain Shagg caught the essential word 'shot,' and once more interposed.

"'Shall I draw?' he said. 'It's wonderful how reasonable a man'll get sometimes when you have got the draw on him.'

"'Keep quiet!' I urged. 'There won't be any shooting.'

"And I once more eyed the President carefully and took his measure.

"He hardly looked a coward. Beneath the manners of an attorney he probably concealed the natural ferocity of the average

Spanish American. Unless the captain got the draw on him, and deterred him, it was conceivable (though not very likely) that he might carry out his threat. There was also the chance that he might be just obstinate enough to refuse to give way until the shells actually began to burst about his ears—which would have been awkward, as we had neither shells nor guns on board the little San Francisco trading steamer.

"Once more, therefore, it was necessary for me to modify my plan; and I modified it on the spur of the moment on lines suggested by my recent Nicaraguan experiences.

"'Your Excellency,' I began, 'our lives are no doubt in your hands. But the whole might of the British Empire is behind us, and if you lay a finger on us, you are putting your own head into the hangman's noose.'

"He was obviously frightened. But it still was not quite certain that he would give way. He might merely escort us politely to our boat, and then withdraw out of the range of shell-fire, leaving the buildings to take care of themselves. So I played the last trump card.

"'On the other hand, if we were alone, your Excellency,' I added, with the sort of smile that the Central American understands, 'if we were alone, I might be able to suggest——'

"He motioned to the soldiers to go and smoke their cigarettes outside, and then I spoke to him quite frankly, without troubling to wrap up my meaning in nice diplomatic phrases.

"'You're not President of this Republic for the benefit of your health, I take it,' I said. 'No. You've taken the Presidency for what you can make out of it. The salary is not large, but there are perquisites.'

"He smiled, beginning to catch my meaning, which I soon made absolutely clear.

"'Very well,' I continued. 'Your Excellency imagined, perhaps, that it was the intention of Her Britannic Majesty's Government to fine your country without recognising the service which you yourself have rendered. I hasten to inform your Excellency that this is not the case.'

"His Excellency's smile was now broadening to a grin.

"'My proposal is, therefore,' I proceeded, 'to increase the damages to the sum of 60,000 dollars—this sum to include a sum of 10,000 dollars by way of honorarium for your Excellency.'

"The President of the Republic of Salvador stroked his chin reflectively.

"'If you had said 75,000 dollars——' he began at length. I paused, weighed the point, and answered gravely—

"'Including 25,000 for your Excellency? It is a great deal. But I suppose I must strain the point—on condition, of course, that the money is brought to me immediately, and in cash.'

"'I was hoping,' said the President, 'that my own cheque for the amount——'

"'I said cash, your Excellency,' I repeated.

"'Or our notes? they are so much less cumbersome than our dollars.'

"'Cash, your Excellency. And it must be fetched from the bank and wheeled down to the quay for us at once.'

"'You drive a hard bargain, but I must perforce accept it,' said his Excellency.

"'And my gun'll cover the dagos in charge of it, by way of keeping them out of temptation,' said Captain Shagg. And then he clapped me on the back, crying—

"'Fifty thousand dollars to cut up between three of us! You're a dandy, stranger, you're a dandy!'

"But alas! his tone was different when, a few hours later, having steamed far away from the Port of Libertad, we had hauled down the Union Jack and assembled in his cabin to apportion the indemnity. For then he stamped upon the floor, and banged upon the table, and knocked the glasses over, and used words which I must not repeat.

"'Compose yourself, captain. What is it?' I inquired.

"'What is it? Why, in the whole of this pile of dollars there ain't one honest piece. I mean to say that they ain't the real thing, any more than your papers and my ship were. They're just struck to unload on gambling-hells. It's one of the industries of that cursed country.'

"It was my turn to be angry.

"'You knew that,' I cried, 'and you never warned me! You dolt! You thickhead! You unconscionable scoundrel!'

"My passion got the better of me. I flew at him, and we wrestled together on the floor, while the Vice-Consul whom we had rescued pointed out a better way.

"'Listen to me! Listen to me!' he cried. 'I know the gambling-houses where they buy those moneys. I'll take you there to sell them! I'll get you a good price.'

"And so he ultimately did. He got us, in fact, a good deal more than we should have expected. But Captain Ulysses P. Shagg and Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski were never very good friends afterwards."



Photo by Elliott & Fry. [*Baker Street.*

LIEUT.-GEN. THE HON. SIR ANDREW CLARKE G.C.M.G., C.B.
Agent-General for Victoria.

A STORY OF EMPIRE.

By JAMES MILNE.

On fluttered folk and wild,
Our new caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

THESE words might have been written of the Malays, the people of that far distant leg of Asia, as Sir Andrew Clarke knew them a quarter of a century ago. Nay, more, Mr. Kipling's lines are an exact text to the story of empire thus arising.

Take a map of the world, put your finger on London town, and from there move round the red splotches. As you do so the names of empire-makers and proconsuls flit through your mind, suggested by this splotch and the other. Here one man has garnered for the Empire, there another; new territories broken in, as a farmer cultivates soil which had been barren. You find yourself saying, "Well, now, I should like to hear the tale of such and such a work from the worker himself."

It was this feeling that sent me to Sir Andrew Clarke, for did not one find in the unromantic pages of the "Colonial Office List" the following entry: "He initiated the operations which have led to the pacification and present prosperity of the Malay Peninsula"? It was not difficult to discern behind these bald terms all the stir of nation-making. Indeed, Sir Andrew Clarke can look back upon a career of singular and varied activity in the interest of the Empire. Not many men have served Britain and Greater Britain as he has done.

To-day, in ripeness of years, he is the Agent-General in London for the great Australian Colony of Victoria. So far back as 1846, a young military officer, he was *aide-de-camp* to the then governor of Van Diemen's Land. He fought through one of the Maori wars, joined the public service of Victoria, and eventually became a Cabinet Minister there. Next we find him holding high commands at home, in his own branch of the Army—that is, the Engineers—and going on special service during the Ashantee war. Again, the direction of naval works called him, and his name is intimately associated with the extension of the arsenals at Chatham, Portsmouth, and elsewhere. Made Governor of the Straits Settlements in 1873, he moved over to India two years later to take up the office of Minister of Public Works. From India once more to England, where, as Inspector-General of Fortifications, Sir Andrew projected and designed the defences of the coaling-stations and commercial ports of the Empire. That is a mere summary of his record, for our real business here is with one chapter of adventure and effort—the Malay Peninsula.

"When I landed there," said Sir Andrew, "things were in a very confused state, so far as the natives were concerned. My business was to clear up the chaos and anarchy if I could; only I fancy that my official orders were to report upon all this. That, perhaps, is another matter, since I maybe tackled affairs rather than sat down to write about them."

But what had been before? We owe Singapore, one of the most important British stations in the whole world, to the foresight of Sir Stamford Raffles.

"The other day," remarked Sir Andrew Clarke, "I was talking of him in a company well-informed on most subjects, and was disappointed to find that he was hardly known. Yes, I am afraid he has been neglected—at least, in the popular sense; but his gift of Singapore to England was a

regal dowry. He saw, before most others, that what we needed were places of call for distributing our produce and giving us a controlling influence on the sea routes. Battling against endless obstacles, raised by those who had none of the seer's vision, he was eventually able to plant the Flag at the very point of the Malay Peninsula."

The comment to be made at the end of the century on Raffles's act is this—fifty steamship lines, trading between West and East, call at Singapore. Every ship bound for China or Japan must go through the Straits of Malacca or take a roundabout route. Singapore commands the gate of the Far East, and may also be called the key to all Northern Australia.



VERY OLD VIEW OF SINGAPORE HARBOUR: ALL THE FOREGROUND HAS SINCE BEEN RECLAIMED, HAS A SEA WALL, AND IS TO A LARGE EXTENT BUILT UPON.

With it, to form the Straits Settlements, there are Malacca, Penang, and Province Wellesley, a mainland annexe of the latter. That, roughly, is the historical situation, for there is no need to dwell on the doings of the Portuguese, the Dutch, or the Old John Company in these parts. Well, lying between the different Straits Settlements were Malay States in whose affairs we had consistently declined to interfere. Turbulence and strife were always abroad in them, the Malays holding their lives cheaply. By and by things got to such a pass, as a result of these internal struggles, that trade was paralysed, the native population was being decimated, the immigrant, hard-working Chinese disorganised, and the Straits Settlements themselves, though floating the Union Jack, were in danger. It was then that Sir Andrew Clarke appeared on the scene.

"Years of guerilla warfare"—he repeated to me a description, given by him before, of that scene—"years of guerilla warfare between rival Malay chiefs and their adherents on the one hand, and between various Chinese societies and factions on the other, had put a stop to all legitimate work. Towns and villages had been destroyed, mines closed, orchards wasted, and fields left uncultivated for years. There was no safety for life and property; no money, no trade, and little food in the country. Lawlessness and oppression prevailed everywhere, and those who found it hard to live on shore took to the water, and made the Straits of Malacca the scene of their operations, so that hardly a day passed but some small trading vessel would be attacked and burned, after the entire crew had been murdered. Probably at no time had the ill fame of the Malacca Straits so truly justified their reputation, for acts of piracy, as in the opening months of the year 1873."

From disorder, empire! Sir Andrew Clarke added to our realms the Malay States, which were in this barbarous condition—added them in fact, whatever the form.



A POLICE STATION.

That will be made clear, however, as we follow him in his task of regeneration.

"Here," he remarked, "was a great area which had no civilisation except a kind of wild justice. In all that territory there was not a stone or brick house, not a vestige of living, as we understand it. The people were utterly primitive, even to the existence of slavery among them. The knife was everywhere; but I must say this for the Malay, that I found him a gentleman cut-throat. He murdered with courtesy, let blood politely, so that a Malay executioner before proceeding to business would beg his victim to excuse him. With equal courtesy the latter would reply that it did not matter; and really nothing then mattered in the native Malay States. But the folks had many good qualities, as, for example, that of always keeping a promise. You had to study them, to understand them, and then to work according to the human elements which you found to your hand."

In fine, the Malays needed to be rubbed the right way, to be humoured, and, above all, led towards civilisation on the basis of their own institutions. The first native State which Sir Andrew Clarke took in hand was Perak, and with it there came to be bracketed Selangor, Pahang, and the other parts which



THE BROTHERS' SCHOOL, SINGAPORE.



THE CATHEDRAL, SINGAPORE.

a map shows as the Protected Native States in the Malay Peninsula. To-day their supreme welfare is in the hands of Sir Frank Swettenham, one of Sir Andrew Clarke's young men of the old days in Malaya. When you deal with savages, even though careful to rub them the right way, you have to take risks. Sir Andrew Clarke took his, but, as he placidly put it, "They didn't keep me from my sleep. You don't at the time think much about risks, whether by battle, flood, or field. They are a detail to be looked back upon when you have leisure, and somebody else has curiosity."

Sir Andrew escaped assassination by civilly offering a cigar to a native chief, but only learned of his escape afterwards. He was going somewhere by steamer, and a Malay had also taken passage with the object of assailing the Governor. They came together on the deck of the vessel, and the chief, being a gentleman cutthroat, like the rest of his nation, dropped assassination for that time. To return death for a cigar—nay, that would have been an ungallant barter. The dangers encountered when Sir Andrew went on a conciliatory visit to Rajah Bot were obvious, and so could be discounted in advance.

"Rajah Bot"—he recalled the incident—"was a picturesque cateran, the centre of a whole area of unsettledness. He lived in a stockade, and the tribute which came to him, one way or another, went again upon his retainers and those whom he had to keep in countenance. Well, fighting was going on in a certain part—it went on in most parts—between the Malays and the Chinese settlers. I wanted to get to this particular part in order to extinguish the trouble, also I wanted to open up the trade channels freely. Rajah Bot, in his stockade, held the gate, and I decided to go and interview him.

"Behind me was the influence of the English ships on the station—a moral influence, really—and one or two officials accompanied me. Broadly, what I could do with Rajah Bot I had to do by palaver and persuasion—that was my line all through. The only weapon of defence that I took with me was an umbrella; I hoped the Rajah and myself might find common ground under its shadow. He thought us rather bold to walk into his stockade without so much as a warning, and said, 'How do you know that I might not kill you?' He and his people were in rags and tatters, living a life which afforded them few comforts. I reasoned with him that, if he would accept my proposals, and throw his efforts into the scale for an ordered country, he would soon be walking in silk.

"In other words, I had to convince him that the line of civilisation was also the line of advantage for himself. It was a simple philosophy, and being a very shrewd fellow he accepted it—that is, I got my way. Years later I happened again to meet Rajah Bot, and he was holding high office in the State of Perak, and actually wearing silk. 'You promised me I should,' he greeted me, 'and now here I am. I took your advice, and I am high up in the confidence of my Sovereign.' He had even made a pilgrimage to Mecca, such was his prosperity."

The case of Rajah Bot typifies Sir Andrew Clarke's handling of other native characters, turning their qualities into loyal service. "Personal influence," he quoted himself on that policy, "has always great effect upon people like the Perak chiefs, and this influence I endeavoured to supply. Where it was possible I sought interviews with them and pointed out the effect of the evils from which the country was suffering. Their real interests were peace, trade, and the opening up their country. In place of anarchy and irregular revenues, I held out the prospects of peace and plenty. I found them in cotton. I told them, if they would trust me, I would clothe them in silk. Their rule had resulted in failure: I offered them advisers who would restore order from chaos, without curtailing their sovereignty. They were willing to listen to reason, as the vast majority of persons, whether wearing silk hats or turbans, usually are." That latter sentence held a flash of Sir Andrew Clarke's keen insight into human nature and the strings which move it. Comprehend your people and then govern them. That also was Sir George Grey's specific, for between him, as empire-maker, and Sir Andrew Clarke there are many things of a likeness.



TWO SELANGOR CHIEFS.



SIR MAHARAJAH LELA, OF PERAK, AND HIS SON.

The Rajah Abdul Samad, ruler of Selangor, needed careful management, and that suggested another story to Sir Andrew. A relative of the Rajah's, at the head of a boat-load of clansmen, had murdered the crew of a Chinese trading vessel. Only a boy escaped, and he reached Malacca and told what had happened. While he was still there, who should arrive but the very pirates, and he identified them and they were apprehended.

"Under ordinary circumstances," Sir Andrew Clarke took up the tale, "they would have gone before the English courts, at Singapore, and received a term of imprisonment. We could not, upon the evidence, have tried them for murder, and even if we had hung them it was not a punishment likely to act as a strong deterrent. At one time we had as many as 700 Malay pirates under our care at Singapore, so you can imagine our anxieties.

"But, to cut matters short, I wished to teach, through the band of whom I have been speaking, a lesson in law and justice to the whole native mind. I wished to show that, whatever a man might be, he should have the fairest conditions of trial; also I wished to put the native rulers on their mettle in securing justice and so helping towards the pacification of the country. With all that in view, I got the marauders from Selangor on to a ship, and carried them to the Rajah Abdul Samad, saying, 'Here are people of yours who have pirated a vessel and murdered the crew, who, therefore, have been guilty of the disorders which make against the well-being of the community. As they are your people, so I bring them to you for correction. What are you going to do with them?'

"The chieftain of Selangor had won for himself rather a violent character, it being said, for one thing, that he was not happy unless he killed a man every day. He was anything but agreeable to me at the outset, but eventually the situation presented itself to him as I had desired. His relative and the other pirates were therefore put on trial, as a result convicted, and then executed, all within a brief time."

Sir Andrew Clarke here went and fetched from among his curios a Malay *kris*, in order that my somewhat gory curiosity as to a Malay execution might be satisfied. The *kris* is a long dagger, sharp of edge and point, apparently a deadly weapon in attack or defence, certainly unfailing in the hands of an executioner. Sir Andrew spread his handkerchief on my left shoulder — the method of the thoughtful Malay, you see, as an English hostess takes out her whitest tablecloth—and then placed the dagger above it. The Malay sheath for that foot or more of steel was the hollow in the shoulder, beside the collar-bone, and then into the heart. Yes, it was very interesting; who could doubt it? Assuredly, the little object-lesson enabled me vividly to realise the arena of touch and go in which Sir Andrew Clarke fashioned the Malay Protected States.

His purpose was to settle, to civilise them,



MR. J. W. W. BIRCH, HIS BOATMEN AND POLICE IN PERAK, 1875.



BLANJA, ON THE PERAK RIVER.

to bring them and the natural wealth of the Malay Peninsula into the free market of the world. For this it was necessary that they should be got within the shelter of the Union Jack, yet to all intents each State must remain self-governing in the fullest sense. The secret of success lay in mingling British ascendency with Malay rule, advised by resident British officials. That was what worked out in the treaty of Pangkor, an historic engagement arrived at between Sir Andrew Clarke and the chiefs of Perak on January 20th, 1874. Things had come round to such a shape that the rajahs really invited him to make the Queen over-ruler of their country. This was his tact, as he showed his sympathy when, setting out on the mission, he took with him a shipload of food, to meet the distress which existed among the Malays. They said to themselves—

"Whereas we have had no food under our old style of rule, but have been starving, here is plenty of food brought by him who also brings a new form of rule. It is clear that what provides food abundantly is best, so let us recognise it."

There is told of Sir Andrew Clarke and the Britonising of the Malay States a story at which he always smiles—neither contradicts nor accepts it, only smiles. He went to the Malay Peninsula to report, not to enlarge the Empire, and before setting out to meet the Perak chiefs he wrote a cablegram telling the authorities at home of his plans. "I hope," he is supposed to have said, in handing over the message, "that no teredo will get into the cable and so delay transmission." The teredo, be it explained, is a sea-worm which bites through the covering of a cable and contrives to break the electric circuit. Curiously enough the message was delayed in transit—doubtless there was a teredo in the cable—and when Sir Andrew Clarke did hear from London it was a sharp order to drop his empire-making. The Empire was not very well comprehended of at Downing Street in those days. That order came too late, however, for the treaty of Pangkor was already signed and sealed, and Sir Andrew could only report the fact to London, with regrets.

Yet there was no treaty in the ordinary dry, red-tape sense, and that seeming trifle was a large element toward success. It was an engagement—an honourable bond for mutual advantages — entered into by all

concerned; hence elasticity and in that elasticity strength. Sir Andrew Clarke heard the native chiefs calling in his ear, so to speak, "Come up and help us; you people know better than we do, and we'll take your advice." It was hands all round, and if the grip had to be firm sometimes, that, as we know in our own stay-at-home lives, is but the evidence of a true, feeling friendship.

"Standing as we do here, on the grave of ancient empires," said Sir Andrew Clarke at the time, "let it be our mission to gather together their scattered fragments and form them into the cradle of a new and fair dominion, federated in justice and morality, which will exceed in usefulness to mankind, and in honour to our nation and faith, all that has preceded it on these shores."

It was nation-building on the higher plane—the ideals were not left out of sight, but, indeed, formed the heart and basis of policy. And as an illustration of the strong hand, fixed on seeing things go justly, take the instance of a Perak chief who killed a man. The Sultan should have chastened his vassal for this, but had done nothing, whereupon Sir Andrew Clarke sent him a little sermon touching the beauty of fair and humane dealing as between all men, great or menial. The sermon had a postscript to this effect:-

"We seriously caution our friend that in no case is he to exercise or give an order for the death of any man without the order being made after full and impartial trial, and with the signature of approval of the British Resident; and in cases of sentence of death the law as given in the Koran is that which should be followed."

When Sir Andrew Clarke was asked, not long ago, to say, as a result of his experiences in Malaya, what line ought to be taken for the pacification of the Philippines, he answered in such suggestions as these: "Secure the co-operation of those who supply the sinews of trouble by showing them, in assured peace and prosperity, a better return for their outlays. All public notices should run in the name of the native States, but administration and executive proceedings should be concluded under the authority of the protective Power. Enlist native sympathies by fairness and justice, and rule through native agents supervised by carefully selected agents." The great way with "sullen peoples, half devil and half child," was to run them as if they were running themselves.

Much rule is implied in the style of our Queen as "Empress of India." Who first saluted her thus? We know that Beaconsfield proclaimed the Queen as Empress of India in 1877. The compact of Pangkor was entered into in 1874, and in a proclamation making known the good wishes of "the great Queen of England," Sir Andrew Clarke spoke of her as being also "Queen and Empress of India."

There were many ranees, as there were a multitude of rajahs, in Malaya, and another Queen, in far distant England, had not, so called, the personal significance which Sir Andrew Clarke wished to convey. But the Kaisar-i-Hind, the Sovereign of India, the Empress of India! Ah, that was very different, India being near, and the might of the words were comprehended. It was in such manner that Malaya land grew red—a single task in Sir Andrew Clarke's career as the proconsul. He is one of the fathers of free government in Australia—the sole survivor of those who in 1853–54–55 gave the island continent constitutional rule.



THE BRITISH RESIDENT'S QUARTERS, PERAK.

THE WHIRLIGIG.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.*

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

The opening chapters introduce Francis Bothfield, a cosmopolitan Englishman, who spends his time in leisurely travel. Visiting Amaro, he finds the city in a state of almost revolutionary excitement over the impending trial of Count Gottfried von Incke, who is accused of intrigues both political and scandalous. His arrival at the hotel arouses the sudden interest of three officials who are acting on behalf of the Crown; this is explained later by the fact that he bears an extraordinary resemblance to Gottfried von Incke. He is kidnapped by these officials for their own purposes, and, while crossing the city in a closed carriage, falls in love with a girl whose face he sees for a moment at a window. He is subsequently compelled to undertake a hasty journey towards the border, dressed in the overcoat of the man whom he so strangely resembles. The journey ends in a carriage accident; and in the general confusion Bothfield manages to escape and returns to the city, where he goes in search of the girl he had previously seen at a window in the Revolutionary quarter of the town. He discovers her being turned out with her aged father into the street by the landlord; they mistake him for Herr Goldberg, a cousin and emissary of Von Incke, the Count having originally installed the two at the inn; and, pursuing this advantage, Bothfield speedily alters the condition of things, and has the landlord cringing apologetically at his feet. To Gisela von Radenstein he explains his real identity, and that his appearance at the inn is accidental; and a bond of sympathy is further established between them by the discovery of important letters in the lining of the overcoat, for which the State had been searching and that were required to establish the guilt of the Count von Incke. The landlord of the inn being surprised at the keyhole, listening to their interview, Bothfield inadvertently kills him in the scuffle that follows. In order to save time, and to get Gisela and her father away from the inn (which is the headquarters of the Revolutionists) and the dishonourable Von Incke, Bothfield hides the body in a cupboard in another room. The real Count appearing on the scene at that moment necessitates flight on Bothfield's part, the only means of escape that presents itself being a secret staircase leading—whither?

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.



MR. BOTHFIELD'S feet dropped down the ladder as scouts; his eyes could see nothing, and his hands told him only that the walls he passed were rough and mouldy, and that they were so close together that the space between them was little broader either way than a man's shoulders. The well had in it a concentration of the prevailing reek of the Weissen Hirsch; it smelt of dirt, and beer, and bad tobacco with an appalling insistency, and a mustiness that he was unable to define blended with the other odours. It was clear that the ladder's home had not much connection with the outer air; it seemed likely, indeed, as the explorer stepped down and down without meeting more than the next rung, to end nowhere but in the heart of the earth.

"Twenty-two," counted Bothfield to himself at last, and found his feet upon bricks.

He held the ladder with one hand—ready, if need came, to spring back to it—and felt about him with the other. He strained his eyes to find a thinning of the gloom; and it seemed to him that the darkness was less intense below than above. Yet his hand touched wall and wall, no matter which way it went. He lowered it and searched at the level of his knees. Something yielded, and a faint light glimmered at him. He pushed again and found that he was moving a flap which hung unbolted against the wall, hinge uppermost.

Bothfield knelt and released the ladder. He brought his head down to his hands, pushed again at the flap, and peered out sideways.

The shutter opened upon a square, low-ceilinged, dusky cellar, into which a little daylight filtered from a barred window. The floor of the well was four feet above that of the room. Bothfield took stock of the situation, crammed his legs under the flap, and squeezed himself outside it.

Rows of dimly seen shapes dangled from

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the ceiling ; on closer inspection they proved to be hams and sausage-strings, and the dark ambushes, behind which he began by suspecting the lurking Count, were beer-barrels and pickle-tubs. The cupboard out of which he had come seemed, on looking back, to be an empty oven. The cellar was the inn's storehouse, plain to see, and, as such, must have communication with the kitchens. The outlook of the window's upper inches confirmed the supposition, for they were level with the flags of a back-yard, and a misguided streamlet of sink water was trickling lazily through the bars and puddling on to the floor below.

All this, so far as the geography of the place went, was instructive ; but it did not help a man whose thoughts were on an upper storey. Bothfield looked about him impatiently, and saw doors to right and left.

The Count had gone through one of them ; and as there were but two, it was a fair chance that he would be met at the next turn. The near door had a step which meant, seeing that the far one was flush with the floor, that it was six inches nearer Gisela. Bothfield opened it, found darkness again, and sprawled over a gritty heap. The place was a coal-hole, and he picked himself up with a remembrance of his entry into the Palace of Justice.

His fall had brought his outstretched hand to another door, and he pushed boldly through it, encouraged by the silence. A passage, an angle—two passages. He dived down the first one, twisted and drifted into another. There was no light, and the air was thick and foul. The place seemed to have become a labyrinth ; but a slight upward tilt of the stones under his feet spurred him to imprudence, and he stumbled blindly on. He touched damp and cob-webbed walls, searching, as he plunged deeply into the mazes, for landmarks by which, if he found no outlet, he might know from whence he had come. But—and whether it were by reason of his feverish anxiety to return to Gisela von Radenstein, or of the absence of a bump of locality, of his jumping nerves, or all, matters nothing —he pulled up at last, after rebuffs from three blind alleys, with the suspicion that he had fairly lost his way.

The notion, at first thought, was to be doubted, for the time when he had left the ladder was scarcely five minutes gone, and it did not seem likely that so short a period, and so confined a space as the cellarage of a mean inn, could baffle wits for long. Bothfield closed his eyes, which ached from straining through the darkness, and tried to remember how he had advanced. He mapped out the route in his mind, and set to work to follow it. Alas ! It brought him only by a few rapid turns face to face with the barrier, and with the transformation of a suspicion into solid conviction.

Hands and ears, to the seeing man, are so poor a substitute for eyesight, that to be without light is to be almost as a helpless babe, and Bothfield leaned against the wall and groaned at his impotence. He had blundered in the spirit of hasty adventure into a *cul de sac* ; he had cut off his own retreat : and he was left to realise that Gisela was probably by this time well on her way to the danger that should be his. He had bragged of his ability ! He had declared himself a knight-errant, had even begun to think something of his poor wits ! What manner of man was he, when it did not need the Count of Incke, or the Reformers, or anything but his own imbecility to land him in the slough ? This it was to be an amateur in the field of love and warfare.

He roused himself, pricked by the sharp thoughts, and began again to move on. Chance might steer where memory failed. He had the idea that he had been wandering to and fro in a circumscribed space, and another effort might help him to escape from it. He groped his way from one passage to another and stole onwards.

His hand, creeping over the surface of the wall in advance, slipped suddenly round a corner and felt a gap. He followed it with his eyes and blinked into what seemed to be a deep recess, with—a gleam of hope shot out—a chink in its depths through which there strayed a ray of faded daylight.

Bothfield edged himself through the opening and so into the cell, if cell it were. Here he stopped abruptly, and then tip-toed towards the light with infinite precaution. For there was a rumble of voices near, and by sticking close to the crack he could see and hear, as a moment assured him, things that would turn his error into quick and solid profit.

The peep-hole was made by a badly fitting brick. It was at a convenient height, and Bothfield looked and listened.

A basement room, which had at one time, perhaps, had no higher use than the first cellar, was now rudely furnished with trestle-table, benches, and a chair or two. Its end window was barred, and appeared to look upon a blank wall ; another, high up on the



"It was the Count who strode and talked."

opposite side, had darkness behind it. The walls were of undressed brick, and on the table were pens and ink-bottles, and some scattered sheets of paper. The floor was flagged with great, uneven stones, and so badly laid were they that Bothfield could see one near to him that rocked and trembled every time that it was trodden by the feet of a restless speaker in his wild-beast pacing of the room.

It was the Count who strode and talked; and his audience was a stout, pock-marked, plain young man who leaned, feet crossed, against the table. He had a heavy face and a bristling bullet head—the head of a man who was planned to be a fighter and a partisan, while leadership and diplomacy were left to brighter people. Bothfield knew him, when Fate unravelled the skein, for the only man to whom Incke had ever willingly permitted a glimpse of his hatreds and his ambitions. He discovered him now to be Anton Goldberg.

"A spy? A spy? A spy?" the Count was saying, swinging his arms and doubling the sinister frown as he paced up and down the room. "That is it, of course, Anton; but what is the idea in sending him to personate you, a trick bound to be easily discovered? And why this vast interest in Radenstein and his daughter? It baffles me."

"Does it?" said Goldberg, examining his nails and trimming a corner with his teeth. "That's the very thing people have said of you. Why this interest?"

The Count took no notice of the interruption.

"He had the heels of me—he's gone," he said. "I scared him away before much harm was done. But when I go to the Radensteins to hear their version, it is all the cock-and-bull story of my cousin. Gisela knows more—I'll swear to that. . . . We will thrash it out presently, she and I. And then this——" He tossed the little notebook to the table. "The entries are in English—jottings of the trains from Rome. And I'll swear the clothes and baggage came from London. Now, what the devil brings the fellow by express from Italy?"

"Talking of these Radenstein friends of yours," said Goldberg, who was placidly following out his own train of thought, "you don't say why they are here. If for the same reason as most of the inhabitants of the Weissen Hirsch, the unknown's interest in them is not unnatural."

"So? Well, I can tell you something. They are not."

Bothfield's ears began to tingle. He held his breath in his eagerness not to miss the words.

"For pleasure, then?"

Goldberg spoke in a slow, monotonous tone; it was impossible to tell whether his remarks and queries were prompted by a simple-minded curiosity, or were pronounced ironically.

"For pleasure, then?" he reiterated.

"*My* pleasure," said the Count. He stopped walking up and down the room and faced his cousin, back turned to Bothfield's peep-hole. "I had my reasons that they should be here, and, as I don't think persuasion would have done it, I went to work another way. Herr von Radenstein—who is, between you and me, a feather-headed old fool, all unfit to be the father of the charming Gisela—is a devotee at the shrine of Liberty. It was not difficult to persuade him that his mild devotions, which I helped him to supplement with a little practical charity—had endangered his freedom. It was well conceived—a trifle of plot, a little posing, and pouf! away flew a frightened audience to my shelter at the Weissen Hirsch."

"And how are you going to get them back?" drawled Goldberg.

The Count had begun his pacing again, and his frown had deepened.

". . . There is only this—suppose they should have communicated with friends, and the man should have come from them? . . . Another nail in my coffin. But no; Kurt and Karl knew, at least, how to take charge of letters. . . . Get them back? The father may go when he pleases, so long as he leaves his daughter to me."

"Oh, I see," said Goldberg thoughtfully. "You are in love? You want to be married?"

Incke did not trouble to answer the question; he thrust it to one side with a wave of his hand.

"Let us leave that alone," he said impatiently. "The man has run away; he has learned (I believe) nothing to injure us; if he brings the police upon us, they will do no more than hammer stupidly upon the public door, as they have done before; the Radensteins are still tethered by their imagined danger. Presently I will have something to say to them. Listen to me now on another matter.

"I was taken to the House of Detention in a certain grey overcoat that I value very highly. It contains, in its lining, some

important documents. They juggled me out of the place in the twinkling of an eye, to whisk me across the frontier, and I left it in the hands of the police. It must be got back; that is why I am here at this moment."

"Why not write for it?"

"My good cousin, the Prince's agents are so deeply impressed by their conviction of my subtlety, that if I expressed a wish to recover the coat, they would at one dissect it into fragments to learn the reason why."

"They would be quite right," Goldberg said with gravity. "You have always six motives for one action. You are very clever, Gottfried. Now, for me, give me a fistful of sword-hilt, and I don't want to think about anything. But you are different. I thought, perhaps, you had come back to fight somebody."

"So I have," said the Count, and his lips curled in a grin. "I never forget an enemy; no, not the Prince who cast me off; nor the Princess who bade him; nor even Gisela in her tantrums. I fight them all, but not in your crude way. I shall rest content when the Prince's gimcrack throne collapses; when the fair Princess flies across the frontier; when Gisela, pretty dear, is glad to creep to her husband's feet and give her kisses meekly. I shall rest, then, as conqueror, as master, as—who knows! The Prince laughs at the Reformers; perhaps he is right—now. They are a gang of ignorant blockheads, I admit; but they have taken me to be their leader, and they are becoming an organisation from an unruly mob. I have power in my hands already. Watch it grow, Anton; watch it grow!"

His face blazed for a second: at the next the fire died out and anxiety came back.

"But first I must recover the overcoat," he said. "Where are Kurt and Karl? I called a meeting on my arrival, and it must be nearly time for it. Go out, Anton, and see if the members of the Society are waiting to attend."

Goldberg disappeared obediently, and the Count took the chair at the head of the table, thrust his chin into his hand, and continued his thoughts in silence.

Bothfield withdrew himself from the chink with an exulting heart. He, too, wanted leisure to think, and to consider the profit of eavesdropping. The darkness of the cell felt cool and relieving; it cleared the brain, and he was able to weigh the situation at his ease.

The old man had been deceived, as Gisela had thought. There had been no danger; it had all been a lie; and it was for his own ends that Gottfried von Incke had hustled these two innocent souls into the company of thieves and blackguards. He pretended to some love of Gisela: this was his method of expressing it. Bothfield, whose brain, whose heart, whose soul were full of a trembling tenderness towards the girl, who would have slept upon spikes, cheerfully, that she might lie in swansdown, whose pulses throbbed at the recollection of her sweet eyes and the scent of her careless hair, measured the man's villainy by this one act, and found it bottomless. He would pit himself against the Count with all his energies; he would not rest until his ambitions were fulfilled. No more faltering, no more backsliding, now!

The Count had no suspicions of the whereabouts of the letters. The fears of an adverse reception from the *bureau* were scattered. Gisela, who must be by now on her way, with her mission perhaps well-nigh accomplished, stood, it appeared, in small peril, after all. Bothfield found his hands suddenly free and felt them itch to be at Incke's windpipe. Wherefore he took the plain course and smuggled once more against the peep-hole, to learn from the forthcoming meeting all that he desired to know. He hardly felt excited; that had passed when he had heard that the Radensteins had an open door before them. He would wait a little, hear a little; then he would break out somehow, somewhere, and bring Justice to her prey. He was a lame and halting performer in this whirl of violent action; already his strength ebbed, his limbs trembled. But he had foreign, unexpected resolution, and if Fortune were kind, he, too, would help to mete out punishment.

How was the girl faring? The question, even though his fears for her were quelled, could not but torment him. He knew she had courage and address; he prayed that she might be safe; and he wondered, thirstily, when he would see her again. He guessed at long and thorny paths between them, and lamented inwardly as he thought of the perplexities that must have come to distress her, and the fresh fears that must have sprung into her mind, when the locked door cut off his return. He had not been able to send a word to comfort her! . . . But, please God, his thoughts raced on, he would comfort her by and by.

The Count, in the quiet room, had put aside his meditation meanwhile, and was engaged upon some meat and bread, washed

down by the gurgling contents of a flask that had been drawn, with the food, from his pocket. He ate with a snapping noise, hungrily; his manner showed that meat and he had been strangers of late. The fact reminded Bothfield that he, too, had an ache about the waistcoat, and that it was, even as hours go—and he measured now by events—a long time since he broke fast in the baker's shop. He eyed each mouthful with a wolfish envy, and he was entirely glad when the entrance of the Revolutionists made the Count swallow his snack with a gulp, and plump the half-empty packet beside him on the table.

The door swung open and Goldberg entered, behind him Brother Karl, and in their wake, after a pause filled by exchange of sign and countersign, a tail of shambling fellows before whom it was evident the Count swam magnificently, amid some side glances and suspicions, as a whale among the minnows. They clustered on the threshold, twisting caps and shuffling feet. Incke saluted them and spoke.

"Brother Baumgartner, yours is the door-keeper's office."

A man in a workman's blouse responded by locking and barring the door behind them. The rest advanced to the table and, in answer to the Count's impatient gesture, seated themselves about it. The onlooker studied them through the crack with interest. They were truly, as Cossebaude had said, the scum; but none the less formidable for that. They were heavy-mouthed, round-backed men, their hands seamed with hard work, and their eyes dulled with servitude; sullen oxen, that, left alone, could only blunder and bellow, but which would plough many a broad acre behind the cunning master. One or two of the faces were criminal; all were brutal. Incke's hand was upon the plough; whither would he guide it?

It was a strange sight for English eyes to see, a revelation of one of the undercurrents that swirl in less enlightened countries than our own. The low, dirty room, with its barred, blank-eyed window, the trestle-table, the Count's clever hawk-face at the end, with Goldberg's stolid one behind it, and beside the board the children of Demos. One fellow had a butcher's knife within his girdle; another's hands were stained with dye, a third was obviously a road-scavenger. Their trades were dissimilar, but by caste and clothing, and by the stamp of a common degradation, they were comrades. Bothfield, eying the men, could not but conclude that the cause of freedom in Amaro was in no great need for champions, if these rough malcontents were all that it would muster for defence.

Incke looked them up and down.

"Where is Brother Kurt?" he said.

Karl rose to his feet.

"Brother Kurt told me this morning that he had work to do, and left the office. Since then I have not seen him, and I suppose the business took him longer than he thought. Also, your Excellency, we did not know when to expect you back. . . . May I congratulate your Excellency in the name of the Society on your acquittal?"

"Thank you," said Incke. "I don't understand this affair of Kurt's, for, if you remember, he was enjoined to watch over the Society's interests here during my absence, and he has apparently deserted his post. However, that can be seen to later. We have met, Brothers, to continue our duties in connection with this Society, to hasten the foundations of a republican system of government, to forward the cause of the masses, and to instil into the minds of their present tyrants, by any means that seem to us expedient, a recognition of their insecure position, and of the rights, the intentions, and the powers of the people."

He reeled off the declaration with a glibness that showed it to be a formula. His tone simulated enthusiasm; but the double frown was there, and his hands were restless. Bothfield judged him consumed with eagerness to get to his own business. But among these men, it was plain, he must play his part, and the growl of appreciation from the assembly that followed his words showed that it, at least, was all in earnest.

"Brother Haering, how did your mission go?"

A little man at the foot of the table rose to reply. He seemed a man of more intelligence than the rest, but he had the hollow cheeks of the enthusiast.

"Well enough, Excellency. Our friends at Pest are willing to send us the material and the man to make the instrument; with it, they tell me, one can blow up a cathedral, or send a coachload of princes to hell."

"Oh, are you talking about the infernal machine?" said Goldberg, with his drawl. "You think, perhaps, it would have a good moral effect. Eh?"

"If a moral effect is to split the Prince and his toadies into dusty fragments, and to strike bitter terror to the hearts of all the rest of their kind, then I believe there will



"They were truly, as Cossebaude had said, the scum."

be a moral effect in this city some day soon," said Haering, and Goldberg laughed for the first time in Bothfield's hearing. The Reformers looked at him with lowering faces, and his smile was wiped out by the old stolid stare. Bothfield wondered what he was doing in this odd convention, and thought that the Count's magnetism and the itching sword-hand had much to do with his presence.

"I have the papers about it here," said Haering, tugging at an inner pocket. "I lay them upon the table now for the Society's inspection."

Incke had his chance; Bothfield saw that he meant to take it in the upward flash of his face and the jerk of his hand as he caught the words. He spoke, however, very coolly.

"You speak of papers, Brother. It reminds me that a very serious loss occurred to me during my recent imprisonment. Perhaps I have the Society's permission to interpolate the story here?

"The police—you know their honesty and their good faith, Brethren—took opportunity when I was in their hands to steal from me an overcoat, in the lining of which were some valuable private papers. Once before I appealed in a somewhat similar case to you, and the result was that the packet I required then was restored to me."

"I did that," said a weasel-faced individual complacently. "I and Brother Nixchet. We nabbed it under the very nose of Engelstadt. What fools the police are! Have you ever seen me lift a ticker?"

Goldberg's face twitched; and Incke covered the sudden loquacity by his own speech.

"Arrange it among yourselves, Brothers. I will entrust a full description of the article to you, and you will be of great service to me if you can get it back—*at once*."

His anxiety showed in the last words, and Bothfield saw why he had tried to conceal it. The Brothers had militant suspicions; they were willing that Incke should lead them if he devoted himself to the Society's aims; but they jibbed when it was suggested that they should act as catspaw. Bothfield had driven behind mules once—he remembered their customs.

"We came to talk about Keppich's bomb, didn't we?" said the slaughter-house man. "I don't see what his Excellency's papers have to do with that. The affair before, now—Brother Fingelmann boasts of it, because he was the tool, but it helped the Society not an inch onward, that I could see. It was all to do with the trial at which his Excellency was triumphantly acquitted, and we worked for him then because his Excellency is our chairman, and our leader, and can't be spared. But what have we to do with private papers?"

"It is the same case as before," said Incke, the frown deep. "The papers jeopardise my liberty. Therefore they must be recovered. Would you risk me now, when everything is in readiness? Aren't we going to put the Prince out of the way, and step in through the gap? Who has laid the plans but I? I will not argue the point further, Brethren, but—who will step out now and take my place?"

He stood back and motioned to his empty chair. The Brothers looked at each other, and Haering said—

"Of course your Excellency will not desert the cause for a flea-bite, and neither will we risk you. Eh, Brethren? Describe the coat, Herr Graf, and make some note of it, you fellows. I'm not light-fingered myself."

Fingelmann leaned forward with professional curiosity; he had the thief's quick movements and thin fingers, and Bothfield saw that his next neighbour drew away from him slightly. So there were degrees of honesty even in this rag-and-bobtail Society!

"Well, it was grey, with a roll-collar and long skirts," said Incke, when the hum of discussion and acquiescence had subsided and he had taken his seat again. "Big pockets here. For all I know, one of the police rascals may have taken it to his own use and be airing it now."

"Grey, with long skirts!" ejaculated Brother Karl. "Why, it was just such a coat that the man your Excellency and the Brethren had so much talk over in my room, the man that ran away, wore. Big smoked buttons. A splendid coat."

"Good Heavens!" said Incke. The colour went out of his cheeks; he caught his breath and looked at the innkeeper. "That is my overcoat. What—what the devil is the meaning of it all? The man ran away again, but he left his baggage behind. Suppose—but no, I searched the room."

"The cupboard? I told him to hang it there."

"Cupboard? Before Heaven, I knew of none. The man went bareheaded; I saw his cap in the Rad—upstairs. Surely he'd not have ventured here in my coat if he knew what it contained! Perhaps, then,



"His hands shook, and his voice choked and gurgled."

he had it for disguise and dropped it when he fled. Let me——"

"I'll go," said Karl, and he sprang nimbly over the bench. "I know the place. Door-keeper!"

He passed out, after the due precautions. Incke sank back into his chair. The Brethren stared solemnly at each other, and Goldberg looked inquiringly at the Count.

Bothfield's eye was withdrawn from the chink.

CHAPTER IX.

A LIGHT UPON HIDDEN THINGS.

We are told, by those who have been unwilling subjects of experiment in drowning, that in the agony of suffocation, or after, the mind has the power to fill a moment with the lightning-vivid remembrances of years. In the same way a minute's suspense, not physical but mental, may be crowded with an army of conjectures, sensations, and

retrospections, which this same mind in its normal working condition would be scarce able to cram into an hour. It was so with the hundred seconds while Brother Karl was gone, and Bothfield's brain span at full pressure.

The innkeeper's death, if he had read the sullen, savage faces round the table aright, meant a short shrift to its instrument; the discovery of the rape of the letters would bring the sinister Count hot foot upon the trail. Yet the side of the dilemma that most agitated Bothfield was that the storm and suspicion would fall, in all probability, more heavily upon those whom he had (how vainly!) tried to help, than upon him. Gisela, as he guessed her, would return, had probably returned by now, to her father's side, if she won through her errand in safety, to be straightway involved with him in the common disaster. What could Bothfield do? How use this feeble wit of his to keep her enemies at bay? He had a frantic idea of hurling himself, then and there, against the wall, of shouting that he, the guilty, was behind it, and of endeavouring to expiate, with his own spilled blood, the errors of commission that were now breeding retribution. He had this notion already ripe for birth, when a clamour at the door of the council-chamber made him hold back to watch once more.

Brother Karl burst into the room, flinging aside Baumgartner's challenge at the threshold, and swept to the table, a white-faced, dishevelled, horror-hunted man. His hands shook, and his voice choked and gurgled, and the Brethren started in their places at the spectacle. The Count, too, sprang from his chair; he kept his hands stiff to his side and his figure erect, but the guilty fear that had troubled him before chased the beads of sweat again to his forehead. A confusion of queries and exclamations bade Karl deliver himself of his ill-tidings.

"*Ach!* yes, I found the overcoat!" he gasped, while somebody shook him by the shoulder to make the frozen words flow freely. "It is there, in the cupboard, and Brother Kurt is below it—Brother Kurt, stiff and stark, with a blue lump on his face—dead!"

"*Dead!*" The word echoed round the room, and the other men's speech surged over it in a babble of fear and amazement.

"There was talk of the Englishman—if Englishman he be, as the Herr Graf conjectures—before," said Haering, above the clamour. "He was sent, doubtless, by the Government, to strike us down. It is a plot!"

"Then I know who is in it," said Baumgartner, lowering. "His Excellency said the man had friends here, in the old aristocrat and his daughter. They are his Excellency's friends, too, but——"

"Oh, pardon me," said Incke. His face was ghastly with suspicion; he was devoured, it was evident, by his anxieties, but he spoke in deliberate words. "Pardon me. I befriended them, as I would give the hand to any good Reformer, but my interest in them goes no further."

"How?" said the slaughterman. There was a hubbub in the room, and Karl's lamentations were vociferous; it was with difficulty that Bothfield could hear the altercation round the chair. The Brethren near the Count snapped and swayed, while Incke confronted them with his double frown.

"How? You acted on the Society's behalf for them? Will you, in the Society's behalf, see that they get their just deserts?"

"Don't talk nonsense, my good sir," Incke blustered, and Bothfield noticed that the hubbub sank, though but for a second, at the sound. "The worthy people are as innocent as lambs. Can't you see that by their stopping here? They are still in their room, or were an hour ago, when Kurt was already stiff and stark. You can go and see that for yourselves. It's this rascally Englishman. Who saw him run away?"

Nobody had, it appeared.

"What! And you waste time in clamour!" Incke said, throwing scorn at them. "Who knows if the fellow is not in hiding here still? Come, let us first see how Kurt suffered, and then let us look for his murderer."

"*Hoch!*" shouted somebody. "We shall know how to serve him when we find him! His Excellency speaks sense; the old man and the girl are innocent."

"Aye," Incke said, and he deftly pulled the tiller again. "It is, as I see it, highly likely that the fellow intended to serve them as he served Kurt, since he had already entrapped them by his pretence. Forward to find him. Come!"

There was a rush, and the Brethren stormed by him, pell-mell, in their haste. He was pushed aside, and, as he waited for room, Goldberg snatched at his sleeve.

"A cock-and-bull story, Gottfried, eh?" he queried.

"Heaven knows," Incke said. "Certainly I

can't have these boors pawing and hustling the lovely Gisela, though they might be a useful means of persuasion later on. I have given them something to do now. As for this spy-fellow, I declare to you, Anton, his comet's flight and the trail he leaves baffle me—aye, and startle me. But come on, in Heaven's name, and let us see Kurt."

"You are anxious about him?"

"*Kurt?* He may have been roasted alive for all I care. But I must get back my overcoat—it is worth a world to me—before it is torn to shreds beneath their clumsy paws."

The hubbub was dying along the passage, and forthwith Incke followed it. The last shrill notes of Karl's outburst faded, the trample of feet was lost, and then Goldberg, with a resigned expression upon his face, shrugged his shoulders and went out, too, and the door clanged, opening and shutting idly, behind him.

The action of the drama had passed beyond Bothfield's sight; but he could picture what would follow. He saw the motley rascals, excited by the spectacle of their dead comrade; he saw Incke snatching at the grey overcoat and gazing with renewed terrors at its emptiness. His mind showed him the baffled Count on the one side, and Gisela, with an old man's face behind her, on the other. To be sure, Incke's ready words just now had defended her from a great danger. Bothfield put that one item to his credit, to be remembered in the day of reckoning. But there was the conversation with Goldberg to be also remembered, and it was atrocious that the weathercock of the Reformers' mood should have been blown by Incke's private desires and left to show a wind of equal if of more distant peril. The thought burned him, and he became presently aware that he had bruised his fists by battering them on the wall, and that he had only the uproar and confusion of the meeting to thank for saving him from discovery.

He dashed about in the narrow cell, frenzied at his confinement, eager to be out and about. He met the gap through which he had come, and he stooped through it, and began again to grope his way about the pitchy passage.

The stubborn walls were no less stubborn; he advanced and retreated, turned and returned, confused with rage, a dozen times in the darkness of the mouldy alleys. He had been dishevelled before, unwashed and unshaven; but he felt now that there was not a tidy stitch upon him; that the dirt had caked upon his face; that he was doubly unkempt and battered. But he forgot these things in a blessed kindness of one of the angles, that pointed him suddenly to light.

A door was swinging on its hinges a few paces from him. Its look struck him as familiar, and in another instant he saw that he had burrowed clear round the council-chamber, and that he was looking into it from the entry through which the Reformers had come and gone.

A resolve had been growing in Bothfield's brain, a resolution that might save all, and that would require the Count to witness its accomplishment. It was no longer best to try the hazard of escape—granted that the half-truth he contemplated telling might have the success that it deserved. Bothfield's mood was full of bewilderment and danger and desire. And if Incke did not come back, he would go, full-armed with his new-born intention, to find him.

He stepped into the room, noting casually that his peep-hole was invisible in the rugged wall, and that—pouf!—the Reformers had their own odour. At the first glance a packet upon the table caught his eye, and with a bound he was at it, cramming its contents into his mouth.

It was the remnant of Incke's lunch; and Bothfield had not touched food since the early morning. He ate exultantly, filled with joy, as the insistent gnawing below his waistcoat grew faint and died, relishing the food with a child's appetite and a man's consciousness. For the minute there was nothing in the immediate future that troubled him like the thought that he might not have time to finish his spoil unto the uttermost crumb. Macaroni *au parmesan!* What was the feeble wish he had once expressed for that, compared to his lusty appetite for another man's broken food? He munched and swallowed with avidity.

There was a step in the passage, and Bothfield started, gulping at the last delicious morsel. The door was opened, and then Gottfried von Incke sprang inside it, while Goldberg, behind him, straddled before it. Bothfield, with unnatural and yet unaffected calmness, licked his lips and faced his rival.

The Count's eye was bloodshot, like that of a hunted jackal. He held in his hand the rifled overcoat, with its seams agape, and when he saw Bothfield before him he dashed it to the ground.

"It—is—the—man!" he said. "Then what Radenstein and the girl swore to me

just now was true, and they could not have known his whereabouts. But the fellow is a wizard! How else does he come here? Nab him, Anton. There is the clue by which to find my letters. Gad, I'll have it out of him!"

"'Just now!'" Bothfield repeated; and stopped. No need to question. Gisela had fulfilled her dangerous mission without mishap or suspicion, and had returned, as he had feared, to her father's side. Now, they had both to be rescued from the man who had deceived them, and who stood at last face to face with his enemy.

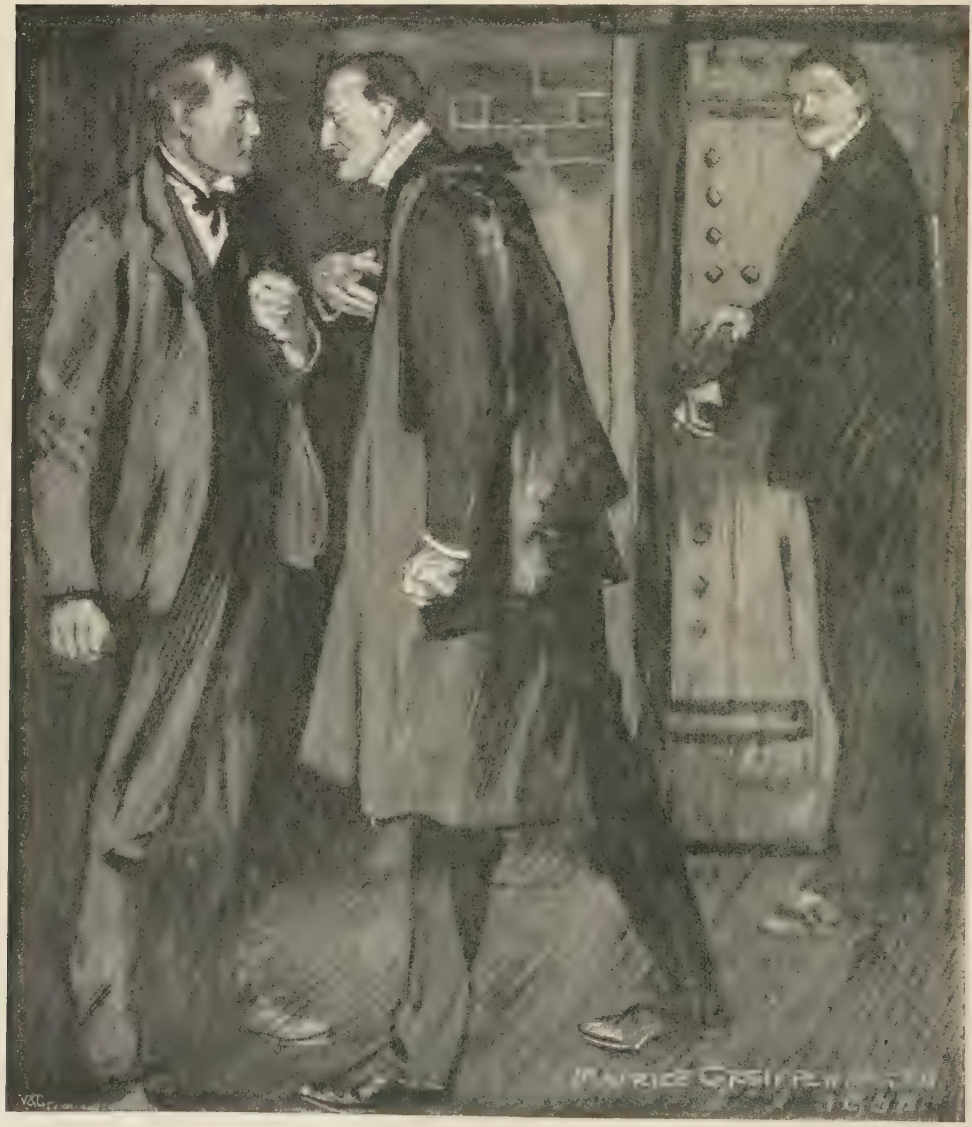
"I believe," Bothfield said bravely, though his anger swelled in his throat, "that I have the honour of addressing the Herr Graf Gottfried von Incke?"

Incke began to splutter into speech; there was a wicked fear in his face, and his incoherency took some seconds to shape itself to language. Goldberg, in the background, stood as a second behind his principal.

"Dog! Thief! Murderer! Where—where——?"

His finger crooked towards the coat. Goldberg put an ear to the door.

"You may spit me with a skewer if



"'You will have to learn that a scratch upon me will count for more than the murder of a poor innkeeper.'"

I understand how the fellow got here," he said. "But if you wish to interrogate him, you must be quick, Gottfried, or the Reformers will make him into sausage-meat. There's a deuce of a row upstairs."

"I have to speak with the Count upon a very delicate matter," Bothfield said; and he let his eyes rest upon the overcoat. Then he looked at the door with a successful effort of outward calmness: his apprehensions pictured the howling mob already in advance behind it. There was still the half-truth to tell.

"Did you kill Kurt? That was not a proceeding of such immense delicacy, you know," Goldberg interjected.

Incke thrust open the door and caught the Englishman by the arm.

"Come," he said, "they'll never look for you yonder."

They took a half-dozen paces from the council-chamber, and then, with a sharp turn, landed in the gloom of a smaller cellar. The high-barred window, to which a man on tip-toe might haply leap, looked back, Bothfield assumed, into the room they had left, and this was an antechamber or—a cell. It was a box-like, foul place, and it had an ominously well-furnished door, which Goldberg barred behind them. Incke turned eagerly upon Bothfield while the lock still creaked.

"Now for your explanation," he said. "It must serve you well, for there's a noose tightening about your neck, Herr Goldberg the Second."

"Oh, as to that," said Bothfield easily, "it was the only means by which I could gain admittance. And you see, Herr Graf, I had to find you."

"I believe," said Goldberg, with a long stare at the other faces, "that he is going to say he is your long-lost brother. What a pair of peas!"

"He will try no such imposture if he is wise," said Incke, panting with impatience. "Go on, sir. You wanted to see me?"

The story was ripe for the telling, and Bothfield began. He spoke at first almost mechanically, for he was busy at the same moment with the thought of Gisela, and with the gripping conviction of the subtlety in the face of the man who had entrapped her. Bothfield was, he saw, a prisoner for the third time; he had walked willingly for once into captivity; he asked no better fate; but his spirit was free, and it was dreaming over the girl that had quickened it. He awoke, and found that he had recited, so far truthfully, his initial adventures in the Amalian capital.

". . . You will see, Herr Graf, that I was an unwilling instrument, though I proved, unfortunately, an effective one. But it was after I escaped from the rascals in the depths of the forest that I found your overcoat had more pockets than met the eye, and that the contents——"

"*Ach!* yes, the contents!" Incke said.

"——were things too dangerous for me to handle. I have no concern in your Amalian politics, and scant knowledge of them, but it was plain to me that I held papers of value to—either side. How soon, then, before the Prince's men found that out, and made it their work to retake me, or before Merkewitz guessed it; or before, assuming that I was again captured without this knowledge, my seizure brought it to them?"

He gasped a little. It is not easy for an Englishman, even though he be the child of cosmopolitanism, to tell a lie with facility, much less with pleasure. It needed the thought of the indignities which the man confronting him had put upon Gisela, to spur him, and even then the thing was a reproach. But for her——!

He awoke again and found he was still speaking. With the sound of his own voice came inspiration; he could have laughed with joy as he saw the course of his rhetoric swim down the rapid and plunge into the calmer deeps.

". . . So I have disposed of your letters, putting them in safety, and here I am, Herr Graf, to inform you of that fact, and to divulge their whereabouts to you when you please. I swear to you I know where the letters are, and that I will tell you in return for—this is an afterthought—a favour from you for what I give."

"He is lying," Goldberg said. "He wants your protection, Gottfried. What man would be such a fool?"

"Where have you hidden them? And if this is true, you want—what?" Incke said, his hard eyes glaring into Bothfield's face.

". . . I found entrance here, through the mistake of the innkeeper, and of Herr von Radenstein, who took me for your cousin, and helped me, so, to play a part I had not studied. Herr von Radenstein's confidence told me a good deal; the two scoundrels your accomplices told me more. I have two requests to make before I reveal the place in which I have bestowed your letters. I ask your permission, first, to"—he raised his hand—"strike you in the face—so!—

for a betrayer of innocence and a double traitor!"

The blow swung on the face with stinging violence. Incke staggered backward and a spot of blood streaked his upper lip.

"No; it must have been the truth," said Goldberg. "Mad, you know. All Englishmen are mad. I forgot. Oh, yes, mad!"

"That was granted, eh?" Bothfield hissed, his fingers quivering as he wiped the Count's blood off his knuckles. His voice rumbled in the silence of the cell; between his words could be heard the muffled tumult of the Reformers and the nearer, choking breaths of Incke. "There is more.

"I found your instrument spying upon the lady you have seduced into this den of thieves. I killed him—unintentionally; but I am glad I did it, in her defence. It is hideous that she—any woman—should be forced to remain an instant in these vile surroundings. You must give me proof that you have set free Herr von Radenstein and his daughter—entirely free, with no cloud of needless fear upon them—before I tell you where the letters are. After that, do as you please with me, only remembering that I have put my finger-marks upon your face."

"I shall not forget it." Incke said. "You killed Kurt. Do you hear those men looking for you above? You will have to learn that a scratch upon me will count for more than the murder of a poor innkeeper."

He brought his face to the level of the Englishman's, a dreadful face, pale with anger and cruelty.

"He has got to tell you where the letters are," said Goldberg. "I say, you *are* really mad, aren't you, Englishman? Because, if not, you are the biggest fool in Christendom."

But a new suspicion was stirring in Incke. He burst out—

"Gisela von Radenstein has worked with you to this!"

"I never saw the lady till yesterday. Come, do you take my condition?"

"Your condition! Your condition!" Incke raved at him. "Goldberg is right, you are mad, or a fool. Why, you're in my power! I can use persuasions that will make you do more than merely talk. And you speak to me of conditions!"

"That way won't do it," said Bothfield. He leaned his back against the wall and looked steadily into the eyes before him. "You see, I don't ask you for my freedom, because I put no faith in your promises. I only ask for what I can have proof of, before I tell you where the letters are. You must let those people go."

"Wait till you see if my way is not a short cut. Tell me now—*now*—where are my papers, or I hand you over to the Reformers! And expect the same result if your story prove untrue. My followers are a slow moving people, with still a flavour about them of the Middle Ages."

But here Goldberg interposed. He had watched the conversation with his usual stolidity, interjecting occasionally a level-toned remark, and he had studied Bothfield with heavy attention during the colloquy.

"You must not do that, Gottfried."

"It is imperative that I should know where my papers are without delay. This dog stands in my path. I will show him how I make men move when I need their action."

"You can do what you like," Bothfield said. "But it won't help you to hear from me where I have placed the letters. On the other hand, I am resolved; and you may seal my lips for ever, or get only a lie from them. One thing I tell you both—the letters are safe from destruction, and they are where an hour or so—such time as I require—will make no difference to the Count in regaining them. He can move slowly; they are snug and safe. . . . And then, there are my finger-marks. Is that the way an Incke wipes out insults?"

Incke sprang at him with upraised fist, and Goldberg struck between them.

"Keep quiet, for God's sake, you English devil!" he cried. "Gottfried, you will not do what you say. You can't afford to lose those papers. Were you not ready to cut your throat when you found they had been taken, an hour ago? For my part, I say the man is right. Let the Radensteins go; they had no business in this affair, and if you are not careful they will be your ruin. Let them go, I say, and then come back, get the words you want, and fight this fellow, man to man. I'll take a round or two with him first, if you like, in case he wants a little practice."

"Who will prove to me that they are free?" said Bothfield, while Incke lowered.

"Would you take me as a witness, I wonder?" Goldberg said. "My name's Goldberg. It's not noble, though my mother was; but it's a good name. I'll swear it to you on my sword."

The matter hinged now upon the bare word of the heavy young man. Bothfield wanted to ask for a letter of assurance to be



"He let his limbs relax and huddled on to the floor."

brought to him from Gisela; but he did not dare to venture that, seeing the Count's suspicions, and thinking of her fears that would then arise for him. Incke, still unsteady with anger, but evidently impressed by Bothfield's assurance of the letters' safe-keeping, was swaying before him, but Goldberg was there as a tower of strength, and Bothfield saw that his broad countenance was lightened, more than he had seen it yet, with appreciation. There had leapt to him out of the chaos of his adventures another friend. Yet Goldberg would be staunch to his cousin, and there was but present hope, which meant only room for Gisela, in his attitude.

"Well, I agree, reserving the right to inform my friends as I please of my reasons for asking them to leave," Incke said presently. He was dabbing his lips with a handkerchief, and between the careful observations which he bestowed on the stains upon the cambric he gave to Bothfield looks that glared and menaced. "I bow to your ruling, Anton. Has it occurred to you that in so doing I am sheltering a murderer?"

"Not for long, cousin," Goldberg urged. "After all, you wouldn't like to be stuck by those dirty Reformers yourself. How much better to die cleanly on a gentleman's sword-point!"

"You are a swashbuckling anachronism," Incke said impatiently. Yet he seemed to have respect for the young man's opinion and argument, and he continued to inspect the spots upon the handkerchief in silence for a minute.

"You shall know that your self-appointed charge leaves the inn," he said presently. "Afterwards——"

"You fight," Goldberg said persuasively.

"Confound you, Anton, keep away! Afterwards, and after I am told where the papers are—that is my affair. Believe me, I will erase these finger-marks."

"As you please," Bothfield said. "On second thoughts, I agree only to tell the letters' place to Herr Goldberg, though you may be present if you wish."

Goldberg scratched his head. He saw reason in the amendment, for the Count's assurance was made with an emphasis that was no less than devilish.

Mr. Bothfield, leaning with much apparent ease against the wall of the cell, read his probable future in the one man's evil frown and the other's perplexity, and wilfully turned his thoughts lest at the last his little soul should raise an outcry. His heart beat very fast; he was afraid. But it was, though he knew it not, an heroic fear now; the despair of the soldier who sees death charging upon him, and who forthwith squares himself to meet the steel, with trust in God that He will help the honour of his country. So our hero, his terrors plunging in his heart, faced them quietly and directed his thoughts to where the Radensteins' isolation above made immediate action necessary.

"You will go now and put them into safety?" he said. "God! I have been quibbling here, and meanwhile perhaps those brutes——"

"No, no. He reassured them—for the present. It's you they're looking for," Goldberg said.

Incke knitted his brows for a while and followed his thoughts with speech.

"Anton, do you think your uncle the banker would take in two friends of yours, if you went to explain matters? You could drive with them to the Buerger-Wiese."

"That will do finely," Goldberg said. "Uncle Jacob! The simplest old money-grubber in Amalia. He'll be enchanted to give room to a pair of Vons. And, for my part, I am heartily glad it has come that they are to get out of this. I don't think it is a place for ladies. But you have such a deep head, Gottfried—it's stuffed with plans. Fortunately, they lead to a lot of fighting, and who wants more than that?"

There was a new light in the Count's face as he unbarred the door, that brought a fresh misgiving to Bothfield. What was this ready acquiescence? The desire only to gain the letters peaceably, or more? It would be easy to turn the circumstance to advantage, with Gisela in ignorance of the pinching shoe. Easy to pose once more as the saviour; easy—— But at least she would be safe, and delivered out of this den of thieves.

"It will not be long before we return to you," Incke said. "And if you do not yield all that you know, there will be no more mercy. I will rip your knowledge out of you."

"*Auf Wiedersehn!*" Goldberg said. He gave, while his cousin's back was turned, a quick nod of approval and commiseration, and, with another gesture, continued to impart to the prisoner the impression that there would be hope forthcoming. Another second, and the door was locked and bolted, and Bothfield was alone.

He turned his face to the cold wall of the cell and pressed his hot forehead against it.

"God send you safety, dear!" he muttered. "God deliver you from your perils. I can do no more."

He stared across the narrow space, and his old fears and haunting terrors crept out of the dark corners and swam about him. He had no defence to make; it remained now to tell Incke the truth and to bear his sure revenge. Unless, as his last provision showed that he hoped, Goldberg stepped in to forbid the cruelties that Incke's eye foretold. To be sure, it was a poor hope, for he was all agog for fighting, and the duel promised small chance to Bothfield.

Or the police arrived . . .

Ah, yes, if the police arrived!

But again, what was that about a rabbit-warren?

Any way, he was tired—tired—tired. He let his limbs relax and huddled on to the floor. The reaction that swept upon him had a haze of insensibility—or was it merely sleep?—in its train. Bothfield dropped his head upon his arms, and a kind oblivion engulfed him.

(*To be continued.*)



"IN LOVERS' WALK."

From a water-colour by St. Clair Simmons.

"HEDGER BOB."

By J. J. Britton.

Illustrated by A. J. Wall.



SAUNTERING homewards down the exceedingly muddy country road, from a day among the pheasants, I stopped to light my pipe. In the stillness I became aware of a cutting and slashing near me in the hedgerow, and found that it was Hedger Bob at his skilled labour. To plait straw or to weave willow baskets requires deft fingers and long practice; to manufacture a living piece of basket-work out of a common hedge, reducing the exuberant growth, and weaving it into a tidy and sturdy fence, demands, perhaps, strength and judgment as well.

"Hullo! Bob," I said, "hard at work, as usual?"

"Yes, sir—as usual—I be."

I watched him in silence for a few minutes, and really interesting work his was to watch; though possibly ordinary people who see hedgers at their work seldom give much thought to the skilled nature of their occupation.

With his vast hedging gauntlets, shielding his hands from the rancorous-looking spikes and thorns, he was wielding a bill-hook with consummate skill, slashing off boughs here and there from the tall, ragged hedgerow; then, bending downwards, he gave a deft nick now and again, until some stout leaders were reduced to hanging upon a mere thread, as it were, with right little space left for the spring sap to ascend; then he leaned forward, twisting them in and out between certain upright growing stakes, which he had left by merely lopping off their tops. Between these his great hands, seizing the various growths, interlaced and coerced them in a perfectly wonderful manner, till at last a sort of rough basket-work of living boughs stood in the place of the old straggling and untidy hedge. It was really skilled labour, and labour with which machinery has, as yet, declined to intermeddle—a sort of work that we laymen might try to imitate, but with the certain result of failing miserably. Up and down, in and out, went the bright weapon and the leather gauntlets, lopping, trimming, nicking, twining. Every now and again Bob would pause and step backwards to look critically at his work, and judge how the still growing material by the side of the piece he had done was to be utilised for the next spell, just as an artist steps backward to take stock of his growing picture.

"You know your work, Bob," I observed.

"Should do, anyway—been brought up to it—and fether and gran'fether afore me—for a 'underd years or more," he replied, with the air of a believer in heredity, and of an expert who knows his own value, and then dashed again into the maze of hawthorn, blackthorn, maple, ash, wilding rose, and other growths before him, and lopped and coerced them to do his will, now dealing a stroke at one inoffending ash shoot which had grown straight and comely, but was to do so no more, nicking it on the one side within an ace of its life and bending it downwards.

"It's clever work, after all, this hedging business," I said. "I've often admired it. I couldn't do it anyhow, if you paid me ever such wages."

"No, sir, the likes o' you be clever enow with their 'eds, perhaps, but their 'ands wants practice for this sort o' work. You works with pen and paper. Now, I bean't a schollard nohow, though I meks shift to read and write a bit; but I *can* do a bit o' 'edging, and I can drive a straight furrow when it's wanted, too. *You* couldn't do that, mister?"

"Oh, no, that's quite beyond me; I couldn't do it any more than I could fly."

Bob paused, took off his ancient cloth cap to wipe the sweat from his forehead, though there was a nasty clinging November drizzle falling, and said, looking straight at me with a sarcastic wrinkle at the corners of his mouth, "Aye, no more could those cliver beggars in Brummagem—skilled artisans they calls 'em—slaves to the machines, *I* says."

To point this cutting remark he blew his nose in a defiant fashion, as if he meant to annihilate the town and all its works, and, turning, dealt a vicious blow at the nearest upstanding briar.

Bob was a sturdy specimen of the labourer class; a man of perhaps thirty-five or forty, dark-haired, rather grim-looking, with a sallow skin and a short-trimmed fringe of whisker running to beard, and here and there inclining to iron grey. His legs were fortified with stout leggings, and his boots were massive, patched, and caked with mud. There was plenty of vigorous life in the fellow, and a seeming relish of his labour.

After having some little trouble with my pipe, which I overcame, I again watched Bob and the rough wattle-work growing under his hands, in silence, trying to make out the scheme of the basket-building; then I said—

"I begin to understand now how you work, Bob. You leave these upright pieces to grow, and then——"

"Yes, sir; but first of all I lops out of the 'edge all I doesn't want, this way, and leaves in the useful; them's the stakes as I leaves, and they makes the fundation, like, to work round."

"I see that. And then?"

"Well, sir, see—I bends down one of these 'ere pleachers" (taking hold of a tall sapling and forcing it downwards, giving the usual nick on the one side and turning it in an oblique direction through the upright stakes).

"Yes," I said; and Shakespeare's "pleached alleys" came into my mind in connection with the word he used.

"Then, you see, sir, I finishes off the top, like, with the heathering," and as he spoke he fashioned a rude sort of rim to his great basket by twining a long, slim briar straight along the top.

"Oh, you call that



"Hedger Bob."

'heathering,'" I said; "quite a new word to me."

"Dare say, sir. Well, some 'edgers in some parts trains the pleachers up as well as down, and makes a reg'lar network—wot they calls '*cross-wobbling*'—'tain't the way in our parts; Squire Brooks had an idee for this extra superfine 'edging, and he brought a South-country chap down as did it for him proper—you can see it on the side of the deer park agin Moreton Lane."

"But you could do the same?"

"Oh, yes; but it takes a lot o' time, and this sort of work is good enow. You see, I keeps the outside as plain as I can, and turns the rough innards, towards the fields, to keep in the cattle."

"Pay good?"

"We works by the job mostly, so much a perch—I can arn about two bob a day."

"Do you get the wood you cut off?"

"Well, sir, the custom about here is '*burdens*'—and has been for 'underds and 'underds of years, as my fether said."

"Burdens?"

"Yes, every 'edger has the right to carry his day's cuttings 'ome on his back, no more nor less—just as much as he can carry, one faggot a day, and that's his per-qu-site, and is to pay for the racket and the wear and tear from the thorns, you see."

I was somehow suddenly reminded of "the man in the moon" with his bundle of sticks upon his back, and wondered if the lunar gentleman might in his time have been a hedger. "Oh," I said, "then you get plenty of firewood; some of the townsfolk would like to have the chance, for they have to buy the sticks for lighting their fires."

"Ah, sir, I couldn't abide a town, nohow. I 'as my garden in the 'lotment, and I 'as my bed, and my food, and there ain't no nasty smoke about, and what does I want more?"

"A regular philosopher, eh, Bob?"

"Aah—dare say" (the big word was rather above his comprehension).

"Not a married man, I think, Bob?"

"No, I ain't got no missus—don't want none. Theer wur a gell once, though——"

Here Bob paused, looked straight past me, and said no more. I could see that I was on the verge of a sorrow. What, I wondered, did his wistful eyes see, beyond the misty drizzle that was surrounding us, far away into the denser mists of the past years? Was it a loss by death, or had some faithless country wench broken Bob's heart? I did not care to ask him, for his manner forbade me.

"You've lodged with Tomkins and his wife for years," I said.

"Yes, and bin werry comfortable. Don't want no missus; them as 'as 'em often 'as trouble and kids. A man is best off by hisself if he can arn his way — 'ere's Tomkins's gell a-coming with my dinner."

I turned round and saw a frowsy but good-looking, dark-eyed slip of a girl coming down the road with a can and a plate.

"Is there beer in the can?"

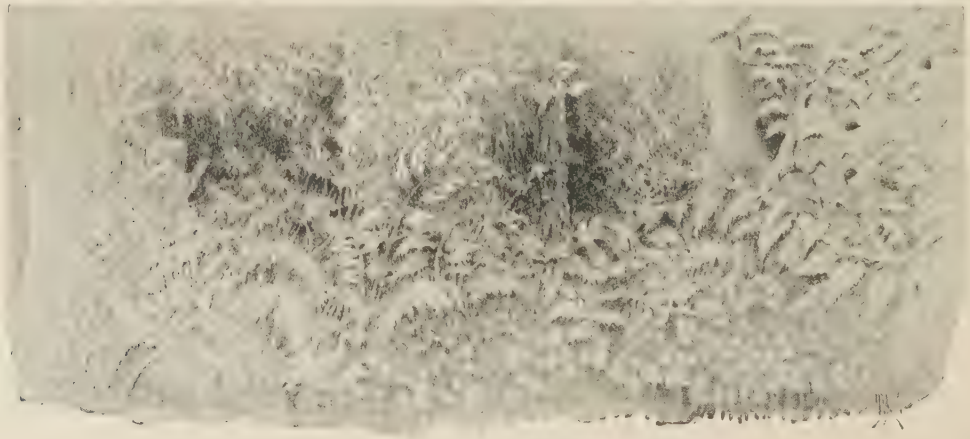
"No, sir—tay."

"You don't drink beer?"

"Oh, yes—sometimes o' nights - but I likes cider best."

"Then you shall have some." I bade the girl with the touzled locks fetch Bob a big mug of cider, giving her the price. "Now you'll be all right," I said; and "then there's this bit of baccy for a smoke—I know you smoke—and also this shilling for the lesson you're giving me in hedging. Good day, Bob."

My friend was properly thankful and touched the peak of his cap in true rustic fashion as he returned my parting words. There I left him, sitting on a tuft of wet grass, uncovering his plate and preparing for his *al fresco* repast in the chill November drizzle.



CITY CHRONICLES.

By BARRY PAIN.*

No. IV.—IN THE LOCK.

Illustrated by A. Forestier.



YOU must know that Reginald Barton Hove, aged thirty-five, fell madly in love with Delia Muir, aged nineteen, and told her so in one of the flirtoria at the Garstin-Venn's dance. His proposal being curtly refused, he stammered out his sense of his awful presumption and an appeal that her decision might not be taken as absolutely final. He would gladly accept any conditions.

Miss Muir shrugged the prettiest shoulders within the cab radius and looked at him thoughtfully and critically. "You may call at Erciston Square to-morrow afternoon if you like, and I will tell you what I think about all this. You will hear some plain speaking, and I don't think you will like it, Mr. Hove. But still, if you want to know the position exactly, I can tell you it."

If this was not distinctly encouraging, it was not final rejection, and lovers are grateful for very little. Hove called at the Muirs' house in Erciston Square on the following afternoon, and was received in the boudoir by Delia. Her figure was exquisite; her face was poetical and divinely lovely; her dress and the arrangement of her beautiful hair were Fashion's last and most entrancing work; and her manner was quite unperturbed.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hove. Tired? Oh, no, thanks. I'm not old enough for that yet. Tea? No? You won't mind if I have some. Now, if you'll sit just there we can talk. It's impossible to have long discussions at a dance, isn't it?"

Mr. Hove said he liked talking to her anywhere and always. It was not quite right, but it was the best he could do at the moment. She continued in her gentle, almost sleepy voice—

"I must tell you at the start that I do not love you, Mr. Hove, and shall never love you in the sense you understand the word. I shall never, by any possible chance, love any man like that. Do you wish me to go on?"

"Yes, you must go on."

"After all, what reason is there why a woman should love a man? There may be, and often are, scores of reasons why a woman should marry a man, but I cannot see how she is to love him. Speaking frankly, men are not attractive. The strong men are generally ugly; and the idea of marrying any man who is not strong is revolting. Other women may think and feel differently; I don't doubt it. But that does not affect you, of course; you want to know about me. If you didn't, by the way, it would be inexpressibly comic for a girl of nineteen to be talking to a man of thirty-five in this way. It's rather funny, anyhow. . . . I am modern, you see. And the modern girl has knowledge, foresight, and self-respect; and all those qualities, especially the last, are dead against the possibility of her forming a romantic attachment to any man. But she may marry; and in happy cases long and sympathetic association may bring her a real, though not passionate, affection for her husband. One gets fond of a cat, even, if it comes in to breakfast every morning with one. Have I insulted your sex enough? If I go on I shall insult you, too. I cannot tell you the position truly without saying things that sound brutal—perhaps really are. Shall I be polite instead, and talk to you about the people we know—as I should be doing now but for the absurd things you said so seriously last night?"

* Copyright, 1901, by Barry Pain, in the United States of America.

"No. Tell me all truly. I never supposed you were like the ordinary women. Tell me everything and do not spare me."

"Just as certainly as I shall never love, I shall marry. Like most passionless women I have ambitions; they can never be satisfied unless I marry. You can have nothing without paying for it. Well, I am prepared to pay. Does that shock you?"

"One does not get shocked nowadays. I hate you for being so hard and cynical; and I love you."

"I don't want to be hard or cynical, but I do want to speak the truth. I know of many marriages that have taken place; and I do not know of one—not one—where love was the only consideration on both sides. And I know of many where even the pretence that this was so was not kept up. I give myself; in return I must have power."

"You have it already."

"That is a fair answer, and it is quite true. I can do what I like with most men. I know it; it is all calculated—calculated to an eyelash. I enjoy it. And it will go on dwindling until it has vanished altogether; kittens become cats, you know. I must have another kind of power—political power, social power, the power of money. And I must have it through my husband. If he has not got it at the time that I marry him, I must feel certain that he will get it. That brings me to the main question—why should I marry you?"

"I will tell you anything you like to ask about myself."

"I shall not need to ask very much. Men like to talk about themselves, and I like to please them. At different times and in a fragmentary way you have told me a good deal about yourself, and I have put the fragments together. Also I have observed on my own account. You are in business in the City, a business that was your father's and your grandfather's before him. And you are not doing as well with it as your father was."

"No. But then times have changed."

"True. And methods should change, too."

"The fact is, I hate the business. I leave things to Hewetson. It gives me more money than I want to spend as a bachelor, and so I don't trouble much now. It would be different if I were married."

"In the normal course you would be discussing this sort of thing with my father, and not with me. My correct pose would be to talk about love, think business horrid, and say that money didn't matter. But I am modern, and not sentimental. If I married you, as things stand at present we should have to live in the suburbs. I have seen too much of the people who live in London and cannot afford it. We should have what the suburb would call quite a nice house, and three or four acres of garden. I should drive a fat pony in a governess cart. You would go to the City every day. In good years we should have a month in Paris, and in bad years a fortnight at Ramsgate. I see it all biographed before me. It would be quite comfortable and utterly hopeless, leading to nothing. And you would be sorely tempted to leave business early to get back to your dear little home. Hewetson—obliging man—would always tell you that there was nothing to be done which he could not very well see after; because, you see, it is the dream of Hewetson's life to be made a partner."

"How on earth do you know these things?"

"I talk to the people who know whenever I can, and I do not practise the piano. Am I right about Hewetson?"

"Absolutely, I should say."

"Well, he would be made a partner, and we should have him to dinner to celebrate it, and discuss afterwards whether he was vulgar or not. It wouldn't much matter, because by that time I fancy we should have grown fairly vulgar ourselves. I ask you, why should I change my present mode of life for one so infinitely inferior?"

"You paint it in the darkest colours. I never knew you were so ambitious, though I've known you for a year. I suppose I could not ask you to come down to that."

"The really ambitious people do not like purposeless chatter about their ambitions; that is why I did not speak before. I have a purpose in talking about them now. If I thought you were the really strong man—the man who would have to arrive—I would marry you now, if you had not a pound a week for us to live on. What I will not stand is comfortable stagnation; and, unfortunately, you—a clever man—seem to like it."

"I suppose I have been slack."

"Never mind the conventions; let me speak plainly—you have been slack and self-indulgent. You read of immense fortunes and high place, but you never regard them as concerning you personally. They belong to another set of people. You never use your energy to get the great fortune. You

never try to fit yourself for the high place, or dream of filling it. Or, if you do, you never go beyond the dream. No; you jog along and leave what you can to Hewetson. You are lazy and as self-indulgent as a decent man can be nowadays. How could we marry? Why do I care—and I do care immensely—for my beauty? Because it is a means towards power? Why must I marry a strong man? For power. Power, power! There's nothing else in this world worth living for; if I did not think that I should get it, I would die to-night!"



"She stood up, excited, her eyes bright."

She stood up, excited, her eyes bright, breathing quickly, wonderfully beautiful. She was quite obviously sincere, and she was only nineteen.

Hove also rose. "You would make a dead man ambitious," he said. "But is it of any good for me to talk? You have said a good many hard things about me—all of them true—but you have left out one of the hardest. I am thirty-five, an age when men are beginning to find it difficult to change their ways. But you say that you think that I am clever; it does not amount to much; we are all clever nowadays. Still, I should like to say this. If you will marry me, Miss Muir, I will give you what you want; I will get it for you; and I will make you love me, whether you will or not." His habitual diffidence of manner had vanished.

"I like," she said thoughtfully, "to hear a man speak with decision. Would you have liked to be praised? I could have said one more thing about you; I heard it from the Garstin-Venns; when a boat upsets in a lock you are a very useful man to have about."

"I don't want to talk about that; the Venns exaggerate; anyhow, that is not anything which leads to anything."

"Courage? I happen to like it."

"I love you," he said passionately. "You don't even know what that means yet; but you shall. If there is anything that you like



"'Some time ago you bought a little lot of Turkey galls at my suggestion."

in the least about me, give me time; give me a chance; tell me what to do."

Delia Muir sat down again and remained for a moment or two without speaking. "Yes," she said at last, "I will marry you, if your acts are as good as your words. Do not see me for six months. Come back then and tell me what you have done. You are fond of social life: cut it. You have got to work, to find the way to power, and lay the lines that lead to it. One does not get there in six months, but one can start."

They talked on for another hour. Her ideal of marriage, as she explained it, was an association of two well-bred, educated people, with a mutual aim. He did not argue against this, though it sounded perhaps a little chilly. Experience would expand that ideal.

"Come back in six months, then," she said. "Tell me then what changes you have made, and on what projects you are working. Do not be afraid of boring me with figures and business details—that kind of thing does not bore me in the least; besides, if one wishes to arrive somewhere, it is silly not to study the road. And then I will tell you if I will marry you. Good-bye."

* * * * *

Hove spent the next few days in a close examination of his financial position, settling with himself what was the next thing to be done, mapping out plans for the future, concentrating himself. He had caught Delia Muir's fever. The indolent and rather extravagant life that he had lived hitherto filled him with disgust. He had been asleep and had missed his opportunities. It had taken a young girl of nineteen to wake him up. He had connections who might ultimately be of use to him, but the first lever that he meant to touch was money; after all, money was a power in itself.

He reflected that (with an occasional exception for a drunken genius) the people whose word matters, who play the really big game and win it, are water-drinkers. He had never been an intemperate man, but now he drank water only. He abandoned late hours, dined out very seldom, and never touched a cigarette until after dinner. He came early to the office, stayed late, and worked hard. Within two weeks he had dismissed two clerks and got to know the truth about Hewetson. Hewetson was an excellent fellow, hard working, trustworthy, and valuable from his experience; but he

was not fit to have the charge of men, because he was too easy, and he was just a little bit of an old woman; he was safe, but timorous, afraid of assuming a responsibility.

The business began to feel the clever, energetic man at the back of it. But on the usual and legitimate business lines progress was necessarily slow. Hove was looking out for a *coup*. He did not wish to go into a syndicate, and therefore the article that he tried to corner would have to be within his own means. It should not be an article that from its perishable nature would perhaps force him to sell when it was to his advantage to hold. It should be an article for which there was no good substitute, and one in steady demand.

He was thinking over one or two possibilities one morning when Hewetson came in. "Some time ago, as you will remember," said Hewetson, "you bought a little lot of Turkey galls at my suggestion."

"Certainly," said Hove. He did not really remember. It had happened in the days when he generally assented to Hewetson's suggestions and saved himself trouble.

"Well," Hewetson continued, "I can get ten shillings a bag better than when we bought, and we hold two hundred and fifty bags. Would it be as well to take the profit, Mr. Hove?"

Hove thought for a minute. "I'll decide to-morrow and let you know," he said. Hewetson looked a little surprised as he went out.

Turkey galls are sent to us from Busorrah, in the Persian Gulf. The bag contains two hundredweight. If you buy Turkey galls—rather more than there are, for instance—at forty shillings the hundredweight, and can sell at twelve pounds the bag, you will be much cursed and highly respected. You will also have made a profit. But the trade is chiefly in the hands of Armenians, and their friends say that the Armenians are not slothful in business; their enemies put it more strongly than that, and make allusions to the cunning of a cart-load of monkeys. Also, it is as well to remember that you are not the only man in the City of London, and that you may tumble up against somebody else and hurt yourself.

Hove reflected on these things. Turkey galls are practically imperishable, and he would be able to wait as long as his financial position permitted. They produced tannic acid, and he rather fancied that tannic acid was connected with the textiles. Well; what the textiles want, they must and will have. Syrietta, an Armenian gentleman and Hove's correspondent, had said that the crop was almost sure to be very short. The rains had been delayed, and in consequence the galls had fallen before they were in a ripe state. So far as he could gather from Smith's list, the stocks of galls held in London were unusually small. That was an indication. It was not infallible, of course; private warehouses would make no return, nor, for that matter, will some of the others, as you will know if you deal in essential oils. But Turkey galls are indisputably not essential oils. Hove came to the conclusion that it might perhaps do.

In the course of the next week he made numberless inquiries and interminable calculations. He collected, so far as he could, all his resources, and gave Hewetson orders that scared him badly. He interviewed his bank manager and got some very interesting but slightly disappointing information as to what banks would do and what they most emphatically would not. Finally, he resolved to take the plunge.

His information as to the crop was accurate. His calculations as to the stocks held in London were fairly correct. But Hove was not destined to succeed this time. He saw where he was caught just in time, and only just in time. Galls, as has already been said, are practically an imperishable article. When crops of record abundance kept prices low, certain intelligent Armenians kept their Turkey galls back and waited till a bad year put the price better. They took this opportunity to unload their back numbers, and were very much obliged to some gentleman in London who, by his persistent buying, kept the thing up much longer than it could otherwise have done. The crop was short; but the supply was not. Hove had taken on very much more than he could carry.

Hewetson, who had had dreams of partnership, was in a deplorable condition. His nerve had all gone. He could see nothing but ships—whole fleets of ships in a thick, endless line—steaming for England, and all heavily laden with nothing but Turkey galls. He could neither sleep nor eat. Ordinarily the most sober of men, he began on occasions to drink heavily. On occasions, too, he lost his self-command and his temper, and used language to Hove for which a few days before he would certainly have been thrown out into the street. Hove checked him and he became penitent; then Hove said he had better go away for a holiday for a while, and

Hewetson replied that if the ship was sinking, he was not a rat.

There came the final day. The two men met in the morning, but Hewetson was practically useless for business purposes. He moaned and bewailed. "They'll put this down to me," he said. "They all know what I was in this firm, and they'll say I got you into it."

"I shall tell a different story," said Hove, white and patient.

"They won't believe you. No; we're broken, and it's worse for me than you. No one will look at me. I'm ruined for life. And after all these years I've worked! It was in this very room where we are now that your father, only a few weeks before he died, held out great hopes to me. I took a pride in the firm. Not one of the biggest, but good repute for three-quarters of a century is something. And now we're broken, and (if I may say so without disrespect, sir) all through your silly foolishness."

"Listen to me, Hewetson," said Hove. "I do not think we are broken. It is impossible to say for certain, but I do not think so. I shall know before the end of the day. I will tell you what I am going to do, but there are one or two other things to say first. If you had come into my father's room at half-past ten in the morning, smelling of liquor as you do now, and used the language to him that you have used to me, and shown your utter uselessness in an emergency as you have been exhibiting it this last week, I don't think he would have held out any great hopes to you. No, don't speak; I don't want any apologies. I want you to pull yourself together. I also want you for an hour or two to help me get out some figures. Then I am going out; there are several people that I must see. I may not be back till late; but when I come back I shall know where we stand. It may be seven or eight before I am back at the office; I suppose you will be here?"

"Yes, Mr. Hove, I'll wait." Hewetson passed one hand across his forehead. "I'll do the best I can with the figures. And I'll stick to the firm to the last. But you must excuse me, Mr. Hove. I'm not so young as I was, and I'm not used to this kind of thing. I think my nerves have gone. But I'll do the best I can."

"That's all right," said Hove kindly. He was angry with Hewetson, but at the same time he was sorry for him.

"And if any questions are put to me, I suppose I had better keep a cheerful face and say we're all right?"

"Not at all," said Hove. "Look just as doleful as you do now, and if anybody tries to pump you, I want you to imply—not say, but imply—that we're absolutely broken over this deal. You may even go so far as to apply for a similar post to that which you hold here. Don't trouble to think. Don't ask me to explain. Just do what you're told. And don't touch drink again to-day. Now, then, we've not got a moment to spare; I want those figures by twelve, if possible."

Hewetson was visibly impressed, though he had no idea of what Hove was driving at. While Hove was with him he seemed to have recovered his spirits somewhat. He was always clever at figures, and he was of great service in getting out the statements that Hove required. But the moment that Hove had left the office he broke down again; he went out and whimpered and boozed; and, in so far as he gave the impression of blank ruin, he exactly served Hove's purpose.

Hove went out and interviewed, in rapid succession, a number of men who were clever, but did not think they had been sent into the world to help Hove. He asked some of them for time, and others for a little financial assistance; he pointed out to all of them that if they would not help he would be compelled to throw the whole of his tremendous holding of galls on the market, and the price would go to nothing and he would be ruined. They gave him sympathy and good advice, but they did not give him anything else. And as soon as his back was turned, they went out and sold a bear of galls, and considered that they were on velvet. If a man goes mucking the market about, and trying to corner a thing that is too big for him, he has only himself to thank for disaster. And yet Hove's spirits rose considerably from these refusals. They were precisely what he had expected and part of his game. He spent hours in creating and encouraging bears of Turkey galls.

It was at half-past five that he called on old Jevon, of Jevon and Bast, a firm of considerable strength and importance. This was Hove's second move in his game.

"And what's the popular tip to-day?" asked Hove airily.

"The tip is, sell Turkey galls. I'm busy. Give ye five minutes."

"I think I can show you the position in that time," said Hove, becoming serious at once. He took from his pocket the state-



"Hove had the revolver, and Hewetson was on the floor."

ments that he had prepared that morning; he had not shown these at his other calls.

At the end of five minutes old Jevon rang his bell sharply. "I don't see anybody else to-day. Don't care what their business is. See? Engaged with this gentleman."

The clerk withdrew, and the two men went on talking earnestly. It was nearly eight



"'You are a good man when the boat upsets in the lock.'"

when they parted. Hove took a hansom back to his office to convey the good news to Hewetson.

It was very simple. Everything is anticipated in the City. Hove's smash and a consequent fall in galls had been anticipated. And, as sometimes happens, it had been too much anticipated; there was every reason to believe that there was a considerable bear movement among men who were not very strong. More bears would come in on the following day, when Hove began to sell. And what would happen if Hove did not go on selling? That was the question that he put to old Jevon.

If you sell what you have not got, you must in the end buy it from someone else. From whom were the bears to buy. There would be but small shipments, if any, from Busorrah. Hove had soaked up all that the Armenians were likely to part with. Therefore the bears would have to buy from Hove. He had got far more than he could carry, and in the normal course he would have been compelled to sell. If he could afford to hold, those anticipatory bears would be put in a very tight place, and the figure at which they were let out was for Hove to settle.

Jevon had already formed the opinion that the selling of galls was being overdone, and from his own information he expected some American buying. He did not hesitate long in deciding that some kind of partnership with Hove in this deal would be profitable.

But it took time to settle terms. When they were settled they were magnificent terms for Mr. Jevon; they were good enough for Hove; they saved him, even if they gave most of the profits that he had hoped for to another man.

Hove passed through the empty outer office into his own room. As he entered, Hewetson rose from the desk behind which he had been crouching and fired a revolver at Hove. The shot missed him handsomely. Three seconds later Hove had the revolver, and Hewetson was on the floor.

"Get up," said Hove, as he slid the cartridges out of the revolver. He listened at the door to see if the shot had been overheard. If so, the people who heard it concluded that it was none of their business.

Hewetson rose to his feet, dazed and trembling. His knees shook. He held on to the mantelpiece.

"So," said Hove, "you wanted to kill me because I had ruined you."

Hewetson said feebly that he had intended the next shot for himself; that death was better than dishonour.

"You're like several men that I have seen to-day; you're too previous. You have the additional disadvantage of being very much the worse for liquor. I am not going to give you any details in your present state, but I am not ruined, and I shall probably come out with a profit on the deal. I have got the help I wanted to pull the thing through. But it strikes me that when I give you the sack and hand you over to the police, you will be very much ruined yourself."

Hewetson whined monotonously that he had been a fool; he had been a fool, and it was no good for him to say anything. And then, being drunk, he began to weep.

"Stop that," said Hove sharply; "you make me sick. You have done well for my father, and you've done well for me; but at present you've broken down—you're hopeless. I can understand it, but I don't want to see it. Go home, and to-morrow go down to the sea for a fortnight. Come back at the end of that time. You will quit drinking, of course; you will remember your position here, do your duty, and try not to lose your head in future—you are not likely to go through as bad a crisis as this again. Do what I tell you and you will hear no more about this silly business."

Hewetson was incapable of answering verbally. He looked grotesque penitence, nodded his head twice in sign of acquiescence, and went out. Hove shrugged his shoulders and rolled a cigarette.

Next morning Hove sold a few bags of Turkey galls, just to give the market the right colour. Sundry speculative young gentlemen sold many more bags. Then the bears waited for Hove to smash, as he was in duty bound to do. And Hove, with Jevon's firm at his back, kept them waiting.

At the end of a fortnight Hewetson returned—a machine in excellent order and quite respectable. His references to the time when he drank and tried to murder Hove always took the form of "during my illness."

In the end the very men who had refused to give Hove any assistance had to come crawling to Hove to ask him to let them out as lightly as possible. Hove had one invariable answer: "Unfortunately, I have a partner to think of in this deal." And then he took all that he thought he could get.

* * * * *

In her boudoir Delia Muir listened gravely to the plain, truthful story that Hove had to tell. Occasionally she interrupted him to ask an intelligent question.

"Well," she said at last, "I did not tell you to go in for a wild gamble in an article of which, on your own showing, you knew very little. You came within an ace of bankruptcy. But you saved yourself. It is true—you are a good man when the boat upsets in the lock; and for that I trust you. Trust? I almost think I——"

"Oh, you cannot love me!" he cried, taking her hands.

And her eyes answered.





Teal and Sheldrake.

A Study by A. J. Wall.



Photo by] [*W. H. Bunnett.*

LONDON FIRE BRIGADE: "FULL STEAM UP."

THE FIRE-FIGHTERS OF EUROPE.

By G. R. Falconer.*

THERE has been so much written, and so much said, of late, by experts about firemen, fire methods, and fire matters, that I have thought it interesting in the following pages to give some description of certain points of difference between the systems of the fire departments of various countries, most of which I have seen for myself.

One great point of contrast between the fire-fighting systems of the Old World and those of America is the fact that very few of our European chiefs have been trained, or have worked their way up, as firemen. In London the chief officer of the Fire Brigade is from the Navy, and nine-tenths of the men under his command are sailors; while in Glasgow the chief officer is a master mechanic by trade, and every fireman must be a skilled worker of some kind. In Paris the chief must be a soldier, and the department is a regiment of infantry, placed at the disposal of the city of Paris by the War Office; and in Berlin the chief and most of the men are veteran soldiers, though some are artisans and mechanics.

A few years ago the Metropolitan Fire Brigade of London was declared by competent foreign critics to be unworthy of the greatest city in the world. Under the administration of the London County Council, however, such great improvement has been effected, that the Brigade, on the whole, has now nothing to fear from comparison with that of New York, Paris, or Berlin. The best test of fire-fighting efficiency is considered to be the proportion of serious fires, requiring at least one steam engine for their extinction, to the total number of outbreaks. During the three years, 1890–92, the number of outbreaks in London was 8,593, of which 523 were classified as "serious." In 1897-99 the number of outbreaks was 10,929, and if



Photo by] [*W. H. Bunnett.*

LONDON FIRE BRIGADE: CARRYING A MAN DOWN THE ESCAPE.

* Copyright, 1900, by Frank Leslie, in the United States of America.



Photo by] [*Russell & Sons.*

LIONEL DE LA TOUR WELLS, COMMANDER OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

they had increased at the same rate, the "serious" fires would have been 700—in point of fact, they were only 589.

The Metropolitan Fire Brigade was established in 1866. Until that time London was protected from fire mainly by a force paid for and controlled by the fire insurance companies. By an arrangement peculiar to London, the insurance companies, although they have no longer any part in the management of the Brigade, are still legally required to contribute to its cost. Their contribution is at the rate of £35 per million sterling of insurances effected in the metropolitan area, and in 1899 amounted to £32,494, or not quite one-sixth of the cost of maintaining the Brigade. Twenty years ago London's fire-fighters, all told, were less than five hundred; to-day they number between eleven and twelve hundred. Commander Wells, the chief, is assisted by a first, second, and third officer, and there is a superintendent for the six districts into which the Metropolis is divided. To enable this small army to defend the lives and property of five million people from fire, there are 196 escapes, 62 engines, 235 horses, 14 river stations, 14 tugs and barges, 41 miles of hose, and over 25,000 hydrants in the streets.

It is not merely, nor mainly, however, in the increased number of the fire-fighters and the augmented quantity of his weapons that London has seen the greatest progress in recent years. The London County Council has been carrying out the rebuilding or reconstruction of many of the Brigade stations which it inherited from the Metropolitan Board of Works. Two of its new stations, at New Cross and Bishopsgate, rival anything which America or the Continent has to show in the way of scientific ingenuity and up-to-date apparati. If all the London stations have not been brought to the same ideal



Photo by] [*W. H. Bunnett.*

LONDON FIRE BRIGADE: JUMPING INTO A BLANKET.



LONDON FIRE BRIGADE: AN ENGINE ON THE WAY TO A FIRE.



LONDON FIRE BRIGADE: THE LADDER TRUCK IN FULL TILT.

Two biograph photographs taken by the British Mutoscope and Biograph Company.



LONDON FIRE BRIGADE CANTEEN.

level of efficiency, the most backward and really obsolete features have disappeared.

Even more important is the new policy of multiplying small sub-stations, as they are called. It is a popular delusion that fires—in London, at any rate—are put out by fire-engines. As the figures already given must have suggested, only four or five in a hundred are so extinguished. In the others, hand-pumps, buckets, and other simple appliances are sufficient. Instead of largely adding to the number of fire-engine stations, as was at one time contemplated, the Council resolved to cover London with a network of depôts for two or three firemen, with a fire-escape and hose-cart. It is only when fire gets strong hold of a building that engines are needed, and the likelihood of this is in proportion to the time at which the simpler appliances can be got to the scene of the fire. Time is equally the first consideration in respect to the more important object of life-saving, and by this new system of sub-stations an escape in charge of trained men is brought nearer than would otherwise be possible to every London dwelling. These sub-stations, which were initiated during the reign of Commander Wells' predecessor, Captain Simonds, will soon be spread all over the Metropolis.

A serious reproach to which our fire-fighting system was once subject is also in course of rapid removal. This is with regard to the means of communication between Fire Brigade and public. The Fire Brigade Committee of the Council has increased the number of electric fire-



FIREMEN'S SHELTER IN WINTER-TIME.

alarms in the streets from 358 to 624, and all the newer signal-boxes are fitted also with an improved telephonic apparatus—one of Commander Wells' own patents—whereby the firemen can communicate with the Fire Brigade station. Glasgow was the first, I believe, to turn the telephone to account in this way, but the particular instrument now adopted in London is believed to be the best yet devised for the purpose.



Photo by] [*W. H. Bunnett.*

LONDON FIRE BRIGADE: PRACTISING HOW TO CARRY.

A comparatively old building, the headquarters of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, in Southwark Bridge Road, give, in some respects, by no means so favourable an impression as the New Cross or Bishopsgate station. But to become personally acquainted with the work of the Brigade it is necessary that they should be visited. At headquarters, for one thing, is the Brigade training-school. Between thirty and forty recruits are usually residing here, going through a course of instruction to fit them for service. In the schoolroom they are given lectures on the working of a fire-engine, the construction of buildings, and the use of all the appliances that are employed



Photo by] [*W. H. Bunnett.*

LONDON FIRE BRIGADE: INDIAN CLUB DRILL



GLASGOW FIRE BRIGADE: CAPTAIN TELEPHONING TO HEADQUARTERS.

in the battle with flames. Models and specimens of such appliances fill the room, the lessons being also illustrated by diagrams on a blackboard. Not very long ago this kind of instruction would have been wasted upon the ex-sailors usually preferred as London firemen. But the School Board has been at work, and it may not be long before it will be possible, following American and Continental examples, to promote men from



"WALLACE," THE GLASGOW FIRE DOG.



PARIS FIREMEN STUDYING THE THEORY OF CONSTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS.



Photo by] [*Romney.*

CHIEF OFFICER WILLIAM PATERSON, GLASGOW FIRE BRIGADE.

the ranks to higher appointments in the Brigade.

Once or twice a week these recruits rehearse the real work of firemen in the drill-yard. An alarm is given, the recruits hurry out from their rooms, get ready the escape, manual, hose, etc. To add to the reality, one or two persons, men or women, have been previously placed in the tower of the building, which was built exceptionally high with a view to its use in the training of firemen, and it becomes the duty of certain recruits to get these people safely to the ground in the shortest possible time. With shavings and dry wood a fire is then actually kindled, in order that practice may be obtained in the art of directing the hose and concentrating water on a particular spot at a considerable height.

Presumably with a view to stimulating from the first an *esprit de corps* on the part of the recruits, one end of the schoolroom is occupied by glass cases in which have been placed the helmets of about one hundred firemen who have been killed or seriously injured in the execution of their duty. It is a museum of strange and pathetic interest, a small card briefly mentioning the episode of which each article—in several cases only a fragment—is a souvenir. In the chief office the L.C.C. has also placed a roll of honour, brass tablets to the memory of the eighteen men who, since 1866, have perished at the call of duty. Bravery at fires is always recognised by Commander Wells in his Brigade orders, and to such men the Council awards certificates. In 1899, six officers and fifty-five men were so distinguished, whilst twenty-two men received medals for good conduct and long service, and, on the other side of the account, only four were dismissed for misconduct. The certificates and medals are now distributed at the Fire Brigade review, held every year in one of the parks. Two years ago, when Lord Rosebery's daughter performed the ceremony, and Lord Rosebery himself took part in the proceedings at Victoria Park, the review had 50,000 spectators.

An interesting feature of the Fire Brigade headquarters is the repairing-shop, where



COLONEL DETAILLE, COM. OF SAPEURS-POMPIERS, PARIS.

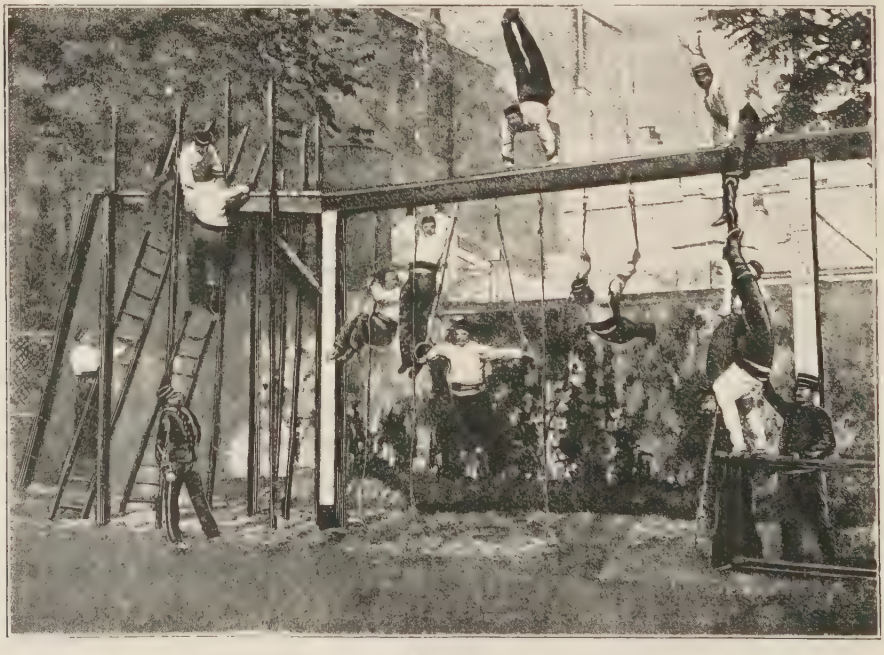


From "Paris Ignore," [*by Paul Strauss.*

FRENCH LADDER TRUCKS.

over thirty mechanics and labourers are constantly employed in overhauling the engines, manuals, carts, hose, etc. The whole of this work is thus done directly by the Council, these things being replaced in the various stations, from a reserve supply, during the time the repairs occupy. Formerly firemen who had been mechanics were employed in this work, but the present plan is found more advantageous.

Commander Wells has his residence at the headquarters, and the elaborate telephone system with which the station is furnished—the office is suggestive of a telephone exchange—enables him to hold communication at a moment's notice, not only with his subordinates all over London, but also with the chief Government offices and some of the other largest establishments in London. A large map, by the way, which hangs close

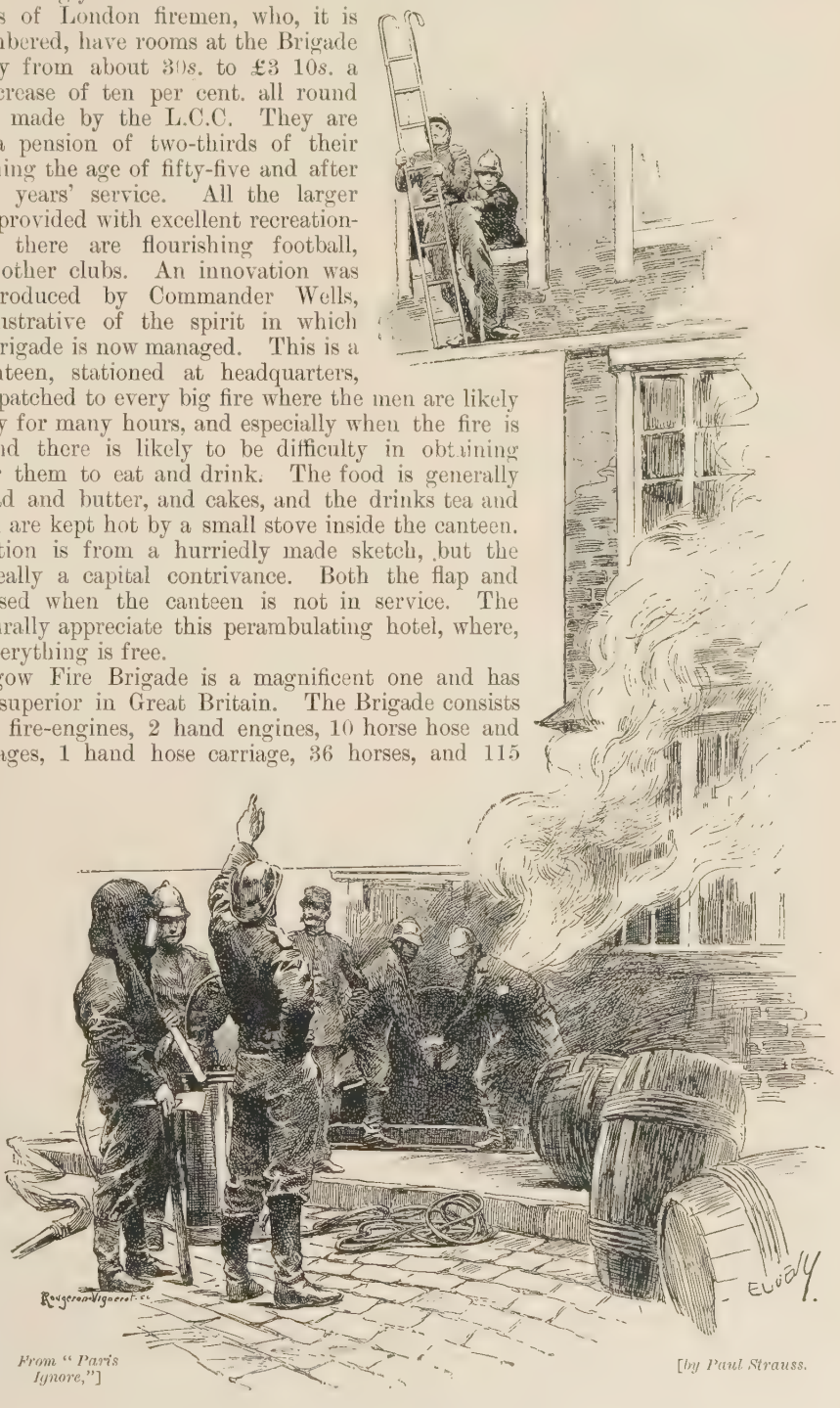


GYMNASTIC DRILL OF SAPEURS-POMPIERS, PARIS.

to this series of telephones, and is marked with the positions of all the fire-stations and all the fire-alarms in London, enables the staff at once to locate a fire and take their measures accordingly.

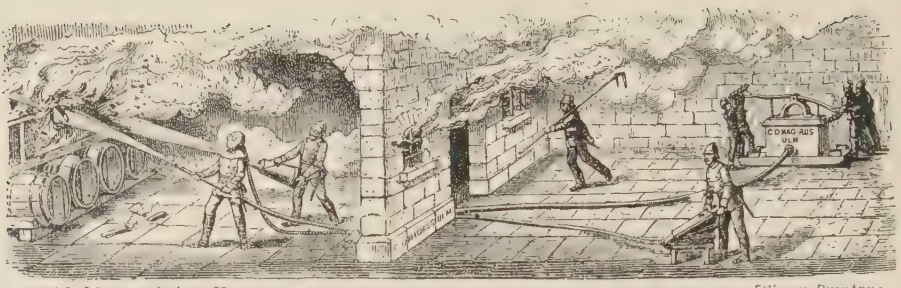
The wages of London firemen, who, it is to be remembered, have rooms at the Brigade stations, vary from about 30*s.* to £3 10*s.* a week, an increase of ten per cent. all round having been made by the L.C.C. They are entitled to a pension of two-thirds of their pay on attaining the age of fifty-five and after twenty-eight years' service. All the larger stations are provided with excellent recreation-rooms, and there are flourishing football, cricket, and other clubs. An innovation was recently introduced by Commander Wells, which is illustrative of the spirit in which the whole Brigade is now managed. This is a Brigade canteen, stationed at headquarters, which is despatched to every big fire where the men are likely to be on duty for many hours, and especially when the fire is at night, and there is likely to be difficulty in obtaining anything for them to eat and drink. The food is generally biscuits, bread and butter, and cakes, and the drinks tea and coffee, which are kept hot by a small stove inside the canteen. Our illustration is from a hurriedly made sketch, but the canteen is really a capital contrivance. Both the flap and roof are closed when the canteen is not in service. The firemen naturally appreciate this perambulating hotel, where, of course, everything is free.

The Glasgow Fire Brigade is a magnificent one and has probably no superior in Great Britain. The Brigade consists of 11 steam fire-engines, 2 hand engines, 10 horse hose and ladder carriages, 1 hand hose carriage, 36 horses, and 115 men; and every man must have had a trade before he enters the Brigade. They are joiners, builders, slaters, plumbers, painters, blacksmiths, engineers, and shoemakers. With the exception of the steam fire-engines, the members of the Brigade make all the running



From "Paris Ignore," [*by Paul Strauss.*

CELLAR FIRE AND HOOK-AND-LADDER DRILL, PARIS.

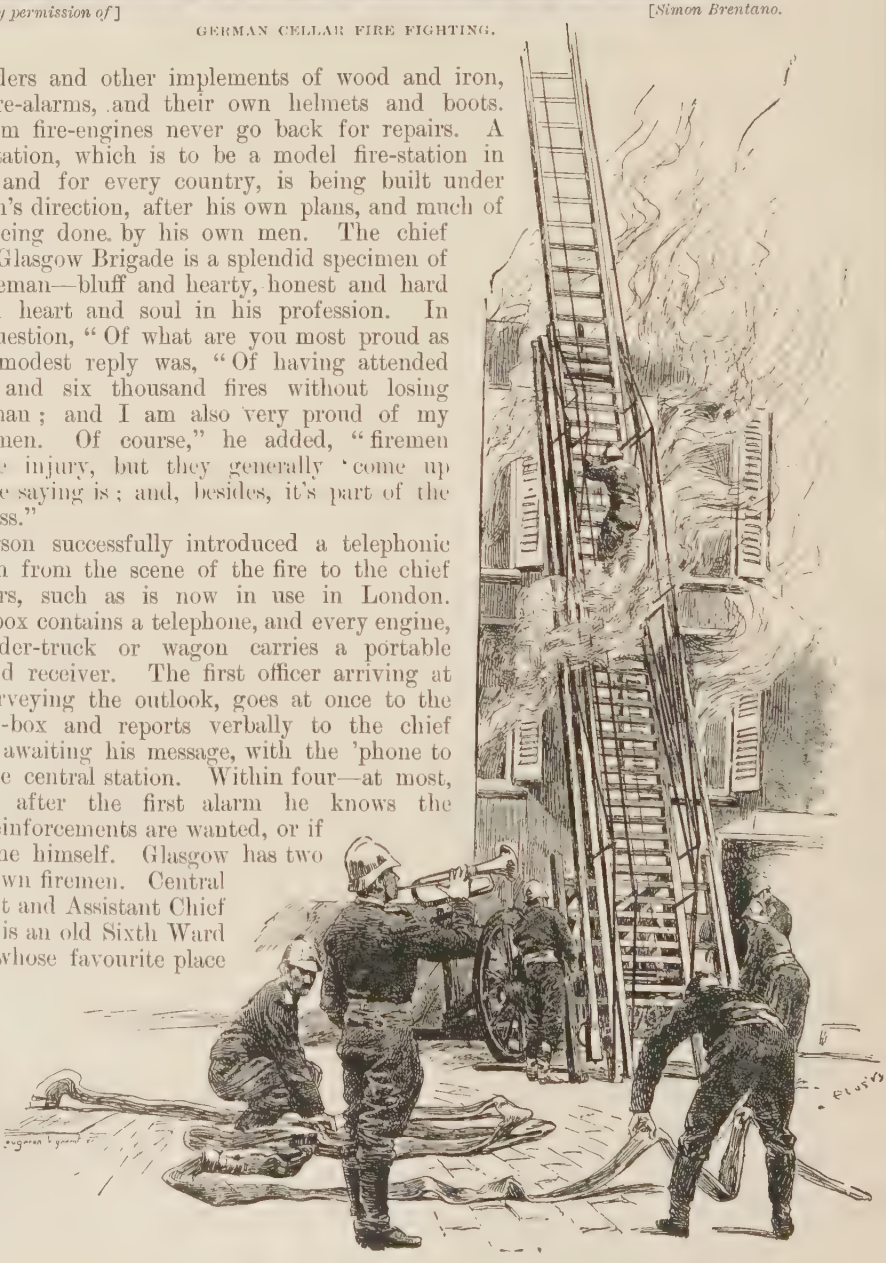


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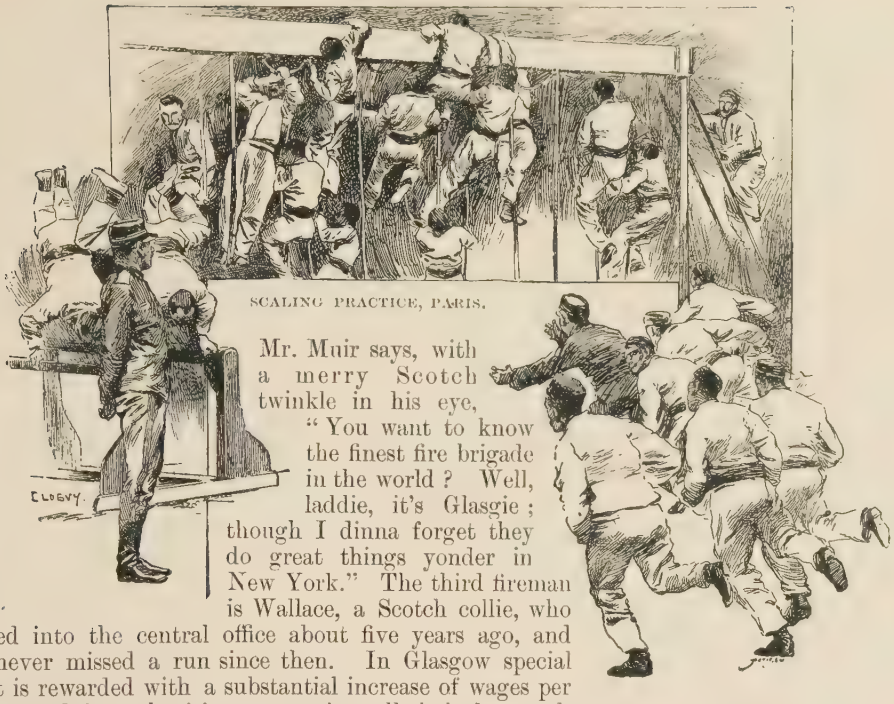
GERMAN CELLAR FIRE FIGHTING.

plant, the ladders and other implements of wood and iron, the electric fire-alarms, and their own helmets and boots. Even the steam fire-engines never go back for repairs. A new central station, which is to be a model fire-station in every respect and for every country, is being built under Chief Paterson's direction, after his own plans, and much of the work is being done by his own men. The chief officer of the Glasgow Brigade is a splendid specimen of the typical fireman—bluff and hearty, honest and hard working, with heart and soul in his profession. In reply to the question, "Of what are you most proud as chief?" the modest reply was, "Of having attended between five and six thousand fires without losing a single fireman; and I am also very proud of my officers and men. Of course," he added, "firemen do not escape injury, but they generally 'come up smiling,' as the saying is; and, besides, it's part of the regular business."

Chief Paterson successfully introduced a telephonic communication from the scene of the fire to the chief at headquarters, such as is now in use in London. Every signal-box contains a telephone, and every engine, hose-cart, ladder-truck or wagon carries a portable transmitter and receiver. The first officer arriving at a fire, and surveying the outlook, goes at once to the nearest signal-box and reports verbally to the chief officer, who is awaiting his message, with the 'phone to his ear, at the central station. Within four—at most, five—minutes after the first alarm he knows the situation, if reinforcements are wanted, or if he should come himself. Glasgow has two other well known firemen. Central Superintendent and Assistant Chief John S. Muir is an old Sixth Ward New Yorker, whose favourite place of resort was at the Chambers Street engine-house, where he picked up many of those "tricks of the trade" which he has since used to good advantage.



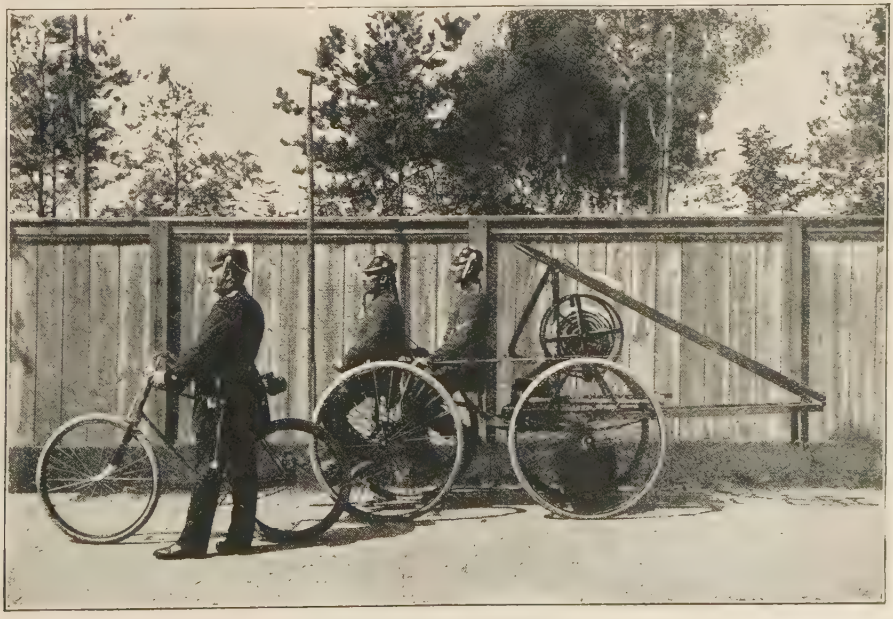
FRENCH EXTENSION SCALING LADDER AND PORTABLE FIRE-ESCAPE.



SCALING PRACTICE, PARIS.

Mr. Muir says, with a merry Scotch twinkle in his eye, "You want to know the finest fire brigade in the world? Well, laddie, it's Glasgie; though I dinna forget they do great things yonder in New York." The third fireman is Wallace, a Scotch collie, who drifted into the central office about five years ago, and has never missed a run since then. In Glasgow special merit is rewarded with a substantial increase of wages per annum, and the authorities are not niggardly in its bestowal.

The National Fire Brigades Union is an institution embracing nearly all the brigades in the United Kingdom, which is doing no end of good work for the betterment of fire matters generally. That it is an influential and prosperous organisation, with distinguished membership, may be inferred from the fact that the President is the Duke of Marlborough, and the District Presidents are: H.R.H. Prince Christian, K.G., Right Hon. Earl Stanhope, Right Hon. Earl De La Warr, Right Hon. Earl Mount Edgcumbe, Right Hon. Lord Lilford,



GERMAN CYCLIST FIREMEN.

Right Hon. Lord Wolverton, Sir John H. Puleston, Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., and Ian Malcolm, Esq., M.P. The Duke of Marlborough takes the liveliest interest in the work of the Union, personally presides at all its sessions, travels from end to end of the country to hold reviews and inspect brigades, and has pledged himself to introduce a Bill asking Parliamentary recognition and aid for the Fire Brigades Union. Some time ago he entertained all the fire brigades at his place at Blenheim, and his guests included, besides a score of foreign chiefs, 200 separate brigades -about 1,500 men. No prettier sight was ever seen than the immense, velvety green lawns of Blenheim, edged and fringed with the white tents of the camp, the red of the ladders and trucks, the bright shining brass of the engines, and the many uniforms, as the firemen moved, marched, and manœuvred.

From a close observation I venture the remark, and without much fear of contradiction, that the *corps d'élite* of the Continental fire departments is the regiment of Sapeurs-Pompiers of Paris, under the command of Colonel Detalle. For military purposes it is under the control of the Governor of Paris, for technical purposes under the Chief of Police. It is no easy matter to become a Paris fireman. A man must have served as a soldier, his record must be especially good, and he must possess some peculiar requirements to fit him for the service. The training is most thorough, and there are six hours a day of actual instruction: two hours are devoted to gymnastics, under a professor, to fit them for life-saving duties, two hours are given to actual fire drill with the engines and other apparatus, and two hours to what can be called schoolroom instruction, and which includes the use of the telephone and telegraph instruments, and the theory of construction, showing how all buildings, especially theatres, are put together. A small volume of rare value is issued to the firemen of Paris, under the sanction of the Minister of War. It is written in the simplest of language, arranged in a series of questions and answers, and shows and explains each nut, bolt, and valve in an engine, every ladder, rope, hook, and pole on a truck, with their proper handling and management. It also illustrates the plant and appliances necessary in fire-fighting and the method of attacking most fires. The Paris firemen have twenty-four hours on duty, and twenty-four hours off, the day, singularly enough, beginning at 10.30 a.m. They are a magnificent body of men, and in no regiment in France does there exist a higher *esprit de corps*. They can leave the engine-house, in response to an alarm, in seventy seconds. The firemen of Paris date, as a military force, from 1810, when a fatal fire took place at the palace of the Austrian Ambassador, Prince



Photo by] [*Herz.*

DISTRICT CAPTAIN M. J. PROOST, AMSTERDAM FIRE BRIGADE.



Photo by] [*W. Titzenthaler.*

BRANDDIRECTOR GIERSBERG, BERLIN.



GROUP OF PROVINCIAL GERMAN FIREMEN, WIESBADEN.
1. Foreman. 2. Fireman in working uniform. 3. Theatre uniform. 4. Captain G. Jost, Commander.

Schwantzenberg, and many persons of noble rank lost their lives. The Emperor Napoleon was a guest at the Embassy when the fire occurred, and saw the necessity for a reorganisation of the fire department under a firm, absolute, and positive command. He at once placed the whole on a military footing. The present commander is Colonel Detalle, who is no novice at fireman's work. He joined the Sapeurs-Pompiers twenty-four years ago as captain, and remained with it long enough to win his promotion to major and lieutenant-colonel, when he was transferred to another regiment. Upon receiving his colonel's commission he was sent back to his beloved Sapeurs-Pompiers. He is fifty-eight years old, a gallant, handsome officer, who served during the Franco-German war, and is an officer of the Legion of Honour. He and his fire-fighters are the pets of the

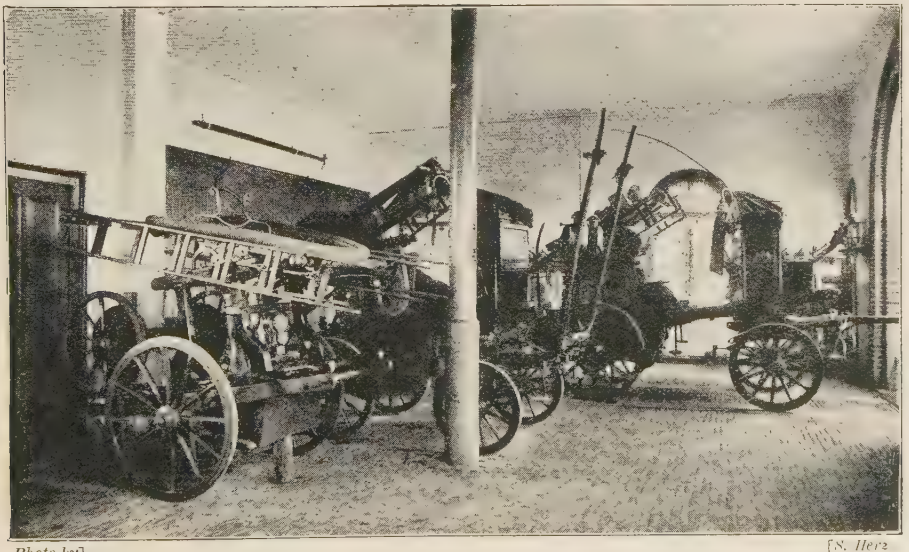


Photo by] [*N. Herz*

INTERIOR OF FIRE BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS, AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND.

Parisian public. Experiments are now being made in Paris with a view to the adoption of electric fire engines.

The Berlin Fire Department has made rapid strides toward perfection under Brand-director Giersberg, who, though a soldier by profession, is a fireman by choice and temperament. It is not to be expected that the phlegmatic German should make as dashing a fireman as his neighbour across the Rhine, but what he lacks in "go" he makes up in punctuality. In ladders and other mechanical appliances the German firemen rank second to none, and their constructors succeeded in turning out a fire-cycle, which for a time was far ahead of anything we had in this country. It is a four-wheel truck, with a low, compact superstructure, is fully equipped as an engine, and has a complete outfit of life-saving material. The wheels have solid rubber tyres. It is propelled by two firemen sitting tandem, and runs rapidly on good roads, while its handling and working are very easy. The firemen in charge of the fire-cycle at Grunnewald, a suburb of Berlin, have covered a mile, made hydrant attachment, and got to work in a trifle more than four minutes. It carries the following tools, packed away and held tightly in place: 1 life-saving sack; 4 water-gauges; 1 heavy woollen blanket; 1 pick-axe; 1 hydraulic key; 1 stand-pipe nozzle; 1 spray-pipe nozzle; 1 spade; 1 adjustable rope and hooked ladder; 1 life-line; 1 leather pouch, with life-saving gun and line; medicine chest, with bandages and drugs; 1 smoke mask, with vinegar and ammonia in bottles and leather pouch; 1 bell; 1 lantern; 60 feet of hose; 1 tool chest; and 1 torch. The entire weight of the vehicle and all its load is 377 lb., and the cost of the whole is about £45. The Germans still lead in other branches of fire department equipment. The Berlin firemen wear water-jackets with a double skin, which they fill with water from their hose. If the between space gets too full the water runs out at the top of the helmet and pours over the fireman like a spray, cooling and protecting him. The German smoke-helmets are now in general use in most of the Continental capitals, and are on trial in some American brigades. These helmets allow the fireman to breathe and to see with some slight comfort in a densely thick atmosphere, and some of the newer patterns contain means of telephone communication leading out of doors into the street.



Photo by] [*Buttinghausen.*

J. MEIER, CHIEF OFFICER OF FIRE BRIGADE, AMSTERDAM.

In provincial Germany the departments, though all admirably equipped, are in many respects still in their infancy. Take Wiesbaden, with a resident population of 60,000, and at times during its fashionable season a visiting population of 125,000 strangers. Captain Jost, the chief, invited me to see his department, and after showing me the engine, the hose-carts, the truck, his own bicycle, and the horses, ushered me into a large, lofty, light and airy room, where a dozen shoemakers were sitting busy at their lasts. I suggested that the date was June 1st, not April 1st, but the amiable Jost failed to see the point and explained to me most seriously that these men constituted the day detachment of the Wiesbaden department. Not having an absolutely independent working force, the chief organised one, every man of which is a shoemaker, their trade being such that it requires little space and no machinery, and these he has put into the large room next to the engine-house. They have their own business, and their customers call on them and bring their work, but they cannot go out themselves. They come on duty at 6 a.m., and keep on until 7 p.m., for which service they are paid 30 marks—£1 10*s.*—a month and a bonus of 60 pfennigs—sevenpence—for every commenced hour of work at a fire. If they are at a fire sixty-one minutes they are paid two full hours. The night watch come on at 7 p.m., and are on until 6 a.m. They do duty at the various theatres, and then sleep in the engine-house. Their pay is a shilling per night, and sevenpence for every commenced hour of fire work. The chief gets 1,250 marks—£62 10*s.*—and his assistant 1,200 marks—£60—per annum, and may do no other business. They are on duty from 7 until 1, and from 3 until 5 p.m., and must keep a general supervision of the theatres. I cannot close my remarks on German firemen without citing the fact that at a fire at Wilhelmshöhe, a year or so

ago, the local fire company was commanded by the Emperor William in person.

In Amsterdam, Holland, they have a small but efficient force of fire-fighters, and the system of canals, which really divide Amsterdam into ninety islands, proves a powerful ally in an abundant water supply. The most interesting feature of this Dutch fire department, which was shown to me by Chief Meier and District Captain Proost, was the fireboat *Jan Van der Heyde*, a small steamer 50 feet long, 10 feet beam, a little over 3 feet deep, and 5 feet clear above the water-line. Her fire-engine is of 27 horse-power and the engine for her propeller of 10 horse-power; she has two boilers, a large and a small one, the latter always with steam on. The *Van der Heyde* carries a captain and four men, and works eight streams; but two, and even three, of these can be "siamesed," and with three such streams joined she throws 1,100 gallons of water a minute a distance of 114 feet. The steamer is an exceedingly graceful craft, with a powerful ice-cutter on her bow, which does not in the least detract from her appearance. The Amsterdam Fire Brigade has twelve stations, each of which is supplied with a hand engine, while eight of them have steam fire-engines besides, and two horses for every engine. The force consists of 270 men, under Commandant J. Meier, five district captains and nine captains. For every three days' work the men have one day off.

A singular paradox is the fact that there are a number of women who are firemen, and, apart from those in foreign countries, there are in Great Britain alone over a hundred ladies' fire brigades, all conducted on more or less professional lines. Every large women's college, and many of the smaller girls' schools, have systematic fire-drill, and are properly equipped in case of an outbreak.

At Girton, the fire brigade is a most popular institution, and every student is expected to belong to it. There is a chief officer, three captains, and seven sub-captains; and a practice with hose, engines, buckets, etc., takes place every week. A sham "outbreak" occurs about three times a term. On these occasions the chief (the only person who is able to dress for the occasion) calls upon some of the sub-captains, who rush round with policemen's rattles, calling out "Alarm!" Without waiting to pay the slightest attention to toilet details, every student must turn out instantly and fly to her own particular post of duty. After the imaginary fire has been duly extinguished, and the engine put away, the students may return once more to bed—or to burn the midnight oil over study.

At the majority of the large business houses in London, such as Marshall and Snelgrove, and Swan and Edgar, there are regular fire-practices among the women *employées*, who have to become familiar with the mode of descent by the "chute," as well as with the handling of a hose.

Even hospital nurses are supposed to become proficient in this, as in the many other departments of the art and science of saving life. Systematic fire-drill is made a distinct feature at the Eastern Fever



Photo by] [*N. Herz.*

AMSTERDAM FIRE-BOAT.

Hospital, Homerton, and the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street.

Of women who have attained to special eminence in this work, mention must be made of the Duchess of Marlborough, who is the proud possessor of a diploma making her an honorary member of all the Belgian brigades. The Arch-Duchess Maria Theresa, whose stepson is Heir Apparent to the Austrian throne, is Hon. Captain of the Central Fire Brigades of the Empire. This title was conferred on her for having saved a child's life from a burning building, which she entered against many protests, where she was herself seriously burned. The Princess Waldemar of Denmark, daughter-in-law of the King, is a captain in the Copenhagen Brigade, and is immensely popular among the firemen, whose friend she has proven herself to be. Her father, the Duke of Chartrês, served in the Union Army during the American Civil War and stood close to Lincoln, of whom he is a very great admirer.

In Nasso, Sweden, the firemen happen to be women. The place is only a little village, and four enormous water-tubs constitute the "waterworks." The fire department is made up of 150 women, and one of their duties consists in always keeping the "waterworks" in order—the tubs filled with water. They are said to be fine "firemen," and know how to handle a fire with little confusion



THE FISHER-MAIDEN. FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY R. SAUBER, R.B.A.



"BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY!"

After our new and only spasmodically sporting rector has ridden across country for some hours, almost any kind of scenery is good enough for him to stop and admire.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

SHORTLY after the Metropolitan Extension line was opened at Aylesbury, a stolid country labourer entered one of the small stations and approached the ticket-office diffidently. In front of him was another "Hodge," who laid down his money and asked for his ticket—

"Chorley Wood, single."

The stolid one made a mental note of this, and, when it came to his turn, he amazed the booking-clerk by shouting through the window, as he laid down a shilling—

"John Jones, married!"

A SMALL girl, telling a friend how absent-minded her grandfather was, explained—

"He walks around thinking about nothing, and when he remembers it he then forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remember."

MAGISTRATE: You have been arrested as a vagrant. Have you any means?

DISREPUTABLE-LOOKING PARTY: With regard to what means I might have at my disposal, allow me to say that if you wish to propose a partnership, or enter into any financial schemes, this is no place to discuss the matter.

THE following advertisement recently appeared in an American paper—

"WANTED—small boy to deliver oysters that can ride a bicycle."

THE COLONEL'S DILEMMA.

Adapted from the French by Alys Hallard.

THE sergeant-majors, standing at ease, were awaiting the arrival of the Colonel. No one ventured to breathe a word, for everyone was sure that a storm was brewing. The great chief's orderly had been sent to prison the evening before, and no one knew why, and the commanding officer who was on duty that week looked uneasy and anxious. Some said that poor Loumy had been guilty of abusing his master's confidence, and that he had betrayed his country by divulging to Germany some secret plans of attack. In any case, everyone was sure that a storm was about to burst, and when the clock struck nine—as that was the time when the Colonel always appeared—every man drew himself up straight, looked down at his feet, twirled his moustache carefully round his finger, and then stood motionless as a statue.

As it happened, though, just on this particular day the Colonel did not arrive until quarter past nine, and then with the most perfect deliberation he just dictated this one line—

"Nothing fresh—comma—no music—full stop."

And then he added, "Disperse!"



JOKES WITHOUT WORDS. BY ALFRED RONNER.
"PUT A PENNY IN THE SLOT."

The astonishment was so great that it degenerated into terror.

The case was certainly serious, since the Colonel was so fearfully calm. Undoubtedly the country stood in the most imminent danger, and all through the treachery of the orderly.

Every man moved away silently, not daring even to look round lest he should be accused of complicity.

Captain Toulourot, the bravest of brave soldiers, alone remained. He stood perfectly still, not daring to turn his head or move a finger, whilst the Colonel was signing some papers.

"My orderly has put me into a confoundedly awkward position, Captain," suddenly remarked the great chief

"Yes, indeed, Colonel."

"What! you know about it?"

"Oh, no!" said Toulourot, terrified lest he should be mistaken for an accomplice of Loumy's.

"Well, just think—the wretch —— He is still in prison, is he not?" broke off the Colonel.

"Yes, and safely locked in, too. He is, of course, quite alone, and his papers are ready for the court-martial——"

"The court-martial! Good heavens, Captain, you are going ahead."

"But, Colonel, I thought that for anything so serious there was nothing for it but a court-martial——"

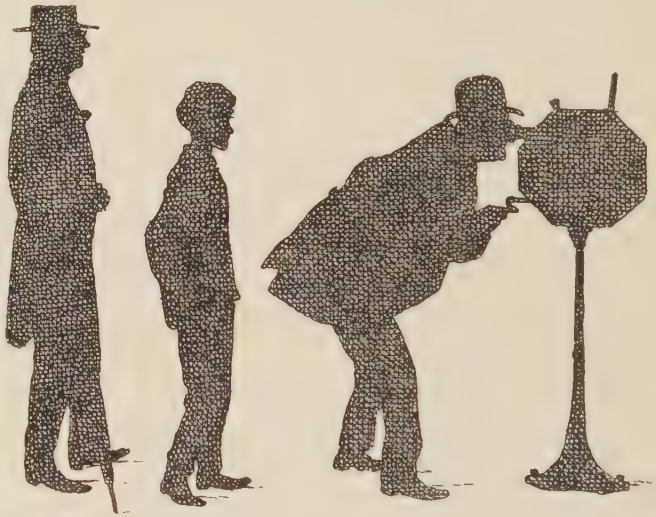
"Ah! What crime do you think he is guilty of?"

"Well, some say of high treason."

"What treason?"

"They say he has given over to Germany certain secret plans of attack."

"Secret plans. How could he get hold of such









hings—Loumy?" And the Colonel laughed eartily.

"I do not understand, then, at all, Colonel," emarked Toulourot, perplexed.

"Well, I had the idiot shut up in order to give im time to exercise his brains a ttle. You can have him let out -day. You shall judge for your- lf, Captain, the dilemma I am .

"Yesterday I said to Loumy, I am not well to-night; go round Madame Viron's, where I was dine, and say I regret very much at I am not able to go out, and annot therefore avail myself of er kind invitation. And then, it is six o'clock, bring my nner with you on your way ack.'

"As soon as he returned, he id my table and served my dinner. The soup was good, there was salmon, pheasant, and one or two other dishes.

"'Why, Loumy,' I said, 'they must be feasting at mess to-night.'

"'Oh, you have not had all yet, Colonel,' he







BETTER THAN NOTHING.

LADY: You here again?
TRAMP: Yes, mum.
LADY: Well, I won't help you any more. I don't believe you've done anything all the time.
TRAMP: Indeed I have, mum. I've done a month's hard labour.

said; 'there is some fine champagne now, and the lady, she said, "The Colonel must be sure to drink my health."'

"An awful thought flashed across me.

"'Where did you get my dinner from, you idiot?' I exclaimed.

"'Why, Colonel, you told me to bring your dinner back with me, and so I said to the lady, "Would she have the kindness to let them put the Colonel's dinner in a basket for me to take back?"'

"Think of my fury, Captain, when he told me that. An idea struck me; it was the only way in which I could repair the blunder.

"'Go straight to the florist's,' I said to Loumy, 'get a handsome bouquet, and take it to Madame Viron with my compliments.'

"Loumy came back in good spirits half an hour later.

"'Well,' I said, 'have you taken the bouquet? And did you choose a nice one?'

"'Oh, yes, Colonel! And the lady was so pleased with it she wanted to give me a five-shilling piece——'

"'Well, you did not take it, I hope?'

"'Oh, certainly not, Colonel; nothing of the kind. "Excuse me, lady," I said to her, "but the flowers, they cost *ten* shillings." And so she fetched out her purse again, and gave me another five-shilling piece to it; so here's the money, Colonel—ten shillings—just the price the flowers cost.'"

* * *

"That's the dilemma I am in, Captain," added the Colonel.

MR. JORDLES: What a wretchedly slow train this is!

MRS. JORDLES: Yes; I suppose it's because of those sleeping carriages at the other end.

TALKER: As the steamer left the pier I waved my handkerchief, and then a most singular thing happened!

WALKER: What was that?

TALKER: The ocean waved back again.

"My dear," he said, at the breakfast table, "what would you do if I were one of those husbands who get up cross in the morning and slam things round and kick up a row because the coffee happens to be cold?"

"George," replied his better half, in raucous tones, "I should just make it hot for you."

BIFFINS: Jones says he weighs a stone heavier since he went to Brighton.

SNIFFKINS: Don't doubt it: I heard he was putting on no end of side down there.

SERIOUS YOUTH: I make a rule of never speaking on a subject unless I know what I am talking about.

FLIPPANT DAMSEL: Really! Then aren't you afraid of losing your voice from lack of practice?



THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

GIRL: Caught anything, Jim?
YOUTHFUL ANGLER: Dunno; ain't been 'ome yet.

THERE is no use in putting your foot down on nything unless you do it with your whole sole.

"WILL someone please chase the cow down this ay?" said the funny man in the boarding-ouse, who wanted some more milk.

"Here, Jane," said the landlady, "take the cow own quickly to the bawling calf."

A WOMAN never resents a mirror casting reflections on her.

HE: Have you any reason for doubting my word?

SHE: Yes, I have.

HE: What is it?

SHE: Because I don't believe you.

"It will be merely a small garden-party," explained the prospective hostess, "and we dine *al fresco*, of course."

"I have heard of the gentleman," replied Mrs. Parvenu, with well-bred indifference, "but I don't think I have ever met him."



Mr. Priggish: The great rule by which I regulate my whole life is an endeavour to make other people as happy as possible.

Miss Frivolité: How gratified you should be at a remark a friend of mine made about you the other day!

Mr. Priggish: What was that?

Miss Frivolité: She said that whenever she saw you dancing she was obliged to laugh.

School Inspector: Why does the President of the United States reside in Washington?

Small Boy: Because he cannot tell a lie.



Mrs. Gabbler: Oh! do you know about Smith? It's the most iniquitous thing I've heard for many a day! And we pride ourselves on being a Christian country as we do! Why, he's not merely tired of his wife, and doing his best to get rid of her, but he's planned to reap a fortune out of the poor dear's death!

Mrs. Babbler (ecstatically): Do let me hear all about it!

Mrs. Gabbler: I find he insured her life for a big sum before he gave her that cheque she told us about last week. Of course, he intends her to kill herself with shopping.



ON THE SAFE SIDE.

De Jones (meditating the purchase of an ancient country seat to be henceforth the ancestral home of the De Joneses): Is the old place fairly 'ealthy, eh?

Venerable Caretaker: Lor' bless yer 'eart, I've seen to that! There's some as don't think nothin' of infection, but I've allus kept a bottle of it to sprinkle about.



THE MEETING BETWEEN QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRESIDENT FAURE AT NOISY-LE-SEC STATION, MARCH, 1897.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISITS TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

By Marie A. Belloc.

DURING her lifetime, and even during her reign, our revered Queen Victoria saw the whole conditions of travel completely revolutionised. Sir Robert Peel once prophesied that the only two classes whose lives would be really affected by the steam-engine would be commercial travellers and Royal personages; but it is probable that Royal personages have been more influenced by the changed conditions of modern travel than any other section of the community, not excepting even the "ambassadors of commerce." Both our late Queen and our new King always made a point of keeping themselves well acquainted with every new invention bearing on the subject of locomotion. To take but one example: probably few people are aware that Her Majesty followed carefully the many experiments made with a view to making airships or balloons practically navigable. Every discovery or invention which can be applied to steamships, trains, and even motor-cars, has also quite a fascination for the Royal Family, and had especially for her who was so long its august head. That this is so is the more remarkable when we consider the wonderful changes which the venerable Sovereign witnessed during her lifetime.



THE VISIT TO BELGIUM IN 1843: HER MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL OFF TRÉPORT.

In this year of grace, 1901, there is something astounding in the thought that our late Queen had already been married for three years, and was the mother of two children, when she took her first journey by

train. The great engineer, Brunel, was in charge of the engine, and the journey from Windsor to Paddington occupied exactly twenty-five minutes. Her Majesty's temerity was looked upon with great disapproval, and it was whispered at the time that the great Duke of Wellington, who, as all the world knew, was devoted to his youthful Sovereign, had been heard to declare that it was the first really unwise thing he had ever known the Queen to do.

In the autumn of the same year—that is, in 1842—the Court paid its first visit to Scotland, travelling, however, the whole way by water, the quaint old yacht, the *Royal George*, being towed from Woolwich all the way to the Firth of Forth. So delighted was the Queen with the experience that arrangements were shortly afterwards made for the building of a new yacht. This, the first of the three Royal boats named *Victoria and Albert*, was launched in 1843, and remained for many years the Queen's and Prince Albert's favourite holiday home, their enthusiasm for the sea being shared by their children. Nothing could have been simpler and more homely than the interior fittings of the Royal yacht. Every arrangement was carried out under the personal supervision of Prince Albert; and although, during the last fifty-eight years, the original *Victoria and Albert* has seen two successors, the State-rooms prepared in each case for the late Queen's special use resemble exactly in their general arrangement those originally made in the early 'forties. To take but one example: exact copies of the curtains and of the carpets which then obtained the approval of Prince Albert were made to Her Majesty's order.

August 28, 1843, was an eventful date in Queen Victoria's life, for on that day she set sail for the first time for the Continent, in response to an invitation from Louis Philippe and his family, who were spending the summer in their Normandy home, the Château d'Eu. The journey was regarded as quite a European event, and yet we learn that only six newspaper reporters were sent by the French and British Press to describe what occurred—a curious contrast to the number who would now be despatched on such an occasion as a Sovereign's first visit to the Continent. The Queen herself left a very amusing account of this, her initial glimpse of France. She was so delighted with everything she saw, and with the kindly fashion in which she was entertained



THE MEETING BETWEEN QUEEN VICTORIA AND KING LOUIS PHILIPPE AND THE FRENCH ROYAL FAMILY, AT TRÉPORT, SEPTEMBER 2, 1843.



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS, AT THE CHÂTEAU D'EU, IN 1843.

by the citizen King and his Queen—who was, it will be remembered, a niece of Marie Antoinette—that the younger members of the Orleans family nicknamed their Royal guest (but, of course, strictly among themselves) "la petite Reine delightful."

Less than a month later the Sovereign and her Consort, emboldened by the success with which their first journey to the Continent had been accomplished, made a week's stay in Belgium, the country whose King, Leopold, had stood to Queen Victoria almost in the place of a father. This tour in old-world Flanders must have given Her Majesty great pleasure. The fine old cities exerted themselves to do her honour, and Bruges,

Ghent, Brussels, and Antwerp were decorated in mediæval style, with tapestries, hanging bowers, shields, and banners, to celebrate the Royal progress. It was during this first visit to Belgium that Queen Victoria became a member of the St. Sebastian Society of Archers, one of the quaintest survivals of the Middle Ages, which bears upon its roll the names of many British monarchs and princes, from Henry, Duke of Gloucester, down to our own day. Eight years ago the Queen celebrated her jubilee as a St. Sebastian archer, and she then presented the Society with a goblet, on which are inscribed the words, "Queen Victoria, Empress of India, to the Royal Society of St. Sebastian. Bruges, 1843–1893."

Not till she was six-and-twenty did Queen Victoria visit the country with which she and Prince Albert had so many dear and close associations. But Germany was then considered so very far off that it was thought some protest must be made, and two days before Parliament was prorogued a question was asked in the House of Lords as to whether Lords Justices for the administration of Royal functions during the Sovereign's absence should not be appointed. The then Lord Chancellor, however, refused to admit that such a procedure was enjoined by the Constitution; but even to this day the monarchs of several of the great European countries never leave their kingdoms without appointing a regency. This is especially true of Denmark and of Spain, and, curiously enough, of Ireland, where Lords Justices are always sworn in when the Viceroy is absent.

Queen Victoria's first visit to her husband's country made an ineffaceable impression on her mind. Everything was done to invest the journey with pomp, and they journeyed up the Rhine in the company of the then King and Queen of Prussia, and of the then King and Queen of the Belgians, though



HER MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL AT THE CHÂTEAU D'EU, BELGIUM.

Her Majesty far preferred her informal expeditions to the various places where Prince Albert had lived as a boy and as a student. When they reached Coburg, they stayed, to their great delight, at Rosenau, the pretty country castle where Prince Albert was born, and where they celebrated in comparative solitude Prince Albert's twenty-seventh birthday.

Although this first visit to Germany was marked by a white stone in the Queen's experiences as a traveller, it may be asserted that by far the most important Continental journey undertaken by the Queen was that which took place at a time when France



HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO PARIS IN 1855: PASSING ALONG THE BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS.

and England were allies, and when the Crimean war had drawn closer together the hearts and interests of the two great peoples. No English Sovereign had been to Paris since Henry VI. had visited the town in order to assert his claims to the throne of France. But, in spite of many doleful prophecies, the Queen, Prince Albert, and their two elder children were welcomed with one of the most splendid receptions ever given by a great city to a Royal guest; indeed, those who were present on both occasions declare that there was far more real enthusiasm in the way our Sovereign and her Court were received in 1855, than in that which hailed the advent of Republican France's new friend and ally, Nicholas II., in 1896. In honour of the Royal party, Napoleon III. and Empress Eugénie gave a great ball at Versailles, the first entertainment of the kind held there since the days of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Some amusing stories were told at the time of the part played by the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales in all the festivities. It was hinted that the lovely Empress of the French was so distressed at the lack of taste shown by those who had the privilege of dressing the youthful Princess, that, by way of remedying this state of things, she presented her young guest with a splendid doll exactly the size of herself, in the hope, which was justified by results, that when the Queen saw the beautiful trousseau which accompanied this marvellous *poupée*, she would consider the frocks and hats far too fine to be wasted on a doll, and would transfer them to the doll's new owner.

Another story which went the rounds of the European Courts at the time, told how the Prince of Wales, to whom this first glimpse of Continental life had proved a great treat, begged Napoleon III. to allow him and his sister to remain for a while after his parents had gone home! When the good-natured Emperor observed, smiling, that he could not ask the Queen and Prince Albert to give up their children even for a while, his Royal Highness eagerly answered. "Not do without us? Do not fancy that: there are six more of us at home, so they could do without us very well." It is very clear that this little episode had not reached the ears of Prince Albert when he wrote to the Duchess of Kent, "I am bound to praise the children greatly; they



HER MAJESTY'S FIRST RAILWAY JOURNEY, 1842.



QUEEN VICTORIA AS AN ARCHER.

It was during her first visit to Belgium that Her Majesty became a member of the St. Sebastian Society of Archers.

behaved extremely well and pleased everybody."

How important this visit to Paris was considered by the Sovereign and her Consort was shown by the fact that this was the only time in her life that Queen Victoria ever took the Koh-i-noor abroad.

During the whole of her happy married life the Queen was destined only to visit Germany three times. On the first occasion the Queen was, as we have seen, quite a young matron. The second time she went in order to pay her first visit to her own young married daughter; and in 1860, a year before Prince Albert's death, they spent some happy days at Coburg, being joined by the Princess Royal and her baby (now the Emperor William II.), "such a little love—a fine, fat child, with a beautiful white skin, very fine shoulders and limbs."

During the last forty years of her reign the Queen was a constant traveller. As all the world knows, Her Majesty thought no more of the long journey from Windsor to Balmoral than if it had been a short expedition into the country; nor did she ever quail, as it is whispered many of her Prime Ministers have done, before the sea crossing which separates Southampton from the Isle of Wight. At one time it used to be thought that the Royal Family were, at any rate as far as the United Kingdom was concerned, franked everywhere. This is, of course, a mistake, and quite a considerable portion of the Sovereign's private income was spent on her constant journeys. Curiously enough, the reigning Sovereign's horses, carriages, and stablemen have all a right to a free passage by sea, for, when certain personal rights to the use of men-of-war were given up by the Crown, it was stipulated, and the Admiralty consented, that in future the Monarch's goods and chattels should be conveyed free by sea.

The Queen's first visit to the Continent after the death of the Prince Consort was to Belgium. Those about her considered that a short rest and complete change of air and scenery in the beautiful Palace of Laeken would probably do her great good; the more so that it would give her an opportunity of meeting, in an informal manner, her future daughter-in-law, Princess Alexandra of Denmark. All the arrangements were made quite privately, and during her visit to her Belgian relations she was officially styled the "Grafin von Rosenau," a title which she retained for some time, notably when travelling in Germany, although more lately the Queen was known on the Continent as the "Countess of Balmoral."

It was at one time thought that the Queen would make a yearly stay in Germany, but, although Her Majesty never concealed her great affection for her husband's country, her visits there were comparatively rare, and invariably connected with some kind of business. Thus, in 1865, she made a short stay at Coburg in order to unveil the memorial statue of Prince Albert, which is now one of the ornaments of the quaint market-place. She made a point of being present at several of the family weddings in



"VIVE LA REINE D'ANGLETERRE!"

During the Queen's visits to the Riviera it was a frequent thing to see Her Majesty's carriage surrounded by a group of school-children, who offered flowers and cheered lustily. The peasants stopped their work and joined the little ones in their cry of "Vive la Reine d'Angleterre!"



HER MAJESTY AT THE TUILERIES, AUGUST, 1855.

the late Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse's family; and perhaps the saddest journey ever undertaken by the Queen was that which had for its object a visit to her dying son-in-law, the late Emperor Frederick. Queen Victoria never honoured her eldest grandson by staying in his capital. The Prussian Court etiquette is exceedingly strict, and even a short stay in Berlin would have been a very fatiguing ordeal. It is also an open secret that Her Majesty was often pressed, and that most affectionately, to go to St. Petersburg. The late Emperor, who had a great respect and veneration for the British Sovereign, offered to place any of his palaces at her disposal, and it was natural that the Queen's favourite granddaughter, to whom she stood almost in the place of a mother, should urgently desire to show her her married home. But, despite such inducements, the Queen confined her Continental journeys to Germany, France, Belgium, and Italy.

A propos of Her Majesty's proposed stay at Bordighera last year, some surprise was expressed that the Queen did not more often honour Italy with her presence. When the late Sovereign was a young woman, Italian art held quite the first place in the affections of connoisseurs. Just before his marriage Prince Albert stayed some time in Italy, and early in their married life he and the Queen seriously thought of taking an Italian tour. That this project was never realised was, as Her Majesty afterwards confided to more than one of her friends, one of the few real disappointments of a minor kind which she ever had to endure.

During the last twenty years of her life Queen Victoria visited Italy four times, and on each occasion she chose Florence as a place of residence, and in each case one of the beautiful villas on the outskirts of the City of Flowers was placed at her disposal. There is something very curious in the thought that the Villa Palmieri, which, according to tradition, is built on the site of the house immortalised by Boccaccio, should now have the further interest attached to it of having been the home of Queen Victoria.

Some seven years ago Queen Victoria spent some weeks at the Villa Fabbricotti. From that time onward, however, greatly to the disappointment of the Italian nation, the Queen remained faithful to her liking for the French Riviera. A long stay at Bordighera was arranged for the spring of last year, but the Queen subsequently decided to remain at home with her people to share their burden of anxieties arising from the Boer war.

As those whose duties brought them in close personal relation with the Sovereign have always testified, Queen Victoria was an en-

thusiastic lover of Nature, and there is no doubt that she was first drawn to Scotland by the great beauty of Scottish scenery. When the advisability of visiting a new place was considered, photographs, not only of the house or hotel where the Court was to be lodged, but of all the surrounding country, were carefully examined by the Queen and all her ladies ; and a place which possessed the double charm of sea and mountain was always chosen in preference to an inland town, however finely situated. This is probably the reason why Her late Majesty paid only one visit to Switzerland.

It need hardly be said that everything was done on the Continent to render Queen Victoria's journeys as little fatiguing as possible. Unlike most Royal personages who are fond of travelling, the late Sovereign never attempted to do any work during a long railway journey ; indeed, it may be said that some of Her Majesty's very few idle moments were spent in a train.

On the other hand, Queen Victoria on more than one occasion granted some momentous audiences while taking one of her long journeys. Thus, four years ago, Her Majesty received President Faure at one of the smaller stations just outside Paris. The head of the French Republic was accompanied by his entire suite, and additional formality was given to the scene by the presence of the British Ambassador. This meeting between "The Countess of Balmoral" and M. Faure, at Noisy-le-Sec, only lasted about a quarter of an hour, but it produced a very good impression in France, and undoubtedly caused great gratification to many who had long regretted that, while the Queen was so constantly a visitor to the country, she should never make any stay in the capital to meet the head of the State.



A WAYSIDE INCIDENT OF HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO CIMIEZ IN THE SPRING OF 1898.

As the Queen was driving along the Villefranche Road one day, a veteran beggar, who frequented the road in a home-made vehicle drawn by a pair of dogs, set his team to race the Royal carriage, much to the amusement of its occupants.



SUSPENSE.

By W. G. Simmonds.



More Dolly Dialogues by Anthony Hope

Drawings by Howard Chandler Christy

THE CURATE'S BUMP.

"WHAT is the harm," I asked at lunch, "in being fat?" And I looked round the table.

I had led up to this subject because something which fell from Mrs. Hilary Musgrave the other day led me to suppose that I might appear to be growing stouter than I used to be.

"It doesn't matter in a man," said Nellie Phaeton.

"That," I observed, "is merely part of the favourite pretence of your sex."

"And what's that, Mr. Carter?" asked Dolly.

"That you're indifferent to a pleasing appearance in man. It won't go down."

"It would, if you ate less," said Dolly, wilfully misunderstanding me.

"Napoleon was fat," remarked Archie. He is studying history.

"Mamma is rather fat," said Lady Jane, breaking a long silence. Her tone seemed to imply that it was a graceful concession on the Dowager's part.

"I shouldn't say you ever had much of a figure," observed Dolly, gazing at me dispassionately.

"Mamma," resumed Lady Jane, with an amiable desire to give me useful information, "drinks nothing but lemonade. I make it hot for her, and——"

"I should like to do that," said I longingly.

"It's the simplest thing in the world," cried Lady Jane. "You can do it for yourself. You just take——"

"A pretty girl," I murmured absently. "I—I beg your pardon, Lady Jane. You see, Miss Phaeton is opposite, and my thoughts wandered."

"It's no use talkin' sensibly where you are," said Miss Nellie very severely, as she rose from the table.

"Won't anyone have any rice pudding?" asked Archie appealingly.

"If I were a camel, I would," said I.

"Why a camel, Mr. Carter?" asked Lady Jane.

"A camel, Lady Jane, is so constructed that it could keep one exclusively for rice pudding."

"One what, Mr. Carter?"

I strolled to the window, where Dolly stood looking out.

"Dear Jane!" said Dolly. "She never sees anything."

"I wish there were more like her," said I cordially. "She doesn't inherit it from her mother, though."

"No, the Dowager sees a great deal more than there is there," laughed Dolly, glancing at me.

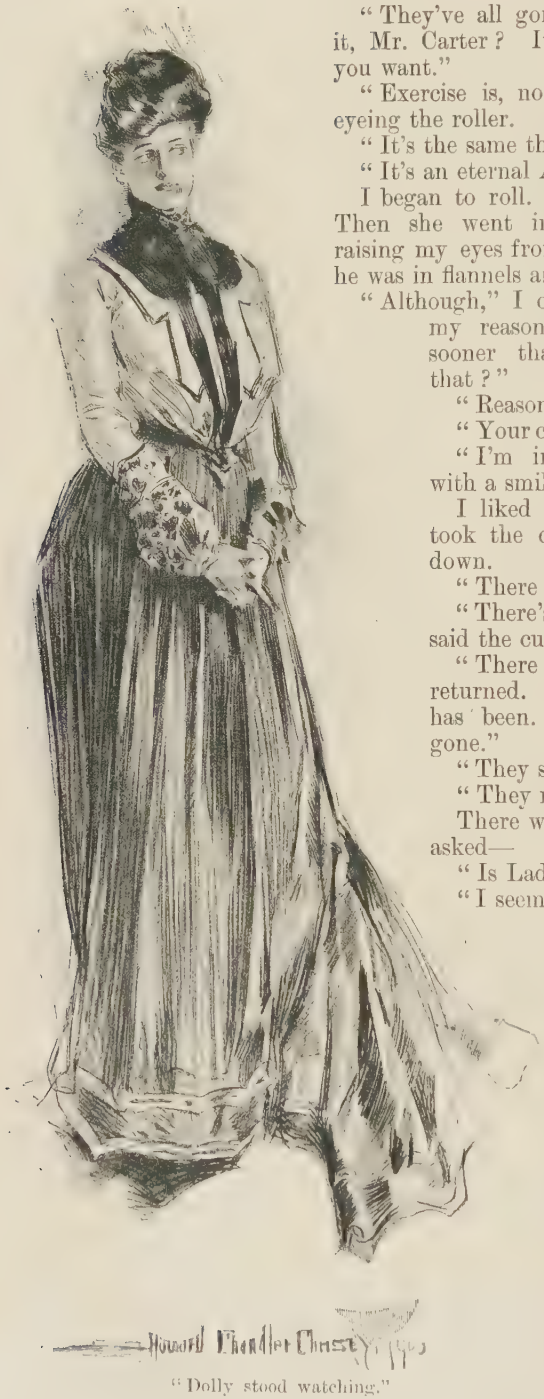
"But fortunately," said I, "not all there is in other places."

"Mamma says——" we heard Lady Jane remarking at the table. We strolled out into the garden.

"Now, isn't that provoking?" cried Dolly. "They haven't rolled the tennis-lawn, and the people will be here directly."

"Shall I ask Archie to ask somebody to get somebody?"

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"Dolly stood watching."

"They've all gone to dinner, I expect. Suppose you roll it, Mr. Carter? It'll be so good for you. Exercise is what you want."

"Exercise is, no doubt, what I need," said I, doubtfully eyeing the roller.

"It's the same thing," said Dolly.

"It's an eternal Antithesis," said I, taking off my coat.

I began to roll. Dolly stood watching me for a moment. Then she went indoors. I went on rolling. Presently, raising my eyes from my task, I found the curate looking on; he was in flannels and carried a racket.

"Although," I observed to the curate, "I have convinced my reason that there is no harm in being fat, yet, sooner than be fat, I roll. Can you explain that?"

"Reason is not everything," said the curate.

"Your cloth obliges you to that," said I suspiciously.

"I'm in flannels to-day," rejoined the curate, with a smile.

I liked that. I loosed my hold of the roller and took the curate's arm. We began to walk up and down.

"There is also," said I, "romance."

"There's little enough of that for most of us," said the curate.

"There has been too much for some of us," I returned. "But the lawn is smooth where the roller has been. The bumps—the pleasant bumps—are gone."

"They spoilt the game," observed the curate.

"They made the game," said I, frowning a little.

There was silence for a minute. Then the curate asked—

"Is Lady Jane going to play to-day?"

"I seemed like Fate with that roller," said I, "or like Time."

The curate smiled absently.

"Or like Morality," I pursued.

The curate smiled indulgently. He was in flannels, good man.

"As to Lady Jane," said I, recollecting myself, "I don't know."

"It's of no consequence," murmured the curate.

At once I knew that it was of consequence—to the curate. But my thoughts drifted in another direction, and when I emerged from the reverie I saw Lady Jane and the curate strolling together on the lawn, and Lady Mickleham approaching me in a white gown; she carried a red parasol.

"Archie and Nellie will be out directly," said she, "and then you can begin."

"They can," said I, putting on my coat and lighting a cigarette.

"Look at that poor dear man with Jane!" exclaimed Dolly. "Now, should you have thought that Jane was the sort of person to—— ?"

"Everybody," said I, "is the sort of person—if the other person is."

"Of course he knows it's hopeless. The Dowager wouldn't hear of it."

"Really? And she hears of so many things!"

Dolly, after a contemptuous glance, began to inspect the lawn. I retired into the shade and sat down. Lady Jane and the curate strolled a little further off. Presently I was roused by an accusing cry from Dolly.

"She's found a bump," said I to myself, shaking my head.

"You never can do things properly," said Dolly, walking up to me.

"I certainly can't do many things in the way I should prefer," I admitted.

"You've left a great bump in the middle of the court!"

My eyes strayed from Dolly to Lady Jane and the curate, and thence back to Dolly.

"It's not my bump," said I, "it's the curate's."

"You're getting into the habit," remarked Dolly, "of being unintelligible. I'm sure there's nothing clever in it. I met a man the other day who said he never understood what you meant."

"You'd understand if you'd stayed; why did you go away?"

"To change," answered Dolly.

I was pleased.

"It's an old trick of yours," said I.

"What did you mean by the bump being the curate's?" asked Dolly, returning to the point.

I entered into an explanation. There was plenty of time; the curate and Lady Jane were strolling, the click of billiard balls through the open windows accounted for Nellie and Archie.

"I see," said Dolly. "Poor man! Do you think he'd like it left?"

I walked leisurely towards the roller, Dolly following me.

"If it were my bump——" said I, laying hold of the roller and looking at Lady Mickleham.

Lady Mickleham smiled—under protest. It is a good enough variety of smile.

"If it were my bump," said I, "I should reduce it—so—and so again," and twice I passed the roller gently over the bump.

"It's awfully small now," said Dolly, and her voice sounded regretful.

"It's not so large as it was," said I cheerfully.

Dolly let down her parasol with a jerk.

"You're horribly disagreeable to-day," she said.

I leant on the handle of the roller and smiled.

"You're very rude and—and——"

"Nobody," said I, "likes to be told that he has no figure."

"You are an Apollo, Mr. Carter," said Dolly.

That was handsome enough.

"I would let it alone, if it were my bump," said I. "Hang these rollers!"



"'Exercise is, no doubt, what I need.'"



On the Tennis Lawn.

"It is your bump," said Dolly.

As she spoke, Archie came out of the billiard-room. Lady Jane and the curate hastened to join us.

Archie inspected the lawn.

"Why, it's been rolled!" he cried,

"I rolled it," said I proudly.

"Jove!" said Archie. "Hullo, though, old chap, you haven't been over here."

He had found the bump.

"I have been over there," said I, "oftener than anywhere else."

"Give me the ——"

"Now, Archie, do begin to play," said Dolly suddenly.

"Oh, well, one doesn't hurt," said Archie.

"It won't hurt much," said the curate; upon which I smiled at Lady Jane.

"What is it, Mr. Carter?" she asked.

"He's so right, you know," said I.



"'You've left a great bump in the middle of the court.'"

CHILD-LIFE IN BRITTANY.

By Kathleen Schlesinger and Paul Gèniaux.



BRETON BABY AND MOTHER IN GALA ATTIRE.

BRITTANY is a wonder-world to us: at every step we stumble upon the unexpected. There are pictures everywhere of Nature's own painting to charm the eye and rest the mind; we are at once impressed by the piety of this sturdy, simple-hearted people, who have not moved with the world. They cling to their ancient customs, their traditions, and quaint national dress, and they train their children, as they themselves were trained, to a life of hard work and simple pleasures. Their first care is to initiate the little ones into all the observances of their religion and to impart to them their wealth of traditional lore.

This somewhat serious atmosphere does not seem to oppress the children, however, and the little Breton boys and girls are full of fun and mischief, and laugh as merrily as any. They begin at an early age to help their parents, and work very hard and fare the reverse of sumptuously; but these things do not interfere with their enjoyment, for joy comes from within, and depends on what we see in things far more than on the things themselves.

One of our first illustrations will doubtless be familiar to those who have visited the Morbihan. The little village church stands in a peaceful churchyard, where the children are looking over their Catechism while waiting for the bell to call them within. The joyous, laughing troop of a moment ago, who were chasing the butterflies down the sunny lanes, blowing on the dandelion seeds to find out whether they would yet be in time for the catechising, have on entering the precincts of the church become quiet and earnest. The elder ones are helping the little ones to spell over their lessons. It is a pretty picture, which strikes the keynote of the life of the Breton folk.

The children learn to read out of their mother's prayer-book, and often, when they attend the classes very regularly, they master their Catechism at the age of ten, and are at once pronounced ready to make their first Communion. In another illustration we see the boys waiting about on the steps of the church before going in to confession, and, boy-like, they have put off the disagreeable duty of examining their consciences to the



AT THE TWO EXTREMES OF LIFE.



LOOKING OVER THE CATECHISM IN THE CHURCHYARD.

last minute; a study of their faces reveals the fact that this is no light matter. The reader will no doubt recognise these very human little sinners in some of the other photographs, where under other circumstances they can be as merry, and jolly, and boy-like as any other young harum-scarum all the world over.



THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

In Brittany, as in several other countries, the babies are bound up very tightly in swaddling clothes, so that their poor little limbs are deprived of that healthy freedom in which little English babies revel and thrive, strengthening their muscles by plunging and kicking to their heart's content. Before the Breton baby is born, even, his cradle is solemnly blessed by the priest, and one of the first garments he wears is a little muslin cap, on the back of which is sewn a cross; this cap is not removed night or day for the first week. The origin of this curious custom is to be found in the belief that fairies steal new-born infants from their cradles, which was until quite lately very widespread in the rural districts. There is no lack of love in those peasant homes of Brittany, where children are looked upon as a blessing; but they are usually brought up with Spartan severity on a very indigestible diet, with the consequence that, as a rule, only the strong children survive the well-meant attempts to make them hardy.

The girls acquire very early a motherly way with the little ones, who are often left to their care while the mother works in the fields or on the seashore. Sometimes you may come upon a cottage left in charge of a wee maiden of six, who acquits herself of her duties and responsibilities with an irresistibly comical air of dignity. When the old grandfather has become too feeble and rheumatic to share in the labours of the homestead, it is by no means an uncommon sight to see him taking charge of the children, giving them their dinner, and telling them fairy tales from that well-nigh inexhaustible fund which has been handed down for genera-



"DO GIVE ME SOME, TOO!"

tions and forms the oral literature of Brittany.

Most of these photographs were taken at Muzillac, a little village nestling in the midst of the most enchanting scenery on the road to Questembert. Little Yvonnette, the miller's daughter, often comes to the rustic bridge over the mill stream to do her daily task of knitting after she returns from school, and the needles click cheerily as she turns the heel of her stocking. You see, her brothers keep her well occupied, for they



CAUGHT NAPPING!

wear out their stockings and socks very quickly, thanks to their predilection for kicking off their sabots on every possible occasion, as the reader may notice in some of the illustrations. Yvonnette is a merry little maiden, and, like other girls of her age, she can use the distaff, spin and mend, take the cattle out to pasture, milk the cows, and make excellent butter. Her quaint costume is an exact counterpart of her mother's, except for the cap, which is simpler. The dress of coarse brown woollen stuff is protected by a second pair of washing sleeves pinned to the shoulders; the brightly coloured cotton cross-over is neatly drawn drawn over the white *plastron* or vest, and over her new apron, which she wears at school, is a second, carefully darned in several places, but quite good enough still to wear at home.



A PUNISHMENT INVENTED BY THE FRIARS.

Education is compulsory now in France, but nevertheless the parents keep their boys at home as long as possible to help them. The children generally attend school more or less regularly between the ages of eight and twelve. Muzillac boasts of three schools—the communal schools, State-supported, and the free religious schools kept by the friars and nuns, the scene of our illustrations. At eight o'clock in the morning you may see the children trooping in from the neighbouring hamlets. During the long walk they beguile the time with various conundrums and games; a favourite is to pretend that they are cattle, ploughing the fields, or going to pasture, and the children vie with each other as to who has the most and the finest beasts. Sometimes, alas! they loiter over their games, with disastrous results. A favourite highway industry is to thread holly-leaves on a piece of string.

At eleven the bell rings, and the lively, noisy crowd runs out into the sunshine and troops down the village street in twos and threes, eager to make the most of the two hours which elapse before the bell calls them back to afternoon school.

In one respect, at least, boys are the same all the world over; they are never so happy as when they are playing at being men. The boy's idea of manhood generally begins in smoke, even if it be only a brown-paper cigar or a pipe filled with chopped leaves or paper. Retribution usually follows swiftly, but is just as speedily forgotten. Two little urchins, taking advantage of the absence of their elders, have helped themselves to pipes, and, as usual, they find the joys of anticipation in excess of those of realisation. Their delight is so absorbing that they do not see the little hand so longingly extended, neither do they heed the wistful, pleading voice, "*Do* give me some, too!" Who can fathom the depths of a child's longing? It is not only the forbidden pleasure that is so sweet, it is the prestige which smoking gives to his companions that he covets. Unless the boys show any great aptitude for study, they are not taught much beyond the three "R's"—just enough, in fact, to enable them to read the newspaper, to write a letter if necessary, and to reckon up their bargains on market-days later on. These little rural schools have no elaborate class-rooms, and the arrangements are of the simplest description; the caps, for instance, are thrown down



EXAMINING THEIR CONSCIENCES.

on the stone floor or stuffed into their owners' pockets.

Corporal punishment is now forbidden by law in France, and the irate master is reduced to his ingenuity to devise fitting punishments. Of course the system of lines and impositions figures largely in the school *régime* of some districts, as it does in our country, but the injurious effect on the health of keeping boys shut up for two extra hours or more in a class-room, of which the air has long ago become vitiated, has been recognised by judicious masters.

In the *École des Frères* at Muzillac, for instance, some of the punishments devised by the friars are very curious, but quite hygienic. An illustration is given of one of these, which consists of making the boys march round the courtyard in quick time with their eyes shut and their arms folded, feeling their way along the wall with their shoulders, which has its drawbacks from the point of view of the wear and tear of their clothes. Then there are, for very serious cases, what are called "*expositions au mur*," wherein culprits are stood on an improvised platform against the wall, with their eyes closed and their hands behind them, while parents and neighbours are called in to witness their disgrace. The *peloton* or squad-drill is another punishment which must rank among the more healthy ones. Those who are kept in form in single file in the playground, lesson-book in hand, and are marched up and down; then the master suddenly calls upon one boy haphazard to answer three questions on what he has been learning, and if he succeeds in answering all three, he is allowed to fall out of the ranks and go free.

One of the favourite games in the Muzillac district is hop-scotch, which the boys call *la marelle*; another consists in hiding an apple or a roast potato in a sand-heap and throwing a pen-knife into the heart of the apple; this is a game which requires some skill.

When tired of romping, the girls and boys call upon one of their comrades, who is learned in folk-lore and fairy tales, to tell them a story which he has picked up during the *veillées*, as they call the long winter evenings in Brittany, when large parties gather round the log fire, working, the men making baskets or nets, the women and girls spinning, while the old grandfather

relates some wonderful tale, in which saints, goblins and ghosts, and Messire Guillaume (the devil) are inevitably introduced. In our illustration the orator has been treated with great respect; he has been provided with a nice little pointed stone to sit upon, and a glass of water to sip when his voice grows husky. His power of holding the imagination of his audience is evidenced by their attitudes and entranced expressions.



BEFORE SCHOOL BEGINS.

The illustration which shows the children outside a cottage eating their midday meal requires a little explanation. The children who come from a distance generally bring part of their dinner with them in a little basket—that is to say, some rye or buckwheat bread, a little slice of fat bacon as an occasional luxury, or a piece of *galette*, perhaps. Some woman in the village agrees for a couple of sous a day to provide the bowls of soup or sour milk



THE SCHOOL-CHILDREN'S MIDDAY MEAL.



LITTLE SHEPHERDS OF SAINT GUÉRAND.

in front of the cottage; a large, picturesque, earthenware pitcher of water is brought out, whose long spout does duty for a glass. The motherly little maiden fills up the bowls when empty from the large tureen on the doorstep. Our little friend with earflaps to his cap seems to have no appetite, nor does he look as radiant as he did when his pipe was being filled—is retribution on the point of overtaking him?

in which they dip their bread. There is quite a rivalry among the women for this right, and they frequently outbid each other; you will hear in eager, triumphant tones, "And I give a portion of vegetables into the bargain!"

In fine weather the meal is eaten *al fresco*

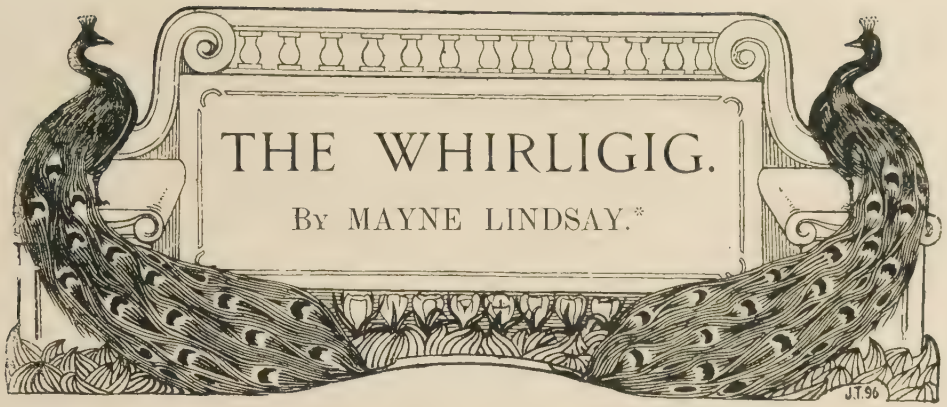
The little shepherds, called by the Bretons *patours*, are from Saint Guérand, near Pontivy. It is an extraordinary sight to see little toddling laddies of three or four, who have not yet discarded their petticoats, gravely driving the cattle before them to pasture in the early morn.



A FAIRY TALE IN THE OPEN AIR.



"A cellar-flap opened in a blind alley."



Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

CHAPTER X.

THE WORLD OUTSIDE.

A CELLAR-FLAP of insignificant exterior opened in a blind alley, a lithe young figure slipped across the moss-grown flags, and Gisela von Radenstein was in the outer world. The slanting window-eyes of the inn leered up the street, and with one frightened glance at its besmirched countenance, she sprang across the gutters, and her heels clacked nimbly on the cobble-stones. She passed, like a sounding shadow, into a broader thoroughfare, mixed with the passers-by, and breathed the air of freedom.

Her ears were still ringing with the last accents of the Count. He had threatened her again—and she had escaped, two minutes after he had left her, as a bird from the snare of the fowler. There was the urgent, pressing need that she should fulfil her mission and bring justice to the persecutor's hiding-place. For otherwise, how could her father be saved, and this miraculously risen stranger, who were left exposed to perils of discovery of which she dared not think? The Englishman was between the devil and the deep sea, and for two sakes Gisela's haste became breathless; the easy Amalians stared in amazement as she fled through the press, jostling ribs and elbows as she tossed back soft apologies.

The Englishman! He had stepped from the clouds and walked, god-like (if Bothfield could have known it!), into her inner heart. An hour ago the world had been blackly shadowed by Incke, with gigantic wings of misery and menace. Since then the champion had appeared, troubles had fled backward, and already the sunlight was shining again; though, certainly, it was still unsettled weather. She looked over her shoulder, fearful of a hand-clap from one of Incke's horde, the avengers of the grisly dead man who peeped in and out among her thoughts. But the faces around and behind her were those of the mild street-people of the city, and the heads that wagged shook only over her impetuosity, or over the gossip that was fermenting upon the trial and its aftermath.

The Palace of Justice threw a protecting shade over her, and Gisela sped on under the lime-trees, her shoes pattering now on the gravel of a *boulevard*. Would she be clapped into prison, she wondered, as she presented herself at the police-station, if haply her name were upon the black list of the Government? In that case she had, she admitted doubtfully, to parry the onslaught of her captors. A word—a wave of paper—could it be done? But if Incke had lied—oh, she prayed that he had lied. And somehow, since sight of Bothfield's indignation at the scurrilous letter, it seemed not merely possible, but probable that it was so. Then to fly back, to stand beside the feeble old man, whom she had had, perforce, to leave in a fog of piteous bewilderment at the Count's accusation and at her sudden warning and departure, and to soothe him again into peace. Her anxieties were divided, and they were at least equally keen for this Mr. Bothfield upon whom Incke had already turned his enmity. What had happened to prevent his return? Where was he? How would he withstand the danger that had closed in upon him? Gisela's feet raced faster and faster; they seemed scarcely to touch the ground as she hurried through the

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streets, a vision as fleet and graceful as the deer of her lost home.

The headquarter *bureau* of the Amaro police stared stolidly at the spectacle of a hatless, breathless young woman upon its threshold. It was a yellow-painted building, with a dull, three-sided courtyard that was shut from the pavements by iron gates and a striped sentry-box. The afternoon was chill and foggy, passers-by paced in furs, and the sentry opened his eyes, as well he might, at the swift amazement that flashed before them. Gisela, with her mind still in a seething turmoil, thoughts hurrying now to the strange vanishment of Bothfield, now to the perils of the hour, and now to the fearful touch of the stark innkeeper, darted past him and found herself within the portico. She halted, panting, and a fat-faced young man, in police-lieutenant's uniform, beamed upon her from a doorway.

"If you please, *mein Herr*——" Gisela began.

"Good-day, my dear," said the plump young man, with smiling affability.

Gisela looked at him. Even her dauntless ignorance was not sufficiently deep to declare this the manner of official reception. She stopped, her lips parted, and her eyes fixed gravely upon the lieutenant. He looked at the outer husk of pretty bewilderment, at the bare head and the mean clothing, and gave his moustache an extra twirl.

"Come inside, dear child, come inside," he said. "You'll catch your death of cold, out there. Come into my office, now. Business? Oh, yes, yes. I am here for business. You shall tell me all about it."

He opened the door wide and held it with an outstretched arm, while he smirked, his face in creases. Gisela hung back for an instant, and then reflecting that it was, perhaps, only goodness of heart that made him so unpleasantly amiable, she passed him with a dignified little bow, shrinking through to escape his breath upon her cheek, and was ushered into a little closet, in which a white china stove and a table seemed determined to crowd mere humans out. She glanced round for standing room at a distance from her host, and he, with complacent misinterpretation, followed her look.

"Cosy little spot, you think?" he said. "Bare? Oh, bare, of course; we public men permit ourselves no vain adornments. Our mistress is Duty. But"—he sighed with huge meaning—"one cannot help, when one is young, letting soft thoughts wander to—ah—sweeter flames."

Gisela's haste and anxiety seemed to have plumped her into a feather-bed, where, when she tried to escape, she came near to suffocation.

"I—I am in trouble, sir. I have something of great importance——"

"In trouble? Oh, oh! *Liebchen*, you should let nothing trouble you. There'll be wrinkles; and wrinkles are the deuce in a woman. Look, here's a seat. Compose yourself. Do you like music? Between ourselves, I have a passion for the zither, and I have always found it soothing in my hours of sadness. Do you know the little Volkslied—*zum, zip, zum, zum?* I play that marvellously. My mother——"

"Can I see the Head of Police?" Gisela interpolated desperately.

"My mother—How? The Head of Police? Which Head? Yesterday it was Holseg. To-day it's Wertheimer. There was a row, you know, a scandal; Holseg vanished, and Cossebaude, too. I get a step through that. I went home in the evening, so glad that my head danced. 'Beloved mother,' I said, 'I'm no longer officer-on-probation. Behold the Herr Lieutenant!'—'No more than you deserve, Seffel,' says she.—(I'm Joseph, you know, Seffel always to her.)—Joseph Braun, and at, beloved Fräulein, your charming service."

Gisela clutched at the last word.

"Ah! I have something of great importance to deliver to the Head of Police. It will be of vital interest to him, I think, and I trust—I believe—it will save some dear ones of mine from danger. You will help me to see the Head of the Police?"

The lieutenant glanced at the clock.

"Herr Wertheimer will be here in an hour. That's nice, is it not? 'Dear ones,' you said. We shall be in sympathy; let's talk a little about our nearest and our best. A young man's thoughts are mostly of love, if he has a tender heart. My heart, now, is as tender as—a—a—sweetbread. My mother——"

"An hour!" Gisela clasped her hands in despair. "And every moment there may be something dreadful happening!"

"Oh, ta, ta!" said the lieutenant, in tones of rebuke. "There can't be as much hurry as that; we of the police always find that the people who are in greatest haste have mare's-nests to show us. Why, you are exciting yourself! Dear little girl, I beseech you to be calm and patient. Just think how jolly we can be here, you and I, while we are waiting for Wertheimer.



"The headquarter *bureau* of the Amaro police stared stolidly at the spectacle of a hatless, breathless young woman upon its threshold."

Let's hear your story, to begin with. Your *Geliebte* is in danger, eh? There, I guessed it at start. I'm a great fellow at guessing. My mother used to say, 'Put Seffel's brains to crack a riddle——'"

"Oh, I cannot bear it! You must let me go. Herr Lieutenant, please let me go!"

"Why, I'm not holding you, little flower. Is that an invitation—your way of putting it? A little squeeze, eh? Such a charming waist!"

He made as if he would put his arm about her, and his fat white face approached her, smiling to its moustache-tips. His amiable obtuseness was amazing, and Gisela beat against it, battling with the crooked arm and the curved fingers as with the mental attitude of this exasperating person.

"Take your arm away! You go too far, sir. Your superiors shall know of this. Let me pass!" She faced him with pale lips, and with so much palpable aversion that a shaft went home in the feather-bed. "Inform me now, if you know it, where the Head of Police is, that I may go to him."

"He is riding with the Prince—there! You are a stick. I thought you looked like fun when you came in. That's what women are, just a mass of falsehood. They deceive the men—brave men, make fools of them. Well, God be thanked! I'm not to be caught. Oh, yes, you may look ever so, little cat! My mistress is Duty. A policeman owns no other."

The loose mouth had dropped at the corners; it was evident the lieutenant's self-pride was wounded. He stared with sulky impudence now, the impressive manner cast aside, and his broad back leaning square against the door.

"Stand aside!"

"How? And let you go to Wertheimer, with a pack of newly minted fibs? Much good it will do me that I saw through your wiles at once, if you can go straight to the private ear of the chief, and pour tarradiddles into it. You must stay here, my girl, and see him in my presence, my eye on you; and if you so much as wink an eyelid to him, I shall know what to say."

"Stand aside!"

"Pooh! no."

"Yes. . . . There!"

"Eh, spitfire! You would? Move me, do you think? I snatch your wrist—so, and there you are in custody!"

The little scuffle had come from Gisela's effort to pull the solid body from the door. The lieutenant pushed rudely against her and caught the slender wrist to his side. So absorbed was he in overcoming her indignant resistance that he did not see, as she could over his shoulder, the door open and a head intrude.

The next moment the door swung back, and a man in uniform cried angrily upon the scene—

"*Potztausend!* Lieutenant Braun! What the—what do you mean by this monstrous conduct?"

The most facile quick-change artist could not have skipped more quickly from one character to another, than did Herr Braun at the trumpet-tone of authority. A moment before he had been the confident bully. In the wink of an eye he was upright and rigid, facing his chief with an air of grieved and conscious innocence. Gisela, even, who had seen his endearing mood snuffed out by the ugly one at her rebuke, gazed at him in fear to trust her eyes.

"Very sharp, but it won't do, Braun. The sentry, who can see something of what is behind this window, gave me a clue your present attitude can't tangle. So you spend your official time in worrying recalcitrant maidens, by force if necessary, eh? You are under arrest. Expect a sterner punishment to-morrow. . . . Now, Fräulein, what is your business here?"

Gisela, who was still quivering from the indignity the discredited Braun had put upon her, looked up in hope, and saw a pair of shrewd, brow-bushed eyes fixing her. She read in them the suspicion of the ageing man, who has walked the seamy side of life and been made sceptic by it. Her fear lest she should be altogether discredited leapt quick within her, and she schooled herself to speak with the restraint that would appeal. This man, whose fingers had touched the hidden sores of a city's evil, who had met vice and untruth stalking in the noonday, was proof against the patter of a word-shower, and she guessed it with a woman's instinct.

"I bring advice of importance regarding Count Gottfried von Incke. He holds those dear to me, and I have escaped from him with difficulty to buy help, by the knowledge I hold, from the Head of Police. This gentleman would not listen or let me go, and I was desperate, because every minute, sir, may mean danger to those for whom I come."

The eyebrows knitted and were again unarched. The voice said—

"I believe you, Fräulein. . . . It stands at that, Herr Braun, and you may possibly have the wits to see it is not a gay prospect for you. I am the Head of Police, Fräulein. Have the kindness to step into my private office. I shall be very glad to receive information of Count Gottfried von Incke; but we don't require ladies to *buy* our service here. At least, I hope not; a man does not always know his subordinates at the outset, though he discovers them in time. Schalk, take Lieutenant Braun's sword and see him into safe keeping."

Gisela stepped forth out of reach of feather-beds and of more unpleasant things. As she left the room, her eyes saw, without looking, the stupefied countenance of her late tormenter, dumfounded and discredited, with his tattered self-love in shreds about him. She felt compunction instantly, but laid the matter aside until the present tyranny should be overpast. Her heart beat like a clenched fist against her bosom, and when she found herself face to face and alone at last with the god from the machine in an inner room, she strove vainly to speak with lips that trembled.



"The next moment the door swung back, and a man in uniform cried angrily upon the scene."



"'They are found. . . . At last! The proofs.'"

Wertheimer handed her a glass of water and bowed her to a seat with a manner which showed he could guess the princess beneath the beggar's rags.

"You have had cause for agitation," he said kindly. "Try now to realise that the abominable reception you had here was an accident, and that I owe you all the reparation in my power for its occurrence."

"It is not that," Gisela stammered. "I forget that when I remember the things that brought me here."

"Ah! And they were concerned with the Count Gottfried von Incke?"

Somebody hammered at the door. There was a voice outside that was speaking peremptorily.

"Of course he's here! Herr Wertheimer, are you within?"

"The Prince! One moment, Fräulein." Wertheimer sprang to his feet and opened the door. "Your Highness's servant—at your Highness's service!"

Prince Ferdinand of Amalia strode into the room with a hand upon his sword-hilt and his military cloak tossed back from his shoulders in a fashion that betokened the impetuous nature of its wearer. Gisela looked on him and saw the Prince that she remembered, but with the gaiety gone and the wilfulness deepened into something that was dignity. There was the same brown hair, the same bright eye and clear complexion, and there was also the same clear and imperious voice that she had known at Radenstein. But that was long, long ago, in a past Arcadian age of rose-leaves and simplicity; in this present time the Prince was a man of action, with anxiety and anger on his brow.

"Wertheimer! Here's word from the frontier that Incke has crossed. Set your hounds on him and run the fox to earth! . . . Ah, pardon; you were engaged?" He turned to Gisela with the beginnings of apology, and stopped in astonishment as he saw who it was that sank and rose again in a deep curtsey. "Fräulein Gisela von Radenstein! . . . This pleasure is sincere and unexpected. You look troubled. Surely there is nothing wrong at Radenstein, that peaceful haunt of freedom? My visit there remains a bright spot in my memory. How came you so far from your kingdom and with that grave face, Fräulein Gisela?"

Then Incke *had* lied! The recollection of the nightmare sufferings that they had undergone through him swept over Gisela, and the flood-gates were unloosed. She threw herself upon her knees and caught the Prince's hand and pressed her lips to it in gratitude. Wertheimer watched from under his eyebrows, a spectator who saw and valued every gesture.

"Ah! your Highness, then it is not true! Ah, your Highness, those gracious words are more than I can bear! We have been in great misfortune and misery—we have been foolish and imprudent, but your Highness knows that my father is loyal to the death. He had dreamed of liberty; it is our liberty to serve your Highness, and all else is bondage. Will you believe that?"

"Dear, dear! What is all this? I beg you to rise, Fräulein Gisela," the Prince said; and he bent and lifted her gently to a chair. "You are quite upset; it distresses me to see you. Herr Wertheimer, do you know what is agitating this lady? It must be set right at once; that's my command. But this talk of loyalty——! Who thinks a Radenstein could be disloyal? The dear little goddess of Liberty in the garden—is she the rival I am to be jealous of? She's a charming lady; I would have paid my devotions to her myself if I had known how to make verses. . . . Child, you mustn't cry like that! Come, tell us all about it. Compose yourself for a second while I speak with Herr Wertheimer."

He patted Gisela on the shoulders. The harum-scarum young man was a thing of yesterday, it seemed, and the Prince was wholly friendly and paternal. Then he turned away, and Wertheimer, reading Incke in his face, answered an unspoken question by saying—

"No, sire, we have heard nothing. But this lady had come to me, just before your Highness's entrance, with some mention of Count Gottfried von Incke. I understood that he was concerned in the cause of her distress, and that she was about to tell me the whole history. It may be of importance to your Highness; indeed, I feel inclined to wager that it is."

Ferdinand looked at the girl inquiringly. Gisela's sobs deepened and died. She put her hand into her bosom and drew out the papers. Wertheimer started forward, but the Prince intercepted them, and the letters of Gottfried von Incke, with their weight of lying and treachery, rested in the hands of his first friend and bitterest enemy.

"They are found. . . . . At last! The proofs—mark that, Wertheimer—the proofs." He glanced up and down a page. "You see, I know the writing well enough; it's

Gottfried's beyond question. *I* did not want this, for I knew the depths to which he had sunk; but they will do, perhaps, to show the world that when Gottfried von Incke falls upon my sword he will not die a martyr. Their existence will satisfy my Princess, whose tender heart refuses to believe evil until the last extremity. I thank you, Fräulein"—he bowed to Gisela—"for doing me a great service. And now, are you able to tell us how you came by these papers, and in what way Von Incke has been able (as I see by your face and dress) to bring fear upon you?"

He spoke so quietly, and with so little trace of the excitement under whose influence he had entered the room, that Gisela glanced at him, uncomprehending, for the moment, that this was the calm in which a soldier steadies himself before the battle. There had dropped to him, out of the distant skies, the one thing that was necessary to secure to him justification in the eyes of the woman of his life, and in those of the little world of which he was the centre. It might have been, too, in spite of his own words, that there was satisfaction in the disappearance of the last impossible possibility that Gottfried von Incke was an innocent man. The instinct of Gisela's sex, working once more, led her to knowledge that Merkewitz and Holseg had failed to obtain. This hasty young man was an apostle of reform; the impaling of evil upon his sword-point was the sacrament of his creed as he interpreted it. Other men might do cleansing works with tongue or pen; Ferdinand, who came of a king-race of fighting ancestors from the Crusaders onwards, must find the blossom of his destiny in an outbreak of the animal. He must fight or die of atrophy; he must express his hatred of the enemy by nimbleness of blade; he must vindicate his wife's honour by the cunning of a wrist and the quickness of an eye. And if success crowned him, and left him to take his place as a leader of men by virtue of these things, was it not as good a way to come to maturity of honour as any other? Soul and body are one in this world of action, and, while their union holds, the flesh that fights may be entitled to a place beside the spirit that strives. Gisela, looking and learning, thought no more of the fear of life in jeopardy, and was glad only that the hour of reckoning was close at hand. For so might punishment fall upon the Count of Incke, and to Prince Ferdinand accrue the fulfilment of his lusty nature. God, who is always a partisan to a good woman, would, without doubt, defend the right. She plunged into her story, with a clearance at the outset of the mystery of Incke's whereabouts.

"Count Gottfried von Incke," she said, by way of preliminary, "is at present in hiding in the inn of the Weissen Hirsch." And when the emotion, excitement, and heat of question and answer that the statement caused had died away, she went on with her portrayal of the things that had happened to her father, to herself, and to Bothfield, ever since the hour in which Incke had first brought unrest to Radenstein.

There was a long pause when she ended.

Wertheimer's brows were knitted deeply; he stroked his chin in meditation. Ferdinand sat back in his chair, with a face over which the signs of busy thought scudded like autumn clouds. Gisela watched them with an implicit faith; she had laid the welfare of those others in their hands with perfect trust.

"This Bothfield," the Prince said, at last. "It's an odd thing that he should be the fellow who escaped me in the forest! He meant well, of course; but I can't see wherein the credit lies, Fräulein, that you so persistently attribute to him. Of course he is in danger; and that forces our hand; unless he found the place too hot, and ran again."

"He would nêver do that, sire!" Gisela cried indignantly. "He was so brave, so ready to take everything upon his shoulders. I fear that he has been rash, and has put himself into the Count's hands from some reckless motive of helping us, so."

"Oh, that is your idea, Fräulein? It may be," said the Prince, with polite doubt. "The problem remains now—how to catch Incke without jeopardising the position of the hostages he holds? How if your men surround the place, Wertheimer, and rush it?"

"That has been tried when less illustrious criminals than Count Gottfried were wanted," Wertheimer said, and he shook his head. "It proved abortive, your Highness, for the reason that the inn is riddled with holes like a sieve, and that the men escape underground—or by the roof—by paths that we have not discovered. For myself, I confess to your Highness that my knowledge of the ways of the Weissen Hirsch is too slight for use. My professional duties, till yesterday, did not require that information. The two men who have made a study of the Reformers are Herr Holseg and Captain Cossebaude,



"She caught the Prince's hand and pressed her lips to it in gratitude."

and they have been unfortunate enough to incur your Highness's displeasure."

"Oh, if that is all, I had already intended merely to degrade and not to dismiss them," Ferdinand said. "They meant well; only people must not even mean well when the attitude represents disobedience to my commands. They shall be reinstated at once as sub-chief and second-captain, with a warning that I hope will do them good. We must not lose time; we have to get into the Weissen Hirsch as soon as possible, for the sake of Herr von Radenstein and—and the Englishman."

Gisela rose and curtseyed profoundly to the Prince.

"If you please, sire, will you give me permission to depart?"

"To go? Where?"

"To the Weissen Hirsch, and my father."

"What! Back to that haunt of pestilence? To the hands of Incke? My dear Fräulein, it couldn't be permitted for an instant. You must stay here till we bring your father back to you. It will be an everlasting regret to me that the Herr von Radenstein should ever have been allowed to misconceive himself in opposition to me; I feel it to be a reflection on my methods, that a traitor should have found his fears so ready to rise and be played upon. I have to make reparation for that, and I can best do it by restoring your father to you, and to his home, as speedily as may be."

"Yes, your Highness." Gisela was resolute. "But an attempt to obtain entrance with strategy or force, by your Highness's police and servants, will be attended with danger to those whom you would help. I escaped from the Weissen Hirsch without the people there noticing anything unusual. The twilight is falling now; in half an hour it will be dark. What is to hinder me from slipping in under cover of the darkness, and, now that our perplexities are removed, taking my father by the hand and piloting him into safety? If I do not return—why, your Highness will know that my father and I are sharing our troubles once more. You would not keep me from his side, when he is in this difficulty, or forbid me to take the easiest way to extricate him? I have already been away much longer than I intended; he will be consumed with anxiety for me. I beg your Highness to let me go now to find my father and to bring him quickly into comfort."

"There is some common-sense in that, sire," Wertheimer said. "What has kept Herr von Radenstein a prisoner has not been an actual, but an imaginary bar. That is removed. Why should not Fräulein, his daughter, get him into safety before we begin to hunt out Incke and his rats? The plan sounds feasible; but it must be carried out at once. We don't know how long it will be before these Reformers find out the innkeeper's death, and then the fat will be in the fire."

"But they may have found that out already."

"There are chances against it, and then the body was to be hidden in the Englishman's room; that throws him into the place of greatest danger. Count Gottfried will protect Herr von Radenstein and his daughter for his own ends—your Highness remembers what those ends are. He only wants to hold them under his thumb; he'll throw this Bothfield to the wolves without compunction if he finds him. . . I pray he's not taken alarm at the loss of the overcoat! But it all means haste—haste—haste! And certainly, for our purpose as well, I think, as for his own, it is advisable that the Fräulein von Radenstein should act as she so courageously offers to do."

The Prince hesitated still; there were signs of a struggle in his eyes. Gisela caught his hand again and kissed it.

"Your Highness does not forbid it?"

Prince Ferdinand gazed at her very doubtfully, very fatherly, for a few seconds. He was, perhaps, wondering, as princes must sometimes wonder, at the strength of the little brief authority in which the men who sit on thrones are decked. It is possible to be a prince and still to feel an unworthiness when the lips of innocence appeal. Gisela's besought him with a respectful and velvet touch upon his knuckles; he had known far other kisses, and he drew his hand away.

"No, Fräulein Gisela, I cannot forbid it. Go, *mein Kind*, and God be with you!"

He had hardly spoken before she was gone from the room, and they saw her dart across the portico and be swallowed up in the descending dusk.

"If they traced her here——" the Prince said, half aloud.

"And saw her come out? Why, she was in the stream yonder in an instant, sire," Wertheimer said easily. "She is brave, and now we must follow her up, for if she does not return with the father speedily, it will be because events have marched in the Weissen Hirsch."

"Aye, aye!" said the Prince, bursting back into his old impetuosity. "Where are Holseg and Cossebaude? Hurry! hurry!"

CHAPTER XI.

BEHIND STONE WALLS.

Horrible and heavy things sat upon the chest of Francis Bothfield through a troubled slumber; they were nightmares, the legitimate offspring of sandwiches and irregular feeding and revolutionary excitements in a hitherto monotonously placid life. Yet he slept long and deeply, for his conscience was sweet and his body was tired out by the exertions he had undergone. When he awoke, it was to see a strange and apparently supernatural light glimmering through a barred space above him. He lay quite still, because his head ached, while he remembered by degrees where he was and how he came there. He arrived very slowly at the conclusion that the vague, milky rays that shimmered in his cell were twice-diluted moonbeams, strayed from a free and boundless firmament.

He sat up and found that his head was not the only part of him that ached. He felt as if he had been ground in a mortar and stuck together loosely after. His hands were gritty with dirt, his feet were icy cold, and little spiteful nips of rheumatism told him that well-bedded gentlemen should not suddenly take to stone floors for resting place. All these sensations marched by deliberately, and then recollections of the crises of the day startled him into thorough consciousness.

So he was still Bothfield, and not a sentient rag-bag upon which imps of darkness were playing leap-frog. The Weissen Hirsch really existed, and did a little more than exist; it had unpleasantly intruded upon a well-earned repose. Gottfried von Incke was a reality; and ugh! what was that which gleamed white upon the paving-stones? It was, of course, only the freak of over-wrought eyeballs; but still, Brother Kurt, the innkeeper, was a reality—a stark, grinning, dreadful truth that played hide-and-seek in all the corners. Yet, thank God! against all these Gisela weighed down the scale.

Moon . . . moonlight. Ha! Why had Incke not returned before the night? . . . Was she, then, not yet set free from the risks of this noisome place? Had the Reformers sprung upon her, or had Incke learned, without his telling, the true fate of the letters? He did not doubt that they were in the hands of the police, or that retribution was already nearing the Count from the outside world. But it was maddening not to know whether he, the stupid Bothfield, had or had not helped her by his supreme effort to escape the sucking eddies of the whirlpool.

Iron jangled on the other side of the door, and the locks groaned. Bothfield pricked his ears and strained his eyes, and the door swung upon its hinges. He looked for the glint of Incke's cheeks to follow the yellow light of the candle, but above the hand that shaded the flame he saw, instead, merely the face of Anton Goldberg, with the outlines of his head and body shaded into obscurity in the Egyptian darkness of the passage. Goldberg entered, locked the door, placed the candlestick upon the flags, and tossed a couple of rapiers beside it.

"Whe—ew!" he said, and his voice rang hollow in the cell. "It's deuced cold down here."

"Why did you not come sooner?" Bothfield said. "I can only guess the time by the moonbeams, but it must be hours since you left. Is—are Herr von Radenstein and his daughter safe?"

"Yes, they're housed with Uncle Jacob, and I'm glad enough of it, between you and me, Englishman. It isn't a business for ladies. Time? It must be ten o'clock; but I can tell you there has been enough to fill the interval, enough for fifty hours."

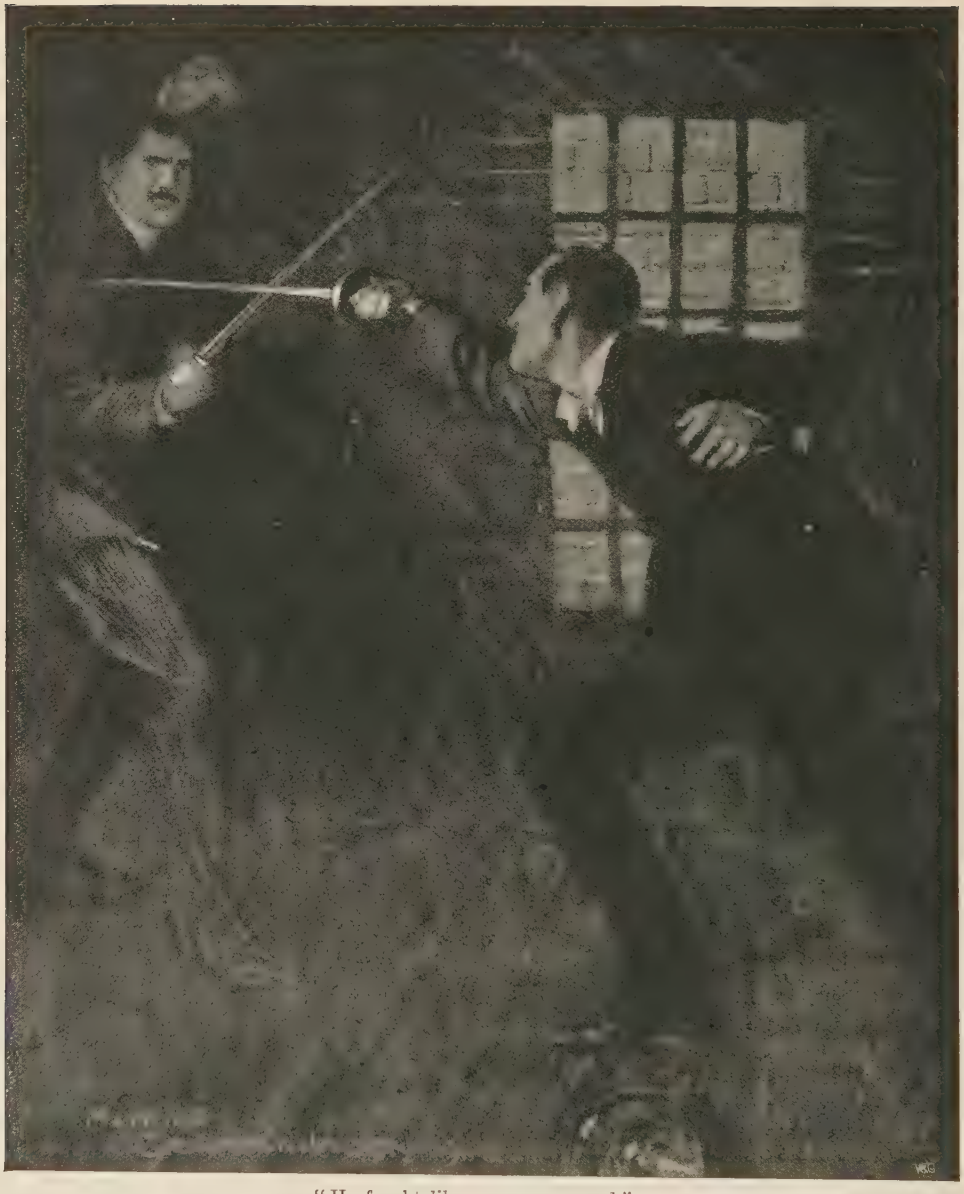
"Where is the Count?"

"Oh!" Goldberg looked at him with his head on one side, like one rooster surveying another. "Do you want to see him, then? I don't think I should, in your case."

"I haven't any pressing wish for his company," Bothfield said. "But I thought he would be anxious to come with you when your errand was done. . . . And so they're free? When did they go? . . . Thank God for that!"

"At seven. So say I. Uncle Jacob was delighted; he was a money-lender once, and he's tried to scratch his way into good society ever since, and it will have none of him. So you can guess how he jumped at Von Radenstein, a genuine landed gentleman of prodigious pedigree. I say, now, what made you so anxious to arrange that? You were a little bit mad this afternoon, weren't you?"

"I boiled, I suppose, when I saw your cousin before me and remembered his treacheries to two innocent people. But, however dearly I may pay for the buffet that



"He fought like a man possessed."

I gave him, I shall still rejoice that I was able to deliver it."

"Yes, yes; Gottfried's ways are not always nice. But he's a devil for mischief, and a swordsman is sure to find pickings in the mud behind him. However, that's neither here nor there. . . . H'm, I'm marked a little, and I slipped down cautiously enough, God knows."

He held his hands towards the candle and examined them critically, and Bothfield saw that his knuckles were scraped and bleeding.

"What has been happening?" he said. He felt a little spasm of relief, because he seemed to be assured, by Goldberg's deliberation, that something had occurred to make his—and Incke's—private affairs of second-rate importance.

"Those dogs of Reformers have tried to snap," Goldberg said. "The Prince has heard that Gottfried is across the border; there won't be a stone in Amaro left unturned till he finds him. Gottfried wants to take the bull by the horns, d'ye see?—to stir

up these fellows, and push them forward, so that, however badly things may turn against him, they will have gone too far to be able to desert him. Of course, he's got to get the letters, and he's mad to get them, but we haven't had a moment. A file of mules are lambs to drive compared with these churls. There have been whips to send out to the sub-centres, and there has been a long fight to make the blockheads see which way they're wanted to go."

"Why?"

"Well; it's Kurt's death. They are stupid with suspicion, and they are terribly afraid Incke means to sell them. They don't understand a gentleman. It was nasty, I can tell you, once or twice; they seemed to want to rush us, and there wasn't a sword to hand. . . . Wouldn't let Gottfried go, either. 'You are our leader, stay with us'—over and over again. Then the sending away of the Radensteins—that looked like a retreat, and they were sharp to see it. Gottfried was honey at first; then he swore, and cursed, and beat at them with words. They want to wait till the Altmarkt Fair is over—rogues like mine host here and Fingelmann get rare pickings when the country folk come in—and when they saw Incke was over-eager, they laid their ears back. Difficult to persuade them that what has waited for three hundred years couldn't wait three months, and, unfortunately, while Gottfried was in prison they learned enough of the Society's workings to know truth from diplomacy when they met it. Oh, it's a nice mess! So Incke had to stay, and, I tell you, 'twasn't easy for me to get away by the Strangers' Chimney, unobserved."

"Ah . . . is that the bottomless cupboard in my room?"

"Eh? how? To be sure, you found it out, and made use of it. It's called the Strangers' Chimney, because they say inconvenient people, who didn't know, have been helped to heaven that way. I barked my knuckles over it, as you see. . . But this is not what I came for."

He paused and looked across, above the candle, at Mr. Bothfield.

"Our part of the bargain's done; you've got to say where you hid those letters. I like you, Englishman, but there is no doubt you have got yourself into a pickle. Cousin Gottfried has something very disagreeable in store for you, I make no doubt. My hope is, he'll give you a chance to fight. I brought the rapiers, as you see, and if he can follow me here, there they are, all ready for persuasion. What else to do for you, I don't know."

"Why not open the door and let me out?"

"As well kick you into the river, with a stone round your neck. The Reformers are humming like bees in a hive; half a hundred others have poured in, and they would give their noses, every one, to find you. They have their eyes open, I promise you, at every door, for they fear Incke might try to leave them."

"An English saying puts it, 'between the devil and the deep sea.' That seems to be my situation."

"You mean——? Yes, certainly; that is so. Well, and now about the letters?"

"Stop one moment. Fräulein von Radenstein was not distressed when she left? She seemed easy—cheerful?"

"She was all right, my friend, but she raised the devil in Gottfried. 'Where is the Englishman? Do you know anything of the Englishman?' One could see she feared for you, and Gottfried had suspicions at once. He swore he knew nothing, and, of course, I kept a quiet tongue. But she was anxious for you, there's no doubt of that. A wink of the eye, and it's my belief she would have stayed here to look for you. . . . Gottfried had cause to repent his promise later, for it was plain that her presence in the inn would have reassured that howling mob."

"Ah!" A frown came out of Bothfield's face as he pictured the generous anxiety with which Gisela must be still tormented. And Heaven knew—though Heaven be praised that she did not!—there was cause for it.

"Well, well, and now for the letters?"

Francis Bothfield stood back in the narrow cell, and inly reviewed, with a sensation of finality, the faint hopes and the many fears of the situation. The hare-brained warrior who was Incke's messenger had elementary ideas of succour; perhaps it was because they were all that could be attempted. In a little while, no doubt, the police would fall upon the place, but would they take it without a hard and a too lengthy struggle? The Reformers were in force; they would fight, and scurry, and fight again. Or, if not that, they would vanish at the alarm into their underground fastnesses, and woe betide the lonely man they found already there! The chance for Bothfield was that Incke's hands would be too full, and, when he heard the truth, his knowledge too dear, to let him waste time

upon his prisoner. So, if he left him close-held, he would be barred from the furies of the democrats. That was the slender thread of comfort that remained; it was little enough to hang a man's mortality upon.

"I despatched the Count Gottfried von Incke's correspondence with Baroness Kirtschoff direct to the Head of Police, as soon as I discovered it," he said.

"To the —— Head of Police!" Goldberg gasped. "And when?"

"Hours ago," Bothfield said quietly. "And from here. So long ago that I hope by now the police will have made escape impossible for anyone inside these walls."

"What! You've trapped us? *Gott im Himmel!* Is that what comes of charity? Gottfried must be warned!" He sprang towards the door.

"Hang charity!" Bothfield shouted, and a gust of defiance swept down upon him. "I fight for my own hand—and another's. You can tell the Count Gottfried—no, by George, you shan't!"

He stamped upon the candle and snatched a rapier.

"Look here!" he said. "You talk of fighting, fighting all the time. Now, the longer you and I stay in here together, the better for me. That's a stout door, and you've locked it on this side. Leave handling those keys, Herr Anton Goldberg, and let us see who is the lucky man!"

"Without a light?" Goldberg queried in astonishment, vastly taken by surprise by the sudden attack. But he picked up the other rapier and leapt nimbly, nevertheless, into an attitude of defence. His alacrity spoke of glee for the projected battle. Nothing Bothfield could have suggested would have recommended itself more seductively to the heavy young man, who was, in the twinkling of a sword, heavy no longer.

"*Garde à vous!*" he cried. "The quicker the better, Englishman, for I've to get to Cousin Gottfried!"

And for answer Bothfield lunged at him, driven forward by a new and maddening spur, the joy of fighting for the fighting's sake. The blades clashed, and in that music was drowned the issue—aye, and, for the first time since Gisela met him, the new-born craving for the woman.

A mist of moonbeams hung in the cell, and it filtered between the combatants, making a witness in a shroud-shaped reflection on the wall. The two were in shadow, shadow out of which leapt the swords, crossing, darting, clashing—an arch of death that was as mobile as pestilence, as swift as calamity. The film of moonlight drooped; it seemed, as it struck between the adversaries, to be a futile peacemaker, a silver gentleness, that had strayed unwittingly from its place in bridal chambers to this den of cabined beasts.

Bothfield was certainly mad. He fought with a crazy disregard of science and a supreme contempt for his own safety. He was only—and he felt something that was not his normal sense toss soul and body into the endeavour—only bent upon sheathing the quivering rapier in the stuff before him. He wanted to feel it slide through the clothes, to sink deep into the flesh, to meet a live resistance in place of steel and empty air. And with this desire he thrust, and beat, and lunged, groaning as he fought. He was running amok at last, and with a wildness that was acute reaction from the lethargy of his dead existence. He had suffered, and hungered, and loved for the first time in the last two days; his balance was unhung by the experience, and the raw nerves were taking their revenge. If he had not fought, he would have wept; and, as it was, he fought like a man possessed.

Goldberg had the skill of the practised amateur; but he had not genius, and he was unable to adapt the precise tactics he had exercised in light and space to the narrow cell and its obscurity. Yet he knew his business, and before three passes had gone his sword had slipped on Bothfield's collar-bone and ripped through coat and muscle. He snatched it back in certainty of victory, with expectation that the man would fall. But to his utter amazement, there was no more result than if he had touched the fellow with a feather. As a matter of fact, Bothfield was beyond sensation, and knew only that he was pricked by the momentary check in his onslaught. The next instant he had caught the opportunity given by that unguarded pause, and his blade was home, deep home, between Goldberg's ribs.

The stricken man stumbled forward, and as he fell Bothfield's wrist tore the rapier out with a swift, clean withdrawal. He stood as if he were dazed, running his fingers along the blade to find out where the blood began, and wondering, in childish irritation, whence the mad pleasure of the fight had fled. He had a desire, for a minute, to kick the blundering thing that had thrown up the game so soon, and urge it to its feet again.

Goldberg sobbed. He was absolutely still,



"'I'm not dead yet, Gottfried.'"

and jumbled into a heap that did not look in the least like a man, but the sob was horribly full of human pain. Other sobs came after it; the strangling breaths of a man whose lung was choked with blood. There followed, in a little while, a whistling noise in the windpipe, and then the heap became a man again, and began to struggle upon the ground, raising itself and sinking back, clutching with its hands, and trying to draw itself out of the vice of agony, with a dumb and frightful persistency.

The drunkenness of passion was sobered by the spectacle. Something gave way in Bothfield's heart, and the scales dropped from his eyes. He was once more himself, a self-accusing being, chilly with the remembrance that the man upon the floor had wished him well. The rapier clattered down as he fell upon his knees, trembling, to search for the candle and get light upon what he was afraid to see.

He found matches in the tray, and lit and looked. He was startled and joyed, together, by the first thing that met his gaze. It was the conscious eye of Goldberg looking into his. The young man had ceased trying to rise, and was stretched upon his face, with his cheek sideways on the flags. He looked at Bothfield with an absolute friendliness, even, too, with the twisted ghost of a smile.

"Are you badly hurt?" Bothfield said, bending over him.

Goldberg's mouth twitched in the attempt at speech.

"Pretty bad. Don't touch me. You—can—fight—I say!"

"Give me the keys. I must get help for you. Tell me anything that I can do."

He put his ear down and listened for an answer.

"What—a—fight!" sighed Goldberg; and was silent.

His late adversary turned him upon his back, raised his head against the wall of the cell, and tore his vest and shirt open to see if there were blood to staunch. As he did this he discovered that a warm red rain was dropping from him on to the prostrate man. So he had been wounded! . . . He searched with his hand and found that the blood was leaking from somewhere near his shoulder. He stuffed a handkerchief into his shirt and went on with his work.

The wound was a neat round hole, nicked on the right side of the chest. The place bled hardly at all; only, each time the breast rose with the painful breathing, a few drops of blood oozed out and smeared the white skin. Bothfield wiped them away and looked down helplessly. What more could he do? He took the keys and went towards the door.

His hands shook, and it took him some little time to fit the right key into the lock. In that space he wondered what would happen when he got outside. He had to find help. It was probable—nay, it was certain—that in finding it he would meet with one or other of the people who were eager to revenge themselves upon him. He hesitated and picked up a sword. On the contrary, if he stayed in the cell, he might sustain a siege until the police raid put besiegers to flight. . . . In which case Goldberg would most likely die. He weighed the situation very gravely, with clear, steady thought. . . . Heavens! how he longed to see Gisela again!

Then he opened the door.

The passage was void; the candlelight was baffled, at a few paces' distance, by the darkness, but there was an absolute silence near at hand. Further away, beyond and above and behind intervening doors, there was the sound of men's voices, rising and sinking in argument and anger. The door of the council-chamber was swinging open still, and the moonbeams, which came from the window, whence they had sped through the inner one into the cell, were bathing the empty room in a sea of splendour. A lean rat, transformed into a hobgoblin, whisked from the table across the silver floor. It had been feasting on the last of Incke's crumbs.

Bothfield looked to right and left, and made note of the distant turmoil. That meant men, and he must find them. There was no way, to his knowledge, through the room: he would try the other.

He retraced a couple of steps, till he stood at the door of the cell. He gave a look inside, to see if Goldberg were still in a stupor. As he did so, the head against the wall opened its eyes, and the voice whispered—

"Don't leave me!"

"What! Are you suffering again?"

"Don't leave me!"

"I must," Bothfield said. "I am going to get help; I shall be back very soon. Be patient, and you will soon be in comfort."

"You mustn't leave me," croaked the voice. The young man was so stiff and rigid, that it was difficult to believe the sound came from him; even his lips seemed scarcely to move. "There are rats down here; they attacked a man once, in this very cell. Don't go!"

"Yes, yes, my friend; that is all very

well, but you must have your wound seen to. Look here—will you let me carry you up above?"

He had re-entered the cell, and stooped down again, so that he might hear better what the other had to say.

"I'll carry you in my arms," he said soothingly, "if you're afraid of the rats, though, believe me, they would never have time to attack you. There, let me get my arm underneath."

He stopped suddenly, clutched at the rapier, and rushed to the entrance of the cell. A door had clanged near by, so loudly that the concussion was like a pistol-shot, and the clatter of swift approaching footsteps was in the passage before its echoes had died away. Bothfield drew back into shelter, not a moment too soon to avoid collision with—Gottfried von Incke.

Incke was breathless, and there was a streak of blood across his cheek. He was armed with a horn-handled knife, such as made part of the table furniture of the inn, and he looked distraught and desperate.

"You—free!" he said, and paused. Then—"Stay there, or I'll cut your throat. . . . Where are the letters?"

"Stop a bit," said Bothfield, and he held the rapier on guard, with a ready eye towards the enemy. "Here is Herr Anton Goldberg, badly wounded. Help must be sent for him."

"Anton!" He looked into the cell, where the candle burned by the wounded man's head. "Bah!—when I wanted him, the fool! I might have known disaster would have come of trusting him alone. So you fought him—you? He seems to have had a lesson . . . teach him to let rats out of traps. Now, quick, where are the letters?"

"You will send help for your cousin?"

"Send help? Why, he's nearly dead. I've other work to do. Let him go. Appeal to the Reformers yourself; I've had enough of them. Sharp, the letters, or I'll stick you!"

"You utter brute!" Bothfield said in English. "You deserve all you'll get!" Then in German—"The letters are with the police, Herr Graf, where I hope and believe you will be before long."

"So—so—so!" said Incke, and the double frown cut into his forehead. "I owe you a big score, Englishman—the Reformers' mutiny, and Gisela, and that hand-slap. Take payment, then!"

He sprang upon Bothfield, rushing him off his feet, and burst through the rapier guard with his upraised knife.

Bothfield flung his arms round him. They fell together and rolled across the floor in a close embrace. Incke writhed to draw his armed hand down, and Bothfield hugged him about the ribs, while the useless rapier spun into a corner.

The knife was worked loose, for Bothfield's shoulder told now, and the wound bit so painfully at the pressure that he shrieked. Incke struggled up, caught at his throat, and wrenched the knife free, flinging his hand back that he might bring it down again with a clear sweep. Bothfield instinctively shut his eyes, sick at the awful imminence of death. There was a clash, a rattle, and he opened them again. The blow had not fallen, and Incke's hand was empty.

Goldberg had returned to life. He was lurching to and fro, blood upon his mouth, and his eyes burning. He had risen as one who rises from the dead, and the knife that he had jerked from Incke's fingers was lying out of reach behind him.

"I'm not dead yet, Gottfried, you see," he croaked. "Look here, I believe—I—could fight—another round!"

He had a rapier in his hand, and it waved to and fro tipsily above Bothfield's head.

"Kick me that knife, you fool," panted Incke, his hand stiff on Bothfield's throat. "I must settle scores with this rascal."

"Try it," rasped the voice again. "Try it, Gottfried, and I'll run you—through. You're in danger. Better run!"

Bothfield tore and wrenched at the hand that pinned him.

"Lie still!" hissed Incke, through set teeth. "Ah, do you think to get the better of me? Take it, then!"

He smashed his fist into the upturned face, raised it, and was about to batter again. The clutch of fingers sank into Bothfield's throat, his eyeballs started. His brain seemed about to burst; the cell buzzed with flashing, zigzag specks of light, and his head was filled with an intolerable noise. He heaved himself up in convulsive struggle, and even as he did so Goldberg made a feeble lunge at the would-be murderer, and fell, insensible, across them both. Bothfield rolled free by a superhuman effort, and saw the Count scramble to his feet, white and baffled.

The snap of a revolver cut through the pause. It was muffled to Bothfield's ears, which were deaf and singing, and what followed it came only as a faint murmur of

far-off men. But it was nearer than he could tell, for Incke leapt at the sound, hurled himself across the cell to snatch at Goldberg's fallen rapier, and was swallowed up, upon the instant, in the empty blackness of the corridor. The honours of the field were with the wounded men.

Bothfield propped himself against the wall for a minute, not caring what might happen till he found breath and hearing. He was dazed by atrocious twinges that spread from where Incke's fist had fallen, and that darted cruelly about his head. Presently, however, they resolved themselves into a dull ache which found echoes in the neglected shoulder. Still, these pains were bearable. He staggered to his feet again.

Up above it became clear a furious conflict was raging. Another shot followed, and another, and with them surged such a medley of hoarse cries, trampling feet, and crashing wood as showed that the stronghold was being taken by storm. And not bloodlessly; the growl of voices was cleft sometimes by a shriek, and always afterwards rumbled a half-tone lower—the deep note of desperate men.

Anton Goldberg lay upon his face, where he had been thrust aside by Incke. Bothfield bent to him and felt his heart. It beat, but faintly; he was unconscious and scarcely, it seemed, possessed of strength enough to hold to life. He brought the candle close to him and noted that his lips were blue, his eyes half-shut, and that there was sweat upon his forehead. Bothfield was still inexperienced in death, though he had met it only yesterday; he feared to look long upon the face below him, lest he should see it drop into grey soullessness before his eyes. And all the time he ached and his head swam, so that it was impossible for him to tell how far or how long his own strength would carry him.

He stood upon his feet once more and walked into the passage. He had a confused idea that he had to get help, though no inspiration arose to tell him how to do it. If Incke had returned then, he would have dropped at the sight of him. He went into the council-chamber, rocking and stumbling into a seat. His feebleness and his impotency came out and danced at him. There did not seem to be any way for a half-alive man to help a dying one, and he must have time —rest—before his wits would work.

The clamour and the stamping continued overhead. Down below here they seemed entirely ignored and overlooked. . . . Bothfield felt feebly aggrieved that no one but Incke had even thought it worth while to search him out for the killing, when it was he who had brought crisis and calamity to the Reformers. He had killed Kurt, and yet Kurt was still unrevenged. He had ruined the Count, and yet the Count had fled with his retaliation unaccomplished. But he had not escaped scathless, for he was all alone here with a dying man; wounded and alone, cut off by the horrible solitude of this forgotten place from the sight of Gisela. He laid his head upon his arm and felt the tears fill his eyes, the while he battled forlornly against his weakness. Afterwards, in looking back to this collapse, it seemed to him that he must have become slightly delirious and so lost the grip of the situation. He raised his head presently, conscious that he must contrive to carry Goldberg out, somehow, into the free, fresh air.

He walked towards the entrance to the room and then stopped and rubbed his eyes. The passage that he had left empty had people in it. They were grouped at the cell-door, and somebody, whom Bothfield could not see, was inside with the sick man. A tall police-officer had a lantern, raised so that it lit the group. It shone full upon his own face, and Bothfield saw that he was Captain Cossebaude.

There was a black beard behind; it was Holseg's. The fourth—the fourth person was a woman. Bothfield gave a cry of astonishment that made the new-comers turn and discover him. Holseg moved forward, visibly startled by the blood-stained apparition, and the one behind him was revealed.

Gisela!

(*To be continued.*)



THE FIRST OF APRIL.

From the Picture by H. J. Walker.

MR. G. O. SMITH AT HOME.

By M. Randal Roberts.

Photographs by W. P. Blore.



BAT USED BY MR. G. O. SMITH IN THE 'VARSITY MATCH, 1896; PRESENTED TO HIM BY MR. F. H. E. CUNLIFFE.

A SHORT time ago a weekly paper opened its columns to a discussion on "Who is the 'W. G.' of Football?" It would, perhaps, be too much to say that any footballer of the present day stands out from his fellows with the overwhelming superiority of W. G. Grace among cricketers; but if anyone can claim the position of the "W. G." of the football world, it is unquestionably Mr. G. O. Smith. At first sight, a comparison between the black-bearded, burly cricket champion and the spare frame and ascetic countenance of G. O. Smith is not strikingly obvious. It is only when one comes to examine their achievements in their several spheres of action that the parallelism of their careers, so to speak, becomes apparent. Neither seems to have had a beginning to his athletic career. When he was only sixteen, W. G. Grace treated the best bowlers England could supply with the same contempt that he showed for all other bowling for thirty years afterwards, and I have never yet found anyone who remembers G. O. Smith as anything but the same accomplished player he is to-day, after seven years' experience of International matches. The writer recollects going down to Charterhouse, some ten years ago, with one of the best judges of the game in England, to see a school match. Playing on the wing of the school eleven was an exceedingly delicate-looking youngster with an inconveniently healthy command over the ball. Neither the writer nor his companion had ever heard of him before, but it needed no special acumen to discover that, in young G. O. Smith, Charterhouse had a natural football player of the highest class, who was destined to be a thorn in the side of the most skilful "backs" and goal-keepers in the country. Like W. G. Grace, G. O. Smith has a unique and indefinable personality. When the Corinthians come trooping out of the pavilion at Queen's Club, with their hands in their pockets, after the wont of the Corinthians, the first question a stranger asks is, "Which is 'G. O.'?" To allude to the object of his quest as G. O. Smith would show a lamentable ignorance of football nomenclature. As a descriptive title, the initials G. O. are as comprehensive as W. G.—there is only one possible person to whom they can refer. To his more intimate associates Mr. Smith is "Joseph," but to the larger world of football spectators he is invariably "G. O.," which initials, by the way, stand for Gilbert Oswald.

It was at Ludgrove, where Mr. Smith is a master at Mr. A. T. B. Dunn's school, that I saw him for the purpose of this article. It was on a half-holiday afternoon, and Mr. Smith seemed to think that he would be much better employed in playing a game of fives than in talking about himself; but this interview was a long-standing arrangement, so he submitted to fate. He was highly amused at my inquiry as to whether he took any special means to keep himself in training. "I always think the best feature of football is," was his reply, "that you don't require any special training for it, except ordinary exercise. I'm very keen on fives, and I find that a couple of games a day keep me as fit as possible. Of course, I play a certain amount of 'kick-about' here, but otherwise I hardly ever touch a football except in the Corinthian and Old Carthusian matches."

One hears a good deal, from time to time, of the indifference of League teams to so-called "friendly" games, and it is the fashion with certain journalists to assume that in their matches against the Corinthians, at Queen's Club, the professionals never make any serious endeavour to win. Mr. Smith does not hold this view at all. "I

don't suppose," he said, when we were discussing this question, "that a League club plays quite as desperately in a game with the Corinthians as it does in a Cup Tie, but I certainly think that the professionals are quite as keen at Queen's Club as they are in an ordinary League fixture." As a prominent League official expressed exactly the same opinion to the writer lately, Mr. Smith's pronouncement may be taken as settling definitely the question whether the Corinthians' games with professional clubs are really football matches or merely skilful exhibitions.



THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS, WITH COTTAGE IN FOREGROUND.

Of Mr. Smith's achievements on the football field there is no need to speak here. Anyone who takes the slightest interest in football is familiar with them. He is the possessor of nineteen International caps, a record only equalled by Mr. Norman Bailey, the famous Old Westminster, who played for England from 1878 to 1887 without a break. At the time of writing it is not known whether Mr. Smith will again represent England in the International matches of 1901; but if he is chosen, as it seems certain that he will be except for some untoward accident, he will deservedly crown his career by a feat unaccomplished by even the greatest players of the past.



LUDGROVE SCHOOL, VIEWED FROM THE GARDEN.



THE SCHOOL YARD.

Like all great athletes, Mr. Smith has a supply of boundless energy. His programme for the Christmas holidays would horrify a "slacker." On the Wednesday before Christmas he was playing football for the Old Carthusians at Queen's Club; the next day he had a fives match on; on Boxing Day he went on tour with the Corinthians, finishing up with a week's shooting in the north of England. But for all his

keenness for games, Mr. Smith never regards them as a serious pursuit. Schoolmastering is his profession, and in term time it is to schoolmastering that his best energies are directed. He has never allowed football to interfere with his sterner duties of life.

Though Mr. Smith holds fast to the theory that an amateur must of necessity derive more pleasure from a game of football than the paid player, he is equally emphatic on the improvement professionalism has brought about in what may be called the science of football. "Few people," he said, "who go to watch some of the leading matches of the day have any idea of the skill that is being displayed before their eyes; they very likely admire good passing and shooting, but they probably have no conception of the skill and accuracy that constitute them. It all looks so easy, and the players alone know how very difficult it is. The manœuvring gone through in a match between two first-class 'pro.' teams is little short of marvellous. In such a match a player of small experience, no matter how good a dribbler or how fast he might be, would be lost; his lack of knowledge in the tricks of his companions would more than counterbalance his other good qualities, and he would more than likely prove an absolute failure. The science of dribbling was, of course, in full swing before the introduction of professionalism, but all the other manœuvres which now constitute the game have taken their rise since that day."



MR. G. O. SMITH AT THE NETS (IN STRIPED BLAZER).

But though Mr. Smith regards modern high class football as a science, he does not think it is a science which has made much progress during the last four years. "Of course," he remarked to me, "I don't see very much of professional football; but, judging from the League teams the Corinthians play, I should certainly say that there is no individual team now quite as good as two or three were four years ago. I suppose there has been a process of levelling all round, and possibly the standard of excellence is now more evenly distributed; but, whatever the cause, I don't think there is any team to-day as good as, say, Aston Villa was in 1897. On the other hand, if you go back eight or nine years, the improvement made is incontestable."

Mr. Smith's first International match was against Ireland in 1893, when he was still a "fresher" at Oxford. International contests are popularly supposed to test a player's equanimity and coolness more than any other match, and I asked Mr. Smith if this was his experience. "Well, personally," he replied, "I think the tension is higher in the 'Varsity match, but opinions would differ about that. What affects you in an International match, especially against Scotland, is the enormous crowd. When you come out on the field you see yourself surrounded by an illimitable sea of faces, and at first you can't help thinking that every one of the forty thousand odd spectators has come there for the special purpose of noting every blunder you make. But that feeling soon passes off, and I should



STUMP CRICKET IN THE YARD: MR. G. O. SMITH BOWLING.

think the average man is as cool in an International as he is in any other match. In the 'Varsity match the crowd is, of course, smaller, but it is less impersonal, so to say. Among the spectators there are hosts of people who are friends or acquaintances of the players, and many men find it much more difficult to play their best before their friends than among strangers."

As we were on the subject of International matches, I asked Mr. Smith what he thought of the players who have represented Scotland in the last half-dozen International matches, as compared with those that have done duty for England. "Speaking generally," was his answer, "I should say that the Englishmen have been faster, but that the Scotsmen have been more powerful. The teams that have played for Scotland for the last four years have been made up of a very robust lot of men. Each man on the side looked a thorough athlete, sturdy and strong; and, as a rule, they have had any amount of grit and determination, and were almost as fresh at the end of the game as at the beginning. English players, on the other hand, do not seem to run to the size or strength of their opponents, especially in the forward line.



A CORNER OF MR. G. O. SMITH'S STUDY, WITH CORINTHIAN CLUB DESK.

To make up for this advantage we have had to rely to a great extent on combination. Taking them all round, Englishmen probably have an advantage over the Scotsmen in pace, but this scarcely counterbalances the other qualities I have spoken of, and alone would be of small use. The great point about the English sides has been their superior skill in combination, and it was undoubtedly this that gained them their victories in 1898 and 1899, the extra weight of the Scotch players being of no avail against the more accurate passing of the Englishmen. Unselfishness in a player is always important, but it is doubly so in an International match, because the temptation to indulge in individual effort is so much greater than in an ordinary game. It is but human nature to wish to shine in the great match of the year, and if a player can successfully bring off a magnificent piece of individual play, he is sure to make a great impression. I am not suggesting for a moment that any International player would prefer personal praise to the victory of his side, but he may sometimes imagine that a single-handed effort may be as successful as any other course, and therefore follow it, though the other is far more likely to gain a point."



MR. G. O. SMITH KEEPS IN TRAINING BY PLAYING FIVES.

Mr. Smith is a notable instance of the ease with which every sort of sport can be swallowed and digested by a person of exceptional athletic maw. His brilliant gifts as a footballer have more or less overshadowed his skill as an athlete in other directions; but even if he had never touched a football, his athletic versatility would still be something quite out of the common. His scholastic duties nowadays leave him but little time for serious cricket; but, as long as the 'Varsity match is played, his great innings of 132 for Oxford against Cambridge, in 1896, when he practically won the match for his side off his own bat, will be remembered and talked about. That particular innings was remarkable, if for no other reason than that Mr. Smith was chosen only at the eleventh hour, the choice for the last place in the Oxford eleven lying between Mr. Smith and another International footballer, G. B. Raikes, up to a few hours of the beginning of the match. There seems, by the way, to be some sort of subtle connection between footballers and successful eleventh hour choices in the Oxford cricket eleven. Under ordinary circumstances, Mr. C. Wreford Brown, the well known Corinthian, would have appeared for Oxford at Lord's in 1887, but an accident to his hand kept him out of the cricket-field, and his place was given to Lord George Scott, who scored an historic hundred.

Skill at fives is not an acquirement which brings much public glory in its train. It attracts no big "gates" on Saturday afternoons, and is mainly confined to the public schools and the universities. Mr. Smith always declares that he plays fives only for exercise. Be that as it may, as he plays it, it is an exercise of a distinctly scientific nature. An unsurpassed centre-forward, a first class cricketer, an excellent fives player, and a useful shot, Mr. Smith need not fear comparison with any all-round sportsman, past or present.

It is always interesting to know the opinion of any great player about his contemporaries. Unfortunately this is a subject on which Mr. Smith did not care to expand, but I managed to elicit from him something about the famous players he had met during his football career. "That's rather too difficult a question to answer off-hand," he replied, when I asked him whom he considered the greatest players he had come across; "but if I were making out a list, I should probably feel inclined to head it with the names of Bloomer, Needham, and W. J. Oakley. Needham, to my mind, at his best has no equal in England. He fulfils the whole duty of an ideal half-back—that is to say, he can defend like an extra back, and can attack like an extra forward. He has a wonderful knack of always being in the right place, and seems to know by instinct just what his opponents are going to do. Playing forward against Sheffield United, you can often congratulate yourself on having got past the backs, and on having a good try for goal; but just as you are going to shoot, you find that in some mysterious way Needham is by your side to check your ambitions. Of Bloomer I will only say that if I were a goal-keeper, I should feel more uneasy at the approach of Bloomer than of any other forward in England. Oakley is unquestionably one of greatest backs the game has ever produced. To really understand how good he is, you must play either with or against him. He never indulges in high-kicking gallery work, which may appeal to the spectators, but is so fatal to the prospects of the player who makes a habit of the practice. Oakley is far too scientific for that, and always sends the ball as low as possible, thus making his forwards' task infinitely easier. He is tremendously fast for a man of his size, and I always think one of the finest pieces of play I have ever witnessed was the duel between Oakley and John Bell, the well known Scotch player, in the International match in 1897. Both were exceptionally tall, powerful men, with a great turn of speed, and, on the whole, when the game was over, honours were about equal between them."

Oddly enough, the writer had heard only a few days before exactly the same praise which Mr. Smith awards Mr. Oakley applied to Mr. Smith himself by an old International player. "You have to play with G. O.," said this player, "before you can understand how good he is." In other words, Mr. G. O. Smith is not only a great player himself, but is the cause of greatness in others.



WAITING THEIR TURN.

A Study by R. Lillie.

CITY CHRONICLES.

By BARRY PAIN.*

No. V.—BLUFF.

Illustrated by A. Forestier.

MR. CHARLES MADENHAM BOYS, aged fifty-one, is now wearing his hair absurdly short; otherwise he is a man of decidedly attractive appearance. He has a pleasing address, an excellent education, and considerable literary taste. At present he is doing seven years' penal servitude.

But for the purposes of this story it is idle to inquire for what particular offence he is at present secluded. We have to go much further back in his history, though not to the beginning of it. We may pass over the period of his infancy and youth. We need not dwell on the two years when he was the animating spirit of a Cottage Home at Campton-on-Sea, supported entirely by voluntary contributions, or his successful tour in the provinces with a lecture entitled, "The Lost Tribes," or his enterprise in establishing the "Bayswater Matrimonial Agency," and selling the business when it began to get too hot for him. We have to deal with him at the next stage, when at the age of thirty-two he suddenly became Messrs. Parsley, Bashlove and Williams, publishers, of 62, Cordery Street, London, E.C. The firm sprang up suddenly, out of the night, as it were, but its name had an honest, old-established look about it. It began to get to work at once with an advertisement which appeared frequently in local papers and sometimes in more important organs. It ran as follows:—

NEW TALENT.—Required, for immediate publication: essays, poems, sermons, works of travel, short stories, and novels in two or three volumes; preferably from authors who have not yet submitted their work to the appreciation of the public. The publishers' large staff of expert readers will deal with all work submitted with as little delay as possible. In every case a copy of their opinion may be obtained. Terms: Cash on acceptance. Apply by letter to Messrs. Parsley, Bashlove & Williams, Publishers, 62, Cordery Street, London, E.C.

Mr. Boys, who was not only the entire firm, but the large staff of expert readers as well, thought highly of this advertisement. The young and unpublished author found his vanity gently tickled by this appeal to "New Talent." These publishers evidently knew their business and did not want to have anything to do with the men who had written themselves out. The request for poems and sermons must, one would think, have surprised even the youngest and least published of authors. But there it was, clearly printed in the advertisement; theirs not to reason why, but merely to forward their little collections of heart-sobs and take the cash on acceptance. Money down and no waiting—you could not have anything fairer than that. If the work was not accepted, our young author could have the benefit of an expert reader's opinion, and might in this way learn what was the trivial and easily corrected fault that stood between him and wealth and greatness. It was a beautiful advertisement, and in the good old days (or, if you prefer it, the bad old days) it worked profitably.

The young curate would find that advertisement in the local paper, and look thoughtful and stroke his chin. Then he would take counsel with a sister or a lady dearer than a sister. Buoyed up with hope, he would despatch a long letter to Messrs. Parsley, Bashlove and Williams, and forward with it a bulky parcel of manuscript. The fly was in the web. The spider began operations as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—We are in receipt of your letter and the collection of sermons accompanying it, entitled 'Sundays after Trinity,' for the offer of which we are greatly obliged. The demand for this class of work largely exceeds the supply, and we hope that we shall be able to make you an offer for the work which you will find satisfactory. On receipt of our registration fee of five shillings—a usual formality, to save us from dealing with dishonest or irresponsible persons—we will forward to you a copy of our preliminary agreement for your signature. When this is returned to us, we will place your manuscript at once in the hands of our readers.

"Faithfully yours,
"Parsley, Bashlove & Williams."

* Copyright, 1901, by Barry Pain, in the United States of America.



"The young curate would find that advertisement in the local paper."

That was all right. The curate knew as much about the usual methods of respectable publishers as a Kaffir does about wireless telegraphy. Five shillings is not a very large sum; and the curate had an idea that if he did not send it, Messrs. Parsley, Bashlove and Williams would think him dishonest and irresponsible. He sent it; he always sent it. He then obtained, and signed, the preliminary agreement. The point of this, put badly, was that if his manuscript should be lost, burnt, or otherwise destroyed while in the possession of the publishers, he should have no redress of any kind.

After that, everything depended on the opinion which Mr. Boys—to give the firm its shorter name—might have formed of that curate's financial position. There was never any cash on acceptance, because the readers never did accept outright. If it was thought that the curate had, or could raise money, the readers (who were Mr. Boys) would report to the publishers (who were also Mr. Boys) that the publication would be attended with considerable risk, owing to the daring originality of the work. Under these circumstances, Mr. Boys did not feel himself justified in accepting the book, but would be pleased to publish it on terms which he called facetiously a half-profit system. The details of this system need not be given here. In the hands of Mr. Boys it meant that the author paid Mr. Boys three times the proper price for something which in the end he never got. If the author was unwilling, or unable to pay for these luxuries, he might wish to see the expert reader's opinion; the advertisement had told him that a copy of it could be obtained. He now received some additional information as to the terms on which it could be obtained. The terms varied from one to ten guineas; Mr. Boys asked what he thought he could get. He did not despise small sums; "little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the beauteous land." Undoubtedly Mr. Boys had some of the qualities that make for commercial greatness.

But he had not all the qualities. His businesses prospered for a time, but they did not, as a good business should, improve with age. On the contrary, they all showed a tendency to get too hot for him. The Cottage Home, which was also the birthplace of the registration fee of five shillings, had grown very, very much too hot for him. The temperature in those counties which he had obliged with his lecturing tour had mounted, till a return visit would not have been good for his health. He had been driven to drop the Matrimonial Agency, for fear of burning his fingers. The same misfortune befell him later when he introduced to the notice of the invalid public that marvellous remedial agent, "Hampton's Electro-therapeutic Necklace." The necklace was a fanciful arrangements of glass beads, copper wire spirals, and tin discs. It could not be manufactured much under twopence,



"She was, as he had expected, a very young girl."

and it sold for a guinea. It did well for a time, but it scorched him before he could get it off.

Messrs. Parsley, Bashlove and Williams did well for a time. The fees came rolling in. Messrs. Parsley, Bashlove and Williams employed two clerks. The office was well and tastefully furnished. Mr. Bashlove (who was Mr. Boys) interviewed "New Talent" in a comfortable room on the first floor, and explained that old Mr. Parsley (who was nobody) took no active part in the business nowadays. If a point arose which Mr. Boys wished to think over, he spoke of the necessity of consulting Mr. Williams (who was the same as Mr. Parsley). It all looked solid, substantial, respectable; and it inspired confidence. Besides, you could not look in Mr. Boys' honest blue eyes and doubt his word; at least, "New Talent" could not. For a time all went smoothly.

But, one day, Mr. Boys had the misfortune to come to the office in a bad temper; as a rule, his temper was one of the most beautiful things about him. And that morning happened to be selected by the second clerk Barlow for a little unpunctuality. Mr. Boys gave Barlow a week's wages and dismissed him; and Barlow, before he left the office, was heard to remark that he was not done yet. He went straight to the office of the *Lynx*, and there he made statements which brought him at last into the august presence of the editor and proprietor,

Mr. Desormeaux, and Mr. Desormeaux was much interested in what Barlow had to tell him. For the *Lynx* made a business of exposure, and its motto was, "No day without its libel action."

A fortnight later the *Lynx* had a couple of interesting pages on the subject of Messrs. Parsley, Bashlove and Williams, who, it will be remembered, were Mr. Boys. And the business of Mr. Boys fell off in consequence. Messrs. Parsley, Bashlove and Williams replied in the public prints that the attack in the *Lynx* was based on information supplied by a discharged servant. They challenged the *Lynx* to contradict this statement, and promised that if this were done they would treat the *Lynx* to a libel action. If the *Lynx* would not do this, it had merely produced an additional reason why it should be treated with contempt, and Messrs. Parsley, Bashlove and Williams were not inclined to waste powder and shot upon it or to give it a gratuitous advertisement. On the whole, a clever and dignified answer; the *Lynx* had not made a single statement about Messrs. Parsley, Bashlove and Williams which it was not prepared to prove; it had said nothing which was not absolutely true; but its information had been derived from a discharged servant, and the public distrusts discharged servants. But before its next issue the *Lynx* had got into communication with maddened curates and disappointed poets who had had dealings with the firm. Their statements were printed at length with grim and sarcastic comments. Mr. Desormeaux trailed his coat up and down the columns of his paper, and requested Messrs. Parsley, Bashlove and Williams to tread on the tail of it. He said that the man who skulked under this *alias* had never done any legitimate publishing business at all, and had never paid a single author one single penny. If he was wrong, Mr. Boys had his remedy, and he invited Mr. Boys to take it.

Mr. Boys did not propose to take that remedy. There were Cottage Homes and other things in his past which had taken away his taste for being cross-examined; even in his present business, though he had tried to keep just within the letter of the law, he was by no means sure that he had been successful. It seemed to him probable that if he entered the witness-box he would have to enter the dock shortly afterwards. He decided to treat Mr. Desormeaux with silent contempt, but that was not very satisfying. If a man kicks you steadily down three pairs of stairs—which was practically what Mr. Desormeaux had done to Mr. Boys—it is rather an insufficient revenge to treat that man with coldness the next time you meet him. Mr. Boys was much pained; these attacks were so unjust. It was, for instance, absolutely untrue to say that he had never paid an author a penny. Once he had paid an author ten pounds; for that sum he had purchased the copyright of Miss Lucia Dane's novel, "Beyond." It had only happened once, and it was not worth while to mention it; ten pounds is not a quixotically generous price to pay for the copyright of a long novel; Mr. Desormeaux would say that, but would put it more strongly. But the fact remained that Mr. Boys had once paid money for a work, and therefore he now felt like a Christian martyr, wrongly accused and shamefully ill-treated.

His solitary purchase of a book from an author had taken place a year before. One day, greatly to his surprise, he received a manuscript that was undoubtedly worth publishing. There was little literary skill or imagination about it; some fool of a girl had just blurted out her own love-story—emptied out her heart and life for the benefit of the public. The thing was a human document, absolutely true and convincing, and consequently of enthralling interest. Mr. Boys had judgment and could detect the quality of a book. Nothing in this vale of tears is absolutely certain, but it was extremely likely that a book of this type would bring in a fair profit. In that case the half-profit system was, from Mr. Boys' point of view, contra-indicated; it was only good in those cases where there was no possibility of a profit. Without actually making up his mind what he would do, Mr. Boys wrote a letter to Miss Lucia Dane, suggesting that if she were ever in London she should call at the office with reference to her book; it would be more easy to arrange matters at an interview than by letter. The fact is that Mr. Boys had been a good deal interested in the book himself, and was rather curious to see the author. He signed the letter Edmund Bashlove. The girl came. She was, as he had expected, a very young girl, probably not more than seventeen. She was beautiful, in a Blessed Damozel manner, and had the saddest eyes that Mr. Boys had ever seen. She said that she did not want any money, and from her appearance Mr. Boys was inclined to believe her. He might have had the book for nothing, but he paid ten pounds for it. To have taken it for nothing would

have put Mr. Boys in the inferior position, and he wanted the girl to think well of him. As I said just now, she was beautiful, and Mr. Boys found her interesting; besides, it is for some perverse reason always easier to give to those who do not want.

At the time Mr. Boys had quite intended to publish the book. But the months had slipped by and nothing had been done; the other side of his business took all his time; the publication of "Beyond" was reserved as a luxury. Miss Lucia Dane wrote once or twice about it; but she had not written during the last few months, and the book had passed out of his memory, until this scandalous attack in the *Lynx* had recalled it.

As Mr. Boys read over and over again the attacks upon him in the *Lynx*, he became not only pained by their injustice, but also frightened at their possible rights. It was not only his business that was in danger; his personal liberty was threatened. For the moment he thought it better to lie low, and to do nothing which would be likely to attract further attention from the *Lynx*. The advertisement which extended an invitation from Messrs. Parsley, Bashlove and Williams to "New Talent" was withdrawn; when the editor of the *Lynx* had found somebody else to harry, and had forgotten Mr. Boys, the business might be pushed again under another name. At the same time, it was just as well to prevent further evidence coming in the way of Mr. Desormeaux. For the first time in his business career Mr. Boys answered the letters of the malcontents, people who had tasted the bitters of his special brand of half-profit system and were inclined to be pugnacious. He answered them politely, and explained that it was only from a blunder on the part of a clerk, who had since been discharged, that their complaints had not been brought to the notice of the firm before. And he not only answered the letters; in many cases be refunded a part of the money which he had received. The *Lynx* gave him a contemptuous paragraph in its next number, and then left him alone; it was useless to kick a dead man, and Mr. Boys was careful to give no sign of life. Besides, there were plenty of the living who required the attentions of Mr. Desormeaux; and his readers liked variety.

The *Lynx* had a good circulation, though of course there were many people who never saw it; and many who did see it, but did not attach very much importance to its sensational disclosures. It hit Mr. Boys very hard. "New Talent" became very shy and rare. The mention of a moderate registration fee of five shillings seemed to frighten it away at once. Sometimes, when everything seemed to be going most promisingly, "New Talent" would suddenly break off all negotiations, and have the impertinence to say that certain back numbers of the *Lynx* had been brought to its notice. Then Mr. Boys would send a letter after this manner:—

"We had imagined that the circumstances which provoked the absurd attack upon us in the *Lynx* were a matter of general knowledge, as they are a complete vindication of our character and position. But as the ravings of a dismissed clerk, published in a professedly scurrilous journal, seem to have some weight with you, we are more than ready to return your manuscript as you suggest."

This was all very well as far as it went, but it did not mean money. Things went from bad to worse. There was not enough work to keep one clerk busy, and Mr. Boys still kept two for the sake of appearances; office rents in Cordery Street are very high; Mr. Boys had also a house in Wimbledon, which was more in keeping with his love of style than with his income. On all sides money was flowing out, and the only money that was flowing in consisted of an occasional five shilling registration fee from an ambitious schoolgirl, or a rarer guinea for the expert reader's opinion from a disappointed governess. It irked him that he had repaid those sums to the recalcitrant; he ought to have seen before that the game was up, and not to have wasted money on trying to save it. However, he realised that the game was up now; he decided that it was not even worth while to try it on again under a different name. There were better fish in the sea, and he had just had that beautiful and profitable idea which was to materialise as "Hampton's Electro-therapeutic Necklace."

His aim was now to come out of the business with as much in hand as possible; you cannot get your Electro-therapeutic Necklace on the public without spending a good deal in pushing and advertising. And here I am afraid Mr. Boys showed a want of originality; his furniture and stock were insured, and he decided to have a fire. The fire broke out in the room at the back where the manuscripts were kept; but it was detected before it had done any very considerable damage. Mr. Boys, who had engineered that

fire, was not detected, but he became an object of suspicion. The insurance company never disputed a claim if they could possibly help it, but they offered Mr. Boys one quarter of the sum that he demanded; and the tone of their letter was unpleasantly minatory; without actually saying so, they implied that if he did not like that, they would refuse to pay anything, and leave him to take what action he pleased. He replied with the *vox angelica* stop out; he was, he said, too poor to fight a wealthy insurance company, and was compelled to accept their offer. It was not the loss which this caused him that pained him chiefly, though that was considerable: it was the thought that they probably suspected that he had tried to cheat them. He did not blame them in the least; he could see himself that there were circumstances connected with the fire that to a hard man of the world might seem suspicious. He could only tell them that he was guiltless; he added, with pathos, that it was not the first time in his life that he had been wronged. The company read his letter, paid up, and were extremely sorry that they had ever made him any offer at all.

The damage done by the fire was confined almost exclusively to a pile of authors' manuscripts; and as the authors had signed that preliminary agreement, they had no claim against him, and Mr. Boys took what there was. But he was a disappointed man; he had hoped for a longer and better fire altogether, and on the part of the insurance company for more of that spirit of genial confidence which makes business so pleasant.



"The fire broke out in the room at the back where the manuscripts were kept."

A few days later, Mr. Boys, still bent on getting as much in hand as possible, and true to his policy of not despising small sums, bethought him of Miss Lucia Dane's novel, "Beyond." He did not now propose to publish that book, or any other book, himself, but he might be able to sell the copyright through an agent to another publisher at a reasonable profit. Mr. Boys told a clerk to bring him the manuscript. The clerk was away for some

little time, and when he returned he brought with him a little stack of sheets of paper neatly fastened together with a pale blue riband. "It's only the third part, sir," he said apologetically. "The rest was destroyed in the fire."

Mr. Boys swore gently under his breath and told the clerk to go. There was a chance that Miss Dane might have made another copy for herself, but Mr. Boys did not think it likely. In that case——

At this point in his meditations the clerk knocked and entered again. Miss Dane had just called, and was in the waiting-room, and wished to see Mr. Bashlove. She said that her business was of importance. "Show her in," said Mr. Boys, and slipped the third part of "Beyond" into the drawer of his writing-table.

Miss Dane had changed a good deal in appearance. She was still beautiful, but she was no longer pathetic. She looked radiantly happy, and rather proud, and also very much ashamed of herself.

"About a year and a half ago," she said, "I sold to you a novel of mine. Do you remember it?"

"Perfectly," said Mr. Boys.

"I thought that perhaps, as you have not published it yet, you might have gone over it again and found that, after all, it was not good enough. And if you will let me have it back again, I will gladly return you the ten pounds. In fact, I have brought them with me on purpose."

Mr. Boys rose from his chair and paced the room. "May I ask," he said, "why you have changed your mind, and to which publisher you propose to transfer it?"

"I don't want it to be published at all. I want to destroy it."

That was all right. Then Miss Dane had not seen those unjust attacks by Mr. Desormeaux in the *Lynx*.

"But why?" he asked.

"The fact of the case is—oh, it's awfully difficult to explain how one has been silly! Well, most of the book is real. That girl in it, you know——"

"You mean the heroine?"

"Yes, the idiot who thinks she is in love with that nincompoop who sings—the hero, I suppose he would be called. She is going to be married to another man now, very happily; and it would hurt her feelings, terribly, to be reminded of all that old rubbish now; and very likely people would guess that it was meant for her, and everyone would know, and it would be horrid. I never ought to have written the stupid book at all. I am sure anyone who published it would lose a great deal of money by it. I want you to take my ten pounds, and burn the agreement and the book."

Mr. Boys took a few moments to reflect before he answered. He had guessed the facts now—that Miss Dane had been the heroine of her own book, and, as she was about to marry somebody who had not been the hero, did not want the old love affair publicly embalmed and exhibited. It was very natural; it was also, Mr. Boys thought, very promising.

"I cannot burn your book," he said. This was true, as he had burned two-thirds of it already; the rest of his remarks were, on the whole, less true. "I cannot burn it, because it will be published next month. Two-thirds of it are in type already, and as you came in I was on the point of sending off the third part to the printer." He took the third part out of the drawer and rang the bell. "My clerk may as well be sending it off while we are talking."

"Oh, don't! Oh, don't!" Miss Dane cried excitedly. "It must be stopped. I'll do anything to stop it."

The clerk entered. Mr. Boys cast his eye on the third part of "Beyond." Miss Dane suffered agonies. Then Mr. Boys shrugged his shoulders and gave his clerk a couple of letters to post.

"But this won't do at all," said Mr. Boys, when the clerk had gone. "You have no rights in that book whatever. It is my property, to do with just as I please. I do not want to do anything that might be unpleasant to you, but I do not see how I am to stay publication. The taste for books of the class has grown enormously of late, and the book is worth ten times as much now as it was when I bought it from you. Then the contracts with printers and binders are already made, and it will cost an enormous sum to break them. Then there are the advertising contracts, and—er—there are others. You could not find this sum yourself, I presume. If you went to your father——"

"You know I can't do that. I've not told anybody about the book yet, and I don't want to tell anybody. I could get thirty or forty pounds in a week by selling some things."

"That, of course, would be quite insufficient. If I can avoid actual loss, I would forego my profits; but I have partners, and my out-of-pocket expenses in connection



"Mr Boys looked over the paper and nodded. 'That is ...

with the book must be met, or else the book must be published."

It was arranged that Miss Dane should call again next week. But when next week came, it was not Miss Dane who called, but Sir James Hyles, Baronet. He brought a letter with him to Mr. Bashlove.

"I see, Sir James," said Mr. Boys, "that Miss Dane empowers you to act for her in this matter. You are, perhaps——"

"Yes," said Sir James bluntly, "I am going to marry Miss Dane. Now, look here. You've got her book, and she wants you not to publish it. Sign this paper, and you can't publish it or do anything else with it except destroy it—so my solicitor says."

Mr. Boys looked over the paper and nodded. "That is so."

"Well?" said Sir James.

"My out-of-pocket expenses in connection with the book are three hundred and forty-two pounds. Are you prepared to pay that?"

"Certainly, or twice that, if necessary; but as my solicitors know a little about you, Mr. Boys, the examination into your accounts will be strict. You will have to show that you have really expended that sum. I have here a banknote for fifty pounds. If you will accept that, and sign the document before you, there will be no questions."

After all, fifty pounds is a very fair price to get for not publishing a novel which you could not publish in any case. And Sir James had evidently mastered Mr. Bashlove's *alias*, and his solicitors might have other knowledge of an inconvenient nature.

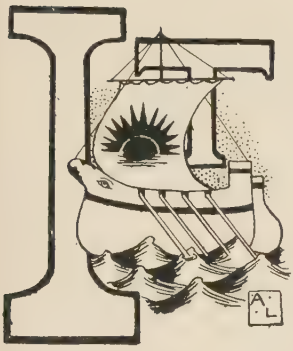
So Mr. Boys smiled pleasantly, signed the paper, and put the banknote in his pocket. "I accept the fifty," he said, "and Miss Dane may consider that I have made her a present of the difference; and if you will give me the name of your solicitors, I will take such steps as I may be advised with regard to their slanderous statements about myself."

"Same people you had against you when you were running the Cottage Home. G'-mornin'." And Sir James passed out of the office.



THE FRIEND OF THE POLICEMAN.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.*



It was the morning after the Anarchist Club had been raided by the police. I was sitting up in my bed, reading the graphic account of the occurrence in the morning paper, when the door opened and Stromboli himself burst into my bedchamber.

"Hullo!" I ejaculated. "So you have found bail! I was rather expecting that you would come to me for it!"

"I should have," was the reply, "if I had needed it."

"You did not need it? You mean that you managed to escape?"

"Precisely. Do I not know the tramp of a policeman when I hear it? Are not his boots made so that all the world shall know it?"

"Ah! then——"

"I was wise in time. Leaping on to a table, I shouted to my friends: 'We are discovered. This way for the back door. Follow me, and I will lead you to a place of safety.' Then I fled, and, as you see, I reached a place of safety. But alas! I reached it alone. The others, my followers, were caught. I weep for them."

"It is unnecessary," I explained. "The English law is lenient in these matters. A small fine will see them through their troubles."

My words failed to produce the comforting effect which I intended.

"If only I had known that!" Stromboli answered, and hung his head dejectedly.

"Yes? In that case?" I asked.

"In that case," he answered, "I should not have been in so great a hurry; and if I had not been in so great a hurry, I should not have left my purse on the piano."

"You did that?"

"I did that, having just taken it from my pocket for the purpose of paying for some refreshments. It contained the money which I had set aside for the satisfaction of the claims of my more pressing creditors. I shall have sleepless nights in consequence."

"So, I dare say, will they," I interposed; and the remark seemed to exhibit the situation to Stromboli in a light in which he had never previously looked at it.

"You really think so?" he answered sympathetically. "Then I am indeed distressed for them. I should have remembered that creditors as well as debtors might have their pecuniary embarrassments. If I could be of any service to them—if, for example, by telling another story——"

"Then you still know other stories?"

Stromboli jerked his head disdainfully, saying—

"If I know other stories! When I tell you that it was I who, at the time of the Commune of Paris—— But—*voyons, mon cher*—I have not yet breakfasted."

I took the hint and rang the bell.

"I thank you," said Stromboli. "I will have bacon and eggs for breakfast. It is a comestible of your country for which I have acquired a taste. Though I eat while telling you my story, yet I am an artist, and you may depend upon it that my mouth will not be full at any climax of my narrative."

"Then fire ahead!" said I, and Stromboli fired ahead, plying his knife and fork diligently while he unfolded—

The Adventure of the Friend of the Policeman.

"You think it singular that a revolutionist should have feelings of friendship for a policeman? Singular it is, and only possible upon one condition—that the policeman's daughter is beautiful, and that the revolutionist is in love with her. I myself—I, whom policemen yesterday pursued through the kitchen and offices to the back door, was at the time of the siege of Paris in love with the daughter of a *sergent de ville*.

"Her name was Fifine, and she was more beautiful than I can tell you—dark, with bright eyes, and a complexion like a peach in bloom, and the tender, coaxing manner

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which a man delights in. Her father, the Père Dubois, occupied an apartment in the same house with me at Montmartre ; and as he was aware of my desire for the regeneration of the world, ferocious pleasantries used to pass between us.

"'*Voyons*, rascal!' he used to say to me. 'If it were not that Fifine would cry, I would march you straight off to the *depôt* and have you locked up there, so that you could do no harm.'

"'Old man!' I answered. 'If it were not that Fifine would cry, then I would pluck you by that nose of yours and drag you along the *boulevard*, an object of derision to all Paris.'

"'Name of a dog!' he retorted.

"'Name of a pipe!' I rejoined. And then I conciliated him.

"'Come now,' I said. 'For Fifine's sake, let us be friends. For Fifine's sake, let us swear a great oath, like the Homeric heroes, that if ever we meet in a battle, or even in a riot, we will spare each other.'

"The Père Dubois knew but little of the Homeric heroes, though he understood that they had distinguished themselves in the Napoleonic wars. None the less, he swore the oath over a good bottle of red wine, concluding philosophically—

"'Fifine is a good girl. I trust her. I shall tell her what to say to you, and she will reclaim you and make a good citizen of you yet.'

"To which I replied—

"'Père Dubois, you are very amiable. In compliance with your wishes, I will take quiet walks with Mademoiselle Fifine, in the sheltered woods of the Buttes Chaumont, so that she may have every opportunity of converting me to your views. If the weather is fine, we will take such a walk to-morrow.'

"He grunted, but agreed. Perhaps, if he could have foreseen—but it is seldom given to a policeman to see as far into the future as a revolutionist. And now, perhaps, you picture Fifine imploring me with persuasive tears to turn my back upon the revolution and apply for a post in the *gendarmerie!* Then you do not know human nature ; you do not know women ; you do not know Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski!

"What is it that a woman likes in a man? She likes him to be different from all other men. She likes him to be strong and masterful, taking his own course and towing her like a little pinnace in his wake. If need be, she will even pique him to perversity ; though, in my case, that necessity did not arise. So you must not be astonished when I tell you what Fifine actually said to me was—

"'How wonderful to be a revolutionist! Please tell me all about revolutions. I never met a revolutionist before.'

"She said it, clinging trustfully to my arm, while we walked together on the high, green hill of the Buttes Chaumont. All Paris was stretched out below us like a map. The blue smoke floated upwards from the chimneys in the autumn air. A misty haze obscured the view beyond the ramparts, and the booming of the big guns of Mont Valérien was the only sign of war ; but from the streets ascended a confused hum of angry voices—the noise which, in Paris, expresses the discontent which the man of action can turn into a revolution almost by a gesture. In truth, it was high time for another revolution, and here was Fifine pressing me with her questions—

"'Please tell me all about revolutions. Please tell me what a revolution looks like.'

"Curious, is it not, that by such artless speeches women win men's hearts? One wonders if they know it. I answered, half in jest, while pondering a project in my mind—

"'A revolution, *amie chérie?* It is the simplest matter in the world. You get up in the morning feeling discontented, and decide that the Government must be overthrown. Other people are of the same opinion. You leap upon a *café* table and harangue them until you have stirred them to the depths of their souls ; then you say, "To the Hôtel de Ville!" Some of you march thither, while others go into the churches and ring bells. The procession swells in volume ; you call upon the soldiers to fraternise with you ; the constituted authorities disappear through the back door. You write names on slips of paper and toss them out of the window. This is the list of the new Government. It is all over in the twinkling of an eye.'

"'How wonderful!' Fifine ejaculated, opening her eyes wide.

"A sudden idea came to me, and I acted upon it.

"'My angel!' I cried. 'I have told you what a revolution looks like. Now come with me, and I will show you one.'

"She looked amazed ; it may be that she had reason to. It was such a chance as does not often come the way of the daughter



"We walked together on the high, green hill."

of a *sergent de ville*. But I appealed to her curiosity.

"'Listen!' I said. 'You hear that noise?'

"She nodded.

"'Well, sweetheart,' I continued, 'whenever I hear that noise in Paris, I can turn it into a revolution in ten minutes.'

"'How wonderful!' she once more repeated.

"'Come and see,' I answered, and her curiosity prevailed over her years. We ran down the hill together and in a few minutes were in the stormy streets of Paris.

"It was as I thought. The people of Paris were angry because the pinch of hunger was making itself felt. They were gathering in little knots, and someone was already haranguing them from a *café* table; but he was unworthy of the occasion, being drunk, so I pushed him down gently, amid applause, and took his place.

"'Why do we talk,' I cried, 'when the hour for action has arrived? The Government does nothing. Instead of driving away the Prussians, it deliberates. It is in no hurry, because it possesses secret stores of food; but we, in the meantime, what have we to eat?'

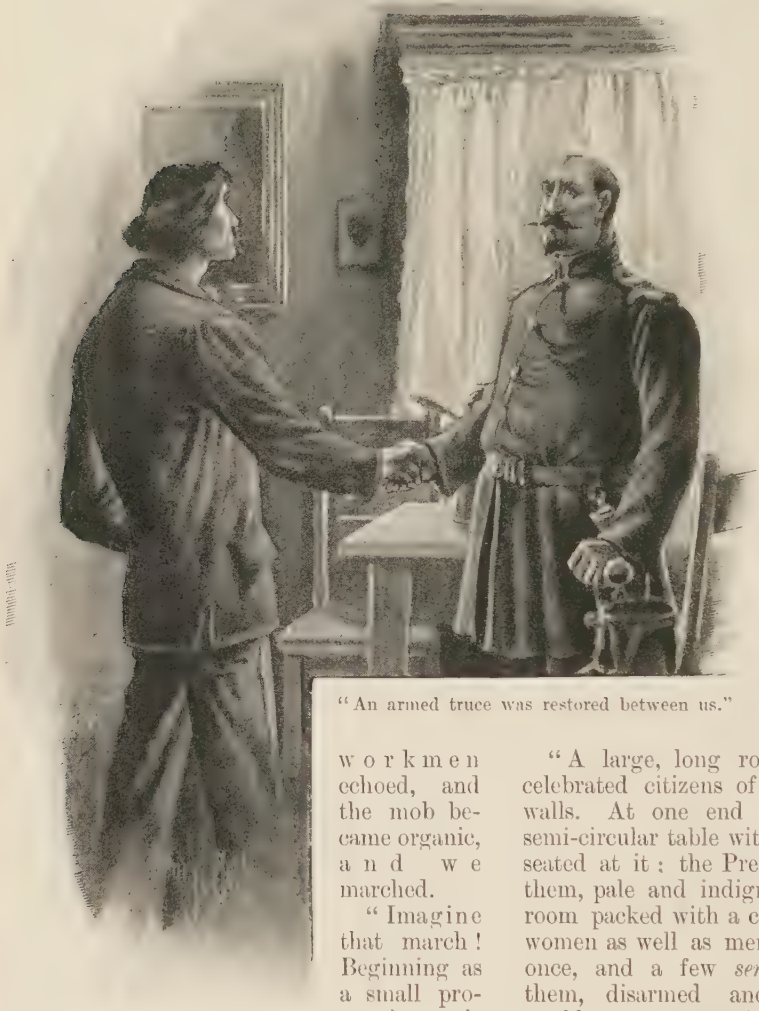
"'Rats! *En voilà un!*' one of my audience shouted, tossing a choice specimen across to me.

"I caught it dexterously and put it in my pocket. Then I went on—

"'You tolerate such a Government! You are willing that it should continue to rule you—to betray you! No, no! A thousand times no. You will sweep it away and govern Paris by yourselves. But there is no time to lose. To the Hôtel de Ville, my comrades! To the Hôtel de Ville!'

"Tame words, you may think, as I recite them to you now, in times of peace; but then they were burning words that caused men's blood to boil.

"'To the Hôtel de Ville!' the Belleville



"An armed truce was restored between us."

workmen echoed, and the mob became organic, and we marched.

"Imagine that march! Beginning as a small procession, it grew into a mighty mob, with red flags flying and a brass band playing; and at the head of it, Fifine and I walked, arm-in-arm. She was afraid, but she was curious; her curiosity was stronger than her fears. Ah, she was a true woman, was Fifine!

"'Oh! it is wonderful,' she kept repeating. 'I suppose it is wrong; but it is wonderful, all the same.'

"And no one laughed to see her. For those were sentimental days, when every revolutionist rejoiced to have a woman associated with him in his enterprise. It was as though some master of the ceremonies had said-

"'Your partners, gentlemen! Take your partners for the Carmagnole.'

"So we swayed on, in ever-swelling numbers, until the Hôtel de Ville was reached. A crowd was already besieging its doors and swarming up its stairs. It seemed, for the moment, as though I—I who had instigated this revolution—should be unable to get access to the building. But I called in a commanding tone—

"'Room there! Room for a lady! Room for Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski!'

"They fell back, as far as it was possible, and cleared a space for me. With Fifine still upon my arm, I jostled my way into the famous Hall of the Mayors. It took time, but at last we got there. Let me try and draw the picture for you.

"A large, long room, with portraits of celebrated citizens of Paris hanging on its walls. At one end of the room a large semi-circular table with the Mayors of Paris seated at it: the President in the midst of them, pale and indignant. The rest of the room packed with a crowd of revolutionists, women as well as men, all talking loudly at once, and a few *sergents de ville* among them, disarmed and overmastered, but unable to escape. And, struggling against the tumult, the rumour gradually spread itself from mouth to mouth—

"'The Breton Mobiles! They are coming to the rescue of the Mayors.' One saw the point of that. At all events, I saw it, even if the others did not. The Breton Mobiles understood no word of French—understood nothing but their own uncouth Celtic tongue. It would be useless to harangue them on the sacred right of insurrection and appeal to them to fraternise with people. They would sweep on, with fixed bayonets, driving the Parisians before them, blind, deaf, implacable as Destiny itself. For once in my life I perceived failure in front of me, and I felt that I owed Fifine an apology.

"'Dear angel,' I said to her, 'this is not

so brilliant a revolution as I could wish, but it shall have its dramatic climax, all the same. Observe!'

"Then I continued to elbow my way to the front, exclaiming—

"'Room there! Room for a lady! Room for Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski!'

"The crowd parted as before, and I found myself close to the table of the Mayors, with the pale face of the President immediately in front of me. I pulled the rat out of my pocket and tossed it to him, saying—

"'Thanks to your incapacity, the people of Paris are eating rats. In the name of the Republic, I call upon you to eat a rat yourself.'

"The people who heard me cheered, but the Mayor of Paris tried to fling the rat back into my face. I caught it in my right hand and tendered it to him again with dignity.

"'Be reasonable,' I said. 'It is a present from Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski. As those English say, you must put the gift-horse in your mouth. In the name of the Republic, I call upon you to eat the rat before us all, and to pretend that you enjoy it.'

"A tremendous cheer broke from the assembled revolutionists. They shook their fists in his face and roared—

"'Let him eat the rat! Let him eat the rat!'

"He ate it, and we cheered him. Perhaps he was hungry and needed it, for, owing to the disturbances, he had been a long time without refreshment; and though, to do him justice, he made little pretence of appetite, one of the women—a good, thrifty soul—could not resist exclaiming—

"'What a waste of a good rat! Why do you throw it away on him, when the people of Paris are hungry?'

"That, however, was a question which, in spite of its importance, I had no time to answer. At last the Mobiles were coming—the Breton Mobiles, with whom it was impossible for the Revolutionists to fraternise, because they did not know their language. There was no purpose to be served by staying any longer, the more especially as I had a lady in my charge.

"'Dear angel,' I whispered to Fifine, "there is no more revolution to be seen to-day. I will make haste and take you home.'

"It was more easily said than done, but I was not a man to be deterred by obstacles. I shouted as before—

"'Room there! Room for a lady! Room for Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski!'

"And room was made. I myself helped to make it, by pushing vigorously with my strong arms. As the Bretons were entering by one door, Fifine and I were issuing by another.

"It was all over—for the time. Many arrests were made; but, in the confusion, Fifine and I escaped arrest, and it was not until the next day that I knew that my behaviour had been remarked by any public functionary. Then, however, I had a passage of arms with the Père Dubois.

"'Rascal!' he said. 'I saw you.'

"'How now? What do you mean, Père Dubois?' I asked.

"I was in the Hôtel de Ville, disarmed and helpless. But I saw you, and now I go to denounce you to the Government.'

"I looked him straight and fearlessly in the eyes.

"'Remember your pact with me, Père Dubois,' I said.

"'My pact?' he repeated.

"'The pact we swore, like the Homeric heroes, that, even in a revolution, we would spare each other. This time, as the revolution has failed, it is I who am the gainer by it. Presently, when the revolution is successful, it will be your turn to profit.'

"His eyes fell before my gaze as he replied—

"'If it were not for Fifine's sake, I would not do it.'

"To which I answered—

"'If it were not for Fifine's sake, I would not ask you.'

"'You think, then,' he continued scornfully, 'that the day will come when it will be in your power to serve me?'

"'I am quite sure of it,' I answered, 'and when it comes, you may rely upon me. Let us shake hands.'

"So we shook hands, and an armed truce was restored between us; and the days rolled by, until the great day came when I was called upon to fulfil my obligations.

"Most of the events of those days belong to history. You know how the Prussians at last starved Paris into surrender. You know how we Communists seized the reins of Government in the month of March. You know how Paris was besieged a second time, and how the barricades sprang up, and how there were bloody battles in the streets. I have nothing new to tell you of these things. I have only to tell you of the

service which I, at the last, rendered to the father of Fifine.

"Fifine herself had been sent to visit friends in the country. Safe-conducts being hard to get, it had been necessary to lower her in a basket over the ramparts after nightfall. I well remember my last talk with her before, with no more luggage than she could carry on her arm, she disappeared into the darkness.

"'Sweetheart,' she said, 'I thought that revolutions were wonderful, but now I only find them terrible.'

"'Sweetheart,' I answered, quoting the proverb, 'how shall we make an omelette without breaking eggs?'

"That was too deep for her. She did not even ask whether the omelette was worth the broken eggs, but came to the point without either metaphor or simile.

"'Dearest,' she pleaded, 'I saw you begin the revolution. Can't you promise, for my sake, that you will stop it?'

"I shook my head sadly. It was hard for me, as you can judge, to confess that she had asked me a thing which it was beyond my power to do for her.

"'Dear angel,' I answered, 'the revolution is irresistible as the rising tide. A man may have the power to start it, but no man has the power to stay it.'

"'But my father!' she pleaded. 'Tell me! The revolutionists have no love for the police?'

"I was obliged to own, however regretfully, that they had not. For what have policemen ever done, that revolutionists should love them?

"'But, dear angel,' I added, 'one may make exceptions, if only for the sake of proving rules. I wield influence, as you have seen, and I will use it. They shall not hurt one hair upon the Père Dubois's head.'

"Then we kissed each other and said good-bye. Fifine disappeared, lowered over the ramparts by a sentinel; and it was only two days afterwards that the Versailles soldiers entered Paris, and the fighting in the streets began. I do not describe it to you. I do not boast. One brave man behind a barricade, I take it, is very like another. The tide of battle rolled us back from street to street. The traitors slunk away and hid themselves. The day came when we were only a handful of men, hemmed in by an army. Driven from my lodging in Montmartre, I found a garret to sleep in in Belleville. I was there, snatching the few hours' rest which I had earned, when a child found me, and thrust a note, hastily scrawled in pencil, into my hand.

"It was from the Père Dubois. How he had found the means of sending it I do not know; but this is what he said—

"'I am a prisoner of the Commune, locked up with forty other *sergents de ville* at La Roquette. Your Communists are murdering their prisoners. For the love of God remember your promise to me before it is too late!'

"My mind was made up instantly. Until then I had supposed that a prison was the safest place in Paris in which a *sergent de ville* could find himself; but since this was not so, I knew how to act.

"Springing from my truckle-bed, upon which I lay only half undressed, I put on my frock-coat and my silk hat, and knotted my red sash round my waist. Then I hurried down seven flights of stairs and almost ran into the arms of our leader, Citizen Ferré.

"'Well, Ferré, how goes it now?' I asked him.

"'Badly,' he answered. 'It is all over with us. The Versaillais press us hard. We have only just time to kill the prisoners.'

"At first I did not take him seriously.

"'Is that the way to raise the tone of revolutions?'

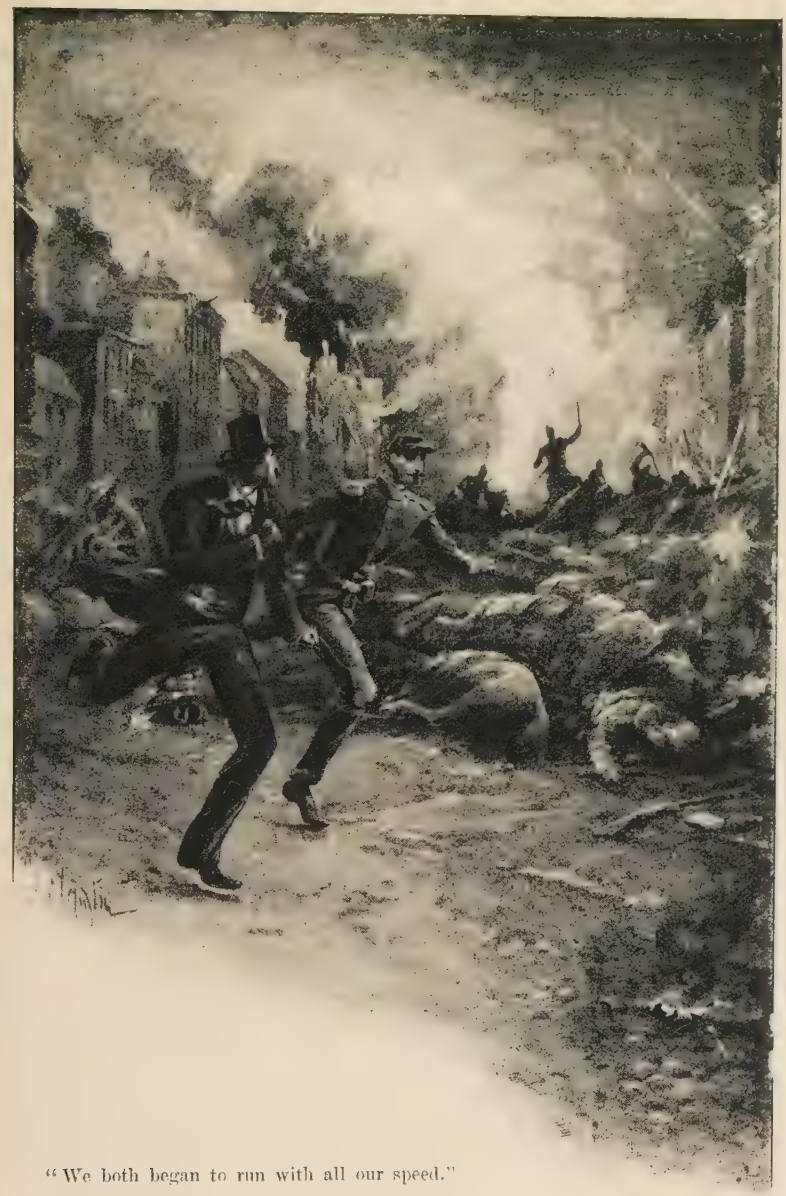
"He answered grimly—

"'Perfectly. We have dealt with the Archbishop; we have dealt with the *gendarmes*. If we make haste, we shall just have time to deal with the *sergents de ville*.'

"His brutal words horrified me, but I temporised. Time was precious, and I would waste none of it in wrangling. If it had only been the life of an ordinary hostage—an archbishop, for example—that was at stake, I do not say; but the life at issue was the life of the father of Fifine. Therefore, as I have said, I temporised.

"'You are right, Citizen Ferré,' I replied. 'We must indeed be quick. Let us see which of us can be the quicker. I will race you to the prison of La Roquette.'

"'Good,' he replied, and we both began to run with all our speed. Picture us; for the picture must indeed have been a strange one. The enemy surrounded us, and the crack of rifles and the screech of *mitrailleuses* sounded from the barricades on every side. The rival batteries on the Buttes Chaumont and the Buttes Montmartre hurled their shells all over Paris. Red flames and black clouds of smoke arose from the Tuileries, from La Villette, from the Hôtel de Ville,



"We both began to run with all our speed."

from blazing buildings in every quarter of the city. Dead bodies of men and horses lay here and there upon the pavements. Mattresses were piled up at the windows to serve as a screen against the bullets. And, in the midst of this, Citizen Ferré and I—he in his soldier's uniform, and I in my frock-coat and silk hat—raced each other to the prison of La Roquette. I was fleet of foot in those days, and I outstripped him. Dashing through the open gate in the prison yard, I called—

"'Where are the prisoners of the Commune? Where are the *sergents de ville?*'

"There was no need to ask the question. I could see the heads of several of them at the windows of the cells. So I continued—

"'I have the order for them to be shot. Let me go up to them and I will tell them to come down.'

"'The words were saluted by a bloodthirsty cheer. It occurred to no one to dispute my authority or ask a question. The key was handed to me and I went up to the second storey and entered the door of the long corridor in which their cells were situated.

"'Gentlemen,' I began. 'I am Jean Antoine——'

"Before I could say more, a dozen strong arms had gripped me and thrown me on the ground, and my wrists were tied fast with a handcuff improvised from a piece of string.

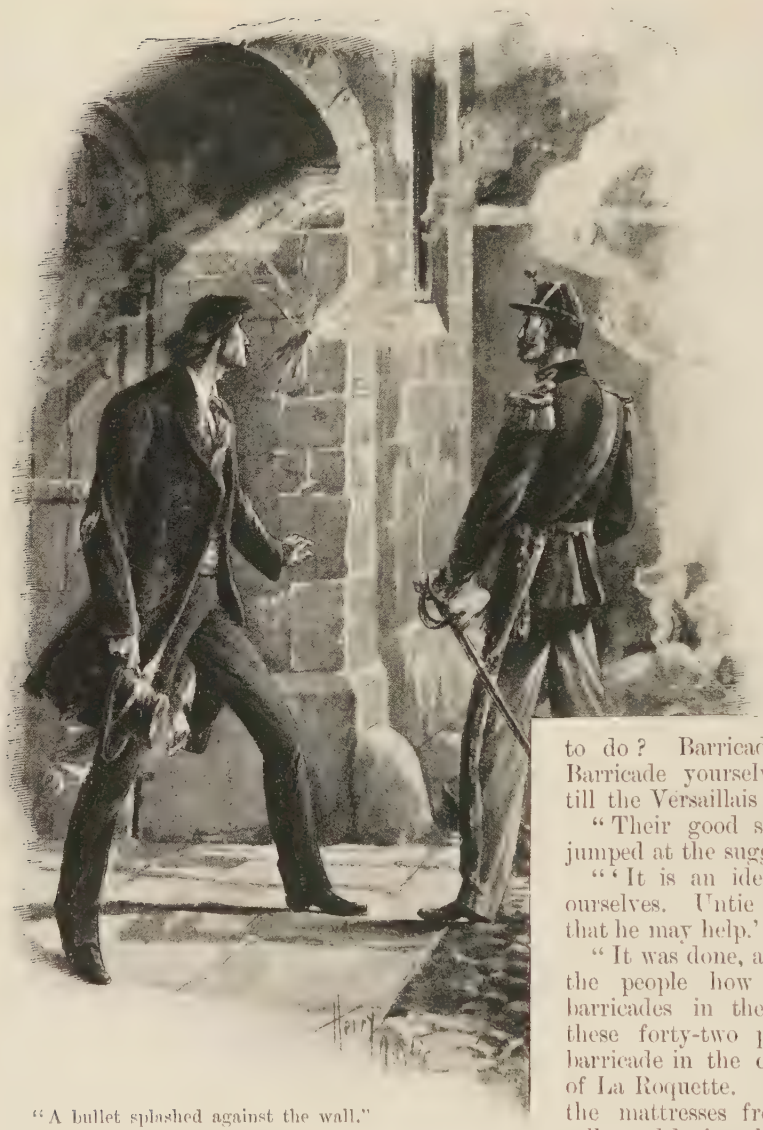
"'A hostage! We also have a hostage,' they cried in an exultant chorus.

"Then, just as I was fearing more rough usage, I heard the voice of Père Dubois.

"'Be gentle with him. He is a friend of mine. Hear what he has to say.'

"So the policeman who was seated on my chest got up again, and I was able to proceed—

"'Gentlemen,' I gasped. 'Citizen Ferré is on his way here to have you shot. I raced him here that I might warn you.



"A bullet splashed against the wall."

I am Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski.'

"They looked inquiringly at me and at each other, and in the meantime there came what looked suspiciously like proof that I was lying. Ferré had, at last, arrived, and a fresh messenger came to the entrance of the corridor; though, with greater caution than I had shown, he only spoke through the keyhole.

"'The order has come that all the prisoners of the Commune are to be released. Descend at once, and you can go free.'

"Some of them flashed a look of triumph on me, seeming to expect that I would blush for shame. But I did not blush. I sprang up and stood with my back to the door, and retorted hotly—

"'Idiots! Are you taken in, then, by a simple trick like that? It is a lie to get you down into the courtyard, and shoot you the more easily.'

"This gave them pause.

"'There's reason in that,' they said. 'No doubt the hostage knows the nature of the Communists. But what to do?'

"I was impatient.

"'What to do?' I shouted. 'Do you want a revolutionist to tell you what to do? Barricade yourselves, idiots. Barricade yourselves, and stand siege till the Versaillais come.'

"Their good sense prevailed; they jumped at the suggestion.

"'It is an idea: let us barricade ourselves. Untie the hostage's hands, that he may help.'

"It was done, and I, who had shown the people how to build so many barricades in the streets, now taught these forty-two policemen to build a barricade in the corridor of the prison of La Roquette. We made it by taking the mattresses from the beds in the cells, and laying them one upon another carefully and symmetrically, as one builds a wall with bricks. The barrier was so high that no one could climb over it: so thick that no bullet could pass through it; so solid that it could only be pulled down, piece by piece, by unmolested labourers; and scarcely had we finished it before we found the need of it. We heard the voice of Citizen Ferré himself, no longer promising safe-conduct or immunity.

"'Since you won't come out of it by yourselves, we'll have to fetch you out. Charge, my lads, charge, and we'll treat them as we did the *gendarmes* in the Rue Haxo.'

"Hurling themselves against our woollen

wall, they tried to push it before them by sheer weight. It did not yield an inch. Was it not built by a revolutionary leader? And were there not forty-two *sergents de ville* supporting it with their weight upon the other side?

"'Pull it down, bit by bit, from the top, then,' Ferré shouted; and we heard a noise as of a man being hoisted on to another's shoulders, and, for an instant, had a glimpse of a villainously ugly face between the barrier and the ceiling.

"But only for an instant. Père Dubois—he also hoisted on to a neighbour's shoulders—hurled at the man a piece of crockery intended for a very different purpose. It smote him full upon the jaw, knocking teeth down his throat. Swearing a terrible oath, he disappeared, and no one took his place. Carried away by the joy of battle, I shouted to the Communist, who had so lately been my friend and ally—

"'Citizen Ferré! Is this the way you raise the tone of revolutions?'

"'Pig! We are not beaten yet,' my old friend answered; and, as we heard him retreating down the staircase, we wondered what fresh devilry he had in his mind.

"Presently we heard a fresh noise above our heads. Somebody was breaking through the ceiling. Armed though we were, after a fashion, with cudgels and lances, which we had made by breaking up the woodwork of the beds, we knew that we could not hold out long against an assault from that place of vantage. There seemed nothing to be done save to sell our lives as dearly as we could. But, just as we had made up our minds to this, we heard a voice that reassured us.

"'Hush! Do not be afraid! We are your fellow-prisoners.' And the head which revealed itself through the broken planks—the head at which Père Dubois was preparing to hurl a fresh piece of crockery—proved to be the head of one of the parish priests of Belleville, whom the Communists had locked up as their hostages. The *sergents de ville* greeted him with shouts of welcome.

"'Listen!' said the good old man. 'We have barricaded ourselves, and shall fight for our lives if need be. But, in the meantime, as your lives also are in danger, we would strengthen you with our prayers and with our blessing. Kneel, my brothers, kneel.'

"We knelt. It was a strange ceremony—such a ceremony as has never been, perhaps, in the world, before or since. There was no confession. The time was precious and too short for that. But, as we fell upon our knees and bowed our heads, the holy man solemnly pronounced absolution and chanted benediction. Even I—Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski, of whom priests in a general way do not approve—took absolution and benediction with the rest. Then the cry was raised—

"'Look out! They are returning!'

"We went to our post again, wondering what fresh device our enemies had hit upon. It was not long before we knew. They had released the convicts—the thieves and murderers who had been in prison long before the Commune made special prisoners of its own—and had enlisted them as willing allies against their natural enemies, the *sergents de ville*. We heard them fraternising in the yard.

"'Long live the Communists!' cried the one.

"'Long live the convicts!' replied the others.

"And then, once more, we heard the brutal voice of Citizen Ferré—

"'Now, pigs! Your hour is come. Since you won't come out any other way, we're going to burn you out.'

"In another instant they had poured petroleum over our mattress barricade and set light to it. It burnt slowly, for wool, packed close, is but a poor combustible, and there was no draught to coax the flames. The whole corridor, however, was filled with a suffocating stench. We coughed and choked, though we had burst every window open. It was only a question of time. Our barricade must ultimately yield to this attack.

"'Water! Oh, for water!' was the cry that went up on every hand. We had no water save the filthy stuff in which the prisoners had washed, over and over again, since their cells had last been cleaned. So far as we could, we soaked the mattresses with these slops. They added to the stench, but hardly helped to quench the fire. With luck we might hold out for half an hour. Longer we could not hope to hold.

"The *sergents de ville* were losing heart and energy. They had thrown themselves on the floor, because the smoke was less there, and lay about the passage like so many dying men. And Père Dubois whispered to me—

"'Oh, think of something! For Fifine's sake, think of something!'

"An inspiration came to me. I ran to the window, braving the risk of rifle-bullets, and

put my head out of it, and shouted with all my might—

"'The Versaillais! The Versaillais! Hold out! Hold out! I see the Versaillais coming!'

"The effect was marvellous. The *sergents de ville* leapt to their feet again. The convicts scurried down the staircase, tumbling over each other in their haste. They streamed out into the courtyard and became a frightened mob. Their terror was contagious, and every man sought to save his skin. They peeped cautiously through every open door, and when they saw the coast clear made a run for it. They fetched ladders out of unexpected places and scaled the prison walls with them. Citizen Ferré himself attempted to swarm up a water-pipe.

"And there were no Versaillais coming. I had invented them because I saw that they were necessary to save the situation. They did not actually come until more than two hours afterwards; though, in the meantime, we saw nothing of my old friends, Citizen Ferré and his companions.

"At last, however, the little men with the red trousers came marching into the courtyard, and I said—

"'Let me go down and explain. The Colonel will be surprised to see me.'

"Well might he be surprised, even though he failed to recognise me. My frock-coat was singed and torn; my silk hat was battered, and the nap on it was ruffled; my face was as black as a negro's from the smoke. I must, indeed, have looked a pitiable object as I issued from the door, exclaiming—

"'Welcome, M. le Colonel. I am Jean Antoine——'

"A bullet splashed against the wall beside me, and I withdrew. Tearing off my red sash, and borrowing a helmet and a tunic from one of the *sergents de ville*, I reappeared and resumed my friendly greeting.

"'Welcome, M. le Colonel. Herewith I restore to you forty-two policemen whom my old friend Ferré would have shot. I have raised the tone of revolution. I am Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski.'

"I bowed profoundly, and this time no rifle-bullets interrupted my discourse.

"The Colonel merely said—

"'Whoever you are, you'll remain under arrest while the truth of your story is inquired into.'

"'That, M. le Colonel,' I said, 'is only reasonable. I am sorry that I have no sword to surrender to you. My only weapon has been a piece of crockery. If you wish that it should be formally handed to you, I will go and fetch it.'

"He did not wish it, but proceeded to try me by drum-head court-martial on the spot. With what result you can conjecture. A prisoner who has forty-two policemen vying with each other to give evidence in his favour has little to fear even from an improvised military tribunal.

"In consideration of my services to the police I was dismissed, within two minutes, without a stain upon my character, and even thanked for what I had done to raise the tone of revolution.

"To think that, after that, I should have lived to be chased by policemen, as I was yesterday, through the kitchen and offices, out of the back door! Fifine, my angel Fifine! what would you have said if you had lived to hear of it?"



MARRIED *v.* SINGLE.

By HORACE BLEACKLEY.



huge yellow omnibus, drawn by three horses abreast, was standing in front of the warehouse-door, for the employees of Messrs. Boffin, Spogg and Company were taking their annual picnic, and they liked to do the thing in style. As usual, Mr. Joe Wiggins, salesman of the "Whites," occupied the box-seat, and the buyers of "Dyes," "Prints," "Greys," "Fancies," etc., had arranged themselves in order of seniority. The ladies of the party were for the most part safely stowed away inside, save one or two fortunate ones, who through the influence of the committee had secured places on the top.

"Hark-away, Jehu!" cried Joe Wiggins, nudging the fawn-coated coachman in the ribs; "let's see yer tool 'em."

"Please let my breakfast a-be, Mr. Wiggins," returned the driver severely.

"Hi! Joe, steady on a bit," shouted the Greyman, "that young Paul's not aboard."

A thin, pasty-faced youth at this moment appeared from a neighbouring cook-shop, holding a pork-pie in one hand, and a substantial cigar in the other, and swung himself up into the iron staircase as the 'bus was starting.

"Waken up, Paul; we're not going a-burying," observed the dispenser of the Prints sarcastically.

"Sorry I kept you," answered the latecomer humbly, absorbing half his pie in a huge nervous bite, and promptly corking his lips with the cigar. He was a new hand, and being a shy man was not yet at ease with his associates.

"Nice set o' cobs, them, Jim," Joe Wiggins remarked in easy sporting manner to the driver. "Brace and a half, eh?"

"Sixteen-one, sir, the little 'un on the near side!" replied the coachman, with a disdainful flick of the whip. "An' we generally reckons three on 'em a brace in our stables."

"Have a weed, Jim?" replied Wiggins hastily, producing his cigar-case.

"Hello, Joe!" cried the ledger-clerk from the back of the 'bus, "how many men have you got on your side for the cricket match?"

"Eleven, Mr. Williams," answered Wiggins, with dignity, annoyed at the familiarity.

"We've only nine; you'll have to give us a man."

"All right, Mr. Williams, you shall have one when the proper time comes."

"Joe Wiggins olez takes care he's a full team," whispered the Greyman to the ruler of the Prints.

The omnibus rumbled swiftly through the busy streets in the direction of the suburbs.

"'E, I do think Married against Single a rare nice sort o' cricket match," remarked portly Mrs. Wiggins, who sat just behind the driver, turning to her niece. "Don't you, Jelly, dear?"

"'E, yes, Antie Joe, it is jolly," simpered Miss Angelica Wiggins, a buxom maiden of thirty.

"Who's the pale young gentleman next but three to Jelly down the 'bus, Joe?" whispered Mrs. Wiggins in her husband's ear.

"My new under-man. They call 'im Paul," replied Wiggins.

"Married or single, dear?"

"There you go, Martha. D'ye think I'd choose a married under-salesman? If you want to get 'em smart, pick 'em before the women have worritted 'em, Jim," he added, turning to the driver.

"When was you picked? when you was a lad?" inquired Jim bluntly.

"That's right, coachman, give it to 'im," cried Mrs. Wiggins amiably.

"Some men is born so, missus," replied Jim, looking down at Wiggins. "But supposin' they are not fools at t'start, women are t'most likely folk for the job."

"And whose side are you backing, Miss Wiggins?" demanded the man of Prints, who was a bachelor of some eminence, beaming placidly upon Angelica, who was sitting next to him.

"Oh, me Uncle Joe's, of course — the married gentlemen," she replied, with a little giggle.

"'E, but that's wrong," he answered, with a patronising smile. "You're a single lady, so that's not your side."

"Well, it's the side I like best, anyhow," she returned, with a toss, and more than a suspicion of subtle suggestiveness.

The programme of the Boffin-Spogg annual picnic never varied. It consisted of a fifteen-mile drive, and a lunch at a country inn, a cricket match—the firm offering five pounds to the winning side, a "high" tea, and the drive home in the cool of the evening. Though its design would in one respect have delighted the Medes and Persians, it was a free-and-easy affair, without an atom of formality. Even the cricket match was conducted on the go-as-you-please lines.

"Well, Joseph, and which man'll you give us?" demanded the ledger-clerk, when, after a most successful feast at the "Bleating Calf," the players had all assembled in the field at the back of the stable-yard.

"Show a little respect to yer elders and wisers," returned Wiggins, who was captain of the Married men, speaking slowly and with dignity, for he had been doing himself well at lunch.

"Yer can have Paul—if yer're perlite."

"Well, I'm flustered!" retorted the keeper of the ledger. "You've no right to him. He's one of us. Paul's not married."

"Who said he was, you blooming recording angel?" said Wiggins loftily. "But I give 'im to you. Take 'im and be 'appy."

"Come, that's business. Then we're ten a side," replied the other.

Wiggins lost the toss, and the clerk said he'd take first knock. The Greyman—who, being a widower, was regarded as single—and the man of Prints were the first two batsmen, and each made a "duck." Then the clerk and Paul, who, it had been whispered, was a good cricketer, came together, and a stand was made. There was no doubt that Paul was a very fair batsman of the uncultivated rough wicket type. He had plenty of strokes, and he made good use of them. While his companion played the defensive game he hit the bowling to all parts of the field, and soon reached his fifty.

"You're a pretty sort o' skipper, Joe," cried the salesman of the Dyed Department, who was fielding at long leg on both sides; "giving away your best man!"

"'Ow could I know he could bat?" growled Wiggins, who, like many clever captains, always stood at point. "I thought he were a duffer!"

"Next time you look for a duffer, think on you spot t'right chap!" replied Dyes, irritable through over-exertion.

"Oh, how elegantly that Mr. Paul bats!" cried Miss Wiggins, from her position at the base of the haystack, where most of the ladies were sitting. "You must introduce me, Mr. Parcel."

"Charmed, my dear, of course," replied Prints, smiling, though, of course, not a bit jealous.

Miss Wiggins had long been on terms of intimacy with the man of Prints, and it was by no means her fault that their relationship was no closer. His demeanour towards her, though perfectly cordial, was, in the language of Angelica's friends, summed up as "aggravating." She was determined to put an end to this period of uncertainty, and to this intent she knew that she could rely upon the active collaboration of her aunt. Presently batsman Paul cut a ball hard into Mr. Joe Wiggins's waistband, where it remained, for the fielder doubled up as he tumbled backwards, and effected a most brilliant, though painful catch, without even using his hands. The youthful Paul had scored sixty-three runs, and was much congratulated by the ladies when he reached the haystack.

"Jelly, dear, you've had no exercise," remarked Mrs. Wiggins to her niece significantly; "I'm sure Mr. Paul would like a stroll. Mr. Parcel, I want your help in laying out the tea. We're going to have it out o' doors."

Paul, being by no means lacking in tact, was not loath to ingratiate himself with the niece of his superior officer. Moreover, he was a susceptible youth, and Miss Wiggins was rosy and plump. So they strolled round the field together, and Paul explained to her the subtleties of the game. Thanks to the thorough manner in which he had broken the bowling, the batting side now had matters all their own way, and runs came apace.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Wiggins and the head of the Prints superintended the preparation of the tea-table, which was spread beneath the trees close to the haystack. The work did not take long, and when it was over, Prints, who was an inquisitive fellow, went in search of Miss Wiggins and her esquire, whom he had seen a few moments before climb the stile and enter the wood. Mrs. Wiggins, having finished her labours for the present, departed into the house to have a chat, so she said, with her old friend the landlady. She was soon settled in a comfortable chair in the "snug," with a glass at her elbow, which looked like water, but wasn't. Suddenly her privacy was disturbed. A young and well-developed matron was

standing in the doorway, with a baby in each arm.

"Oh," said Mrs. Wiggins, looking up, a little startled, "this room's private."

"Is it?" remarked the new-comer coolly. "Then it'll just suit me"—and closing the door she took a seat and proceeded to make herself at home.

"Poor little things!" remarked Mrs. Wiggins, looking at the babies.

"Poor little things, indeed!" answered the mother. "Would you believe it, their cruel father's turned agin them?"

"Monster!" said Mrs. Wiggins indignantly.

"That's too polite for such as him," replied the other. "I kep' our wedding secret 'cos he reckoned it might rile his uncle, from what he's got expectations. Then when he heard it was twins he walked out of the house in a rage, and he's ne'er been near me since."

"I'd have him in the police-court," suggested Mrs. Wiggins viciously.

"No, but I'll expose him," replied the mother. "Is this the Boffin-Spogg picnic what's here?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wiggins breathlessly, her well-trained nose scenting scandal at once.

"Then he's among 'em!" returned the other, with grim satisfaction.

"What's his name?"

"That'll keep for the present, mum."

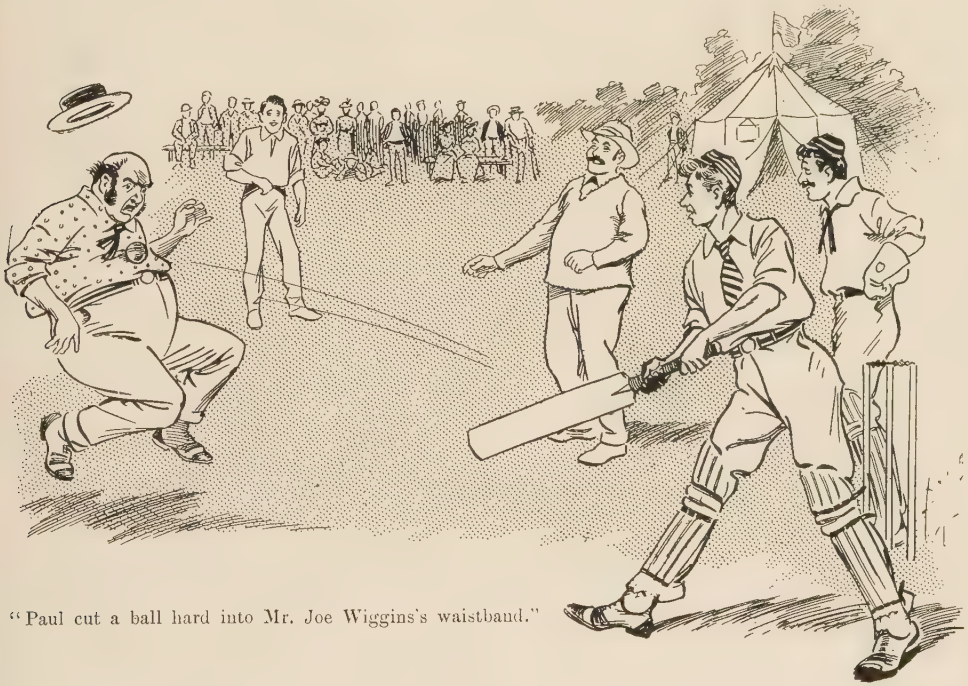
"Is he young?"

"He is, and you all think he's a single man!"

"It's that Paul!" thought Mrs. Wiggins. "And only fancy him playing against the wrong side! Joe will be mad!" Then she observed aloud, "Well, my dear, I'm right sorry for you, and if you like I'll help you. My husband's one of Boffin-Spogg's head men. I fancy I can just guess who it is you're after."

"I'll not be hard on him," said the mother of twins, in a softened tone, "but I'll have me rights. It's that uncle of his who's most to blame."

"You stay here, my dear, till I send for you," suggested Mrs. Wiggins, delighted at the chance of having a finger in someone else's pie. "Joe—that's my husband—and me'll have a talk with your man. We'll bring him round, you'll see. Let me order you a glass of gin."



"Paul cut a ball hard into Mr. Joe Wiggins's waistband."

Meanwhile, Miss Wiggins had found more pleasure in the society of her new acquaintance than she had anticipated. Paul, although shy and modest in general company, could be pleasantly talkative and amiable when alone with a pretty girl. Not that he ever overstepped the bounds of decorum—far from it! But when they had entered the shady wood they both became more confidential.

"These sort of cricket matches has their advantages," began Miss Wiggins.

"Yes, it's better fun when you're out nor when your batting," replied Paul significantly.

"Oh, get along," said she archly. "I meant it were so easy to tell if a gentleman were married or single."

"What would you take me for if you didn't know?"

"A flirt," she answered, with a giggle.

This was encouragement, and Paul proceeded to follow up his advantage in great style.

Having cleverly prepared her strategy, Miss Wiggins had anticipated the probable movement of the enemy, so she had not been in the least surprised when she caught sight of her friend Prints in leisurely pursuit as she was climbing the stile. So she kept playing with her luckless escort as they strolled through the wood, until a rustling behind taught her that the critical moment had arrived. Then a piercing shriek arose through the trees, and she flung herself hysterically into the arms of the astonished Paul. She had a robust but shapely waist, and his hands closed around it instinctively.

"Hi! Miss Wiggins, miss, what's up?" cried the bewildered Paul, clasping her firmly.

"Oh, it's a sarpint!" cried Miss Wiggins faintly.

"Where? I don't see none," said Paul, looking around.

"There, there! I thought I saw it wriggle in the grass," she answered, still in a state of collapse.

Then Prints, who, as she was well aware, was close at hand, stepped forward, just as she had hoped and expected.

"Oh, la!" said she, struggling from Paul's embrace and assuming an air of virtuous embarrassment. "Here's Mr. Parcel."

"Yes, Miss Jelly, it's me," cried Prints, with a knowing wink and a hearty laugh, for he was a facetious dog; "but I won't split! Mum's the word."

"Oh, Mr. Parcel, I've been that frightened," continued Miss Wiggins hastily, lest there should be any misapprehension, "I all but fainted."

"She reckons she saw a snake," explained Paul, very red and confused.

Prints gave another wink, followed by a long, low, aggravating whistle.

"I know that snake," he observed; "it comes from——"

"Go along, do," the girl interrupted peevishly, "you're a tease. If you'd come a minute sooner I mightn't have been frightened."

"I won't let on," replied the intruder good-humouredly. "Don't mind me, Miss Jelly; I'm only too happy to congratulate you. I won't interrupt any more. Ta ta!"

And lighting a cheroot he strolled away, whistling the air of an amorous song.

Miss Wiggins was in sad dismay. Her well-conceived plot to make the backward swain jealous and bring him up to the scratch had failed utterly. She was almost prepared to faint in reality.

"I say——" began Paul, after an embarrassing pause, and her self-possession returned at the sound of his voice. "That was a bit awkward, weren't it?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she retorted ungratefully, with difficulty restraining tears of mortification.

But as they strolled on through the wood Paul played the part of consoler with much tact, and by degrees she began to forget her little disappointment. For the adage, which compares the bird in the hand with his relatives in the bush, was fully appreciated by this eligible young woman. In the end she commenced to return his facetious sallies, and when they reached the skirts of the cricket-ground she had once more become most sprightly. The innings of the "Single" had just come to an end, and when he had safely delivered her into the hands of her chaperon, Paul hurried away to inspect the scoring-book.

Miss Wiggins was surprised to find her aunt in a most mysterious mood.

"You've been away a good time, Jelly, love," she began. "I do hope that young man Paul has been behaving himself."

"Gracious! antie, why shouldn't he?" replied Angelica, wondering what was in the wind now.

"Well, I've me doubts about him, Jelly, love."

"Go along, you're that suspicious."

"No, I'm not, Jelly. But I know what's proper and what aren't."

"He's a very nice young gentleman."

"Oh, Jelly, love, I hope he's not been filling your head with any nonsensical rubbish."

Miss Wiggins flushed crimson. Mr. Paul had certainly made many remarks to her which her aunt might have included under that heading.

"What sort of things should he say?" she began.

"Jelly, dear, I'm glad I'm able to warn you in time. It's disgusting men should be allowed to go about like that—but, but—he's married."

"Married!" cried Miss Wiggins hysterically. "But he's been playing on the side of the Single."

"Yes, love, and made all them runs. Joe will be mad."

"I'll not believe it," cried Miss Wiggins defiantly.

"Come and see, dear," replied Mrs. Wiggins in a stage whisper, grasping her wrist and leading her round to the back of the haystack.

There, enthroned in comfort and patiently working her way through a huge penny bun, sat the aggrieved lady, with her family around her.

"Look at 'em," said Mrs. Wiggins in an awful whisper. "They're his—all his."

"Might I trouble you for another cup o' tea?" inquired the matron, holding out an earthenware pint.

Miss Wiggins turned faint. This sudden blow, coming after her recent disappointment with her friend Prints, was sufficient to damp the spirits of the most ardent damsel. She turned her back upon the interesting family group and stalked away. Her aunt followed, interested and anxious, and just at this moment Mr. Wiggins hurried up.

"Oh, Joe," cried his wife, coming forward, "I've had such a turn. That new man of yours, that young Paul——"

"He aren't worth mentioning—the deceitful wretch," exclaimed the niece contemptuously, but almost in tears.

"Why? how? what?" said Mr. Wiggins, wiping his heated brow; "what's he been doing?"

"He's married," whispered his wife, with a sympathetic glance at Angelica.

"Rats! He made sixty-three runs for the Single chaps."

"Yes, an' he ought to have made 'em all for your side."

While Joe Wiggins stared aghast with open mouth the subject of their discussion came along.

"Look here, sir," he remarked shyly, anxious to gain favour with his superior officer, "young Entry, our captain, wants me to take the first over. I bowl 'em slow with a leg break. I thought as how you'd like to know."

"Oh, fie, Mr. Paul! I didn't think you was one of that sort, or I'd never introduced you to this young lady," burst forth Mrs. Wiggins abruptly, unable to restrain herself. Miss Wiggins gave a toss and looked right over Paul's shoulder with a brave attempt to appear indifferent. The young man was considerably startled. He was conscious that he had been making the pace during his recent *tête-à-tête* with Miss Wiggins, and it now seemed that he had been premature.

"Young fellow," remarked Joe, in his most melodramatic manner, "when I engaged you, I asked you, which is my general rule, some particular questions regarding your matrimonial intentions."

Paul turned green. He felt that Miss Wiggins had taken his innocent blandishments very seriously. He gave a slight glance in her direction and saw that she was disconcerted.

"A chap gets led away by his feelings," he stammered, trying to face the situation.

"What about all these runs you've been making?" roared the angry Joe.

"Well, I was like to play my best," replied the unfortunate youth.

"Yes, for the proper side," exclaimed Joe in a passion. "Those runs'll all have to be scratched off!"

"It's not right," snapped Mrs. Wiggins. "And before ladies, too."

Paul looked round in helpless wonder, and his eyes happened to fall upon the man of Prints, who, standing a few yards off, was observing the little group with considerable amusement. He was drawing his own conclusions.

"Hi, Mr. Parcel!" cried Paul, in desperation, and Prints at once stepped forward with a smile. "*You* know! I've done nothing wrong, have I?"

"No, my lad, certainly not," said Prints, with a patronising laugh. "I reckon I should have done just the same in your place."

"Beast!" murmured Miss Wiggins, under her breath.

"Done nothing wrong!" shrieked Mrs. Wiggins wrathfully. "What about your poor wife and children?"

"Wife and children?" gasped Paul. "I've got none!"

With a withering glance Mrs. Wiggins rushed round to the back of the haystack, and returned an instant later with the lady of the twins.

"I'll write to the M.C.C. about this," snarled Joe. "It's simple cheating! And I've had to field all afternoon."

"Now, Mr. Paul, I hope you're ashamed

of yourself," cried Mrs. Wiggins triumphantly. "There, mum, just look at him."

"I ne'er set eyes on the man before," replied the woman, following the direction of Mrs. Wiggins's index finger.

"Nor me on her," exclaimed the perplexed Paul.

"Well, I'm blessed!" observed Mrs. Wiggins.

"Then our side'll lose that five pounds, after all," growled Joe. "What have you been playing at, Martha?"

At this moment the lady of the twins seemed to be suddenly seized with hysteria.

"Peter, Peter!" she screamed, "I couldn't keep away no longer."

And rushing upon the pale and trembling Prints, she deposited the infants in his arms and sobbed upon his shoulder.

"We've no occasion to mind your uncle," she went on, "now—now he's bankrupt."

"What!" shouted Prints. "He's nothing of the sort."

"But it's in all the papers, Peter," she whimpered.

"Hello! what's all this?" demanded Joe.

"My husband," explained the matron, nestling close to her lord and master.

"Yes, Joe. D'ye see, it's a sort of a lark I've been having," stammered Prints, with a deplorable effort to retain his self-control. "I've been gammoning you chaps for the last twelve months. I got married on the Q. T."

"Dashed rum joke!" retorted Joe. "But you'll have to pay your footing, all the same."

Paul looked at Miss Wiggins, and she stole a glance at Paul. Mrs. Wiggins hastily departed to attend to the preparations for tea.

"Come on, Paul," shouted the ledger-clerk, who was leading his team into the field, "you've got to begin at the top end."

"I must be getting on my pads," muttered Joe Wiggins, pulling himself together.

Paul proved to be as good a bowler as he was a batsman, and the side of the Single easily won the Boffin-Spogg five pound prize.

Next year, however, as he had to play for the Married men, the result was reversed, and Mrs. Paul enjoyed this picnic more than the previous one.



SKI-RUNNING IN NORWAY.

By A. Edmund Spender.



HUSSEBY-BAKKEN, NANSEN'S FIRST FIELD OF VICTORY.

OVER the hill of Holmenkollen will for ever roam the shadow of Dr. Nansen, for, had it not been for the early vigour and enthusiasm of the Polar explorer, the idea of a winter Derby on skis would never have been created. It was an inspiration in the boy Nansen, which led to the promotion of friendly rivalry on skis, which has, in its turn, become an annual winter event outside Christiania, national in the interest shown, and national in respect of the *status* and residence of the competitors. The great winter jump is an extraordinary and a grand spectacle, and we intend to tell its history in a few short sentences.

Going back some twenty-three years, there lived a boy a good mile outside the boundary of Christiania, for the city was then only a small capital, greater in its pretensions than its size. The home of this lad still stands, a comfortable two-storeyed house of wood, with stables adjoining it at right angles, and so forming a courtyard. Close at hand, in a depression of the ground at the back of the house, lies a small pond, frozen over in the winter-time and a good spot for sawing up ice for export to England and other countries. During the summer the boy loved to fish there, and not without some success. But the woods and the hills were his favourite spots, where he would roam with bow and arrow, an unrivalled huntsman amongst his schoolmates, and self-trained for the day when at the age of eighteen he embarked on his first expedition to Greenland. In winter he made himself fit in other ways. Leaving school at the earliest opportunity on his half holidays, he started for the tracks of snow in the forest. Wherever he could, he slid, raced, or jumped over the most difficult places on his wooden skis. Once he returned home suddenly from one of these afternoon strolls, and rushing into the house exclaimed, "I have seen something quite splendid — come along and see." His brother fitted on his skates, and followed until they came to an open slope down which two lads were racing with splendid agility.



NANSEN'S BIRTHPLACE.

They were merely two Telemarken peasants who had travelled to Christiania for the usual annual fair, and had come out to enjoy themselves for an hour or two before the night set in. But that afternoon was to see a change of the old order; the brothers watched and saw the advantage of new tactics in skiing which these Telemarken boys were practising. They watched the fellows quietly,



"GET READY—GO!"

they learnt, and they meant to outstrip at no distant time those who could then teach them a lesson. The first of the brothers bent on this plan grew up to be Dr. Nansen, the explorer, the second an eminent barrister in the capital and one of the best ski-lobner.

The secret that they were learning was an entirely new style which these Telemarkens were unwarily practising on skis. Instead of using a long, unwieldy pole, on which the runner leant his whole strength when glissading down the hill, they kept their balance as they shot down, and simply held a small staff in their hand to guide them when they wished to change their direction. The difference was everything; their style meant death to the heavy pole which always proved such an encumbrance when the tramp was toiling uphill, and which spoilt the express pace down the hill, and so lost half the exhilaration now to be obtained from the sport. The skiing of these peasants was the topic of conversation in the home of the Nansens and among their friends, until, at last, their parents behaved like trumps and promised to subscribe a sufficient sum to make it worth the while of the peasants to remain in Christiania to teach the young blood properly the "gentle art."

This was the first of great beginnings. In the following year, 1878, a club was founded under the auspices of a few enthusiasts, who claimed a name, now one of distinction, and called themselves the Christiania Ski Club, which, even at this day, retains upon its active list the names of most of the original founders. Every year, with one or two exceptions, they have held a meeting; once or twice only has the weather been their enemy, although I have no right to comment on the climate, for when it was my good fortune to be a spectator of the Winter Derby, the cold temperature and the dry atmosphere were absolute perfection. I could have chosen no better day to see the jumping contest at its best. But in 1899 the meteorological arbiter had a chronic crankiness, persisting in spoiling the crispness of the snow, and causing the umpires to postpone the contest for three weeks, owing to the repeated thaw. Therefore, let me say a word, before going further, to those who intend to see the sports next year. In the first place, be sure to inquire before starting, as to whether the chances are likely to be favourable, so that there may be no loophole for disappointment. Had we not experienced last year, in England, the bite of snow in February, we might have supposed that it was rather late in the winter for the Norwegians to rely with any confidence for a good "fohre," or layer of snow. But this month is the most favourable; the falls have ceased, and the cold winds have spent themselves at this season. But there was another reason for choosing this date. In the early contests so few competitors came from the town that they had to rely upon the Telemarken peasants to make the contest an interesting one to watch. As I have said before, these rustics travelled during the first week of every February to join in the annual market; during the second they had enough leisure to wait until the jumping competitions were over. For a long time they had it entirely their own way, they were the only prize-winners. Then came one person out of Christiania, who stemmed and turned the southern tide of victory. The Telemarken boys were beaten by a Christiania competitor. The enthusiasm of the neighbours knew no bounds: from that hour the fellow was a hero, and I believe that I am correct in saying that the first victor out of the Telemarken district was none other than Dr. Nansen himself. However that may be, he was certainly one of the first of prize-winners that did not hail from the Telemarken district, and he gained his laurels down the slope of Husseby-bakken (trans-

lated, the farm of Husseby). From that day the glory of the Telemarken boys waned, and their enthusiasm diminished when they found that they had been outmastered in their own style. In the first contests seventy out of a hundred came from their district; now, though the number of competitors has doubled, those that come from Telemarken hardly reach two dozen. But what is a loss to them has been a gain to the kingdom. Through this sport the towns and the country have been knit more closely together. From Throndhjem—one might say the furthest north of the kingdom—come many zealous competitors to vie with the Southrons on their own ground, and it was a native of this quarter th t made the record jump of 130 feet. At the same time, it is only fair to cite a pretty incident in which King Oscar himself was concerned. There were many rivals in the jump for his Majesty's prize; amongst them was a



MR. V. HEIBERG, THE CHAMPION SKI-RUNNER.



CAPTAIN JOHANSEN.

Telemarken lad—he was no more—making his first essay with those of older standing and riper experience than himself in the great jump. But, fearless, he shot down the hill on his skis, paused half a second as he gathered himself up from his crouching position the moment he reached the snow bank, leaped up into the air, and, turning to the stage where stood the royal family watching everything with keen interest, took off his hat and waved it in respect to the king, as he was dropping from space once again to the slope. The rough, untrained peasant thus taught a lesson to many a better educated subject. Loyalty won the day, and none hesitated in naming the winner of the king's prize on that occasion. The king was much amused at the boy making use of the word "Du" when thanking him, as the second person singular is only mentioned in terms of familiarity.

One word more, and then we will picture the competition as it is to be seen to-day. It is evident that the competition has given rise to a particular form of ski, just as there are special forms of golf clubs. The first shapes were to be found in Siberia, where, a thousand years ago, people walked on round sandals, spiked at the bottom, like the nails of a

horse when roughed. Then they were lengthened and covered with reindeer skin, in order to make it easier to climb uphill; in fact, the shape of skis depended much upon the kind of country over which the natives had to wander. In some instances the left ski would be only about half the length of the right—that is to say, about three and a half feet. The short skate was called *andor*, but it could never be used in the competition, because, although it would help to turn more quickly along the flat, it was of no use for jumping into the air. The more popular forms of skis are about eight feet in length, generally of plain and unvarnished ash, and sometimes grooved underneath, in the centre, so as to secure a firmer grip when standing still. So it comes about that the pattern of skis at Holmenkollen varies very little. The race depends not upon the tools, but upon the skill of the masters.

There is an equal chance for all, so all the Norwegian world turns out to see the winner. There is not the same nervous excitement that exists on an English racecourse, for there is no favourite, because there is no betting. Rather it may be called a family picnic, in which all come out to enjoy sport



THE END OF "THE START."



A FAIR CORNER.

in the truest fashion—a sport in which the peasant and the barrister will vie with each other, quite irrespective of their *status* or profession. There is nothing but harmony, and there are no cadgers. Holmenkollen may be called at this time of the year the Mecca of the Norwegians; all are pilgrims moving on the Sunday morning in one long procession up the same hill and towards the same goal. Some ascend by means of the electric cable tramway, for Christiania is well up-to-date in machinery; others drive up in sledges, from the smart landau to the primitive timber-cart: the remainder travel up on foot on skis, ladies as well as men.

The ski-lobning competition continues for three days, of which the second is by far the most popular; the first and the last are nominally steeplechases, varying from two to four Norwegian miles, which represent from fourteen to thirty of our English miles. A course has been chosen beforehand and marked out by red ribbon hanging from the larches that line the route. The racers set off on a kind of paper-chase, being guided here and there by stewards

who stand along the route. All travel on the same line, so that all have to start at different times from a point that will also be the finish. To the spectators this is of advantage, for they can watch the continuous stream of starters and remain idly at the spot until the first of those returning home appear in sight. Each competitor has his particular number fastened in front like a large linen breastplate, with the figures in black. He comes to the starting-point with his coat thrown over his shoulders ; he has already been passed by the doctor as medically in fit training to enter for the race. The umpire sits at a table by his side, a striking contrast to the starter, for he is almost hidden under his furs that cover his body and head. He gives the caution, and a friend carefully takes off the ski-runner's jacket. Still the umpire looks at the second-hand of his watch. There is silence, the word "Go!" is given, and the starter, who has been craning his neck forward ready for the word, sets off without another pause. Mark his chilled face, his straining nerve, as he sets off at a flying hop ; he means to win, though all the competitors before and after him are equally determined. There is an encouraging word given here and there, but no shouting ; it would be impossible to keep up a united cry for a couple of hours. Amongst the runners are soldiers, distinguished by their somewhat baggy trousers and the blue lining down the seam. They perhaps receive more notice from their friends than the rest ; it is a gentle chaff thrown at the N.C.O. ; he smiles as he presses forward and hurls the banter back. He does not look elegant ; one gains the impression of a kangaroo hopping away from the crowd. He works vigorously with the sticks he holds in his hands, and struggles up the narrow path which winds through the forest in front. He is soon lost sight of, and another has taken his place. So they travel, one behind the other, over the worst possible kind of country, a steep decline twisting like a corkscrew between the irregularly planted self-sown firs, shooting over some buried fallen trunk, climbing over hedges and stakes, every moment running imminent risk of an accident, or at least of a broken ski.

For an hour and a half this procession continues. The idlers look at their watches. The first of the runners should be returning. They gather together on the frozen lake by the winning-post. There is a movement among the trees yonder — a figure, a man, a runner, and he slides down a little slope nearer and nearer, hardly able to drag himself along, and sweating in spite of the freezing cold. Only a hundred yards more, he is going to fall, the people raise a shout, he plucks up fresh courage and reaches the post, where some friend is ready to hold him up in his exhaustion. He has done well, for six is his number. But close behind him is another, better still, who wears the number eleven, showing that he has passed all the competitors that started before him, save the first one home. So they return, all in different stages of exhaustion, but the people are quiet. They do not wait for the return of the last starter, preferring to keep themselves fresh for the next day. And they are wise, for the Monday is the Blue Riband day, when every one goes to Holmenkollen. They start early, before it is light, in order to find a seat or standing-place from where they can watch the great jump. For myself, I was



ENTHUSIASTS AWAITING THE RETURN HOME.

very fortunate, not being called upon to hurry. The Winter Tourist Club had considerately given to me a "paddock" ticket, a diamond-shaped card which I pinned to my buttonhole and keep to this day. It gave me a royal passage everywhere, so that when I arrived on the scene the crowd had already found their places some time before. The first of those whom I met was the president, Herr V. Heiberg, the champion ski-runner. Short but wiry, he stood perfectly at home on his skis while I photographed him. He looks as if he had never had an accident, but, as a matter of fact, he has hardly a bone in his body which has not been broken, and yet he still skies! There must be a real fascination in the sport, but it is only fair to add that his worst accident was when he fell into a crevasse whilst climbing, and was picked up for dead. He is a man of many lives. I was taken in hand by Mr. Nansen, from whom I learnt the history of the place, and who was kind enough to introduce me to Captain Johansen, Dr. Nansen's right-hand man during the voyage of the *Fram*.

The contest was about to commence; everybody was expectant, the open space that had been cleared in the wood for the competition looked like the neck of a marble statue around which hung the black locks of the climbing firs. On either side the people stood on stages, down to the rim of the snow-covered lake where the crowd formed into a horseshoe shape, all warmly clad, all patiently humorous, awaiting some accident, and soberly demonstrative. They might have been mistaken for a group of students attending a lecture, rather than a crowd bent on excitement. Half way up the hill jutted out a square bank of snow, the platform, from which the competitors took their jump. The men of Telemarken had taught the people of Christiania another lesson in regard to the position of this bank. Formerly, the home rivals made their bank at the foot of the hill, but the peasants laughed at them, wondered why they always built it up in so dangerous a spot, and taught them the better plan. Although it might seem to be less dangerous to have the leap at the bottom of the hill, the Telemarkens were right, as the jumpers had to fall on flat ground, whereas, with the bank half way up the hill, any clumsy jumper would fall on the slope, but with less of a jar.

A flag is raised, a melancholy bugle is sounded, and a man is seen rushing down the steep incline from the brow of the hill. He is bending forward, his eyes fixed on the ledge of the bank, his knees slightly bent and the right in advance of the left. The bank breaks his pace, he flings himself high into the air, swings his arms to keep his balance, straightens his legs, and descends on the slope below, to continue the rest of the journey in splendid style, with his skis parallel and close to each other. He shoots over the flat space at the bottom straight on toward the crowd; he will break into them and scatter them—an empty alarm, for with a wonderful knack he swings round, stops dead, and watches the efforts of those who come after him without concern. One after the other they come in quick succession, just like so many bullets fired from a Maxim gun at the same target. There are no accidents, but there are many falls, and the people are amused. The man has made a false jump, he cannot save himself, he is in the air, his skis are crossed, he struggles to keep his balance, in vain. He stumbles forward and plunges into the snow. He turns a somersault, kicks up a fog of powdered snow all around him, is lost to sight. A storm-cloud seems to be racing down to the bottom, until the veil of white powder disappears, and the crestfallen athlete is discovered floundering about with a snapped ski, or with his long heels so deep dug into the ground that he is as a prisoner in the stocks, until someone kindly helps him out, with his clothes white as a miller's. The track is quickly beaten down again by those who line the path. Then others, not discouraged, try to show a better skill. At the end of all, when the cold begins to nip the faces of even the most warmly clad, the umpires join hands and do the jump together in real professional style. They have their imitators behind them, with a form less perfect and less graceful. They come in twos; they come also in threes; one drops neatly, but his colleagues tumble badly; he sees them, is unnerved, and himself joins the triple *débâcle*, three ill-formed snowballs, until the lake is reached.

The day is over, the people break the ring, as they do at Lord's when the stumps are drawn. We are all on the move, some to enjoy a midday meal in the quaint Holmenkollen hotel, the rest moving down in one endless line of sledges and pedestrians. There is a little pressing forward, but not much racing, for the policeman is the dictator of the road, as in England, and the people have to keep in file, a picture of a modern descent from Ararat after the Deluge.



ROYAL MASONIC BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

FREEMASONRY.

By FRED W. CROWE,*

Author of "Masonic Clothing and Regalia," "The Master Mason's Handbooks," etc.

OF all the many great and beneficent societies which endeavour to decrease this world's sorrows and increase its happiness, there is probably none that can compare in antiquity, universality, or liberality with that great Brotherhood known as "The Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons."

Some three hundred years ago the "Schaw Statutes" (which were only discovered in the old charter-chest of Eglinton Castle and published in 1861) contained the following statement: "Item, it is thocht neidfull and expedient be my lord warden generall, that Edinburgh salbe in all tyme cuming as of befoir, the first and principal lodge in Scotland, and that Kilwynning be the secund lodge, as of befoir is notourlie manifest in our awld antient writtis." This famous lodge at Edinburgh, known as "Mary's Chapel," has, fortunately, its minute books from 1599, and so preserves an evidence of continuity which no other lodge in the world can boast. In England the researches of Mr. Edward Conder have proved that a lodge was connected with the Mason's Company of London in 1621; and the celebrated antiquary, Elias Ashmole, who visited this lodge in 1682, has recorded in his diary that he was "made a Free Mason at Warrington in Lancashire" on October 16th, 1646. So much for our antiquity, in estimating which it will be observed that I have confined myself to authenticated facts only, and left to the credulous those fables which claim every celebrated personage, from our great forefather Adam downwards, as members of the Fraternity.

As to universality, practically in every country in the world, with the exception of despotic Russia, lodges may be found in full work, from north to south, from east to west, and their membership includes those of every creed, colour, and race—Christians, Jews, Hindoos, Parsees, Mohammedans, etc., who meet around our altars to acknowledge the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

In liberality our society stands *facile princeps*, for, in round numbers, we dispense in charity and benevolence an average of *three hundred pounds a day in England alone;* and when the contributions of Scotland, Ireland, our Colonies, America, and other countries are added, the total must be enormous.

This liberality is the more astonishing because, in spite of a common delusion to the contrary, Freemasonry as such is neither a charitable institution nor a benevolent society. No man should be received into its ranks unless there is a reasonable probability that he will never want to draw one penny from its funds, directly or indirectly. So far from this, he is expected to contribute something, according to his ability and means, towards its resources. Freemasonry is a

* Copyright, 1901, by Ward, Lock and Co., in the United States of America.

"system of morality," but charity, in its best sense, is an outward expression of Masonic tenets, and is intended, primarily, for those of its members who, from unavoidable and unforeseen circumstances of calamity and misfortune, are plunged into poverty and distress; for their widows and orphans or other relatives and dependents. The wants of these first claimants being satisfied, Freemasonry then turns her attention to the sufferers by war, famine, pestilence, flood, earthquake, or shipwreck, and with no niggard hand applies herself to the truly Masonic task of alleviating, as far as may be, human pain and misery, and thus justifies her existence in spite of all the fulminations directed against her by papal bulls and priestly councils.

The origin of lodges is lost in the mists of antiquity, though probably they owe a mixed descent from the "Ancient Mysteries" common to all the old religions, and from the Roman *Collegia* or Guilds, from which sprang the Fraternities of Master Builders, who erected the great cathedrals of which Europe is so justly proud.

Concerning *Grand* Lodges, however, there is no uncertainty possible, for the very first organisation of the kind was formed in London in 1717 by four, or more, old lodges then existing there, and this English Grand Lodge is the parent, directly or indirectly, of every other Grand Lodge in the world.

Royalty has for many years taken an active part in our Fraternity in this country, and under our present Grand Master the numbers who have ranged themselves under its banners have increased by leaps and bounds. When His Majesty (then Prince of Wales) became our Ruler, in 1874, there were about 1,400 lodges on our roll, whilst during his twenty-five years of office the number has increased to over 2,800. Her late Majesty Queen Victoria was Grand Patroness of the Order, and a liberal supporter of our charities. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught is a Past Grand Master, and also Provincial Grand Master of Sussex and of Bombay; whilst their late Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Albany and of Clarence were also amongst our Provincial Grand Masters.



Photo by] [*Bedford Lemere.*

FREEMASONS' HALL.

King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway, and his son, the Crown Prince, are the heads of Freemasonry in those countries, and a similar rule obtains in Denmark, whilst in Germany H.R.H. Prince Leopold of Prussia is the Protector of the three principal Grand Lodges at Berlin. The esteem in which the Order is held in Sweden and Norway is evinced by the establishment of a civil knighthood, the "Order of Charles XIII.," which is conferred on its members alone.

Of the Royal Brethren of former days may be named H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland (Grand Master 1782–90); H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex; H.R.H. the Duke of Kent; King George IV.; King William IV.; Frederick the Great of Prussia; the Emperors William I. and Frederick of Germany; and Napoleon I., thus bearing

out the proud boast of the old "Apprentice Song":—

Great Kings, Dukes and Lords
Have laid by their swords
Our mystery to put a good grace on
And ne'er been ashamed
To hear themselves named
With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

The home of the Grand Lodge of England is in Great Queen Street, W.C., and its great Hall—now far too small for the demands on its space—with its fine proportions, its handsome decorations, and its fine series of portraits of the various Grand Masters, is well worthy of its purpose. It is interesting to note that, in the early period of its existence, this Hall was the only large room in London that could be utilised for concerts, etc., and many a famous performance has been given within its walls; but it is now entirely reserved to Masonic uses.

Here, in a series of lofty and well ventilated rooms, a staff of officials, headed by the popular and ever-courteous Grand Secretary, Mr. E. Letchworth, F.S.A., transact the affairs of the Order, which keep all concerned briskly employed. Day by day correspondence requiring prompt attention pours in from all parts of the world, for it may be as truly said of the Grand Lodge of England as of the British Empire, that the sun never sets upon its dominions.



Photo by W. & D. Downey, [*Ebury Street, S.W.*

HIS MAJESTY, KING EDWARD VII., IN MASONIC DRESS.

Another popular delusion with regard to Freemasonry is that it exists principally for the consumption of good dinners, in which it rivals the Worshipful Aldermen of our Metropolis and other great cities. Now, I have no doubt that, taken as a body, Freemasons enjoy a good dinner *as much as* any other section of the community, but not *more* so, and many of the country lodges only have one banquet in each year, that being on the occasion of the installation of the new Worshipful Master. Doubtless in olden times more licence prevailed in lodges, as it did in all ranks of society; but the Order has progressed with the times, and an important factor in its advancement is the custom of building in every town a hall for the exclusive purposes of Freemasonry, instead of, as formerly, meeting at hotels.

As a proof of a better state of things, it will probably come as a surprise to many to hear that Freemasonry has a great and growing literature of its own, comprising many thousands of volumes; whilst every country has at least one—if not more—Masonic journal. The older school of Masonic writers were most ready to claim Noah, Euclid, Julius Cæsar, or any other notable man of sacred or profane history, as brothers of the mystic tie, but of late years what is known as the "authentic school" of Masonic historians has come into existence, who decline to commit themselves to any statement not supported by reasonable documentary or other evidence. Of this school, Mr. W. J. Hughan, P.G.D.Eng., etc., is practically the founder, having rendered invaluable service to all succeeding students in almost every department of Masonic research, whilst some branches—as, for example, the

"Old Charges"—he has made absolutely his own.

These "Old Charges" are the MS. constitutions of the old Operative Masons, and are usually written, with more or less artistic elaboration, on long, narrow scrolls of vellum or parchment, and those already discovered range from the "Regius MS." of the fourteenth century to the "Gateshead MS." and others of early eighteenth century work. These interesting old documents usually begin with an invocation to the Trinity, and then go on to rehearse a mythical history of the origin of geometry, and conclude with a code of laws for Masters and Craftsmen. By the courtesy of Mr. Hughan, an illustration of the concluding portion of one of these "Old Charges" of *circa* A.D. 1583, known as the "Grand Lodge MS. No. 1," is reproduced.

The leading Masonic authors of the day include Mr. R. F. Gould; Mr. D. Murray Lyon, the veteran Emeritus Grand Secretary of Scotland; Mr. G. W. Speth; Mr. T. B. Whytehead; Mr. H. Rylands, and many others.

The lesser known walks of Masonic research are numerous, and amongst them may be named the study of the origin and variations of the regalia, from the long leather apron worn by the Operative Mason to the splendour of blue, purple, crimson, green, and gold that now bedecks the Grand Officers of the various Grand Lodges of the world. Another branch is the study of the diplomas of membership issued by nearly every Grand Lodge to its members after their admission to the Order. These are of extreme interest from their symbolism, their record of lodges, and the autographs which, in many instances, are appended to them by officers of Grand or subordinate lodges.

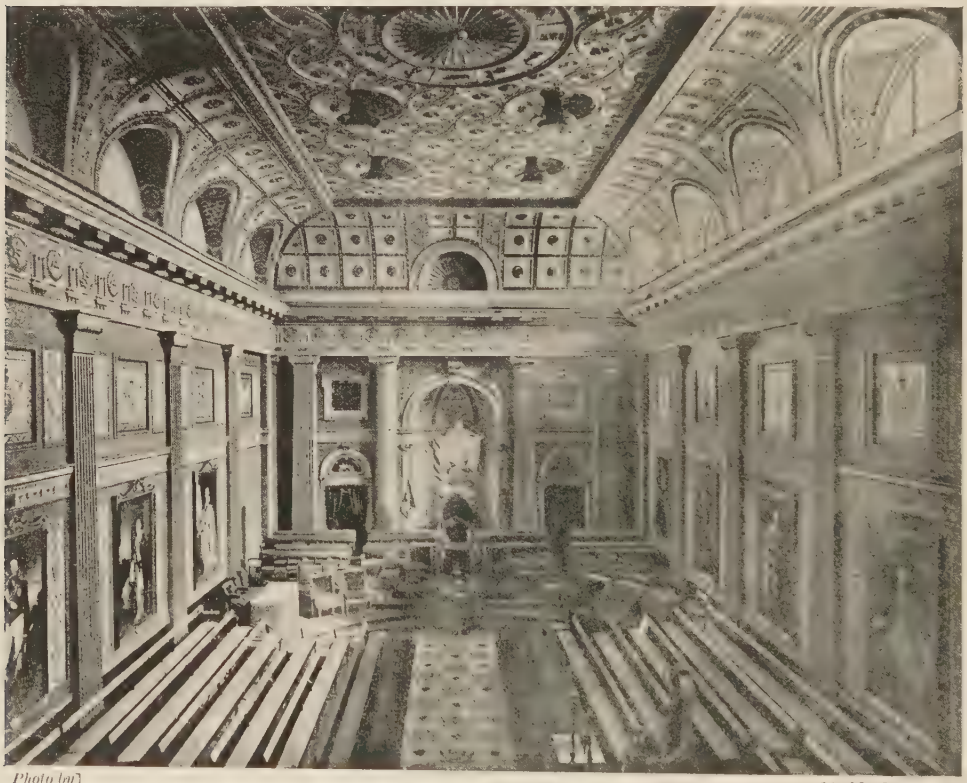


Photo by] [*Bedford Lemere.*

GRAND LODGE.

The practical value of Freemasonry in time of need has been proved over and over again, and even the stress of battle has not hardened the heart against a Brother's sign of distress. Sir A. Alison, the well-known author of "The History of Europe," related an authentic anecdote concerning the famous attack on the Redan during the Crimean war:—

"During that assault an English officer



Photo by] [*J. Weston & Son.*

MR. E. LETCHWORTH.

Grand Secretary.

led a small party of soldiers up to one of the guns placed in a recess of the Redan, and most of the men fell before the fire with which they were received. The others were met by a body of Russians, and the English officer was about to be bayoneted, when he chanced to catch the hand of the Russian officer, and had presence of mind enough to give him a Masonic grip. The Russian in a moment struck up the bayonets of his soldiers, led his newly found Brother to the rear, and treated him with the kindness of a Mason."

An old clerical friend of mine vouches for the following :—

During the gold fever in California an acquaintance of his found himself in the harbour of San Francisco with his ship laden for return, but every seaman had deserted. The captain made inquiries in every direction, and at last ascertained that some of his men were hidden in a crimp's house in the dreaded Chinese quarter. The case was desperate, and so he took his life in his hand and went to the house in question, hoping to get some of them to return to the ship. The room he found crowded with men of all sorts and conditions; but as soon as he was recognised, knives were drawn, and his last hour appeared to have arrived. By a



Photo by] [*Horsburgh, Edinburgh.*

THE HON. J. HOZIER, M.P.

Grand Master Mason of Scotland.



Photo by] [*J. C. Dinham.*

MR. W. J. HUGHAN.

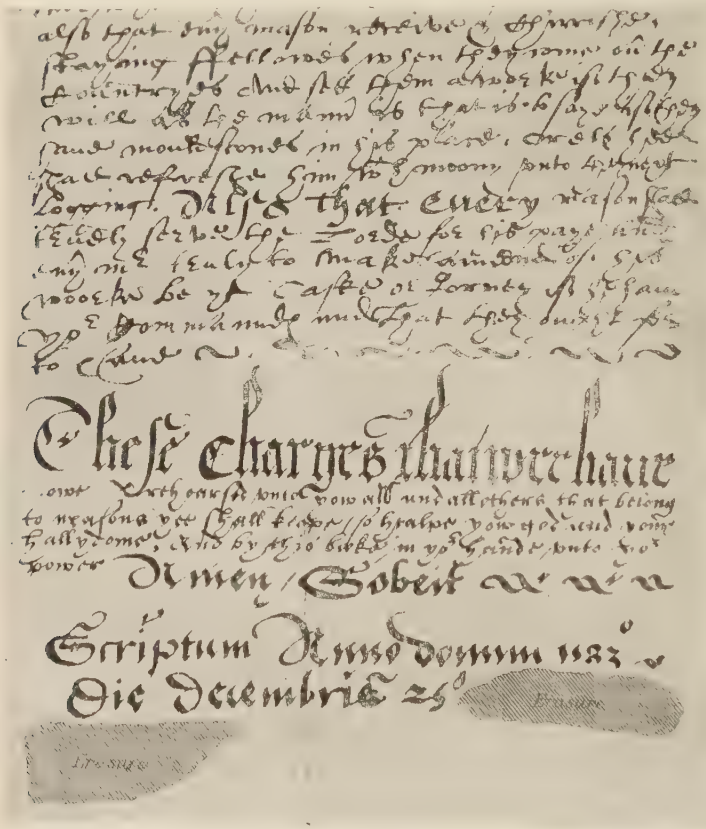
Founder of the Authentic School of Modern Masonry.

Heaven-sent inspiration, however, he made a certain sign, whereupon three or four men at once left the crowd and placed themselves on his side, and they not only got him safely away himself, but induced enough men to return with him to work his ship home again.

Even during the present war the tie of the Brotherhood has been recognised both by Boers and Englishmen. A colonel of a Canadian regiment at Modder River, on a Sunday morning stroll, strayed too far from his camp, when he suddenly found himself covered by the rifle of a Boer. By a fortunate impulse he made the customary sign, and cried out, "Don't shoot, ——." The Boer immediately threw down his gun and hurried to the colonel, informing him that he belonged to "De Broederband" in Pretoria, and was a member of General Cronje's staff. He begged him to return at once to his camp, and made him accept a valuable coin as a souvenir of his escape.

The English "Rising Sun" Lodge was allowed to meet at Bloemfontein throughout the war, and this as a special exception to the rule that no civilians were allowed to be out after 8 p.m.

Of all the members of the Dutch Lodge "Vryheid," it is said that not one remains, all having fallen in action. The same fate befell all the officers of the Ermolo Lodge. We are told that although four lodges in Natal were taken possession of by the Boers, no damage was done to any of the buildings.

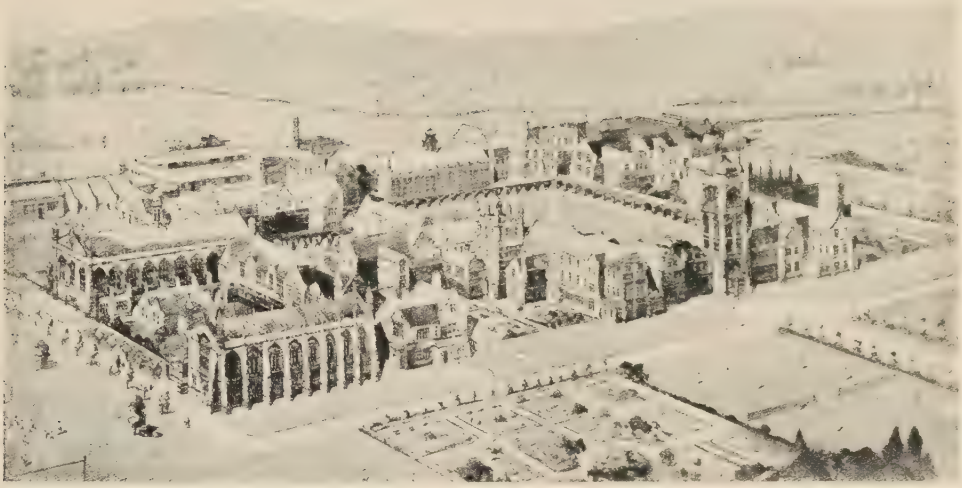


FACSIMILE OF LATTER PORTION OF MS. CHARGES NOW IN POSSESSION OF GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

The following interesting extract from the *American Tyler* gives a further proof of this statement:—

"The Masons of Dundee, one of the Natal towns in the possession of the Boers, recently erected a very handsome Masonic temple, and the structure was religiously respected by the Boers, though at one time some rebels attempted to loot the furniture. The only Englishman left in Dundee (allowed to remain with his wife, who was nursing a sick person) learned of the attempted looting, and, being a Mason, notified a Boer whom he knew to be a Mason. The Boer communicated at once with the Commandant, and a guard was placed over the building, which has remained intact ever since. Shortly after the town of Dundee was taken possession of by the Boers, a Grand Lodge certificate was discovered lying outside an Englishman's house, in the mud—the exodus having been so sudden that everyone left with what they stood in. This fact came to the knowledge of a Boer Commandant, who happened to be a Mason, and this building, too, had a guard placed over it and was one of the few houses whose sanctity was respected."

A large number of the British officers now or recently in the Transvaal are members of our Fraternity, including Lords Roberts, Kitchener, Methuen, and Castletown, Sir



PROPOSED NEW SCHOOLS FOR ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTE FOR BOYS, AT BUSHEY, HERTS.

Charles Warren, and others amongst their numbers.

The great glory of Freemasonry, however, is its benevolent organisation, which includes "The Royal Masonic Institute for Girls," "The Royal Masonic Institute for Boys," and "The Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution for Aged Freemasons and Widows of Freemasons." There is also the "Mark Benevolent Fund" in connection with the "Mark Degree," and almost every province has its own local societies, but the three first named are the chief. The "Girls' School," as it is more briefly termed, was founded in 1788, the "Boys'" in 1798, and the "Benevolent" in 1842. At the Centenary of the



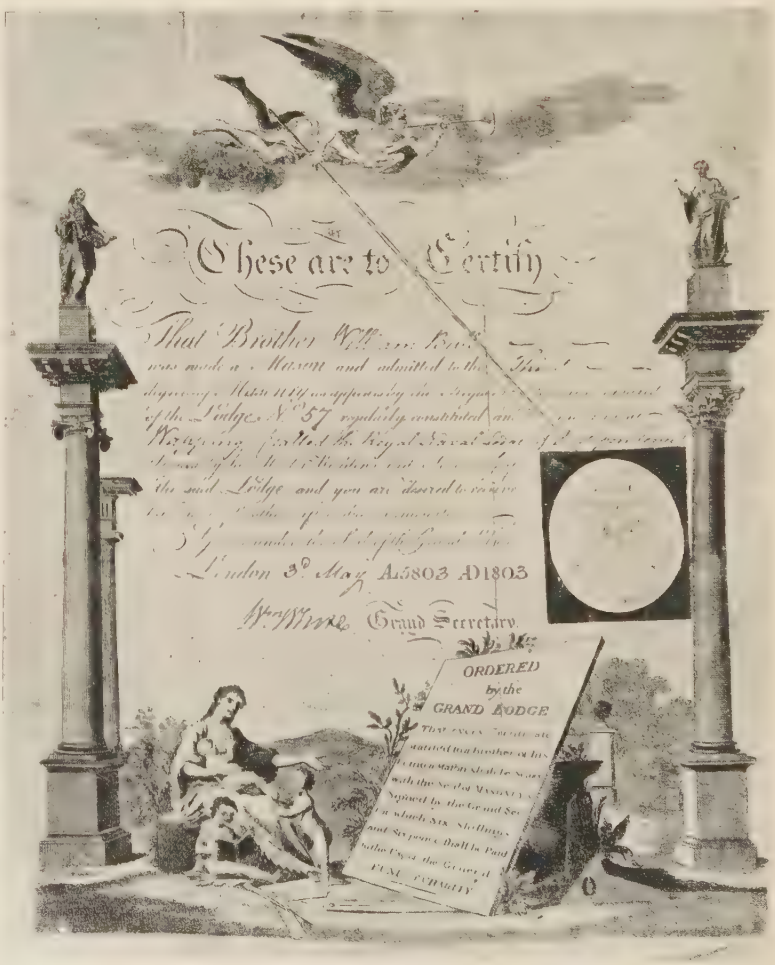
ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTE FOR GIRLS.

Girls' School the splendid sum of £51,500 was raised, the celebration being presided over by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M. Not to be outdone, the supporters of the "Benevolent," at its Jubilee in 1892, raised £69,000. This, however, was eclipsed by the Centenary of the "Boys'," in 1898, again under the presidency of our Royal Grand Master, when the enormous amount of £142,000 was contributed to enable the committee, in addition to their ordinary expenditure, to build the magnificent new buildings (here illustrated by the courtesy of the secretary, Mr. J. Morrison McLeod) at Bushey, Herts, to replace the overcrowded existing buildings at Wood Green, N. The extent of the estate is about sixty-seven acres, and there will be accommodation for 500 boys. The Girls' School provides for about 250 pupils, and the "Benevolent Institution" for some 200 aged Freemasons and 250 widows.

Whilst such magnificent proofs of the practical results of Masonic teachings are in evidence, the most sceptical of those who deride all "secret societies" must stand reproved and abashed, and learn to respect if they cannot understand.

On the foundation of the original or "Craft Masonry" there has been built a superstructure of other grades, and rites which are almost bewildering in their number. Some possess undoubted antiquity, and some are but of mushroom growth. Amongst the most esteemed of these additional degrees are the "Royal Arch," the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite" (which, by the way, has nothing whatever to do with Scotland), the "Mark Master Mason," the "Royal Order of Scotland," and the "Masonic and Military Order of Knights Templars." All these have separate organisations of their own, but, in comparison with the Craft and its roll of nearly one hundred Grand Lodges in the two hemispheres, their number is small.

In conclusion, I may add that there has been much discussion as to the prefix "Free" to the word "Masonry." One class of students considers that the term means "to be free to act as a Freemason," and the other "a freedom from certain disabilities"; in other words, "free to" or "free from" concisely represents the two views, which, so far, have not been reconciled, but remain as interesting points for discussion.



FREEMASON'S DIPLOMA, 1803.

STAGGERS.



By Richard Marsh.* *Illustrated by G. H. Jalland.*

A GREY, watery sky, through which there are occasional glimpses of the sun. A sloping and a muddy field. A large crowd. I suppose it is attributable to the proximity of the village; but I had no idea that there would be such a gathering. A long line of vehicles in the adjoining lane—principally dog-carts. Most of them seem to be as full as they can hold, occasionally fuller. Philipson informs me that the occupants of these vehicles intend to follow the hunt by road; he adds that they will probably see more of it than we shall. His observation occasions me surprise. If it be possible to hunt in a comfortable dog-cart, along decent roads, in a civilised manner, why should he have induced me to spend a guinea on the hire of an animal which, I am convinced, is of uncertain temper?

I was aware that meets were popular functions, but I had no notion they were so popular as this. It may be owing to the fact that we are only about twenty miles from town, but the place is inundated by what can only be described as an actual rabble. Men and boys, and even women and girls, line the hedges, many of them without hats, or, in the case of the latter, bonnets. The inhabitants seemed to have turned out *en masse*. They escorted us from the station much in the fashion in which a crowd escorts a regimental band through the streets of London, only they got in our way much more than the crowd is ever allowed to get in the way of the band. There was no footpath in the lane, and I am sure that sometimes as many as half a dozen people were under my horse's feet at once. A strong feeling of sociability seems to reign among the spectators; and, as several of them are shouting to each other right across the field, the noise is considerable. Some of the remarks which fall upon my ears can scarcely be regarded as flattering by the enthusiastic sportsmen present who are members of the hunt. Among all these people the horsemen seem to be in an insignificant minority. Yet there are quite a number of them, too.

In a cleared space in the centre of the field is a cart. It looks very much like the carts which are used to convey bulls through thoroughfares in town. Only, unlike those, this is roofed over. It is also more elegantly fashioned. The wheels, which are tolerably clean, are painted bright scarlet, while the cart itself is chastely decorated in two shades of green. Some little distance behind it, in the charge of the huntsman and two whippers-in, are the hounds. I am bound to say that those sagacious animals appear to me to be taking less interest in the proceedings than one might reasonably expect.

Presently an elderly gentleman, who weighs, perhaps, seventeen or eighteen stone, and who is attired in magnificent apparel, as befits the Master of the Hunt, gets out of the carriage in which he has driven to the ground, and scrambles on to the back of a horse which promises weight-carrying power rather than speed. "Ready, Jenkins!" he cries. A respectable-looking individual, in a long green coat, which he wears ostentatiously unbuttoned in front, goes to the rear of the deer-cart, and, presumably, unfastens the door. A hush, as of expectation, follows.

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Nothing, however, happens. The man in the green coat seems to be having an argument with something inside the cart.

"Twist his tail!" shouts a voice in the crowd—decidedly a boy's.

"The brute won't uncart," says Philipson.

I immediately have visions. I think of the tales I have read of the cruelties which always attend stag-hunts; of the poor, frenzied, frightened creature tearing madly, blindly, beside itself with terror, to escape the merciless pursuit of the ferocious, eager hounds. Only a short time ago I had read somewhere a piteous account of a stag which, in its agony, had broken its heart and died. And they called it sport! I had half a mind to express myself on the subject, there and then, strongly; to declare that I, for one, would not take part in such an orgy of senseless cruelty. I had my hand upon the rein, and was about to turn my horse's head stationwards, resolute to forfeit the guinea which I had paid for its hire rather than continue to be a constituent fraction of such a ruthless throng, when the deer uncarted. I fancy that the man in the green coat punched it in the ribs, or adopted some similar means of persuasion. But the animal certainly did get out of the cart.

In appearance it was not all my imagination had pictured it. It was undoubtedly a deer, but of what kind I have no notion. I am no sort of an authority on the subject, but I apprehend that this one was of a breed which does not run to size. When one thinks of a stag one thinks of antlers; if that stag had antlers, then they were in what may be described as an apologetic state. I protest that I saw nothing of them. What struck me most was the animal's demeanour. Whether it was paralysed by fear, or by forebodings of the horrible fate that was in store for it, is more than I can say. When it got out of the cart, it walked about a dozen feet, then stopped to crop the grass. "Hi-hi-hi-i-i!" shouted the crowd, unnecessarily, it seemed to me. Even the hounds showed signs of interest. Some of them began to bark quite noisily. Everyone was excited—except the deer. It looked up, as if actuated by a certain indifferent curiosity, went on about another dozen feet, then stopped to crop the grass again. The excitement was increasing. At this rate of progression the creature would be out of the field by the time "the shades of night were falling." The man in the green coat, coming to the front of the deer-cart, took down the whip which was beside the driver's seat. With the whip in his hand he walked after the deer. When he had got within a foot or so of it, he cracked the whip in the air with the report of a pistol-shot. The deer looked up, as if surprised and even pained at such conduct. The man cracked the whip a second time. The deer seemed annoyed. Kicking up its heels like a skittish colt, it ambled down the slope and over the hedge.

Immediately the whole place was in a turmoil. The vehicles in the lane began to move. A large proportion of the crowd streamed across the field with the apparent intention of seizing the deer by the heels before it had a chance of getting away. The hounds barked; men shouted; boys whistled. It was a scene of pleasing confusion. In a few seconds, I take it, the word to start was given, the huntsman blew his horn, and the hounds, barking as if with the intent to split their throats, went rushing after the people, who already were rushing after the deer. The hunt was off. I, also, was nearly off, because, in the muddle, which was the most marked feature of the moment, a man in pink cannoned against me, and almost succeeded in laying my steed and its rider low. "Look out where you're coming to!" he exclaimed, as he went pushing past me—which struck me, then, as being the most unreasonable remark I had ever had addressed to me.

When I had had time to regain my own and my horse's equilibrium, I perceived that Philipson, some little distance off, was being borne away in the seething crowd of riders. Looking back towards me he waved his whip. "Come on!" he cried. I came on. It was about time I did. Everyone, with one accord, was making for the gate which was in the corner of the field, and as I, unwittingly, was in the direct road to it, perfect strangers were addressing me with that absence of restraint which we look for only in the case of our lifelong friends. The process of getting through the gate reminded me not a little of the crowd which one sees outside the pit door of a popular theatre. Everyone seemed anxious to get through first, and everyone seemed to be under the impression that everybody else was doing his best to hinder him. I daresay it took me five minutes to reach the other side of it. When I did, I quite expected that Philipson would have been with the hounds, a mile away. However, somewhat

to my surprise, I found him awaiting me, like a true friend, but a little wanting on the point of temper.

"You've been a nice time!" he observed.

"It hasn't been my idea of a nice time," I ventured to observe.

It hadn't.

"We may as well go home," he went on further to remark, "for all the chances we have of seeing any sport to-day."

If that indeed were so, we, at least, had not the galley to ourselves. We all scampered across the field, scattering as we went. Through another gate, across one or two more fields, until at a sudden dip in the ground we found ourselves confronted by a wire fence. We had not seen a sign of the hunt. Obviously the fence was unsurmountable. We moved along in search of a gate. When found, it proved to be locked, and of diabolically ingenious construction. To open it was beyond our powers. One man proposed pulling up a yard or two of the fencing, but as he made no attempt to put his own proposal into execution, we let it pass. The language employed was unprintable. We separated, Philipson and I going off in search of a hedge—or, of what, I believe, is called upon the stage a "practicable" gate, Philipson, on the way, being more voluminous on the subject of wire fencing than I ever thought he could have been.



"The hunt was off. I, also, was nearly off."

We discovered ourselves, at last, to be in a lane, though we had not the faintest notion of where we were, or of where the hunt was, either. However, we trotted on, as if we still entertained hopes of being in at whatever it may be which, in "stagging," takes the place of the death. Suddenly we reached a point at which another lane turned into ours. As we did so, three men in pink came tearing along it as if they were riding for their lives. At sight of us they almost pulled their horses back upon their haunches.

"Where are they?" demanded the man in front.

Philipson was able to supply him with but scanty information.

"Haven't seen them since they started," he remarked.

"Confound it!" cried the man.

Off rode the trio, as if the hounds were at their heels. We followed at a milder pace. We had not gone far before we heard the sound of wheels approaching from behind us. Looking back, we perceived that three dog-carts were advancing in Indian file. Judging

from the rate at which they were coming, one might have been excused for supposing that, being without the fear of pains and penalties for furious driving, they were matched against time. They slowed when they reached us.

"Where are they?" inquired the driver of the leading vehicle—if he was not a publican, then I am prepared to assert that he was a butcher.

"Haven't the faintest notion," replied Philipson.

The driver of the second cart struck in. There could not be the shadow of a doubt as to what he was—"Vet" was written large all over him.

"It's all right, push along, Jim! He's making for the cinder-heaps, I tell you; I know he is. When the wind's like this, he always makes for there."

Two girls were in the hindmost cart—probably relations of one or other of the gentlemen in front. The one who was acting as Jehu waved her whip impatiently.

"Yes, do let's hurry on! What's the good of hanging about?—we're only wasting time!"

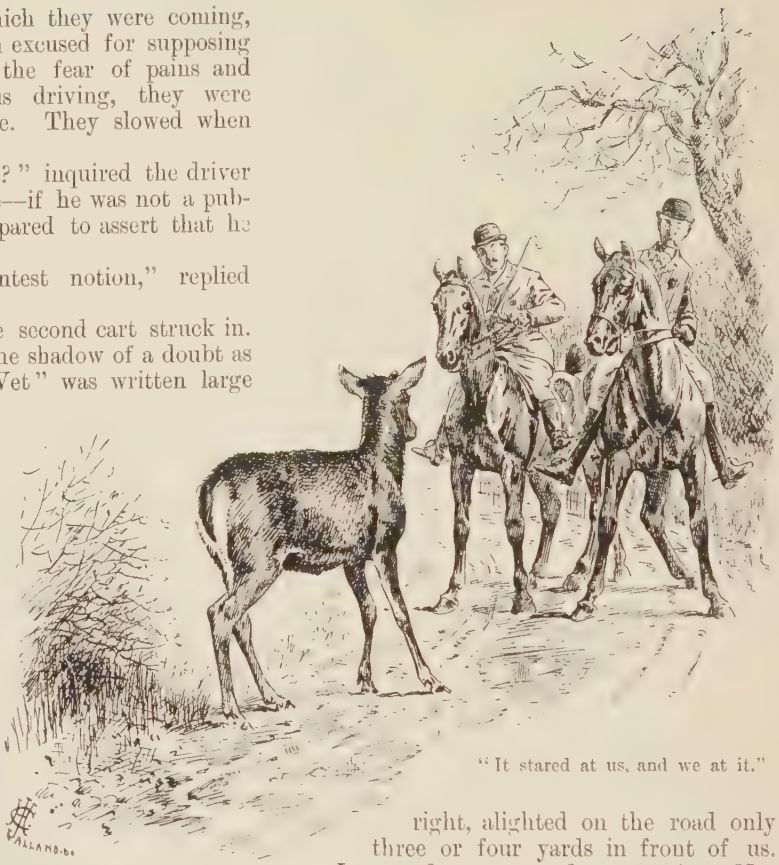
The procession re-started. I do not remember to have ever seen vehicles careering along what, I presume, was a public highway, at such a rate before. You could hardly see the wheels go round. From a purely spectacular point of view it was exhilarating—really!

"Do you call this stag-hunting?" inquired Philipson, his eyes fixed on the rapidly retreating dog-carts.

"No," I said, "I don't."

I was unable to tell what prompted his inquiry. It seemed an uncalled-for one just then. But I could but answer it.

We jogged on for, perhaps, another mile without, it seemed, getting nearer to anything, or to anywhere, when an astonishing thing took place. We were still in the lane, and, judging from appearances, we bade fair to continue in the lane during the remainder of the day. All at once, without giving us the slightest warning of its approach, something, springing over the hedge upon our right, alighted on the road only three or four yards in front of us.



"It stared at us, and we at it."

It stared at us, and we at it. Not impossibly, we were the more surprised of the two. Certainly it was the first to recover its presence of mind. Swerving to one side, it cleared the hedge upon our left with a degree of agility which did it credit. It was only after it was over that we realised what it was.

"It's the deer!" cried Philipson.

"It's the deer!" I echoed.

We watched it, moving across the field at a pace which, though it appeared leisurely, a little observation showed us was much faster than it seemed. While we hesitated, wondering what, under the circumstances, would be the proper thing for us to do, the whole pack of hounds came through the hedge over which the deer had first appeared. Without condescending to notice us, dashing helter-skelter through the hedge in front of them, they continued the chase.

"Come on!" shouted Philipson.

And I came!

Forcing our horses through a gap in the hedge, we found ourselves in a position which, from a sportsman's point of view, was

as pleasant as it was unexpected. A glance over my shoulder showed me that we were not alone. Three or four horsemen, who seemed to be racing, were close behind us, while a not inconsiderable field tailed off in the distance. For what seemed three-quarters of an hour, but what, probably, was more like three minutes, we enjoyed something like a burst. Our horses were comparatively fresh; the going was easy; the quarry, at the start, at any rate, was well in view. We passed over field after field—they were divided from each other by apologies for hedges; although, so far as I am aware, my steed did not pretend to be much of a jumper, the animal took them in its stride. It seemed as if the blood was growing warmer in my veins. I felt that this sort of thing really was worth paying a guinea for; that, if this was "stagging," you might give me as much of it as you chose. On we went, with such determination that I did not even slacken rein when a row of hurdles rose right in front of me. I went at them with the *sang froid* of a steeplechaser. My horse negotiated the obstacle in gallant fashion, clearing it with his forelegs and bringing it down with his hind. Philipson, who was somewhat in the rear, with a want of spirit of which I had scarcely thought him capable, steered for the gap which I had made. Taking full advantage of the opening I had given him, he crept up to my side.

"This is something like!" he gasped.

"Magnificent!" I answered.

I but voiced the feelings of my heart—it was magnificent. The ground, which was open pasture, descended in a gentle slope for fully half a mile. Far away, and getting farther and farther, was the deer. Although it still seemed to be travelling at its leisure, plainly enough it kept away from the hounds with ease. A hundred yards behind they followed it like a single dog. You could not have covered them with the proverbial pocket-handkerchief, because they were scattered pretty widely, both to the right and to the left, and behind and in front; but evidently they were animated by a common purpose, to get on even terms with their quarry.

"This is too hot to last!" gasped Philipson.

I was becoming conscious of that fact myself. Horses jobbed out at a guinea a day are not supposed to be Derby flyers; nor are they guaranteed to keep on at top speed for an indefinite distance. Away we raced—it was, literally, racing; but, the further we went, the more clearly I realised that something was going wrong with my animal's works. I should have to ease up soon or stop entirely. The stag, and the hounds, and the country together, settled the question for me in a fashion of their own.

We had come down a reasonably graduated incline, I know not how far, and I know not how long, when I suddenly perceived that the graduation of the incline was ceasing to be reasonable. From a mere slope it was becoming transformed into a positive declivity. Instead of falling, say, one in a hundred, it was beginning to fall one in ten, and, so far as I could perceive, bade fair, ere long, to fall one in something less than two. Indeed, not more than a couple of hundred feet in front of us, unless appearances were deceptive, the ground dropped away into what looked uncommonly like a sheer precipice. At any rate, the deer and hounds, passing over it in their wild career, had disappeared from view as if by magic. Philipson and I reined up our horses as short as we could. I do not fancy that either of the brutes objected. As we did so, several other men came up one after another from behind; the legitimate hunt they were, who had followed from the first, and whom we had all but robbed of their laurels. They reined up almost in a line with us.

"Pretty steep bit here," said a man upon my left.

A man upon his left replied to him.

"Beastly! That's an old quarry ahead; you can get down it, but it isn't easy. There's the railway in front; there's a devil of a fence, and a devil of a hedge to tackle before you reach it. Then ditto, ditto on the other side, then a brook, then a plantation of young trees which want thinning, and which is not so well adapted to horse exercise as the maze at Hampton Court."

The speaker's knowledge of the country proved to be correct—at least, as far as Philipson and I investigated it, which was as far as the old quarry. It might have been possible to get down it—indeed, the speaker proved that it was by going down it himself, and inducing three other idiots to go down with him; but precipice-climbing on horseback had not been the sort of experience we had been in search of when we went "stagging." Philipson and I refrained. We remained up above with several other sensible persons, and watched those enthusiastic "staggers" tearing—with no slight expenditure of labour—bars out of the strongly and carefully constructed fence, the property of the railway company. Then,

with their pocket-knives, they commenced to cut a gap in the thickest six-foot hedge, an appurtenance of the same corporation. When we had seen so much, Philipson and I had seen enough. We induced our horses to retrace their steps uphill.

The descent had been delightful, the ascent was not so pleasant. If it was half a mile down, it was, certainly, three miles up. Nor was the sum total of our satisfaction heightened when, after sundry divagations, we found ourselves in what bore a singular resemblance to that unending lane which we had originally—and so gladly!—quitted.

"It strikes me," remarked Philipson, as he looked to the right and to the left of him, "that I've been here before. I seem to know this lane."

I seemed to know it, too. But it was no use making the worst of things. I endeavoured to put a fair front upon the matter.

"I dare say if we keep on we shall get somewhere soon."

"I hope we shall," said Philipson, in what struck me as being a tone of almost needless gloom.

We did keep on—that I do earnestly protest. Not very fast, it is true—our horses, for reasons of their own, seemed to object to hurry. I said nothing, and as Philipson, if possible, said still less, conversation languished. We had pursued the devious twistings of that eternal lane for what seemed to be ten miles, and which, possibly, were nearly two, when an exclamation from Philipson roused me to a consideration of the surroundings.

"Hallo!—I say!—what's that?"

"What's what?"

I followed, with my eyes, the direction in which he was pointing with his outstretched hand. He had stayed his horse, and was raising himself in his stirrups with what seemed to be positive excitement. His interest seemed centred in a flock of sheep which browsed, unconcernedly, in the meadow on our left. At the first glance I thought that they were sheep, "and nothing more." A moment's inspection, however, disclosed the fact that among them was a creature of another species, a little larger than themselves, but not much, and of a different shape and colour. Like them, it grazed, "the world forgetting," if not "by the world forgot," and seemed to be so very much at its ease, and so entirely at peace with all the world, that some seconds elapsed before ocular demonstration succeeded in convincing me that it might be a relation to the noble animal which a large number of enthusiastic sportsmen were ardently pursuing.

"It is a deer?"

The words came from me in the form of a query. For some reason the inquiry seemed to nettle Philipson. He seemed to think that there could be no possible room for doubt.

"Of course it's a deer. What's more, it's the deer."

"No!"

That did seem to me to be almost inconceivable. How came the creature there? Why did it not betray more symptoms of anxiety? Did it suppose that it was out for a holiday, the programme of which included refreshments by the way? Was it possible that it could already have forgotten its wild flight from the red-hot ardour of the heated chase? What had become of the hounds, and the hunt, and the array of dog-carts, and the excited pedestrian throng? Were we two all that was left of them?

While such questions passed through my brain, for which I in vain sought answers, we sat on our horses on one side of the hedge, while, on the other, the proud monarch of the woodland cropped the sweet grasses with the humble sheep, for all the world as if he were one of them. Plainly, we were more interested in him than he in us; the close proximity of men caused him no annoyance.

Philipson volunteered an observation.

"I fancy we'd better stop here till the cart comes along. Someone ought to keep an eye on him. The last time I was out the deer was lost. I believe it was over two months before he was found again."

It occurred to me that Philipson was proposing that we should act towards this denizen of the forest glades very much as if we were a couple of policemen—we were to guard, not to hunt it. The responsibility which Philipson was desirous that we should assume was not, however, forced upon us. Before I could say "Yes" or "No" to what struck me as being his somewhat singular proposition, who should come trotting along the lane but the Master of the Hunt himself. He was alone. One perceived that he had not unduly spurred his willing beast. Philipson nodded. He jerked his thumb over the hedge.

"There's the deer."

"Eh?" The Master pulled up. He

looked where Philipson pointed. He saw that the thing was so. "What the dickens is it doing there?" That is what I wanted to know. He was a portly man. The peculiar behaviour of the deer seemed to fill his soul with indignation. His face put on an extra tinge of ruddiness. "Where're the hounds?"



"The music of the pack."

"I expect the stag threw them off in the forest; we quitted when he crossed the line and made for it—didn't think it was good enough."

I thought that Philipson's words were neatly chosen; they conveyed the impression that we had been in the hunt from the beginning, all the way, to the point alluded to.

"Where's the cart?"

"Haven't a notion. My friend and I thought that we would keep an eye upon the stag till we had news of it."

Although he did not say so, the Master appeared to think that it might be advisable that he also should keep an eye upon the stag. His interest in the creature's safety was certainly likely to be of a more personal kind than either Philipson's or mine. I take it that stags are animals of intrinsic value, not to be regarded as things to be lightly trifled with, deserving of as much care and consideration as, say, the domestic cow. So we sat, all three in a row; pretty silent, on the whole; staring over the hedge at the monarch of the woodland, as he enjoyed an adventitious meal.

Presently a boy came into the field through a gate at the side. I imagine he was a shepherd boy—I have no positive proof to adduce of the fact, but such is my impression. I noticed that he cast at the flock what I felt was an interested glance, and, as he did so, observed the stranger in their midst. It was enough for him that there was a stranger; he did not stop to inquire who he was or what had brought him there, but on the instant he obeyed what I suspect to be the natural instinct of the natural boy. I believe that I was the only one of the trio who had noticed his approach—as yet he had not noticed us at all. Had I foreseen his fell design, I should, undoubtedly, have given tongue; but by the time I had so much as an inkling of his intention it already was too late, the deed was done. It is possible that he was under the impression that the intruder was, uninvited, taking a gratuitous meal, and that he resented both his impertinence and his dishonesty. Anyhow, stooping down, he picked up a stone and hurled it at the deer with that force and

that directness of aim with which boys can throw stones. The missile struck the animal a resounding blow, I should judge, in the neighbourhood of the ribs, at a moment when it was not expecting anything of the kind. It leaped high in the air in the first flush of its surprise; then, without staying to make inquiries, it bolted across the field and over the hedge at a pace which was very much in excess of anything which I had seen it display in the presence of the hounds.

I conceive that the Master was to the full as amazed as the deer had been, and also, when he understood what had happened, as indignant. He looked after the vanished animal as if totally at a loss to comprehend the cause of its curious conduct—no doubt he had known that deer before—then he brought his head round slowly, scouring the landscape as he did so, till the boy came within his line of vision. Having sighted him, he glared as at some monstrosity, his cheeks purpling, and the blood-vessels becoming more and more distinct. Philipson explained.

"The young beggar threw a brick at him —nice young rascal!"

The Master shook his clenched fist at the boy across the hedge. I never before saw an elderly gentleman in such a passion.

"You somethinged somethinged something, what do you mean by throwing your somethinged somethinged bricks at my blankety blankety deer?" Even the casual reader must have read something about the remarkable language which occasionally exudes from the lips of gentlemen, in moments of excitement, on the hunting-field. The Master flavoured the atmosphere with examples of that sort of language then. "If I get hold of you, I'll twist your somethinged somethinged head off your blankety blankety shoulders!"

If there had been a handy gate, it is probable that the Master would have used it to pursue that boy, and, regardless of consequences, when caught, have given him something for himself. But there was no gate just there. The hedge was well established and closely grown. The Master's horse was not the kind of quadruped to force its way through such an obstacle, or to surmount it by a jump, especially with its owner on its back.

The Master's stentorian tones were the first intimation the boy had received that there had been spectators of his action. When he heard that strident voice, and was saluted by that flow of language, and recognised the Master's "pink," no doubt he realised the full enormity of his offence. As he did so, like the deer, "he stood not on the order of his going, but went at once," rushing pell-mell through the gate by which he had entered, and passing from our sight.

"I'd give five pounds," declared the Master, "for a chance of breaking every bone in the scoundrel's body!"

As I was hoping that he did not mean exactly what he said, Philipson, who kept his eyes open, diverted our interest into a new channel.

"Hallo! There're the hounds!" he cried.

Turning round, as Philipson had done, sure enough, in the field behind us, there were the hounds. At least, there were some of them. Each individual member of the pack was wandering about in a desultory fashion, doing nothing in particular, apparently not a little bored, and wondering what it was that had brought it there.

"What are those dogs doing there by themselves? Where's the hunt?" inquired the Master.

That was the question. So far as could be seen, not a person was in sight. Since the deer had come in one direction, and now a portion of the hounds had come in another, perhaps, shortly, the hunt might appear in a third. One never knew. There seemed to be little or no connection between the various parties. That this was so seemed to occur to the Master. The reflection excited him. It moved him to action. There was a gate into that field, a decrepit gate, which hung loosely on its hinges. Pushing it open, the Master bustled into the meadow, holloaing and shouting with much zeal, but to little purpose. The hounds did not seem to understand him in the least, or to know him either. But when he rode right into their midst, and commenced to strike out at them indiscriminately with the lash of his hunting-whip, they began to bark at the top of their voices, and, as the poet has it, to make "the welkin ring." If clamour was what he was aiming at, then he succeeded to perfection —the "music of the pack" was deafening. But if, as I rather fancy, he entertained some dim idea of whipping the dogs on to the trail of the stag, then the result was ignominious failure. They barked and jumped about, and jumped about and barked, and he lashed them and shouted, but, beyond that, nothing and nobody got any "forwarder."



"The butcher seemed to be very angry indeed."

The performance might have continued until one side or the other had had enough of it—the probability being that the Master would have been the first to tire—had not the deer, finding that the hounds did not come to it, saved them trouble by coming to them. That sagacious animal—I was beginning to suspect that it was a sagacious brute, and at least as well acquainted as anyone else with the rules of the game—put in a fresh, and, as usual, wholly unexpected appearance on the scene. Philipson, as his habit seemed to be, had his eyes the widest open.

"By Jove! There's the deer!"

There was the deer, in the very next field to the one in which the Master, with ideas of his own, was whipping the hounds. And, what was more, there were some of the hunt as well. Nor were they entirely unprovided with dogs; they were being shown the way by, so to speak, their share of the pack—some six or eight hounds. On they came in gallant style. The stag, leaping the hedge, found himself confronted by the major portion of the pack. When he saw the dogs, the dogs saw him. Then there was music! In an instant the Master and his antics were forgotten—they went for their quarry with a tumultuous welcome. With perfect ease he doubled on his tracks, and, leaping back over the hedge, returned at an acute angle to the course he had come. The Master went spluttering after him. Philipson and I did our best to get a share of the fun.

The scene was changed like a transformation scene in a theatre. A moment or two before, the place had been deserted, and not a soul had been in sight. Now people came hurrying from every quarter, as if they had been concealed behind unseen wings and waiting for the signal to appear. Half a dozen horsemen and a line of dog-carts came scurrying along the lane. You would have thought they had been flying for life, the dog-carts in particular. Horsemen and horsewomen seemed to spring up out of the ground on every side. On a sudden, the entire hunt appeared to be gathered together almost as it had been at first. Everyone went pounding away across the turf, crashing through the hedges—preferentially selecting the gates, however, when they could find them—as if, whatever they might have been doing hitherto, they meant business at last.

Certainly, there is something contagious in such surroundings. I found that there was, and my horse did, too. Just now the animal had appeared dead tired, and I should have said also a little lame. But when the flurry began, and eager riders, on all sides, went pressing hastily forward, moved by a common mastering excitement, my wearied guinea's-worth, forgetting its fatigue, became as lively as the best of them. The revival of the interest had also freshened me. Away we went, my steed and I, as light-heartedly, apparently, as if it had been the first move we had made that day.

We had another burst—though I am bound to admit that in a singularly short space of time both the deer and the hounds were out of sight. They had gone before, not improbably, so far as I was concerned, for good. But as a large number of people, who were undoubtedly as much out of the hunt as I was, went pounding eagerly on, I went pounding, too. Philipson was on my left. It was more than doubtful if he would catch a glimpse of the stag again that day—it would be entirely owing to the benevolence of that intelligent creature if he did. Yet on his face was mirrored a stern, concentrated purpose, which might have suggested to a stranger that he had at last made up his mind to hunt the quarry, single-handed, to its final doom.

That burst did not continue long—fortunately. I was becoming conscious that a good many people seemed to be getting in front, and that my horse was exhibiting no marked anxiety to occupy a post of honour, when, having edged my way through still another gate, I found myself on the high road. Soon the road began to bear a striking resemblance to a street. Shortly I found myself, in company with a number of other individuals, clattering down what was obviously the leading thoroughfare of a country town.

Among the inhabitants our advent created the liveliest interest. We might have been royalty, from the way in which they stared at us. Someone looked out of every door and window. Numbers of persons lined the pavements. As I passed one house I heard a woman shrieking up the stairs—

"Bill, 'ere's the 'unters; come and 'ave a look at 'em."

I suppose Bill came. Encouraging remarks were addressed to us by miscellaneous spectators, principally boys.

"You're all right, mister, 'e's gone down there; if you 'urries up, you'll get a sight of 'im."

I do not know if the observation was directed to me; if it was, I could have assured the speaker that neither my horse

nor myself had the slightest intention of "hurrying up" to catch a sight of anyone.

About a hundred yards farther down, we found ourselves in the midst of what looked very like an actual riot. Although the street was very wide just there, it was rendered almost impassable by a motley concourse of vehicles, horsemen, and pedestrians. On one side of the street was a butcher's shop. Towards this butcher's shop all faces were turned. From it there proceeded an amazing din—there were sounds of dogs barking, of men's voices, and of one voice in particular.

I turned to Philipson in search of an explanation. The explanation which he proffered, although succinct and to the point, took me somewhat by surprise.

"Stag's taken shelter in the butcher's shop."

It seemed to me to be a curious shelter for a stag to choose—a butcher's shop! And so, judging from his words, which, in an interval of comparative silence, were distinctly audible, the butcher seemed himself to think.

"Don't let any of your dogs come into my place, or I'll cut their somethinged throats for them. Your deer—if it is your deer—has done me ten-pounds'-worth of damage. You pay me that ten pounds, and then I'll talk to you; but not till then. You know who I am; there's my name and my address!"—the speaker pointed with his cleaver to the name over his shop-front—"and if you want anything from me, you know how to get it. There's a law for me as well as for you! But don't let any of you chaps—I don't care who he is—try to set foot in my premises, or he'll be sorry, and so I tell you."

The butcher seemed to be very angry indeed, which, if the deer really had done him ten-pounds'-worth of damage, was not to be wondered at.

Philipson and I did not wait to see the discussion ended. We adjourned to an inn and there refreshed. A roaring trade that inn was doing. The stag's behaviour did someone good. And very sociable were the customers. I gleaned from them several interesting scraps of information. It appeared that that was not the first time a stag had sought refuge in that particular butcher's shop; and, since the enterprising tradesman invariably demanded compensation for damages which he alleged the creature had done him, dark suspicions were entertained as to the means which he adopted to get him there.

As I journeyed homewards, on the whole I was disposed to conclude that chasing a carted stag, under certain given conditions, might be made a not unamusing pastime—with about it a flavour of something Gallic, perhaps. They have some odd notions of sport on the other side of the Channel.

The stag-hunter's pleasure depends, it seems to me, entirely on the intelligence of the particular stag whose services happen to be retained for the day. If, being ill-tempered, or obstinate, or stupid, the moment it is uncarted it runs straight on, and keeps straight on, then, I should say, the probability is exceedingly strong that no single member of the hunt will ever catch sight of it again till the hunt is over. If, on the other hand, the creature is generous, not to say charitable—as our stag was!—and wanders about looking for disconsolate "staggers"—as our stag did!—then, I take it, the affair may be managed—by the stag!—in such a manner that everyone concerned may be justified in thinking that he has done something worth his talking about.

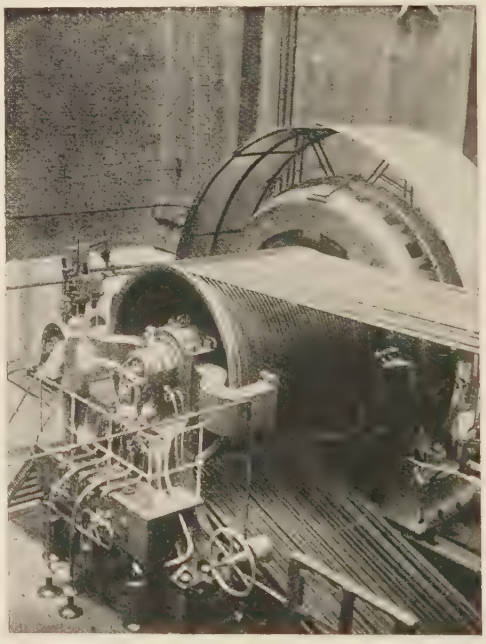


HOW LONDON GETS HER ELECTRIC LIGHT

By G. Bacon.

THERE are many people whose habit it is to explain any strange and unfamiliar phenomenon or invention, such as thought-reading, spirit-manifestation, dexterous sleight-of-hand, hypnotism, the phonograph and the like, by sagely remarking that "It is all electricity, you know!"

It is a simple explanation, and in the majority of cases quite a sufficient one, since it is to be feared that there are few subjects about which we are less well-informed than what the last generation called "the fluid," even in its household form of electric light. For while we are learned on the matter of our water supply, criticise our drainage system freely, and are very tolerably acquainted with the methods of gas manufacture, scarce one in ten of us can give a reasonable definition of the beautiful, mysterious light we switch on and off with such ease in our streets and homes, or explain its working further than by vague reference to currents, cables, and a mystic, unknown machine, called a dynamo.



1,500 HORSE-POWER ROPE-GEARED 10,000 VOLT ALTERNATOR AT DEPTFORD.

A visit to one or two of our great metropolitan electric light stations goes further towards the elucidation of the subject than many books, inasmuch as example is invariably better than precept. As is well known, London is supplied for the most part with her electricity by some dozen or so of different companies, each possessed of special territories for lighting, the boundaries of which are strictly defined by Act of Parliament. For the purposes of this article I have recently been privileged, by most courteous permission of the authorities, to inspect and photograph the works of the London Electric Supply Corporation, and also of the Westminster Electric Supply Corporation. The methods adopted by the two firms are very dissimilar, though the object attained is the same; and they each offer typical examples, on the largest scale, of the different systems of generating electric light. Let us pay a short visit to the headquarters of the two companies in turn.

Down by the water's edge at Deptford, just a short reach above the stately pile of Greenwich Hospital, a lofty, brick-built structure, with two massive square chimneys, rears itself high above the neighbouring houses. Here are the works of the London Electric Supply Corporation, which proudly boast themselves the largest electric stations for lighting purposes only in the world. Once within their precincts, we find no difficulty whatever in accepting such a statement.

We are in a great building of majestic height and proportions, lighted from the roof, whose solid foundations seem to quiver and its entire atmosphere to vibrate with the hum and roar of huge machines, the flashing whirr of giant flywheels, the deep drone of mighty dynamos. The noise is deafening; the rapid, incessant motion bewildering. We are confused by the tangle of bands and ropes, gleaming steel rods, polished brass, and copper pipes and tubes. But presently we begin to see that this maze of machinery may be divided into distinct sections or systems arranged on either side of the gangway running through the centre of the building. Some of these are instinct with life and motion; others, cold and silent, wait their turn in stately repose. They are

various in size and arrangement, but they each divide themselves roughly into two parts; one the dynamo, the other the engine that drives it. The former, admitting of many different types, consists, in its simpler forms, essentially of two massive iron frames carrying bobbins wound with covered wire, constituting what are called the "field magnets," within the jaws of which revolves, at high speed, a species of complex wheel or barrel, itself also bearing many coils of covered wire. This, known as the "armature," is the counterpart of the field magnets, and when in due motion evokes the subtle, monster power and converts its own energy of motion into electric current. The current, as fast as produced, is gathered up by two sets of brushes in contact with a copper extension of the armature, called the "collector," and thence passes along the outer circuit or mains away to the heart of busy London.



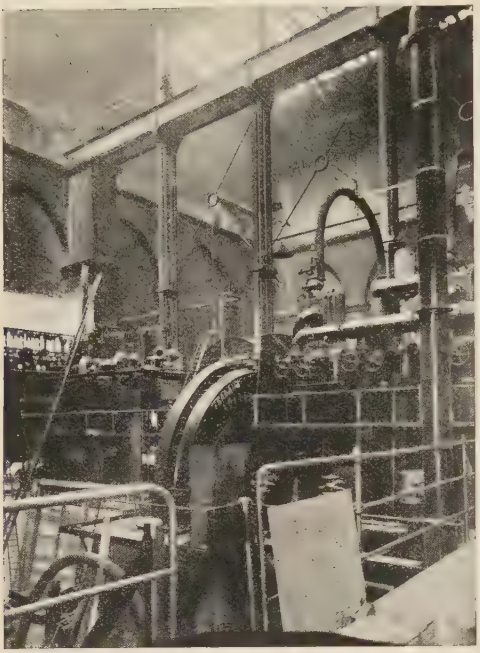
BED-PLATE OF THE BIG DEPTFORD DYNAMO GOING TO LONDON BY WATER.

But as yet this giant "Slave of the Lamp," as it arrives at the various receiving stations, is in a mood neither safe nor convenient for domestic service, and has next to pass through the "transformer." This machine is in principle not unlike the induction or shocking coil, with which we are all by now tolerably familiar, and which (to use the convenient language of analogy) transforms the galvanic current from a simple battery into a flow, diminished in quantity, but vastly enhanced in pressure. In a like manner, but conversely, the transformer alters the current which issues from the dynamo with enormous electro-motive force into a flow of moderate pressure, but vastly greater quantity. It is as though you had at your service a reservoir of water at the top of Helvellyn, giving a supply with such pressure, mountain high, as would be inconvenient at your taps, and unsafe when only restrained in ordinary pipes. But first draw off from Helvellyn into Thirlmere, and pipes of any capacity may then safely supply a city.



THE RIVER FRONTAGE AT DEPTFORD.

Along a narrow gallery under one wall we notice a row of these transformers, each with a long wooden handle attached. A notice at the entrance bears the ominous warning "Danger!" Through certain of these coils the current is not passing, and these are "dead" and harm-



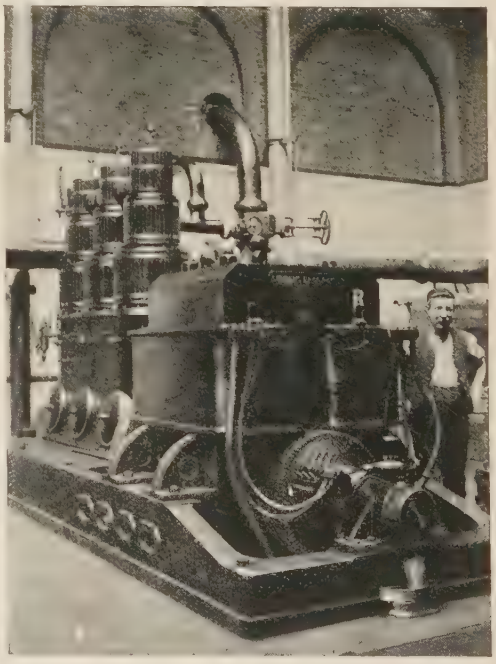
1,500 HORSE-POWER DIRECT COUPLED PLANT.
2,000 ,, ,, ,, UNFINISHED.
AT DEPTFORD.

less, and their long handles are lowered. But an extended handle marks a "live" machine, and an incautious approach may result in a current of, say, ten thousand volts passing through your body with instantaneous and disastrous results. There are, of course, other places in the building where an instant death may be brought about. To connect the terminals of the working dynamos through yourself, for example, would mean immediate annihilation. It speaks well for the watchful care of the Corporation that in all their fifteen years of existence not one fatal accident has occurred to their staff, which numbers about a hundred men.

At the present time the Deptford works possess seven or eight gigantic dynamos. When the accompanying photographs were taken, the oldest of these were a pair of 700 h.p. each, driven from flywheels 32 feet in diameter, and with armatures of 6 feet across. They were made more than a dozen years ago, and anywhere else would be considered very large machines indeed; but they sink into insignificance beside another noble pair, standing the other side of the station. These are of 1,500 h.p. respectively and are also rope-driven. Forty 5-inch ropes connect each armature with its flywheel. Beside one of these leviathans a man looks an insignificant creature, as the accompanying photograph, taken from high up on the driving engine, shows.

Another 1,500 h.p. dynamo has been erected within the last three or four years. It differs from the rest in that it is driven without the employment of a flywheel. It is a stupendous block of machinery, standing 25 feet high, with armature of 66 feet circumference, revolving within the great ring of metal that constitutes the field magnets, as indicated in the picture. But even its glory pales beside a later addition to this giant band; for last year saw the completion of a dynamo of no less than 2,012 h.p., whose armature alone is 25 feet across, and other parts in proportion. In this, their finest child, the Deptford works may claim to possess the largest machine of its kind in the world. Yet another big dynamo has also been erected within the last few months, and still the number is likely to go on increasing, and the older machines to give place to others of newer pattern.

Of course, these dynamos are never run all at once. In the daytime one alone is generally sufficient to supply the necessary power. During the busier hours of night two or three are used together, but some of the brotherhood are always at rest. Silent, indeed, but ever ready, at an instant's notice,



A 360 HORSE-POWER DYNAMO: DAVIES STREET.

to take up the work if the least hitch or accident occurs to those in motion.

For accidents will occasionally happen, even to the best regulated dynamos. Perhaps the armature "fires." This is rather an ordeal for uneducated nerves. The great machine sparks and flashes like a Catherine-wheel, and booms like a mighty cannon. To those "who know," there is no danger; though there is ample excuse for the youngest apprentice, who, perhaps, is subsequently discovered cowering under a bed-plate at the furthest end of the building, even if he meet with but small mercy afterwards at the hands of his mates.

But watchful eyes are ever on the measuring instruments, trained hands on the connecting switches, and without a moment's delay the load is shifted from the faulty machine on to another waiting ready for it, and a slight flicker of the light for a second is all that the public know of the event.

The heaviest call on the machinery is, of course, in the winter months, from sunset to midnight; though at nine o'clock in the morning of a November day, with a "London particular" wrapping the City in its smothering folds, the consumption of current may be almost as large. It is at the hour of sundown, when hundreds of thousands of lamps are all being switched on at



THE DAVIES STREET STATION, WESTMINSTER CORPORATION.

the same moment, that the chief strain occurs, and careful watch must then be kept upon the range of dials that hang in rows on the wall of the little gallery running across the end of the building, and which bears some resemblance to the bridge of a great steamer, where the captain stands, his eye on the compass, steering his ship's course aright.

In a smaller house behind the main building stand the boilers that drive the giant family. There are twenty-four of them in double range, and they burn some hundred tons of coal a day during the winter months. The coal arrives in barges at the wharf behind, the scene of busy activity all day long, and where dwells a monster crane whose tremendous arm can raise fifty tons at a time.

The ground covered by the wires of the London Electric Supply Corporation is of enormous extent. If their dynamos ceased to work, many streets and houses of a district of London extending from the Lyceum Theatre to the Albert Memorial, and from the river to Oxford Street on the north, and to the south in a vast area extending from Westminster Bridge Road to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and from the river to the Walworth Road, Camberwell, and Peckham Rye, would be plunged in



ONE OF THE BOILER-HOUSES: DAVIES STREET.

darkness. A wail would arise from a score of churches and chapels, and confusion would reign in most of our largest theatres, including "Her Majesty's," "Haymarket," "Pavilion," "Court," "Alhambra," etc. Besides their task of lighting all these multitudes of incandescent and arc lamps, Deptford supplies also more than one of the other electricity companies and corporations of London.

So much for our first visit. We now turn to the sister Corporation at Westminster.

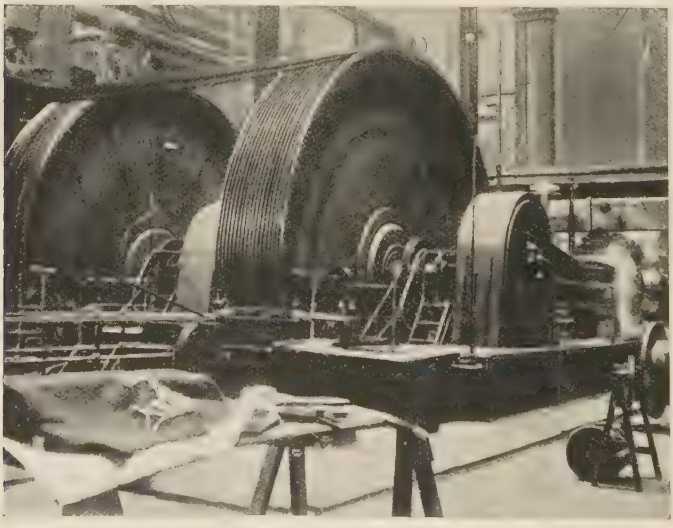
And here at the outset we perceive certain great and fundamental differences between the two companies. Instead of being separated from the scene of their labours by seven miles of intervening streets and houses, the Westminster Corporation have their works in the heart of the area they light, and in place of having a single enormous generating station, as the London Electric Supply Corporation have, they possess no less than three smaller ones in different parts of their territory—namely, at Davies Street, Eccleston Place, and Millbank Street.

Hence it is readily understood that by this system of splitting up their works the great element of *size*, so striking to the visitor at Deptford, is largely absent; nor, indeed, for the matter of that, if all three stations were amalgamated under one roof would the effect be so impressive, and this for a simple and sufficient reason. Technically speaking, the Westminster Corporation work at "low tension," to explain which electric phrase we must again make reference to that analogy of the water supply already employed.



THE ACCUMULATORS: DAVIES STREET.

Imagine the case of a town supplied with water from a single reservoir at a very considerable distance, and contrast it with another town where, instead of one general supply each house contained its own private cistern. It is obvious that the elevation of the cisterns, and consequent pressure in the household pipes, should be vastly less than the pressure in the mains that from a distance supply a whole city. Similarly, the mighty pressure or "tension" needed by the London Electric Supply Corporation, to send the electricity along seven miles of wires to the receiving stations, is not required where the generating works themselves are in the midst of the lamps they light, and the huge dynamos used at Deptford are unnecessary at Westminster, where they are replaced by a far greater number of much smaller ones.



OLD 700 HORSE-POWER ENGINES: DEPTFORD.

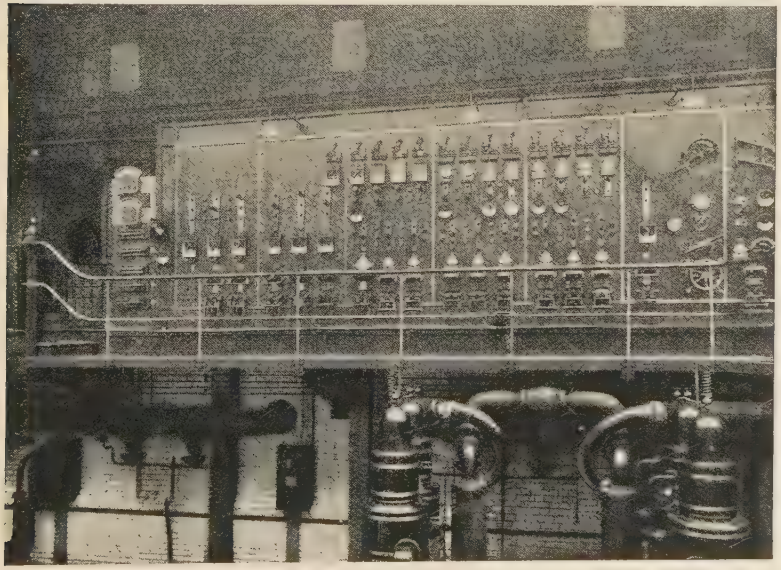
Further, the smaller type of engines are found to be better adapted for economical running, as the load is able to be built up as required; and thus each engine is only kept running for as long as it is doing all it can. An engine does its work by breathing in steam at high pressure from the boilers, and rejecting it at low pressure to the condensers. Engines are designed to work either with

big cylinders breathing in steam say 60 or 70 times a minute, or else as "small-chested" ones which are very rapid breathers, say 350 times a minute or thereabouts. For doing the same amount of work these quick-breathing engines are smaller, and therefore take up less floor space, a consideration which is of very great importance in the centre of a wealthy district.



THE DYNAMOS: DAVIES STREET.

The largest of the three stations, and the best, from a photographic point of view, is undoubtedly the one in Davies Street. Even before we enter it we are struck at once with the contrast it offers to the works of the sister company. The enormous barn-like structure, and most unlovely, if eminently business-like blank walls, which do well enough for the river's bank at Deptford, could not be tolerated for a moment in the very heart of Mayfair; so we have before us an elegantly proportioned and decidedly ornate building, with a single lofty chimney-shaft towering high above it. Only the lower portion, moreover, of this imposing block is occupied by the actual works, all the upper floors being let as bachelors' flats, highly sought after and never without their full complement of tenants, who suffer not the slightest inconvenience from their near proximity to the machinery. He would be a bold bachelor indeed who would elect to live and sleep within less than a hundred yards of the dynamos at Deptford!



THE SWITCHBOARD: DAVIES STREET.

Entering the building, we reach a lofty and well-lighted room, fairly proportioned and of considerable size. The floor is occupied by a double rank of dynamos, large of their kind, no doubt, but small indeed compared with those we have lately seen, for there are seven of 360 h.p. on one side of the gangway, and six of 200 h.p. on the other. They are of a different type altogether, much more compact and enclosed,

and it is only by careful inspection that we perceive which of the fifteen are at work. They run perfectly noiselessly and quietly, and the atmosphere of the room is peaceful and silent, while it would take a good deal of searching to discover a speck of dirt anywhere.

Though certainly lacking in impressiveness and outward sense of power, there is something very orderly and business-like about the double row of exactly similar machines, the gleaming metal, the perfect cleanliness and quiet. The element of danger, too, is absolutely wanting. With the low-tension working, the deadly transformers are done away with, the wires that bear the current are unprotected and harmless, and he who would put an end to his life here would probably find some little difficulty in managing it. Along one wall runs a gallery containing the switchboard, with its glittering dials and handles, and in adjacent rooms are the long rows of boilers that supply the steam for the engines.

There is yet another special feature of the Westminster works that deserves attention. In an upstairs room we are shown a long bank of shelves, on which are ranged some hundred or so of lead boxes, filled with diluted sulphuric acid, and containing also certain plates of lead, specially prepared, the whole connected with the dynamos and with each other. These are known as the "cells," or "accumulators," inasmuch as they are capable of accumulating and storing up within themselves the electricity produced by the dynamos, and of giving it off again in a steady flow when called upon to do so.

The area lit by the Westminster Corporation is undoubtedly the most important in London, containing as it does Buckingham Palace and the Houses of Parliament, and therefore the responsibility is so much the greater. The three stations supply three separate territories, each distinct from the other and each differing materially in many important characteristics. The dynamos at Davies Street light the whole of Mayfair, including Bond Street, whose shops consume an immense amount of current. At Eccleston Place they have the care of Buckingham Palace, Belgravia, and Pimlico, the lighting therefore being almost entirely confined to private houses. While the third division, presided over by the station at Millbank Street, is mainly composed of public and private offices, including as it does Victoria Street, the Houses of Parliament, and the greater part of Whitehall, the boundary line in this direction running exactly between the two Lifeguardsmen at the Horse Guards.

Careful record is kept at the head office of the amount of electricity consumed daily and hourly at the three stations, and the information to be gathered from an inspection of the curves, which represent the current supplied, is often curious and interesting. The daily life of the great city can here be traced. The early housemaid rising betimes on the winter's morning, the fog that comes on later, the arrival of the clerks and business men at the offices and banks, the lunch hour, the lifting of the fog in the afternoon, the lighting of the shops at sunset, the theatres—nay, even the subsequent theatre suppers—all leave their mark on the sensitive curve of every twenty-four hours.

Nor are the weekly, monthly, and yearly records less instructive. The four Bank Holidays are very plainly indicated, as also the very busy period just before Christmas, when the electric light companies experience their greatest strain. The sitting of Parliament, and the beginning and ending of the London Season, are instantly identified. In the Eccleston Place record, four lofty mountains in the curve represent the four annual State entertainments of the late reign at Buckingham Palace. Lighting for the Sovereign is a terrible responsibility, and on these occasions a special dynamo has long been set apart for the Royal requirements, with other machines ready at a moment's notice to take on the work.

Of course, such an event as the Jubilee left its distinctive mark; but lesser occasions may be traced almost as easily. A certain annual depression in the middle of June defines Ascot week as accurately as the Racing Calendar. Big fogs are naturally important occurrences, but even a thunderstorm is not without its significance. A certain very severe one, accompanied by vivid lightning, broke over London in the middle of the night two or three years ago, and as a result it was calculated that in the Westminster district alone some 5,000 people sat up in bed and switched on the electric light! Such a display of almost universal nervousness will hardly be handed down as national history, but in the fluctuating curve in the books at Eccleston Place it has left its indelible record.



By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.*

I HAVE lately read in one of our popular magazines a story which, for certain reasons, has had a peculiar and fascinating interest for me. Its author (I know not whom he may be) and I have something together in common. We have both been brought into immediate connection with phenomenal circumstances and powers which neither science, nor Nature, nor philosophy can account for, and whose origin we shrink from speculating upon. He has been bold, and has told his marvellous story reckless of disbelief or ridicule. Why should not I gain courage from his example and relieve myself from the secret which for thirty years has hovered over me like a hideous nightmare—often thrust aside, it is true, but ever and anon returning and forcing my unwilling remembrance back to the period of my brief contact with things which assuredly are not of this world? As I sit here writing these lines, prepared to draw aside the curtain from that hitherto jealously concealed chapter of my life, I could almost fancy that it were days instead of years which separate me from it. The shrinking dread which those feel who, like myself and the author of the story to which I have previously alluded, have been brought into undesired and undesirable communion with things supernatural, is a sensation which time can never lessen nor efface. I am fifty-eight years old, an honest, God-fearing man, ashamed to look no man in the face, and conscious of no wrong-doing; and yet there is a recollection of one night in my life which, when it chooses to come and haunt me, can bring the cold sweat to my forehead and shake with a nervous trembling my strong limbs. Save but for this one flaw, my life is a happy one, as well it may be. My wife is loving and devoted; my children are what I would have them be; I am rich; I have strong interests in life, and I am not without friends whose esteem and regard are precious to me. Could I but rid myself of this haunting shadow which at times darkens my life, I should style myself a happy man; and it is in the hope that, by sharing my secret with the world, it will lose some of its terrors for me, that I am about to reveal an occurrence which I have kept jealously locked in my breast for well nigh thirty years.

My name is John Tregarron, and at the time to which I am about to allude I was in my twenty-eighth year—a young man of sound constitution and moderate habits. I was an orphan, but a rich one, and I had just been returned to Parliament as the representative of my native town. Modesty would forbid my entering into an exhaustive analysis of my character, even were it necessary, which it is not. I need only say that I was utterly devoid of imagination, and prided myself chiefly upon my stern common sense. If at any time anyone had told me the story which I am about to relate, I should without doubt have considered him insane. Neither solemn affirmations nor any

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amount of circumstantial evidence would have induced me to believe it. As a rigid materialist I should have scoffed at the idea of accepting as a fact that which was utterly irreconcilable with our present conditions of existence. Many will do this when they read my simple, unvarnished narration of an event which befell me. I cannot help that. I am an inexperienced writer, and I cannot summon to my aid words of eloquence or use the other arts of practised writers who seek to win the credence of their readers. But I can set down simply and in as few words as possible what happened to me on the 13th of November, 1858, between the hours of half-past three and four o'clock in the morning. Those who scoff may scoff. I shall not hear them, and at any rate it will be some relief to feel that my secret has gone from me.

On the date which I have mentioned I left the House of Commons, after a long and dreary debate, at a few minutes past three o'clock. I had a cup of coffee, and then, feeling the want of a little exercise after the long confinement, I started to walk to my lodgings in Mayfair.

It must have been nearly ten minutes past three when I left St. Stephen's, and it was barely four when I was carried into my rooms. During that time, by the means of powers the nature of which I shudder to reflect upon, I had performed a journey of something like fifteen hundred miles! Ah! I can well imagine the incredulous lifting of the eyebrows, and the "Pshaw!" of, I fear, the majority of my readers. And yet, while it is an indubitable fact, which my landlady and many others could prove, that I was in London during the small hours of that hateful morning, I could yet bring forward incontestable evidence that I was also in Italy.

I walked briskly along through the empty streets, smoking a cigar and enjoying the cool air. As I turned into Belton Street my stick caught in a grating and slipped from my fingers. I stooped to pick it up, and then straightened myself in order to proceed on my way. I had not taken a step forwards, however, when I perceived that a sudden strange metamorphosis had taken place in my surroundings. I staggered backwards, dazed, bewildered, alarmed. Had I suddenly gone mad, or was I in the agonies of some torturing nightmare? Belton Street, with its rows of red-brick houses, its broad pavements, and its dull gas-lamps, was gone. I stood in a narrow stone alley (it was not wide enough to be called a street), terminating in front of me with a high wall, on either side of which, however, were rows of grey stone crumbling steps, leading I could not see whither. There was a statue of some dull, glittering metal at the foot of each flight, and the figures, which leaned crouching over towards me, with the Roman broadsword threateningly extended, seemed weirdly human in the uncertain moonlight. I myself was in the shadow of a vast grey stone building of architecture strange to me, and a clumsily built balcony jutting out above my head threw a slanting shade upon the ground beneath, deepening the obscurity in which I stood. It seemed to me that the warm, odorous air was richer and softer than any which I had breathed before, and the moon shone with a mellow, golden light in a sky the like of which has assuredly never stretched its glittering arc over the smoky Metropolis.

At first I thought that this must be some wonderful vision, which would fade away directly, and leave me free to pursue my way down Belton Street; so I held my breath and waited. Before long, however, I knew that it was no vision, but a drama in which I should be called upon to play a part; and while I hugged the shadows of that grim, dark palace, the *personnel* commenced to show themselves. A clumsily built coach, drawn by a pair of horses, whose hoofs, shod with some soft material, gave no notice of their approach, drew up at the head of the little street, and two men descended. They stood full in the moonlight for a moment, and I saw them distinctly. They were dressed after the fashion of some southern nation, and were apparently master and servant. He who appeared to be the former was a tall, dark man, of olive complexion, and with big, dark eyes. A long cloak enveloped him from head to foot, and from underneath it peeped the scabbard of a sword. The other man was shorter and stouter, with curled, black moustache and jaunty air; his person, too, was disguised by a long cloak.

After a few words with the coachman, the two men turned away and plunged into the shadows of the street of which I was an unwilling occupant. Almost exactly opposite to me they halted, and, although I have never considered myself a coward, I shrank back against the wall, trembling as though I had been seized with an ague. They talked for a moment or two in a low tone and in a strange tongue. Then the shorter man began to hum an opera tune, for which his master sharply reproved him. After that there was a deep silence—we were all three



"The tragedy had begun."

apparently waiting for something. I shrank from hazarding the merest conjecture as to what that something might be, but I could tell from the attitude of my opposite neighbours that they were watching the steps. Unconsciously my gaze followed theirs. Intuitively I was assured that the actors in the next scene of the drama which was unfolding

itself before me would make their entrance at that point.

At last they came—an old man and a girl, followed by a manservant carrying a lantern, appeared on the top of the steps, and commenced the descent. As distinctly as if it had been the noonday sun, the brilliant moon showed me the gentle, refined face of the old white-haired man, and disclosed to me the face of the most radiantly beautiful woman whom I have ever seen in real life or on canvas. I am not attempting to write a descriptive story, for which, indeed, I have neither the aptitude nor the ability, so I will say no more about her save that her face, as she slowly descended the crumbling steps, seemed to me as the face of an angel.

They approached the spot where the double ambush lay concealed, the old man talking concernedly in somewhat faulty English.

"It seems strange, Carissima, that so suddenly poor Pietro should find himself worse. I trust——"

The tragedy had begun. In less than a moment the manservant was lying senseless upon the ground, and the old man was struggling in the grasp of the stouter of the two men. His master had seized the girl round the waist, and, with one hand over her mouth, was striving to drag her towards the carriage.

Trembling and speechless, pale with a fear which was scarcely cowardice, I remained without moving, my fascinated eyes riveted upon the little group. They were clear of the shadows, and the expression on the faces of each, photographed in my memory with a hideous accuracy, seemed ghost-like and unearthly in the pale moonlight. In the old man's face anger and indignation shone, but there was no fear, although his struggles to free himself were utterly impotent. Passion, wild, mad passion, was blazing in the dark eyes and convulsing the pale face of the taller man, as he strove in rapid words of persuasion to induce his prisoner to accompany him to the carriage. In her face aversion and hatred were blended with fear, as she struggled to release herself, and as he scanned her face with a hungry, longing glance, his grew simply demoniacal. He cried out something to his companion, who nodded and drew his sword, as if about to run the old man through. The girl saw the motion, and, with a wild, horror-stricken look, redoubled her frantic endeavours to break loose. The sword appeared about to be plunged into the old man's body, when suddenly my statue-like condition seemed to leave me, and the warmth of life returned as if by magic. With one stride I was in the middle of the little group, the stout ruffian's sword was whirling twenty feet high in the air, and he himself senseless on the ground from a blow with my clenched fist.

Again I carry in my mind a vivid photograph of the tableau which for a second or two existed. Opposite to me stood the girl, released from the rough grasp of her captor, her full lips trembling with emotion, and her glorious eyes full of a sudden hope, and already telling me their tale of gratitude. Almost by her side was her father, gazing at me astonished and open-mouthed, and a little to the left was the taller man, his head, out of which his black eyes were leaping with wild, demoniacal fury, thrust slightly forward towards me, and his hand slowly drawing his sword from the scabbard. A tigress who has seen her cubs slain before her eyes, and who has now the slayer within her reach, might have looked thus as she crouched for the spring.

I stooped and picked up the sword which had fallen at my feet. Still no one spoke or moved. The tableau was broken up at last by the sound of advancing footsteps, and I saw that the coachman had left his horses and was hurrying towards us.

"Take her away!" I cried to the old man. "Take her back at once," and I pointed to the steps.

"But you, sir, whom God——"

"Never mind me. You can bring help."

They moved a step away, and their late assailant literally sprang upon them. I stepped between, our swords clashed together, and his progress was arrested.

I had learnt fencing when a boy, and it had always been a favourite exercise with me, but my present adversary was far superior in skill to any with whom I had tried conclusions. Had he been cool, I should have been a dead man in less than a minute; but he was blind with rage and fury, and came at me wildly. At his third thrust I felt a sharp stinging pain in my left arm, and knew that his sword had entered it. There was a cry of agony from the steps.

"Father, I will go to him. Shall we leave him there to die, when he has saved our lives?"

What followed is the most miserable part of my story, but surely there are excuses for what I did. The instinct of fencing, self-defence, the only half-developed consciousness that I was playing a material part in a

real tragedy—these all I can plead as my excuses. What happened was really this. My assailant in his eager thrust had left his own person undefended. I had run my sword through him to the hilt. There was another cry from the girl. I stood stupefied, watching the drops of blood fall from the end of my sword to the pavement, and the ghastly shade of death pass over the face of the man whom I had killed.

Then I heard rapid words in my ear, and, looking up, found the girl by my side.

"Oh, sir, you must fly at once!" She produced a lace handkerchief from her pocket, and commenced rapidly binding up my arm. "He deserved it!" she said, glancing with a shudder to where the dead man lay; "but he is the nephew of the Cardinal, and you must fly. You have saved me from death, and my father, too. Tell me your name?"

"John Tregarron."

"Ah! and mine is——" she broke off and listened. "The guard are coming!" she



"I had run my sword through him."

exclaimed. "That coachman must have fetched them. I must go; and you, too. Oh, hurry!"

"And your name is——?" I asked eagerly

A buzzing in my ears, blank darkness before my eyes, and an excruciating pain in my left arm.

"And your name is——?" I repeated feebly.

"Dr. Emerson said you must keep quiet and not disturb yourself."

I opened my eyes. I was in my own bedroom, with my landlady one side of the bed and the doctor the other.

"How long have I been here, and what is the time?" I inquired. Had it all been a dream, after all?

The doctor looked at his watch.

"You were found lying in Belton Street, with a stab in the left arm, and quite unconscious, at half-past three. A cabman brought you here. It is now five o'clock."

"Was I alone? Was anyone found with me?"

"You were quite alone; and, of course, as soon as you are in a fit state to give information, the police will endeavour to find the person who assaulted you. There was a foreign-made sword by your side, and your arm was bound up in a lady's lace handkerchief."

"Where is the handkerchief?" I asked.

It was given me—a delicate little piece of cambric and lace, stained and clotted with blood. In one corner were the initials.

"Mrs. Burditt, listen to me," I said, turning to my landlady. "If I'm going to be ill, I insist upon it that this handkerchief is kept exactly as it is. Put it in my drawer there, and don't touch it again. That's right. Now I'm going to sleep."

It was three months before I left my room, a broken-down wreck of a man. To the police I declared that the brain fever, which had laid such grim hold on me that I had nearly died, had driven from my mind all recollections of the events of that night. How false! The merest incident of it then, as now, was engraven deep upon my memory, and chief amongst those memories was the divine face of the girl whom I had befriended.



"Life was very beautiful then!"

I accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and renounced the career which a short while ago had absorbed my every interest; then I left for the Continent, for I decided that Italy should be the scene of my quest, heedless that I ran every risk, if my description was published, of being arrested as a murderer. Two months I spent in exploring the towns of Northern Italy—in vain. At last I came to Florence, and beginning my search in the most out-of-the-way parts, as was my wont, on the evening of my second day's stay, there I stood again beneath that stone balcony, and the whole scene seemed to rise once more before me. I mounted the grey stone steps and gazed at the brazen statues with a peculiar fascination. The whole scene was calm and peaceful, now, in the soft sunlight, and none would have thought that so lately it had witnessed a ghastly tragedy. At a particular spot I paused and looked down on the stone flags. Yes, it was there—a great stain of blood only half effaced.

My guide, who had doubtless been won-

dering at the interest which the little place possessed for me, now shrugged his shoulders and spoke.

"Ah! Monsieur is looking at those marks of blood. Doubtless he has heard of the romantic affair which took place here nearly six months ago?"

I shook my head, and he proceeded—

"There is one of our Florentine noblemen, the Count di Fiolessi, who has a *palazzo* not far from the top of those steps. He married an Englishwoman, and has a very beautiful daughter, with whom a young Florentine, Signor Mulazzi, fell desperately in love. He was a very strange young man; in fact, I have heard that he was downright mad. Anyhow, the young lady would have nothing to do with him. Well, he laid a very deep plot to carry her off one night. He sent a message to the Count di Fiolessi at three o'clock in the morning, purporting to come from the Count's brother, who lives but a little distance off, and who is an invalid. The message declared that he was dying, and summoned the Count and Signorina Adrienne to his bedside. They got up and, attended by a single servant, started off. When they reached this little place, Signor Mulazzi and a hired ruffian pounced upon them. The servant-man was thrown down and half murdered, Signorina Adrienne was being dragged off, and her father would have been killed, when a most extraordinary thing happens. An Englishman of gigantic stature springs from no one knows where, knocks the ruffian down with a blow of his fist, which nearly kills him, takes his sword, and finally runs Signor Mulazzi, who was one of the best swordsmen in Florence, through the body. When the guard came up, Mulazzi was dead, and the Englishman had gone, and has never been heard of from that day to this. A strange story, isn't it?"

"Very strange. And this Englishman—do they still look for him?"

The man shook his head.

"No; the affair was all hushed up. The outrage which he had attempted diverted all sympathy from Mulazzi, and no one but Count di Fiolessi has attempted to find the Englishman. On the first day there was a reward offered, but it was cancelled directly the Count had given his evidence."

"We will go back to the hotel," I said abruptly. "I have seen enough for to-day."

I hung about Florence for a week, restless and undecided. Then, as the sun was sinking behind the hills one evening, I mounted the steps and presented myself at the Palazzo Fiolessi. A tall servant led me through many anterooms and long marble corridors, until we came to a small sitting-room, furnished almost in the English fashion. The occupants were on the balcony, and, leaving me in the middle of the room, the servant advanced to the window and announced "Signor Tregarron."

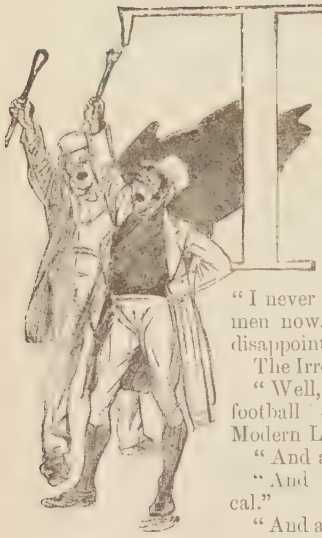
I will pass over the greeting I received, and the months which I spent at the Palazzo Fiolessi, and at the Count's villa near Rome. I am making a confession—not writing a love story. It was agreed between us that the events which had brought us together should never be mentioned. They were full of painful memories to all of us—to me they were more than painful; but for a while, in the delirium of my love, I was able to escape from all thoughts save of Adrienne. Least of all had I thoughts of troubles on one soft, balmy night, when, as we all three sat in the grounds of the Roman villa after a day of dreamy happiness, Adrienne whispered the one word which was needed to complete my felicity. Then I took her hand and led her to the Count, and he blessed us.

"My son!" he cried, "this is what I have prayed for! Bless you both, my children!"

He went indoors, for he was overcome. But Adrienne and I wandered across the smooth lawn, and among the marble statuettes, and hand-in-hand we watched the golden light from the full southern moon reflected in the dark waters of the Tiber flowing below us, and shining upon the vineyards which covered the slopes on the other side. Ah, life was very beautiful then!

I have finished my story. I have given a plain, unvarnished account of that night's adventure, during which powers unknown to us in this stage of our existence revealed themselves to me. Adrienne calls me. I must go.





THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

THE STAFF AT SUPPER.

"I WONDER what sort he is," said the Literary Man.

"I don't," said the Music Teacher; "I never speculate about new men now. The results are so disappointing."

The Irrepressible One sniffed.

"Well, I hope he'll be a football Johnny," said the Modern Language Babe.

"And a reading man."

"And musical."

"And a decent sort all round."

"If he's all that, he'll be a bally tin god," said the Modern Language Babe; "but I can't stand a chap who doesn't go in for football."

At this point the Matron entered. "Has Mr. Raymond come yet?" she asked.

"No." "What train does he come by?" "When do you expect him?" from various parts of the room.

Just then a cab drove up outside.

"Here he is!" said the Irrepressible One. "Let's bet on his appearance. Two to one he's clean shaved."

"Two to one he wears a moustache," said the Modern Language Babe.

"Ten to one he's fair," said the Literary Man.

"Ten to one he's dark," said the Music Teacher.

"You shocking people," said the Matron.

The servant announced Mr. Raymond and supper at the same time.

"I won my bet," whispered the Modern Language Babe to the Music Teacher.

"Don't be rude," she replied.

Mr. Raymond was a very handsome man. There was no doubt about it. The Music Teacher's eyes quailed before his glance. He was terribly handsome.

"You are Irish, I think," he said to the Literary Man; "I am an Irishman myself."

"From the south of Ireland, I should judge by your speech."

"Yes; and you are from the north?"

"Antrim," said the Literary Man.

"Will you excuse me, please?" asked the new-comer politely of the Matron, some moments later.

"Certainly," she assented. "I expect you are tired after your journey. Can I get anything for you?"

"No, thanks. Good-night."

"He's awfully nice-looking," said the Matron and the Music Teacher together, as the door closed.

"I say, this is a bit off," grumbled the Irrepressible One. "Aren't we handsome, too?"



PROOF POSITIVE.

HESITATING CUSTOMER: B-b-b-b-but are you s-su-su-sure the b-b-b-bird can t-t-t-talk?

DEALER: Talk? Grive Scot! Ef 'e couldn't tork a sight better than you can, don't you think I'd have screwed 'is bloomin' neck long ago?

Some weeks after the commencement of the term, Mr. Raymond ceased to favour the rest of the staff with his company at supper.

"He's too good for us," said the Irrepressible One, with an inimitable sniff.

"Yes, he's not friendly," agreed the Literary Man.

"He's not so bad at football, you know, if he wouldn't play such a beastly selfish game. I shall tell him of it one of these days," blustered the Modern Language Babe, who was also captain of the football team.

"Well, we seem to know very little about him," said the Matron. "The boys don't like him at all," she went on; "they say he isn't just."

"His discipline is good, though, and he does his work fairly well; and that's all we can inquire into," said the Literary Man judicially.

Some nights later the Literary Man took the Music Teacher to a lecture. They were some time in coming home; and though it is not possible to certainly relate what he said to her, or what she said to him, we may make a guess, and a pretty good guess, too; for it is certain that never did two people look so absurdly happy as they, when, late and confused, they came once more into the glare of publicity, and ran the gauntlet of the chaff and comments that showered upon them from the rest of the staff at the supper table.

"Hullo! you two," began the Irrepressible One. "Been to a lecture on the origin of the wedding ring?"

"I smell orange blossoms," the Modern Language Babe went on.

"Bless you, my children!" said the Matron.

"I think it's wretchedly bad form of you to make such rude remarks," replied the Music Teacher, addressing herself to the two men, and then smiling happily at the Matron.

"I might as well announce our engagement at once," said the Literary Man.

"You needn't trouble," jeered the Irrepressible One. "All the town knows it."

"How can they?" asked the Music Teacher ungrammatically, "it's only just happened."

"My dear madam," said the Modern Language Babe loftily, "it's been happening for months."

"Well, you're all very horrid," was the feminine reply.

"Amid all the excitement and surprise—ahem!—of this great and unexpected news ahem!—I have quite forgotten to explain to you the incident of the barking dog and the burglar, which so aroused the curiosity of the Head, and of those lesser lights—yourselves—at the breakfast table this morning," spouted the Babe.

"Oh, let's have it," said the Irrepressible One.

"I wondered if you knew anything about it; your attention and surprise were rather overdone," interposed the Literary Man.

"Well, yesterday afternoon Raymond said to me, 'I am going to cycle up to town, and shall not be back until late. I don't want to bother the Head to sit up for me' ('I suppose not,' thought I), 'so will you open the passage window about an inch before you go to bed, and I can let myself in when I like?'



BEYOND DENIAL.

SHE: Women are always getting taken in by the men.

HE: I like that! Why, where's the woman who doesn't take another woman in at the first glance?



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

CYCLIST: Is that building over there a ruin?
NATIVE: Ruin? Noa, it's all t'pieces.

"'Very well,' I said, and carried out his directions to the letter, with what result you know. The dog would never have barked if Raymond had done the biz quietly; but he woke me long before he woke the dog. The window opened with an unearthly screech, to begin with; then in climbing in he managed to push a flower-pot, a football pump, an empty baccy tin, and a lot of other things on to the floor, and, in trying to save them, over-balanced himself and fell with a crash that shook the house.

"'Good Heavens!' I thought; 'that's bound to wake the Head.'

"Well, it woke the dog, which came to the



NE PLUS ULTRA.

MAY: Alice isn't at all nervous.

CLARA: Not in the least. I've even known her to keep cool at an Annual Sale.

same thing. I opened my door quietly, and was just in time to see Raymond slip into his room: he had fortunately taken off his boots outside the window. I could hear the Head prowling downstairs, and groping through the *débris* to the window, which, after a few minutes, he shut. As you know, he thinks the dog frightened a whole gang of burglars away, and that the open passage window and *débris* prove it."

"'All's well that ends well,'" said the Irrepressible One.

It was towards the end of the Summer Term that the Modern Language Babe burst into the room, half-way through supper, and treated the rest of the staff to the latest and last and best story about Raymond. "Do you know——" he began.

"No, I'm sure we don't," said the Irrepressible One.

"Shut up," answered the Babe. "Look here, though, I've got the choicest bit for you, and from Raymond's own lips, too."

"Disgusting," murmured the Irrepressible One.

"He's been county-courted by Shears and Chalkem," the Babe went on; "he owed them about twenty pounds. Imagine a man owing his tailor twenty pounds! The judge asked him what he was earning, and found that he hadn't a penny to bless himself with. Raymond evidently made a good impression, though, and the judgment was that he must pay two pounds a month and costs. Shears and Chalkem grumbled, and called his Honour's attention to the fact that Raymond often had things sent him to Cavendish Square. 'Is this true?' asked the judge. 'Yes; I stay with friends there,' said Raymond. 'What's your father?' inquired his Honour. 'An Irish landlord,' answered Raymond. 'Fifteen shillings a month and costs!' said the judge."

Beatrice M. Comfort.

HE had studied all the rules of courtesy laid down for conductors and had profited by them. He did not intend to be caught napping.

"What 'bus is this?" asked the sweet young thing.

He doffed his cap and gave her a Chesterfieldian bow.

"Madam," he said, "this is 'bus No. 41,057."

"I mean," she explained, "what is its destination?"

"Madam," he answered with the same suave courtesy, "it affords me pleasure to be able to inform you that its destination is the General Omnibus Company's yard."

MRS. VICAR: How's your husband to-day, Mrs. O'Mory?

MRS. O'MORY: Well ma'am, the doctor do say that if he lives to get well he'll be all right, but if he don't he'll die!

LOVE may be blind, but the neighbours usually have their eyes wide open.

THE BORE: Do you know, Tennyson's poems always carry me away completely.

THE HOSTESS: I'm so sorry we haven't a copy in the house.

"Do be careful, Jane," said the farmer's wife. "If you lean so far over the well, you may fall in; and then we should be obliged to get our water from the brook."

EDITH: Oh, Sophy, what an age since we met! Are you still living at the same place?

SOPHY (loftily): No, indeed! I'm married, and have taken a flat.

EDITH: You don't say so! What's his name?

FIRST SMALL BOY: Johnny Smith's mother's awful good to him.

SECOND SMALL BOY: What's she done?

FIRST SMALL BOY: Let him have the measles the day school opened!



THE ONLY WAY.

PORTER: Change here for Doune, Callander, and Perth!

COW: Mooooo!

PORTER: Ye may moo, and ye may moo, but ye maun change here for Doune, Callander, and Perth!



HOMEWARD BOUND.

A STUDY OF INDIAN LIFE IN NORTH-WEST CANADA.

BY ARTHUR HEMING.

THE KAISER'S AVENUE OF STATUES.

By George A. Wade.

Photographs by Albert, Berlin.

THERE are few visitors to Berlin who have not wandered with pleasure through the beautiful park known as the Thiergarten, which is the biggest playground of the Berliners. To stroll through its leafy shades on a warm summer's day; to admire its glorious trees; to listen to the fine military bands that play daily within its precincts; to visit the famous Zoological Gardens which are part and parcel of it—these are pleasures which the average stranger to the city on the Spree seldom misses.

And now the Thiergarten, with its wealth of statues and memorials, is receiving an added attraction such as probably no such park in the whole world can boast. It already has celebrated avenues in plenty. There is the one along which run the electric trams through the whole length of the park, with the side-gallops for horse-riders, similar to our Rotten Row in Hyde Park. There are others better suited for quiet promenades, and of these, one of the most popular for some years past has been the Sieges-Allee. But the Sieges-Allee is now about to become one of the most beautiful promenades in the world. The idea originated in the mind of the Emperor, who entirely controls the work and is bearing the cost.



THE AVENUE OF STATUES.

Despite the diverse opinions that may be held concerning William II. of Germany, from a political point of view, there can be no question as to his brilliant qualities, his activity, his zeal for the land that he governs so effectively and so well. And this latest idea of his, now being carried to perfection in the Sieges-Allee, is only one among many gifts to his people, not only in Berlin, but to his subjects throughout all the German Empire.

The Kaiser has resolved that there shall be erected on both sides of the Sieges-Allee statues of all the rulers of past and present

times of the electorate of Brandenburg and the kingdom of Prussia. These statues are to be as artistic and finished as possible. They are to be of the purest white marble that can be got for the purpose, and are to be modelled by the finest sculptors that the Fatherland can produce. The Kaiser has set aside over one hundred thousand pounds for the scheme out of his own private purse, and it is his intention, when the work is completed, to hand it over as a present to the municipality for ever.

pleasure-grounds, of Frederick the Great and his successors. In extent it covers an area larger than Hyde Park, and extends from the Brandenburg Gate—at the end of the great street, Unter den Linden—to Charlottenburg. It is at the Brandenburg side of the Gate that the Thiergarten is crossed by the tree-lined avenue, the Sieges-Allee.

Of the thirty-two statues quite a number are already finished and placed in position, and from these the visitor can form some idea of the magnificent effect that will be



ALBERT "THE BEAR."

There are to be thirty-two of these statues, sixteen on either side of the avenue. The name of the famous parade, Sieges-Allee, means "The Avenue of Victory"; consequently it will be most appropriate that these marble memorials commemorate some of the chief victors among the monarchs and warriors of the Fatherland. Two statues will be erected to represent each period of the rule of the Hohenzollerns.

It is particularly fitting that this site should have been chosen whereon to place these statues, since the Thiergarten was originally the hunting-grounds, and then the

secured when the work is complete. Our photograph gives a general view of one side of the avenue, and affords some indication of what the whole will look like in about another year's time.

Apart from those groups already erected, there are several other statues which are well on their way towards completion. Among the Electors and Kings to be represented are most of the best-known names in German history, such as Albert the Bear; the various Ottos; Frederick II., the "Iron One"; Frederick the Great; William I.; Frederick, the late Emperor; etc.



OTTO I.

The Kaiser is responsible for the general style of the memorials and their design. Everything is to be carried out on a most elaborate scale. In the centre of each group there will be a large white marble statue of the King or Elector it represents, while on each side will be the smaller statues of the two most important personages of that monarch's reign. These may be either statesmen, poets, warriors, or any other men of renown, so long as they have contributed to the glory of the period in question. Thus such men as Bismarck and Moltke are good examples of the lesser names that will be associated with the Royal ones.

Each group of statues is to stand on a marble daïs with three wide steps, which lead to a platform of semicircular shape, and this



OTTO II.



ALBERT II.

is to have white marble walls running behind it, splendidly carved, and affording sitting accommodation round its entire length. The ends of this are each decorated with carvings representing the Prussian Eagle, the Royal insignia.

Some of the statues are intended to be equestrian, while in other cases the chief figure of the group is sculptured in a standing or, less often, in a sitting posture. As to the size of these figures, it should be mentioned that several of them are over six yards high—including the pedestal, of course—and in no instance is the figure itself less than life size, though it is sometimes rather larger.

So great is the Kaiser's interest in this work that he has paid many visits to the sculptors during the progress of the several statues under their charge. He himself went thoroughly into the matter at the outset as to which of the sculptors of the Fatherland



"OTTO WITH THE ARROW."



OTTO "THE LAZY."

were most capable of giving fitting expression to his ideas; and after much deliberation he decided who should be engaged, and the work to be allotted to each. Amongst the men thus specially honoured with commissions were the artists Schott, Unger, Uphues, Böse, Karl Begas, Brütt, Calandrelli, Schaper, and Siemering.

By thus distributing the work the Sovereign saw that not only would the great task be completed sooner, but that there would also be such rivalry amongst the different sculptors to excel each other's work in the eyes of their King and his people, that he would necessarily get from them the very best work that German sculpture of the age could produce. The Kaiser wisely resolved, too, that all the work should be done by

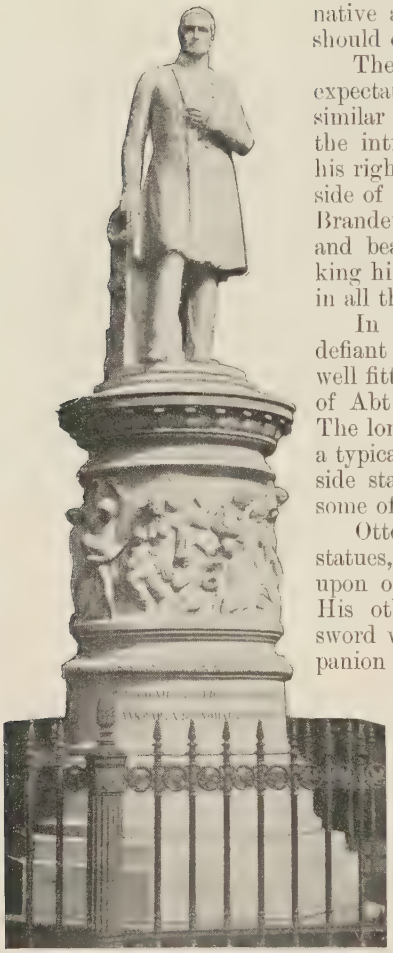


FREDERICK I.

native artists, as he considered that such a national memorial should owe nothing to outside aid.

The result has, so far, much more than exceeded his highest expectations. The statue of Albert "the Bear" (a name similar to that of our own Richard "the Lion-Heart") shows the intrepid king dressed as a Crusader, and holding aloft in his right hand the Cross as a symbol for his followers. On one side of him is Otto von Bamberg and on the other Wigger von Brandenburg. The pastoral staff of the one is just as finely and beautifully carved as is the marble shining Cross of the king himself. A remarkable fidelity to details is to be observed in all the statues.

In the next statue Otto I. is represented as standing in a defiant attitude, with a tremendous sword beside him, a weapon well fitted for such a giant. On his right is the smaller statue of Abt Sibold, and on his left that of Wendenfurst Pribislav. The long hair of Otto floats down behind him, and gives him a typical look of the Goth of olden days. The pedestals of the side statues in this group are rather more ornamental than in some of the others.



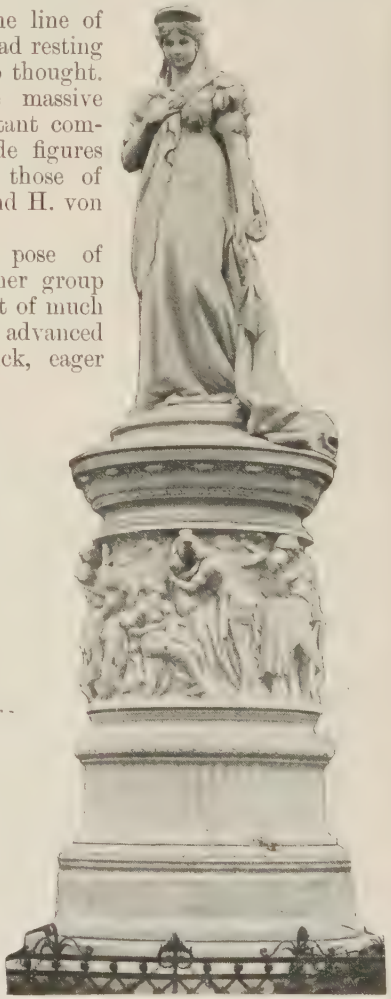
FREDERICK WILLIAM III.

Otto II., the next of the line of statues, is carved with his head resting upon one hand, as if in deep thought. His other hand grasps the massive sword which seems the constant companion of his race. The side figures to this statue are those of Gans von Putlitz and H. von Antwerpen.

The dignified pose of Albert II. in another group has been the subject of much admiration. The advanced right foot, the quick, eager look upon the face, the general attitude of the whole man, immediately strike the spectator as something out of the common. Böse, who sculptured this fine group, won many encomiums for the work, not only for the central figure, but also for those of Eicke von Repkow and H. von Salza, on either side of Albert. A lion's head, as a type of the monarch, will be noticed carved just below his feet on the pedestal.

One of the Kaiser's favourite sculptors is Karl Begas, who did the next group, representing Otto IV., known familiarly as "Otto with the Arrow." The head of the ruler is well thrown back, the same inevitable sword is in his right hand, and in his left hand he holds his big helmet, whilst a girdle surrounds his loins, and his war-cloak hangs loosely behind him. The contemplative attitude of the statesman on his left hand is well matched by the keen gaze of the warrior on his right.

The remarkable characteristics of the succeeding Otto, which gained for him the title of "The Lazy," are exhibited in a marvellous fashion by the statue for which Brüt is responsible. The monarch stands in an indolent attitude, every line of his face showing a distaste



QUEEN LOUISE.

for action of any kind. Without being the most striking in the collection, the figure is one that will well repay a close study.

In the statue group whose central figure is Frederick I., the gigantic sword is again much in evidence, but in this case it is counterbalanced by the right hand of the king grasping rolls and documents, from which the depending seals may easily be deciphered. It is evident that the sculptor desires to draw the attention of his audience of gazers to the fact that learning and bookcraft were then beginning to be as necessary a part of the equipment of a sovereign as was the power to fight. The mitre of the archbishop who was so close a counsellor of the king is made prominent in the figure on the left of the photograph.

Perhaps the most beautiful of all the beautiful statues which have been photographed for this article is the magnificent one of Frederick the Great. It differs from all the others in that it shows the celebrated Prussian monarch in ordinary modern dress. His clean-shaven face is crowned by the hat we all know so well in the pictures of that century; his coat of the Georgian period; his long Hessian boots; that very stick of which he was so fond—these are familiar to the admirers of the most famous of Prussian rulers. Frederick stands in that attentive attitude so often seen in his portraits, his left hand behind his back, another habit of his. The beauty of this group is further enhanced by the very dark background, against which the white marble stands out gleaming like white letters on a black board.

It is impossible to name all the figures already erected, but the ones mentioned and pictured will give a fair impression of the rest. The latest to be placed in position is that of the famous grandfather of the Kaiser himself, the celebrated William I., the "Old Kaiser," as his subjects are so fond of naming him. He is represented in the uniform of a general, with his helmet on his head. He holds a field-glass in his hand, as he was so often seen during that great war of 1870, and from his shoulders depends the long military cloak. On the front of the pedestal is the inscription, "Wilhelm der Grosse, Deutscher Kaiser, 1860-1888." Of course, the two figures which stand on either side of the grand old warrior are those of Count von Moltke and the "Iron Chancellor," Bismarck. The execution of this statue was placed in the hands of Reinhold Begas, an artist in whom the present Kaiser has the greatest confidence, and who enjoys his personal friendship.



FREDERICK THE GREAT.

No one except the sculptors themselves can tell what they owe to William II. for his excellent advice and suggestions, as well as patronage, during the modelling of these wonderful statues. He has been at their studios early and late, in season and out of season, not only superintending the work being done under their charge, but aiding

them with his own detailed knowledge of the armour, costumes, and habits of the various sovereigns and warriors whom they were portraying.

When the present Kaiser first conceived the idea of this work, he estimated that each group of statues would cost on an average something like 3,000 guineas, and so he put aside £100,000 to pay for the whole. And now that the work of three years is nearing its completion, his pleasure is naturally great at the almost unexampled success that has attended the enterprise, and he is looking forward eagerly to the day when he shall make a present of the complete "Avenue of Statues" to his faithful and loyal subjects. The Sieges-Allee will then be one of the most interesting sights to be seen in Berlin for many a year to come. And it will be well worthy of the honour.



THE FISHER-MAID.

From a Water-Colour by H. M. Bennett.

THE TWO GAMBLERS.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.*



SOCIETY was very considerably astonished when Sir Francis Cleydon, Bart., married the orphan daughter of a rich Australian squatter, and suddenly exchanged the life of a man about town for the healthier but less exciting one of a country squire. The moral part of it expressed unbounded satisfaction and approval at the unexpected salvation of a man who had seemed to be going to the bad as fast as a man could go. The immoral faction sneered at his weakness in being led away from the lofty career of the pursuit of unlicensed pleasures by a girl's sweet face, and prophesied his speedy return to their ranks. They did not for a moment believe that his defection was a permanent one; their experience failed to recall to their minds a single case of a man who had gone as far on the road to ruin as their late *confrère* had done, and had yet been able to pull up short and abjure for ever the ways of unrighteousness. For six years Sir Francis had been the most reckless of turf plungers and an almost nightly *habitué* of those clubs and private houses where the green tables form the principal part of the entertainment.

Other vices he had, but this latter one seemed to fascinate him the most, and for years men had spoken of him as a confirmed gamester. His losses had lately been as much the topic for gossip as on his *début* his wealth had been, and already everyone was prophesying the near approach of the end. He had spent a huge fortune, and his fine estates were heavily mortgaged. They could bear no more charges, and the final crash seemed just about to descend, when, without the least warning or notification of his intentions, the whole of his racing stud, his London house, carriages and horses, and sundry other possessions, were advertised for sale, and his marriage with Miss Golding and retirement to Cleydon Hall announced in all the Society papers.

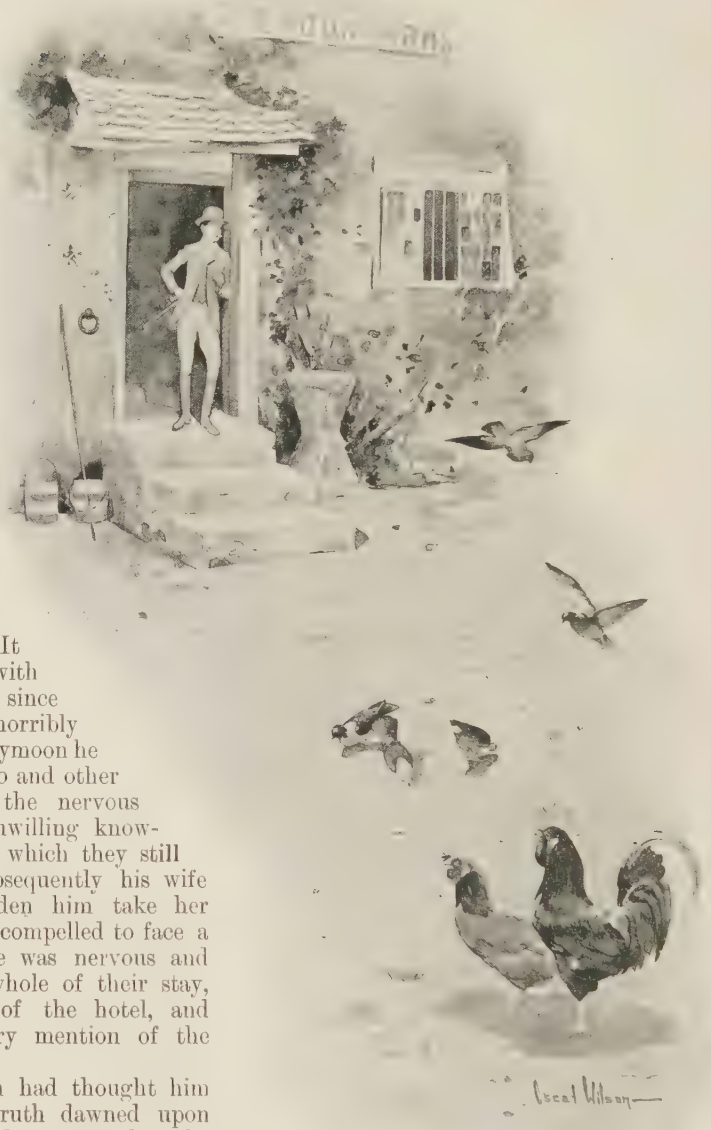
No one was more surprised than Sir Francis himself. He had lived so long amongst a school with whom it was considered correct form to be *blasé* and used up, that he had almost forgotten that he possessed any feelings at all. It was quite a new sensation to him when he fell in love with Helen Golding; it speedily became a revelation. He felt himself suddenly galvanised into life from the dull lethargy into which a long course of palliating pleasures had plunged him.

At heart he was not a bad man, nor was he naturally vicious. His follies had been the not unnatural result of slovenly guardianship on the part of a sporting uncle, and a careless, slipshod education. They had grown into habits, and he had yielded to them, never altogether without compunction; but the first breath of a good woman's influence, even though she had been little more than a child, had wakened him into a keen and shameful realisation of the miserable emptiness and folly of his grovelling life. He had wasted no time in irresolute regrets. He had confessed his whole life to Helen Golding, but he spoke of it as a thing of the past. He did not plead for her love as the price of his reformation, for that was a thing already assured; he only begged her to wait for a little while, and forget the Sir Francis of the past when the Sir Francis of the future should offer himself to her. She felt that he was sincere, and did not attempt to conceal her love for him; and before he left her it had been decided that the period of probation might be dispensed with. It would be easier for him as a married man to break off at once all connection with his former life. And so in less than a month they were married; and while London was still agape with the news, they were wandering through Italy, and Sir Francis was realising for the first time what happiness really was.

Those sneering prophecies which Sir Francis's quondam associates had freely indulged in were not verified. The Leicestershire baronet never again formed one of

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their coterie, nor, indeed, did he ever feel the slightest inclination to do so. His reformation was sincere and complete, and his love for the woman whom he looked upon as his preserver was steadfast and unwavering. One only of his former tastes had survived the death-blow of his marriage, and with that one he had fought many desperate battles, and in all cases came off the victor. He had been reckoned a confirmed gambler, and, indeed, there had been in the old days no more ardent worshipper at the shrine of the green table than Sir Francis. It had become a passion with him, and several times since his marriage he had been horribly tempted. During his honeymoon he had shunned Monte Carlo and other gambling centres with the nervous dread inspired by his unwilling knowledge of the fascination which they still had over him; but subsequently his wife had unsuspectingly bidden him take her there, and he had been compelled to face a horrible temptation. He was nervous and ill at ease during the whole of their stay, scarcely venturing out of the hotel, and turning pale at the very mention of the gaming-tables.



"Sir Francis stood on the steps of the 'Cleydon Arms.'"

At first Lady Cleydon had thought him ill; but suddenly the truth dawned upon her, and she had declared at once that she was bored to death and longing to be away. Her husband heard her with joy, and when they left Monte Carlo the next day he left it with the feeling of a conqueror. Since then they had been careful to avoid such places, without hinting to one another why; and as years passed by, and local interest grew stronger with him, Sir Francis began to congratulate himself that the battle at Monte Carlo had been a final and decisive one.

Lady Cleydon's fortune, although a large one, had been insufficient to totally free the Cleydon estates from all encumbrance. There had been a third mortgage which it had not been possible to redeem; but when, two years after their marriage, little Francis was born, his father and mother at once determined that it must and should be paid off before the boy grew up. It was not an easy matter to save a little over thirty thousand pounds even out of such a rent-roll as the Cleydon estate showed, for times were bad, and farmers were all expecting large abatements. It was done however; and by

the time the boy reached his tenth birthday the money was forthcoming, and in a week's time Sir Francis and his wife reflected with satisfaction that the mortgage would be no more.

One morning during that same week Sir Francis stood on the steps of the "Cleydon Arms," smoking a cigar and lounging slightly against the side of the door. It was very seldom that he honoured the inn which bore his name (or the name of his estate) by his presence, still more seldom that he chose to advertise it by lingering about in the doorway; and the delighted proprietor, who remained discreetly in the rear, rubbing his hands, and ready to rush forward at any moment if addressed, felt that every minute his distinguished guest remained there in that easy posture, in full view of the loiterers in the little town and right opposite the rival hostelry, was worth pounds to him. His sole regret was that Braggs the butcher, Sneed the baker, and other frequenters of the "Cleydon Arms" were not present to witness this phenomenon; but even this regret was tempered by the reflection of how he would be able to embellish this unwonted occurrence, and astonish his little company with it at their evening meeting.

Sir Francis himself was quite unaware that his presence was creating such a commotion in the mind of his obsequious host, and was lingering there simply because, until the blacksmith had finished shoeing his horse, he had nothing better to do.

Presently it began to occur to him, however, that he was the object of a good deal of respectful curiosity on the part of the passers-by, and that his position was a trifle conspicuous. Accordingly he roused himself from some very pleasant meditations anent that scrip of legal parchment which he hoped soon to thrust on the fire, and decided upon a stroll down the street to the smithy. Before he had quitted his position, however, a figure approaching on the opposite side of the way attracted his notice, and he paused. Strangers were not common in Cleydon, and the man who was coming slowly towards him was not at all an ordinary stranger. He was tall and of unmistakably well-bred appearance, with the slight stoop of a horseman, and attired in a riding suit and covert-coat of no provincial cut. He favoured the loiterer on the steps with a bland, inoffensive stare as he passed him and entered the inn, and, but that his face invited no salutation, Sir Francis would have bidden him good morning promptly. When he had disappeared, the baronet turned round and interviewed the landlord.

"Know that gentleman?" he inquired, indicating with the end of his cigar the stairs up which the stranger had passed.

"Certainly, Sir Francis. He's taken the whole of the first floor, and all my stabling for the hunting season. Honourable Bernard Granville's his name, Sir Francis. Got some very pretty animals, too, and looks like a straight goer."

Sir Francis was necessarily interested, for he was the master of the principal pack of hounds in the locality, and a very good master, too.

"Take my card up, Bowles," he told the landlord. "I should like to make Mr. Granville's acquaintance." And, delighted at the notice accorded to his guest, Bowles hurried obediently away.

Mr. Granville would be very pleased to see Sir Francis. And so the baronet was shown up into the sitting-room and announced with all pomp.

The two men speedily fraternised. The most important consideration—who was Mr. Granville?—was satisfactorily explained in the first few minutes. The Granvilles of Somerset were a county family of undoubted respectability, members of whom, indeed, graced the pages of "Debrett's Peerage," and to a younger branch of them Mr. Granville belonged.

This question settled, there was some desultory conversation about horses, dogs, cattle-breeding, and other agricultural matters, concerning all of which Mr. Granville seemed to know a good deal, and Sir Francis began to consider him a very decent sort of fellow. He explained that he had come down a fortnight before the opening of the regular season, meaning to spend the intervening period with an old friend, Colonel Ashton; but, unfortunately, Ashton was dangerously ill, and could receive no visitors, so he had been forced to occupy his hunting quarters earlier than he had intended. Sir Francis winced a little at the mention of Colonel Ashton's name, for he was notoriously a member of the fast set to which he himself had once belonged, but he did not on that account abate his favourable impressions of his new acquaintance. He had lived so long amongst rustics that the conversation of a well-bred and well-informed man was particularly pleasing—so pleasing, indeed, that, when he rose to go, he pressed Mr. Granville to return with him and spend at Cleydon Hall the period which he had intended to

spend with Colonel Ashton. This Mr. Granville at first refused to do, but eventually he agreed to return with Sir Francis to dinner, and leave the matter of his further stay for subsequent discussion.

With Lady Cleydon Mr. Granville did not progress quite so well. She wondered what had brought the crow's feet and wrinkles into his otherwise young-looking face, and she made a very shrewd guess as to their existence in conjunction with a pallid, almost sallow complexion. Still, she was, of course, civil to her husband's guest, and when she

Sir Francis started quietly, and a shiver ran through his entire frame. The old passion was not yet dead.

"Not lately," he answered in a low tone. "I think we have no cards in the house."

Mr. Granville looked astonished. A country house which did not boast a single pack of cards was an anomaly such as he had rarely come across.

"Oh, as for that," he answered, "I have some in my portmanteau; but perhaps it's hardly worth the trouble of fetching them. Suppose we go in to Lady Cleydon instead,"



"'Francis, have you been gambling with that money?'"

left them together to discuss, as she fondly imagined, the claret and the prospects of the approaching hunting season, she did so without any presentiment of evil. And yet, had she only known it, the Honourable Bernard Granville was the most dangerous man in England to leave alone with her husband.

For a while the two men chatted pretty well in the manner which she had anticipated; then Mr. Granville asked his host a fatal question.

"Do anything at *écarté?*" he inquired carelessly, toying with a dessert-knife.

he suggested, drinking off his claret and rising.

Sir Francis was in the toils of a horrible temptation. Surely it was his duty to entertain his guest; a few hands could do no harm. Supposing he was unfortunate, he could afford to lose a hundred or two; and side by side with these plausible reflections was the old longing to handle once more the cards and experience the hopes and fears of the player. It was too strong for him.

"Lady Cleydon will scarcely expect us so soon," he remarked, hastily pouring out a glass of wine and drinking it off. "I should

rather like just one game. Couldn't my man find the cards?"

Mr. Granville shrugged his shoulders.

"Just as you please. I don't mind a game if you feel inclined for one."

Sir Francis rose to his feet.

"Well, we'll have the cards brought, then," he said, with an excited sparkle in his eyes. "Come across into the library, Granville; we shall find it warmer there."

Mr. Granville rose, and, having leisurely lighted another cigar, followed his host across the hall into a smaller apartment. Sir Francis drew a small table up to the fire, and the two men seated themselves. At first the play seemed pretty even, but after a while the luck set steadily against Sir Francis.

So far from causing him to desist, however, this seemed to render him the more eager. He plunged, doubled the stakes, trebled them, but the result was always the same. Great beads of perspiration began to stand out on his forehead, and he dared not glance twice at the I O U's which he was constantly handing across to his adversary. At last the latter threw down the cards.

"I don't know whether you fully realise, Sir Francis," he said, in a slow, grave tone, rendered a little tremulous by the excitement which he was struggling to conceal, "that I have won an exceedingly large sum of money from you. I shall play no longer; the luck is all on my side."

"You will give me my revenge?" said Sir Francis eagerly. "Let us go on now."

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Granville, rising and collecting his I O U's. "Don't you see that it is quite light? This evening, if you like, you shall try to relieve me of some of those," and he tapped the little bundle of papers which he held with his forefinger.

About an hour later Lady Cleydon was awakened by a slight noise in her room. At the foot of her bed stood her husband, with ghastly face, bloodshot eyes, and disordered attire. He stood there, in the full light of the early morning sun which was streaming in at the window, with folded arms, looking at her.

"Francis," she cried, a dreadful fear settling down upon her, "what have you been doing?"

He laughed savagely.

"Gambling, Helen, gambling! A thousand curses upon the cards! I'll win it all back to-night, though! By Heaven, I will! We'll pay off the mortgage yet! What a fool I was to double that last stake with the luck dead against me!"

She sprang up, her eyes ablaze with wrathful indignation.

"Francis, have you been gambling with that money?"

His eyes fell before hers, and he turned towards the door.

"Aye, and lost it!" he said sullenly. "I'll win it back, though; I'll win it back!"

She turned from him, her face full of loathing scorn. She uttered no words of reproach, no reminders of his broken vow. She spoke never another word, and he slunk away like a whipped dog.

That was a miserable day at Cleydon Hall. Sir Francis went for a long ride, and did not return until late in the afternoon. His guest lunched alone, and spent the afternoon strolling about the park, and Lady Cleydon did not leave her room until evening. When her husband returned, she followed him to his room.

"Francis," she pleaded, laying her hand upon his arm, "grant me a favour?"

He listened without speaking.

"What is done cannot be undone," she continued softly. "Promise me not to play to-night, and we will forget everything else."

He shook his head. "Impossible, Helen. If I have to pay that man what I lost last night, I should never have another happy moment. I shall win it back."

Again she pleaded, but in vain. Then she left him; instinct told her that words would be wasted.

Bernard Granville was lounging in an easy-chair in the library, when the door opened and admitted his beautiful hostess, for Lady Cleydon was a very beautiful woman still.

He rose at once and offered her a chair. She declined it and remained standing on the hearthrug, nervously toying with a bracelet.

"Mr. Granville," she said abruptly, "you won a good deal of money from my husband last night."

He bowed. "Sir Francis was certainly most unfortunate," he remarked.

"I have come to ask you a favour," she went on hurriedly. "I want you to go away, and not play any more with him. You have won a fortune from him already. Isn't that enough?"

He looked at her steadily for a minute or two. With her large blue eyes, and simple, eager manner, she seemed almost like a child.

"I have promised to give Sir Francis his



"Presently she . . . declared that they must go."

revenge," he said quietly, "and I am bound in honour to do so."

Her heart sank, but she did not lose courage.

"Will you come with me?" she said, moving towards the door. "I want to show you something."

He followed her in silence along many corridors and up many stairs. At last she paused and opened the door of a large, lofty room.

"Francis, I have brought someone to see you," she said.

A fair-haired little boy, with his mother's large, blue eyes, and his father's straight, well-cut features, bounded over towards them. Then, remembering his manners, he held out his hand to the visitor and looked up shyly.

"How do you do, Mr. Granville? I know your name, you see, because we saw you in the park this afternoon."

Mr. Granville nodded.

"It's a very beautiful park," he said, somewhat absently.

Francis agreed with him, and then turned to his mother. Presently she checked his flow of eager, boyish conversation, and declared that they must go.

Mr. Granville shook hands with his little host and silently followed her out of the room and down into the library. She closed the door and moved close up to his side.

"Mr. Granville," she said earnestly, "I would not have taken you up there, only that there is something in your face that I like. I am sure that you can be generous. I want you to put yourself in my place for one moment. I don't know whether you ever heard about my marriage; I should think not," she said, looking at his old-young face, guiltless of beard or moustache. "You cannot be very old, and it was some years ago. Sir Francis had been a gambler, and he was heavily in debt; but he promised never to touch a card again. I trusted him, and until last night he has kept his promise faithfully. For years we have been saving and pinching to free the estate from debt for little Francis. Last night has undone it all. Of course, you only did what anyone else would have done," she went on hastily. "You won, and you had a right to win. I am not blaming you in the least; but, oh, if you would only go away now! If you go on playing, you will win. I am sure you will; and—and—my poor little Francis, Mr. Granville; I took you up to see him because I thought you must have been something like him once, and you might think of that time and have pity on him. Fancy what your mother would have felt like if someone had threatened to ruin her little boy! Oh, do go away, Mr. Granville! I will never grudge what you have won! I—I will always think kindly of you and bless you, if you will go. You will, won't you?"

He looked down at her with an odd look in his boyish face.



"Lady Cleydon followed them and established herself in an easy-chair."

"You ask a difficult thing, Lady Cleydon," he said, "for I am what your husband was—a confirmed gambler."

"But you will go?" she pleaded breathlessly.

He shook his head. "I can't refuse to give him his revenge," he said; "but on one condition I will promise to win no more money from him."

"What condition?"

"Simply that you will come and sit with us while we play."

She shuddered; but her resolution was soon taken.

"I consent," she said. "Now take me in to dinner."

When the time came for Lady Cleydon to retire she kept her seat. Her husband looked at her questioningly.

"You are determined to play to-night?" she said quietly.

"Certainly. I am going to relieve Granville of a few of his pieces of paper," Sir Francis said, with a nervous attempt at jocularity.

"Very well, then," she replied, "I shall remain, too.

Sir Francis protested querulously, angrily; but in vain. When they went into the library, Lady Cleydon followed them and established herself in an easy-chair before the fire.

The game commenced, and proceeded hour after hour with the same result. The tide of luck seemed to have turned in favour of Sir Francis. One by one his I O U's were handed back to him, and were flung into the fire; at last there remained but one. The cards were dealt. Granville led; and Sir Francis played the king, and won the piece of paper. He rose, pale, but determined.

"Granville," he said huskily, "we are quits, I believe."

The other nodded.

Sir Francis seized the pack of cards in his hand and dashed them into the grate.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed. "Helen, look up. You will forgive me? This has been a lesson to me, and I am cured at last. Never again shall a card pass through my fingers. Need I swear it?"

She looked up, with a great relief in her face, and then turned round full of gratitude to Mr. Granville. He was leaning forward against the table, with his head buried in his hands. Scarcely noticing her husband, she rose and, gliding noiselessly to his side, touching his arm.

He shrank from her and started to his feet.

"Lady Cleydon," he said hastily, "don't speak to me! Keep away, and listen."

The hard look had gone from his face, and he looked almost like a boy.

"Lady Cleydon," he continued, "I have a confession to make. You think that I'm a gentleman. I ought to be; but I'm not. I'm a blackguard and a card-sharper!"

Sir Francis started; Lady Cleydon never moved, but her soft blue eyes remained fixed upon him, full of a gentle pity.

"I will tell you a little of my story," he went on. "If Sir Francis lived in town he would have known it, and he would not have received me here. I haven't deceived you about my name. My name is still Granville, although my family have offered me money to change it more than once. I was a younger son, and never had a penny of fortune. For that reason, I suppose, my father sent me into the Guards, and expected me to live like a gentleman on my pay. I became fond of cards, became skilful, and soon began to depend upon them to keep me. It was all very well for a time; but by degrees men began to get shy of playing with me, and gradually whispers began to get about that I—I cheated. It was a foul lie," he went on passionately; "but people believed it. I was obliged to leave the regiment, and I sank lower and lower. My luck began to desert me, and I was at my wits' end. Then Colonel Ashton told me that you had once been a desperate gambler. I came to Cleydon for the sole purpose of ruining you if I could. You brought me here, and last night, for the first time in my life, I played with marked cards. I was sorry for it; and, Lady Cleydon, it was you who made me feel that if I did not undo what I had done I should be miserable for life! If I had kept that money I should have gone to Australia, and tried to live a new life; but I'm glad I didn't keep it."

There was a long silence, then Lady Cleydon rose and moved to his side.

"Mr. Granville," she said, "will you shake hands with me?"

He looked at her wistfully, incredulously. Then suddenly he burst into tears.

That last mortgage was not paid off until the following year, for Sir Francis and his wife found another use for a small part of the money. It was not much that Bernard Granville would accept as a loan from his new friends, but it was enough to win him fortune and honour in the New World.



LAPWINGS.

WADERS.

By LEONARD BUTTRESS.

With Illustrations by the Author.

THE group of British birds whose habits and eccentricities are probably least known to the unscientific reader is that of the "Waders." They haunt the desolate and waste places of the earth, and but for their presence our fens, marshes, meres, uplands, and shores would be almost unbroken solitudes and silence.

Although their lives are spent in such lonely places, they seem to make up for this isolation by being in themselves peculiarly sprightly, sociable, and conversational; they are, in fact, decidedly loquacious. Their call-notes are wild and shrill, it is true, and in harmony with their surroundings—yet even these are by no means mournful, and the ordinary "table-talk," carried on in undertones, by a little foraging party is a pretty twitter.

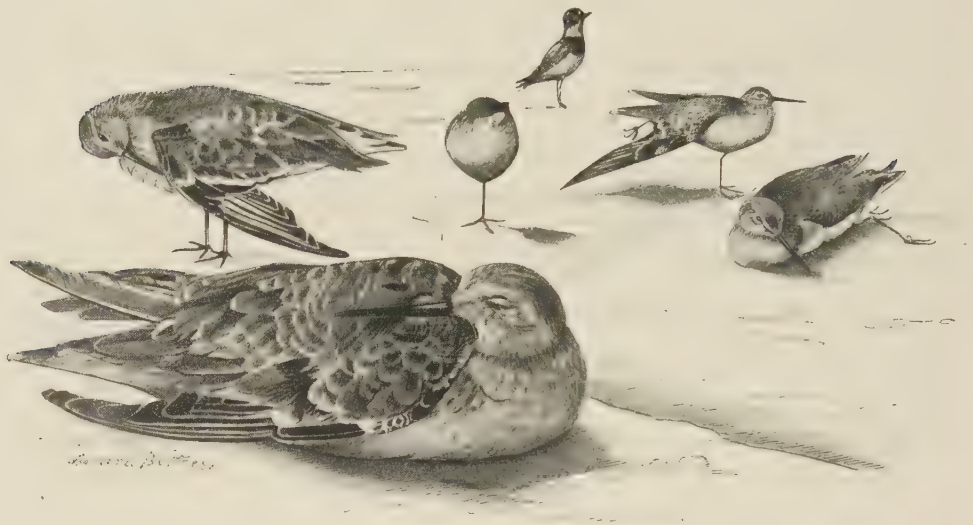
Their legs are destitute of feathers above the "knee" to a far greater extent than with the generality of birds, thus enabling them to wade deeply in water without wetting their plumage. They might be said to have their "trousers turned up."

These birds wade for two reasons, either in search of food or simply for pleasure. In the latter case it is mere paddling—just as children do in the sunlit sea on a summer's day—drawing their feet lazily through the water; but when instigated by hunger or the cares of a growing family, what energy they display, wading breast-deep, sometimes even going beyond their depth, when they swim lightly enough! Indeed, they run, fly, wade, or swim with equal facility. To this list of accomplishments must be added the two less known ones of singing and perching on trees.

That a bird, to all appearances, so unsuited to perching as a Sandpiper should habitually do so is curious enough; but one species—the Green Sandpiper—even nests in trees at a height of from thirty to forty feet from the ground. How this anxious mother manages to convey her chicks to *terra firma* from such an elevation remains a mystery. Perhaps, like the Woodcock, the parent bird grasps the youngster between its thighs and flutters to the ground.

In the musical line one of the smallest Sandpipers—Temminck's Stint—has been described as singing in its Arctic breeding home "vigorously and almost as melodiously as a Skylark"; while the song of the Wood Sandpiper has been compared to that of a Grasshopper Warbler.

In winter and on their spring and autumn



DUNLINS GUARDED BY RINGED PLOVER.

migrations, "Waders" are chiefly to be met with in the tidal harbours, creeks, or on the mud-flats of the coast. In such places, at low water, little parties or flocks may be seen running hither and thither over the sands, or wading through the shallow pools in search of food left by the receding tide. Some species delight in feeding even in the very surf of the sea, rushing to secure some delicious morsel from a retreating wave, lightly skipping aside as it advances again.

At high tide, however, when the sea has covered the flats and driven the birds reluctantly from their feeding-grounds, they repair to the shingly beach or to some neighbouring field, there to idle away the time.

All the activity and energy displayed in the pursuit of food is gone. The birds stand or sit lounging about in little groups, perhaps passing a few casual remarks, the greatest exertion now indulged in being the occasional preening and rearranging of some refractory feather, or a desultory stretch of wing or limb.

Whilst resting thus, especially on wet, marshy ground, they seem to prefer standing on one leg. The leg drawn up, having been previously shaken violently, to dry it, is introduced into the feathers of the breast on trial; but should the bird not be satisfied, the drying process is repeated. Once the limb is thoroughly warm under the plumage, its owner is very loath to replace it on the mud; so much so that even when hustled by its companions, or some larger species, it will hop out of the way on one foot. In the same manner it will search for and pick up food, often proceeding considerable distances, and seemingly preferring this tardy means of locomotion to exposure of the limb. Only when an exceptionally strong gust of wind, sweeping over the marsh, threatens to carry it away bodily, does it hastily restore itself to a bipedal condition.

Often, too, while thus resting on one leg, with the bill and head tucked away snugly amongst the feathers of the back, the same sort of conduct is displayed. Wishing to see objects not in view from its snug position, yet unwilling to expose the head, it will swing the body round, as on a pivot, until the necessary survey is completed. It is most amusing to watch the swaying movements of a score of little feather balls, and the inquisitive backward glances of twice as many beady black eyes, as some fresh arrival appears in their midst.

Although to all appearances an unwary little band, yet they will be found exceedingly difficult of approach. The reason is not far to seek. In every flock there seem to be two or three members who are always on the alert. A piping alarm note from one of these sentinels is enough to arouse the little day-dreamers, and the birds quickly take flight to some secluded spot.

This system of mounting guard is particularly noticeable in the various species of Plovers. A sentinel Golden Plover cuts quite a soldier-like figure as he stands to attention on some eminence, his form sharply silhouetted against the sky, craning his neck and standing on the very tips of his toes, the better to view some suspicious object.



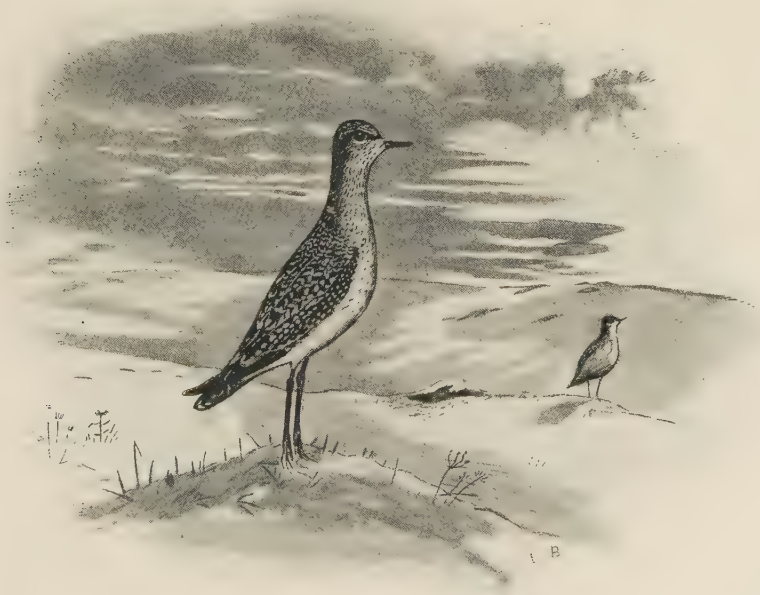
JACK SNIPE, PADDLING.

An individual bird will often take upon itself to guard a flock of another species. Thus a Ringed Plover is sometimes found doing sentry-go for a party of Dunlins. And it is recorded how an Albatross frequented one of the Faroe Islands for forty years acting as sentinel for the Gannets, but was eventually shot, as the inhabitants could never catch the latter birds asleep, so vigilant was its self-appointed guard.

Sportsmen have a particular antipathy to the Redshank, on account of the quickness with which it detects any approaching danger. Although this bird does not act in any official capacity, it is always on the alert and is usually the first to rise; as it does so it invariably utters a shrill alarm note, thereby dropping the hint to every bird in the marsh to make good its escape, a piece of advice which they are not slow to follow.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable habits of wading birds is that of counterfeiting bodily injury.

This is an art practised by the parent birds in order to lure an intruder from their eggs or young. Should you be walking on some pebbly beach in spring and happen to see a Ringed Plover, to all appearances mortally wounded, drop to the ground and lie there with quivering wings, expanded tail, and gasping breath—a dying bird—you may be pretty sure it is merely a bit of tragic acting of a very high order. Such you would certainly find to be the case were you to run to her aid—she is up and away before you can reach her, piping merrily at the success of her performance, or in derision at your natural astonishment.



SENTINEL—GOLDEN PLOVER.

A broken leg or wing, lameness, even death itself — each and all are portrayed with marvellous exactness. The bird repeats these antics again and again, each time luring the intruder further from her brood, enabling them to make themselves scarce in safety. In addition to the protection lavished upon them by the forethought of their parents, the youngsters stand a fairly good chance of remaining undetected, by reason of their coloration.

So exactly does their downy plumage resemble the shingle on which they are born and bred, that it is well nigh impossible to distinguish them, even when they are known to be within a few feet of the spot on which one may be standing.

This instinct of lying motionless and trusting to escape on account of similarity to their surroundings is made use of in many species, by the old birds as well as their young. Over-confidence, however, in this direction often proves fatal. A Woodcock, relying on its likeness to the withered leaves on which it squats, will remain perfectly quiet until almost trodden under foot by the sportsman's boot; while the Stone Curlew, after running a short distance, calmly lies out full length on the open ground, and there remains, still as death, until captured by hand. This proceeding is strongly reminiscent of the ostrich burying its head in the sand, thereby hoping to escape detection.



YOUNG RUFF, BASKING.



REDSHANK.

Protective coloration extends to the eggs of many species, some so nearly resembling the stones with which the nesting-grounds are freely scattered that, even when noticed, they would in all probability be passed without their real character being suspected.

Many "Waders" are nocturnal in their habits, and night feeding is indulged in to a large extent, notably by the Woodcock and Snipe. The latter spend the best part of their days skulking in ditches, in the laziest fashion, and only waking up towards evening when, by the light of the moon, they hurry to the marshes for their late dinner of worms.

Lapwings, too, feed mostly by night, when their plaintive, well known cry may frequently be heard. As they are also particularly active during the day, it would appear as though they almost dispensed with sleep. These birds have a most unsportsmanlike habit of "going for" each other's legs when engaged in conflict.

The curiously shaped bills of many wading birds naturally govern their method of feeding.

Look at the beak of a Curlew, arched like a bent bow. One cannot but wonder how it manages to feed at all; as a matter of fact, it is only after considerable coaxing and cunning that the food reaches its destination. The arch-enemy of the Curlew, as, indeed, of all wading birds, is the Peregrine Falcon.



PEREGRINE FALCON AND CURLEW.

Still more extraordinary is the Avocet's bill, which, the exact opposite of the Curlew's, is curved upwards, *the point never touching the ground.* However, its owner overcomes this seemingly insuperable difficulty by feeding only in shallow pools, working its bill from side to side, and in this manner capturing any "small deer" they may contain.

In the spring of the year, "Waders," like most other birds, get bright and new wedding garments. Knots, Godwits, Phalaropes, and others don beautiful brick-red nuptial dresses, whilst the Plovers—Golden and Grey—array themselves in little black waistcoats.

The Phalaropes are elegant little birds with lobed feet, like a Coot. Their most remarkable characteristic, and one almost unparalleled in bird life, is undoubtedly the very advanced views held by the lady Phalaropes. It has been said that they possess "all the rights demanded by the most radical reformers." At any rate, they are considerably larger and more brightly coloured than the sterner sex. In addition to this, however, it is they who do all the courting, and then leave their spouses to the duties of incubation, whilst they themselves go off and enjoy all manner of aquatic sports and amusements.

The little Knot — plumpest of shore birds—is known to ornithologists as *Tringa canutus*, owing both its scientific and trivial names to the supposed fact that it constituted King Canute's favourite dish. It is interesting to conjecture by what means his larder was kept supplied. Nowadays it is hardly held in the same esteem by the epicure.

Of all the wading birds that have gained name and fame through delicacy of flavour, perhaps the Ruff was most highly prized. This bird, well known for its fighting proclivities, used to nest in the great fens of East Anglia when still in their undrained condition. In those days certain persons made a trade of netting, fattening, and selling them for the table at a high price. In course of time the assiduity of the fowler and the reclamation of the marshes effectually put an end to the business. Now, alas, the bird is little more than an irregular visitor! "Out of sight, out of mind," is exceedingly applicable to the Ruff, at any rate so far as its table value is concerned. Indeed, its epicurean glory has departed to such an extent that the salesman from whom the author bought the bird for this illustration called it a Knot and sold it for one-and-three!



A photographic study by] "WATERS STILLED AT EVEN." [*Percy Lankester, Tunbridge Wells.*



MIRACLE JOYEUX.

BY

FRANK NORRIS.

MERVIUS had come to old Jerome's stone-built farmhouse, across the huge meadow where some half-dozen of the neighbouring villagers pastured their stock in common. Old Jerome had received a certain letter, which was a copy of another letter, which in turn was a copy of another letter, and so on and so on, nobody could tell how far. Mervius would copy this letter and take it back to his village, where it would be copied again and again and yet again, and copies would be made of these copies, till the whole countryside would know the contents of that letter pretty well by heart. It was in this

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way, indeed, that these people made their literature. They would hand down the precious documents to their children, and that letter's contents would become folk-lore, become so well known that it would be repeated orally. It would be a legend, a mythos; perhaps by and by, after a long time, it might gain credence and become even history.

But in that particular part of the country this famous letter was doubly important, because it had been written by a man whom some of the peasants and labourers and small farmers knew. "I knew him," said old Jerome, when Mervius had come in and the two had sat down on either side of the oak table in the brick-paved kitchen. Mervius—he was past seventy himself—slipped his huge wooden sabots and let his feet rest on the warm bricks near the fireplace, for the meadow grass had been cold.

"Yes, I knew him," said Jerome. "He took the name of Peter afterwards. He was a fisherman, and used to seine fish over in the big lake where the vineyards are. He used to come here twice a week and sell me fish. He was a good fisherman. Then the carpenter's son set the whole country by the ears, and he went away with him. I missed his fish. Mondays and Wednesdays he came, and his fish were always fresh. They don't get such fish nowadays."

"I'll take the letter you have," said Mervius—"the copy, that is—and my wife will transcribe it; I—I am too old, and my eyes are bad. This carpenter's son, now—as you say, he set the people by the ears. It is a strange story."

Old Jerome put his chin in the air. "He was the son of a carpenter, nothing else. We all knew his people; you did, and I. His father built the bin where I store my corn, and some stalls in my brother's barn in the next village. The son was a dreamer; anyone could have told he would have perished in the end. The people were tired of him. That was all."

Mervius did not answer directly. "I have read this letter," he said, "this fisherman's letter. The man who looks after my sheep loaned me a copy. Peter was not always with the man, the carpenter's son. One thing he has left out—one thing that I saw."

"That *you* saw!" exclaimed old Jerome.

Mervius nodded.

"I saw this man once."

"The carpenter's son?"

"Yes, once, and I saw him smile. You notice this letter never makes record of him smiling."

"I know."

"I saw him smile."

"As how?"

Mervius wrapped his lean, old arms under the folds of his blouse, and, resting his elbows on his knees, looked into the fire. Jerome's crow paced gravely in at the door and perched on his master's knee. Jerome fed him with bits of cheese dipped in wine.

"It was a long time ago," said Mervius; "I was a lad. I remember I and my cousin Joanna—she was a little girl of seven then—used to run out to the cow-stables early of the cold mornings, and stand in the fodder on the floor of the stalls to warm our feet. I had heard my father tell of this man, this carpenter's son. Did you ever hear," he added, turning to old Jerome, "did you ever hear—when you were a boy—hear the older people speak of the 'White Night'? At midnight it grew suddenly light, as though the sun had risen out of season. In fact, there *was* a sun, or star—something. The chickens all came down from their roosts, the oxen lowed the cocks crew, as though at daybreak. It was light for hours. Then towards four o'clock the light faded again. It happened in midwinter. Yes, they called it the 'White Night.' It was strange. You know the followers of this man claim that he was born on that night. My father knew some shepherds who told a strange story . . . however.

"For the children of our village—that is to say, my little cousin Joanna, my

brother Simon, the potter's little son, Septimus, a lad named Joseph, whose father was the olive-presser of the district, and myself—the village bleach-green was the playground.

"This bleach-green was a great meadow by the brook, on the other side of my father's sheepfolds. It belonged to the fuller of the village. After weaving, the women used to bring here their webs of cloth to be whitened. Many a time I have seen the great squares and lengths of cloth covering the meadow, till you would have said the snow had fallen.

"It was that way on a holiday, when the five of us children were at our play along the banks of the little brook. Across the brook was the road that led to the city, and back of us the bleach-green was one shimmer of white, great spreads and drifts of white cloth, billowing and rippling like shallow pools of milk, as the breeze stirred under them. They were weighted down at the corners with huge, round stones. It was a pretty sight. I have never forgotten that bleach-green.



"I remember that day we had found a bank of clay, and the potter's son, Septimus, showed us how to model the stuff into pots and drinking-vessels, and afterwards even into the form of animals: dogs, fishes, and the lame cow that belonged to the widow at the end of the village. Simon made a wonderful beast, that he assured us was a lion, with twigs for legs, while I and Septimus patted and pinched our lump of clay to look like the great he-pig that had eaten a litter of puppies the week past—a horror that was yet the talk of all the village.

"Joanna—she was younger than all the rest of us—was fashioning little birds, clumsy, dauby little lumps of wet clay without much form. She was very proud of them, and set them in a row upon a stick, and called for us to look at them. As boys will, we made fun of her and her little, clumsy clay birds, because she was a girl, and Simon, my brother, said—

"'Hoh! those aren't like birds at all. More like bullfrogs, I guess. *I'll* show you.'

"He and the rest of us took to making all manner of birds—pigeons, hawks, chickens, and the like. Septimus, the potter's son, executed a veritable masterpiece, a sort of peacock with tail spread, which was very like, and which he swore he would take to his father's kiln to have baked. We all exclaimed over this marvel, and gathered about Septimus, praising him and his handiwork, and poor little Joanna and her foolish, dauby lumps were forgotten. Then, of course, we all made peacocks, and set them in a row, and compared them with each other's. Joanna sat apart looking at us through her tears, and trying to pretend that she did not care for clay peacocks, that the ridicule of a handful of empty-headed boys did not hurt her, and that her stupid little birds were quite as brave as ours. Then she said, by and by, timid-like and half to herself, 'I think my birds are pretty, too.'

"'Hoh!' says Septimus, 'look at Joanna's bullfrogs! Hoh! You are only a girl. What do you know? You don't know *anything*. I think you had better go home. We don't like to play with girls.'

"She was too brave to let us see her cry, but she got up, and was just about going home across the bleach-green in the green aisles between the webs of cloth—when Simon said to me and to the others—

"'Look, quick, Mervius, here comes that man that father spoke about, the carpenter's son who has made such a stir.' And he pointed across the brook, down the road that runs from the city over towards the lake, the same lake where you say this Peter used to fish. Joanna stopped and looked where he pointed; so did we all. I saw the man, the carpenter's son, whom Simon meant, and knew at once that it was he."

Old Jerome interrupted: "You had never seen him before. How did you know it was he?"

Mervius shook his head. "It was he. How could *I* tell? I don't know. I knew it was he."

"What did he look like?" asked Jerome, interested.

Mervius paused. There was a silence. Jerome's crow looked at the bright coals of the fire, his head on one side.

"Not at all extraordinary," said Mervius at length. "His face was that of a peasant, sun-browned, touched, perhaps, with a certain calmness. That was all. A face that was neither sad nor glad, calm merely, and not unusually or especially pleasing. He was dressed as you and I are now—as a peasant—and his hands were those of a worker. Only his head was bare."

"Did he wear his beard?"

"No, that was afterward. He was younger when I saw him, about twenty-one maybe, and his face was smooth. There was nothing extraordinary about the man."

"Yet you knew it was he."



"'He came down and stood on the other bank.'"

"Yes," admitted Mervius, nodding his head. "Yes, I knew it was he. He came up slowly along the road near the brook where we children were sitting. He walked as any traveller along those roads might, not thoughtful nor abstracted, but minding his steps and looking here and there about the country. The prettier things, I noted, seemed to attract him, and I particularly remember his stopping to look at a cherry tree in full bloom and smelling at its blossoms. Once, too, he stopped and thrust out of the way a twig that had fallen across a little ant-heap. When he had come opposite us, he noticed us all standing there and looking at him quietly from across the brook, and he came down and stood on the other bank and asked us for a drink. There was a cup in an old bucket not far away that was kept there for those who worked on the bleach-green. I ran to fetch it, and when I had come back, he, the carpenter's son, had crossed the brook, and was sitting on the bank, and all the children were about him. He had little Joanna on his knee, and she had forgotten to cry. He drank out of the cup I gave him, and fell to asking us about what we had been doing. Then we all cried out together, and showed him our famous array of clay peacocks."

"And you were that familiar with him?" said old Jerome.

"He seemed like another child to us," answered Mervius. "We were all about him—on his shoulders, on his knees, in his arms, and Joanna in his lap—she had forgotten to cry.

"'See, see my birds,' she said. I tell you she had her arms around his neck. 'See, they said they were not pretty. They are pretty, aren't they, quite as pretty as theirs?'

"'Prettier, prettier,' he said. 'Look now.' He set our little clay birds before him in a row. First mine, then Simon's, then those of Joseph and of Septimus, then one of little Joanna's shapeless little lumps. He looked at them, and at last touched the one Joanna had made with his finger-tip, then—— Did you ever see when corn is popping how the grain swells, swells, swells, then bursts forth into whiteness? So it was then. No sooner had that little bird of Joanna's, that clod of dust, that poor bit of common clay, felt the touch of his finger, than it awakened into life and became a live bird—and white, white as the sunshine, a beautiful little white bird that flew upward on the instant, with a tiny, glad note of song. We children shouted aloud, and Joanna danced and clapped her hands. And then it was the carpenter's son smiled. He looked at her as she looked up at that soaring white bird, and smiled, smiled just once, and then fell calm again.

"He rose to go, but we hung about him and clamoured for him to stay.

"'No,' he said, as he kissed us all, 'I must go, go up to the city.' He crossed the brook and looked back at us.

"'Can't we go with you?' we cried to him. He shook his head.

"'Where I am going you cannot go. But,' he added, 'I am going to make a place for just such as you.'

"'And you'll come again?' we cried.

"'Yes, yes, I shall come again.'

"Then he went away, though often looking back and waving his hand at us. What we said after he had gone I don't know. How we felt I cannot express. Long time and in silence we stood there watching, until his figure vanished around a bend in the road. Then we turned and went home across the bleach-green, through the green aisles between the webs of white cloth. We never told what had happened. That was just for ourselves alone. The same evening we heard of a great wonder that had been worked at a marriage in a town near by, water turned to wine, and a little later another, a man blind from his birth suddenly made to see.

What did we care? He had not smiled upon those others, those people at the marriage, that crowd at the market-place. What did we care?"

Mervius stopped, and slipped his feet back into his sabots, and rose. He took the letter from Jerome and put it in the pocket of his blouse.

"And you saw that?"

Mervius nodded, but old Jerome shook his head in the manner of one who is not willing to be convinced.

"He was a dreamer. Why, his people were labouring folk in one of the villages beyond the lake. His father was a carpenter, and built my corn-bin. The son was a fanatic."

"But this thing I saw," said Mervius at the door. "I saw it who am speaking to you."

Jerome put his chin in the air.

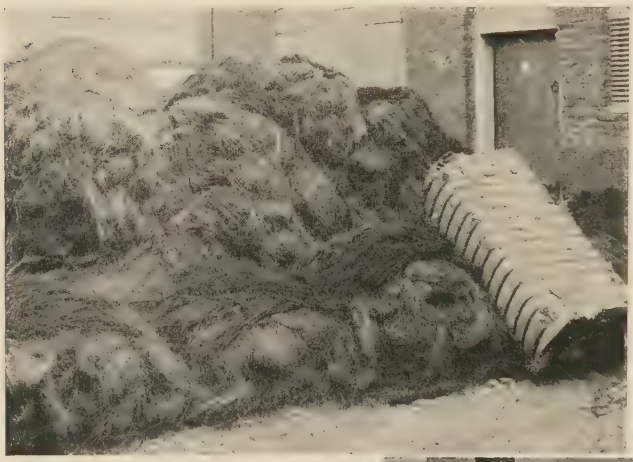
". . . A dreamer. . . . But I was sorry when Peter went away. . . Mondays and Wednesdays he came . . . and his fish were always fresh."



MODERN BRUSH-MAKING.

By C. F. Bailey.

A MAGAZINE writer of note stated, some few months ago, that "the history of British trade showed nothing more remarkable than the immense advance, of comparatively recent date, in the manufacture of articles of common necessity," and this short account of how a modern scrubbing-brush and its bristle and fibre brethren are made, will exemplify in one particular the above general statement.



"PIGTAILS" OF BASS, IMPORTED IN IRON-BOUND BALES.

When inspecting an up-to-date brush factory, one notes (1) the general application of machinery in the process of manufacturing, and (2) the enormous number of new products in the shape of "fibre" of various kinds, with their methods of preparation, that are now used. It is invariably a surprise to those who have given the subject but little thought, to learn how many lands, in every quarter of the globe, are laid under contribution; while the brushes themselves are almost as various, from an ordinary toilet, tooth, or hair brush, to cylindrical or circular brushes used in calico-printing, for instance.

The raw materials employed in the industry may be roughly classed as follows:— Bristles; horsehair; bass (piassava), of which there are several kinds; and various vegetable fibres, which form, either alone or mixed, the "knots" or substance of the brush proper; wood, or any hard substance, such as bone, ivory, celluloid, xylonite, or even leather, making the "stocks" or "brush-boards" in which the "knots" are fixed.

Bristles are obtained from hogs, reared primarily for this crop in Eastern Europe, in many parts of Asia, notably Siberia, China, and India, and in America; the most valuable, however, are derived from the wild boars which haunt the dense forests in Poland, Western Germany, Russia, Siberia, and the Balkans. In these forests the boars shed their bristles, rubbing them off against the trees. The peasantry gather them, and sell them to collectors (many of whom are also bristle-dressers), who prepare them for sale at the country markets or fairs. Merchants from all countries congregate at certain cities, where these fairs are held on a large scale once or twice every year, notably at Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Leipzig, and thence



HOG-BRISTLES, IN BUNDLES TIED TYPICALLY AS IMPORTED FROM (1) CHINA, (2) POLAND, (3) GERMANY, (4) RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

distribute the crop to all the centres of commerce of the civilised world, and, finally, to the brush-manufacturers themselves.

Bristles differ immensely in substance, length, colour, and quality, varying from jet black through dark and light grey to yellowish buff or white. As showing the diversity of country of origin—in the illustration, the black bundles to the left are from Tientsin, in China, the right group are German, the middle group Polish, the larger bundles in the box above from Russia and Siberia, all tied up in the particular method affected by the different dressers abroad. Each bunch usually contains hairs of a variety of lengths, from two and a half inches to eight inches, and "flimsies" are known in the trade, as curiosities, even fourteen inches long.

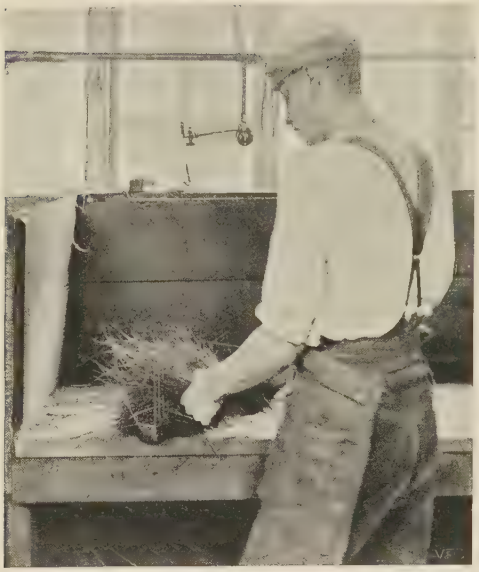


SORTING MEXICAN FIBRE INTO "LONGS AND SHORTS."

The bundles pass at once into the hands of the "sorter," whose duty it is to separate them into what are called "sizes," a laborious but interesting work, only done by a skilled workman. He takes a quantity of bristles in his left hand, and with the finger and thumb of his right picks out all hairs he judges to be of a certain length, until he has a series of "sizes" only differing one quarter of an inch when retied into bundles. Each bundle is so accurately arranged that the "flag" ends of its bristles are almost solid



MEN "HACKLING" MEXICAN FIBRE.



COMBING "BAHIA" FREE FROM LEAF-DIRT.

and perfectly level, whilst the "base" of the bundle is smooth and solid as a rock. This is a necessary process, as the hairs are valued largely according to length, the difference being as much as one shilling to three shillings and sixpence per pound for the commoner sorts, up to twenty shillings per pound for the best in a finished condition. Some varieties, in particular those for toilet ivory or silver back brushes, are washed on stone slabs with soft soap and bleached with burning sulphur until they attain a pure white.

If we except machinery, which has revolutionised the cost of production, the substance to which the cheapness of the modern "scrubber," laundry-brush, or nail-brush is due, is "fibre," a term which includes all the vegetable products used as a substitute for the animal-bristle and horsehair. These vegetable fibres are often so beautifully prepared and polished that they are scarcely distinguishable from best quality bristles, although, as a matter of fact, they have no connection with the hog's back.

An ordinary new "scrubber," if looked into closely, may be seen to be composed of two varieties of fibre, a greenish-white softer kind, and a harsh, dark brown, stiff sort; this combination makes the best wearing brush (excluding the expensive bristle brushes), and brushes made of it are in far greater demand than other kinds.

"Mexican fibre," the softer variety, consists of the stalk parts or veins of leaves, after they have undergone a preparation of dressing, arriving from Mexico in large bales covered with coarse matting. It is white or tinged with green or yellow, and each strand is ten to forty inches long.

The coarser substance is "bass," coming, as shown in the picture, in iron-bound bales, containing "pigtails" of a brown, hay-looking product, harsh to the touch. It grows in South America, Ceylon, and Africa, and is the leaf fibre of the piassava tree; the finer qualities, "para" from Brazil, and "bassine" or "palmyra" from Ceylon, are used for "scrubbers" and the like, whilst the very strong kinds from Bahia are destined for street and stable brooms, etc.

The various processes through which the ordinary fibre passes are "hackling," done by men, who take up a double handful and drag it rapidly and frequently through long iron combs until the individual fibres assume the appearance of a horse-tail, as here illustrated; from these hands it passes to be sorted into lengths, as in the next picture, and then finally is cut into sizes to feed the brush-making machines.

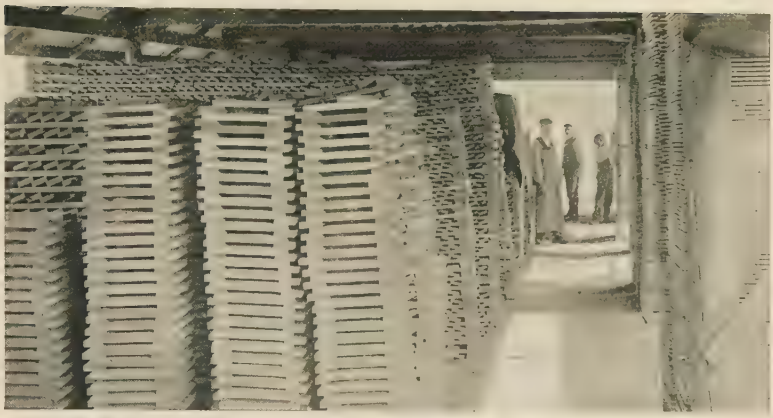
It is necessary here to return to the manufacture of the brush-back and take up the account of the third raw material mentioned,



GUILLOTINING "BAHIA" BASS BY HAND, FOR STREET BROOMS.

the wood. As in the case of bristle and fibre, its origin is most diverse, and every timber-producing country, not excluding the United Kingdom, may be said to contribute; this is obvious when the timber-yard is entered and its many hundreds of huge tree-trunks of beech and sycamore, horse-chestnut or mahogany, are viewed, with here and there varieties of rarer woods, such as satin-wood, box, olive, satin walnut, or ebony.

In the timber-yard, men are engaged in cutting beech timber into lengths of seven feet or eight feet, for some of the trees themselves are too large to be taken at once to the sawmills, but after this preliminary the logs are quickly dragged to the "mills," where the constant grating and buzzing of the circular saws is positively deafening.



METHOD OF "WEATHERING" BRUSH-BACKS IN THE DRYING-SHEDS.



THIS OPERATOR BORES SIX BACKS SIMULTANEOUSLY, HOLE BY HOLE, FROM A DESIGN, BY PRESSING THE STOPS WITH A KEY.

The first saw is occupied in "ripping" logs—that is, slicing them in halves; the next one cuts each half across into "quarters"; the third divides the "quarters" into sections in shape resembling a book; and the fourth slices the sections into "slabs" commonly about 10 in. by 3 in. and $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick. The successive cuttings are shown here. Some brush-backs require to be in bent form or curved; this latter result is achieved by cutting the slabs with a band-saw, a pair of arms being adjusted by nuts to give the



"SHAPING" BRUSH-BACKS FROM THE ROUGH SLAB.



FINISHING "FILLING" PROCESS BY PUTTING IN "WINGS."

necessary swing of the wood-block against the cutter.

It is curious to note the large amount of moisture contained by these apparently dry logs, the saws often becoming quite wet in the cutting process. It is extremely important that the wood should be hard and dry before being sawn into brush-boards; consequently, certain woods, such as beech, are cut while the sap is in them and dried afterwards; other sorts are kept until quite dry before cutting.

The slabs must now be "weathered." For this they are stacked by boys in the peculiar way shown in our illustration, which allows a current of air to play around each single piece of wood. The drying-sheds are large, roofed over, and open on every side. The sun dries the slabs irregularly, cracks them, and turns them brown, therefore protection above is required; but wind promotes rapid and regular seasoning. The time occupied varies from four to five days in summer, to two or three weeks, or "any time," as the manager remarks, in winter.

When seasoned, the boards go to a planing-machine, where feed-rollers drag them between rapidly revolving planing knives, both sides being smoothed simultaneously.

It is in the next process, "boring," that the advance of modern methods begins to show itself. A quarter of a century ago each hole was bored separately and consecutively in every single brush by means of an old-fashioned lathe, worked by a treadle; but here are machines which bore all the holes in each brush by a single thrust, at one and the same time, turning out the backs as fast as you can count them—the saving in time is enormous. Other machines—great time-savers, and therefore great economisers—are those in which any brush-pattern is first set up by a designer, and the operator, a girl in



THE "PAN DEPARTMENT": WORKERS SETTING THE "KNOTS" IN BASS BROOMS WITH BOILING PITCH.

this case, has only to press the stops in the design with a steel key, just as if she were working a typewriter, when the machine automatically bores six brush-boards simultaneously. These machines can be adjusted for holes quite through the board, or partially through to any depth, as is required in the new method of fixing the "knots" or tufts of bristle or fibre, by the machine.

One of our illustrations shows a girl at work upon the old method of "hand-drawing" on a bass broom. The holes are seen to be drilled quite through the board. The operator first passes a loop of wire or string



OLD METHOD OF "FILLING" BRUSHES BY HAND-WIRING.

through a rain of falling wood-chips, which soon cover the floor ankle deep.

The patent brush-"filling" machine is a wonderful invention, which practically supersedes the old method of "hand-drawing" or wiring brushes—a long and tedious process at the best—by "riveting" the "knots" or tufts deep in the solid wood. The coil of narrow flat metal seen to the right of the operator feeds the machine through a tube, and the mechanism punches out a patent



FILLING "BODIES" OF BRUSHES.
This machine can fill two brushes per minute.

through one of these holes, slips a bunch of material into the noose, draws the wire back again, and fastens it off when she has finished a row.

The operation of "shaping" the backs follows, in the case of a hand-worker, but precedes where the "machine-filler" puts in the "knots." The rectangular slabs, hitherto in evidence, are cut into any particular form, grooved, and bevelled by a double-spindled moulding machine, its cutters, or knives, revolving nine thousand times a minute. The rapidity of the cutter is marvellous; boys are continually employed in removing the heaps of "shaped backs," while the spectator views the operation



"SMOOTHING" WITH SAND-PAPER WHEEL.

fastener, or anchor, from it; on the opposite side of the machine the material, bristle or fibre, is carried along by a moving toothed rack, which divides it into tufts. The machine now seizes a tuft, doubles it, places an anchor in the fold, and the whole "knot" is plunged deep into the hole in the brush-stock, and immovably fixed there. As a contrast to the slow "hand-drawing," the knots are fixed at a rate of a hundred and twenty per minute, and a brush is filled with a rapidity almost incredible unless actually seen. The girl in the picture has simply to hold the wood-back so that the "plunger" accurately hits the holes successively—the machine does all the rest. The operator here is filling the "body," or centre part of a brush; the longer tufts, which form the ends, or "wings," will be put in by a similar machine after the "body" is "trimmed."

The "trimmer" here shown passes the brush across a machine made somewhat on the principle of a lawn-mower; its rapidly revolving cutters remove the surplus length,



"TRIMMING," OR LEVELLING BRUSH SURFACE.



A PAINT-BRUSH "TIER."

making the "knots" all level, so that the brush-surface becomes perfectly smooth.

From this department the brush passes to the "sand-papering" shop, where the finishing touches are made for smoothing the backs. A feature of note here is the ventilating shaft to each revolving "sand-wheel," an exhaust carrying the dust away from the worker. Certain kinds of brush undergo a sort of French polishing as a final operation.

Wood used for brooms and banister brushes arrives in long, trimmed poles twenty feet to thirty feet long, generally of alderwood; it is seasoned by stacking in tent-shaped groups. When sufficiently dried—*i.e.*, after two winter seasons—the poles are cut and turned into cylinders, each cylinder being afterwards halved and trimmed and a staff-hole added, till it assumes a broom-stock form, and is finally bored for the insertion of the "knots."

The stout Bahia bass is cut into lengths by hand—guillotined, in fact;



FROM THE "HALF-LOG" TO THE "FILLED BRUSH."

it undergoes no mixing, but passes at once to a "comber" or "hackler," who cleans it by pulling it through a very strong steel comb, removing all the adventitious matter that clings round the stout fibres. He then places it in bundles and despatches it to what is technically termed the "pan department."

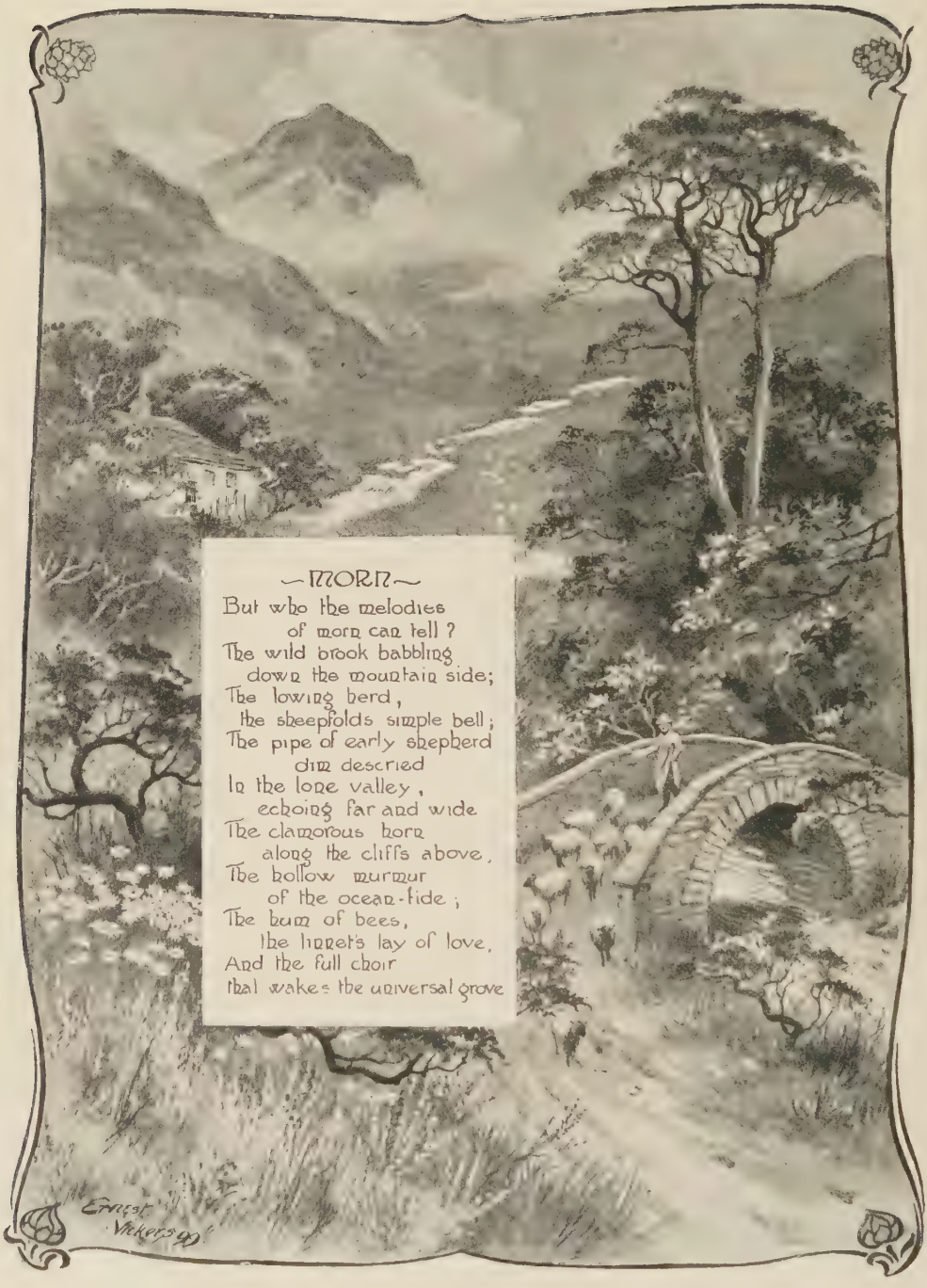
It will be noticed that machinery enters hardly at all into what are called "set" bass brooms, the "knots," or tufts, of bass being fixed or set in with pitch. The "pan department" is so termed because six men sit round a "pan" of boiling pitch, each man with a number of pieces of string fastened round his waist. The worker first selects enough material to fill a hole in the broom-stock, then dips it into his division of the pitch-pan, binds it securely with string, once more dips it into pitch, finally pushes it into the hole, giving it a sharp turn and forcing it well home—rather a primitive process after the elaborate machinery the other brushes possess; the brush is finally trimmed with shears. Banister-brushes, carpet-brooms, or whisk-brooms are made in a similar way.

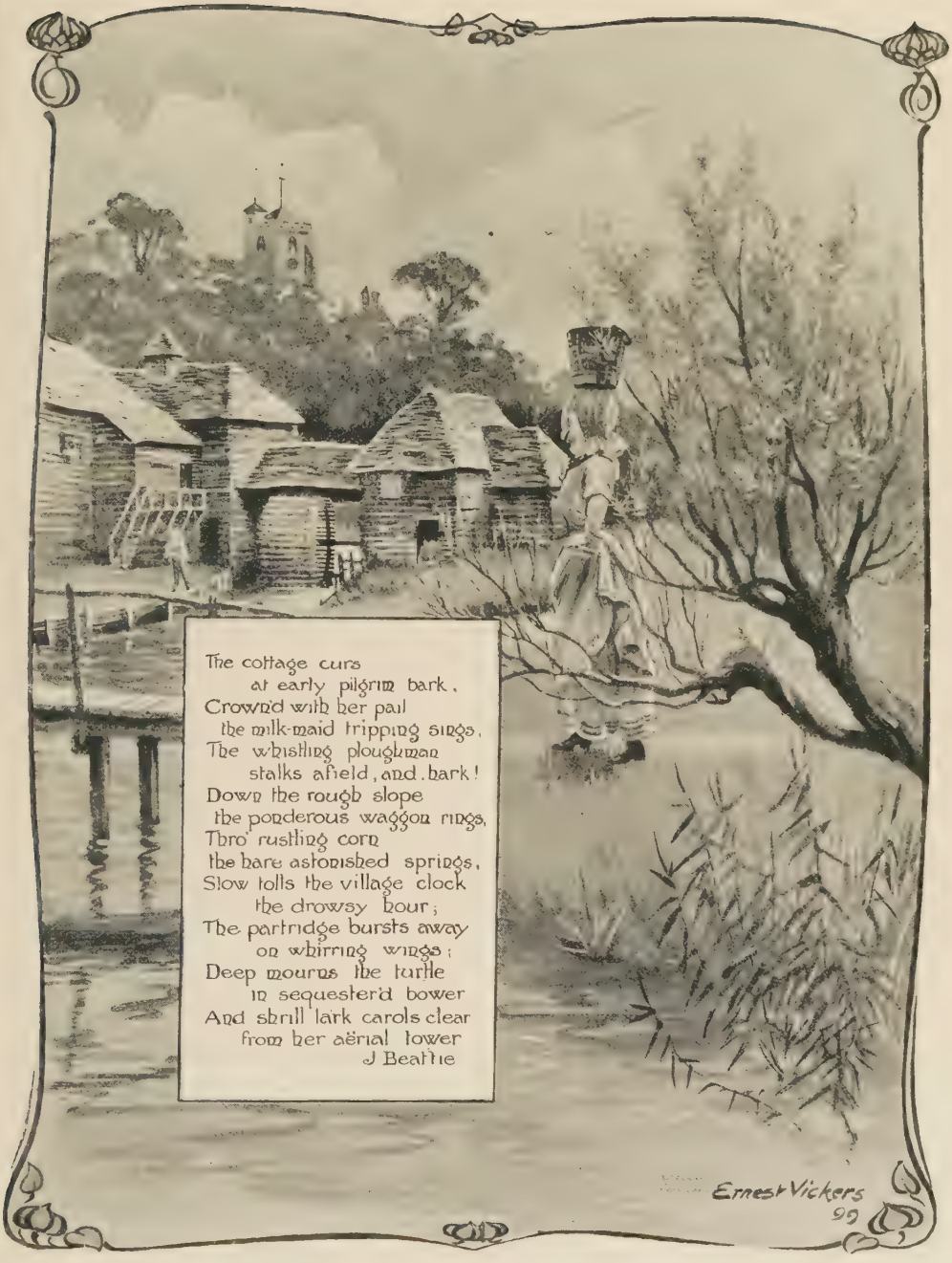
There is one variety of this industry—namely, paint-brush making—which requires very skilled handiwork. The "tiers" in this branch earn £3 a week easily, but they have to serve a seven years' apprenticeship. The bristles are specially prepared and cleaned first, then cemented together; a stock or handle is now placed in a vice and the "tier" fastens the bristles to it, taking care that the hair is quite regular and straight, and binds it on tightly with wire; the brush is now allowed to "set." Finally, the bound end is singed and varnished, and the free ends washed, bleached, and ground on a stone slab to give the brush its necessary smooth touch.

Brush-making is now a very large and extending industry in England, the Services themselves absorbing an enormous quantity of all varieties. It is needless to say that there is immense competition both between makers in this country and between England and the "Fatherland." At present, however, the general opinion is that German brushes cannot touch the English make for quality, whilst the best machinery has enabled our manufacturers to prevent the foreigner from beating us by reason of cheapness.

In conclusion, the writer would wish to express his indebtedness to the courtesy of Messrs. Page and Sons, of Norwich, Wymondham, and London, for their kindness in allowing him to take the unique photographs which illustrate the pages of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE. The Company's largest works are situated at Wymondham, and it is interesting incidentally to note another example of the immense changes which up-to-date manufacturers are producing in districts a few years ago absolutely rural in type. Wymondham, for instance, formerly a tiny country town, has grown to quite a respectable size; its surrounding rural population is rapidly recruiting a well-paid skilled industry.




—MORN—
But who the melodies
of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling
down the mountain side;
The lowing herd,
the sheepfolds simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd
dim descried
In the lone valley,
echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn
along the cliffs above,
The hollow murmur
of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees,
the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir
that wakes the universal grove
Ernest Vickers


The cottage curs
at early pilgrim bark,
Crown'd with her pail
the milk-maid tripping sings,
The whistling ploughman
stalks afield, and hark!
Down the rough slope
the ponderous waggon rings,
Thro' rustling corn
the hare astonished springs,
Slow tolls the village clock
the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away
on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle
in sequester'd bower
And shrill lark carols clear
from her aërial tower
J Beattie
Ernest Vickers
99

CITY CHRONICLES.

By BARRY PAIN.*

No. VI.—FIFTEEN PER CENT.

Illustrated by A. Forestier.



THE offices of Mr. James Pollet, solicitor, in the City, were rather useful than ornamental. Fifteen minutes in their waiting-room were calculated to damp any client who had arrived with an enthusiastic idea of giving his solicitor instructions. The mural decorations consisted of deed-boxes, whose very inscriptions bore witness to the brevity of human life and the frequency of human bankruptcy. The table was plain, the chairs were severe, and the rigid linoleum was discouraging.

There one fine morning sat a young man of twenty-three, by name Ernest Langley Tewson. He looked careful and thoughtful, but he did not look clever, though he was ready with a scheme for making fifteen per cent. with perfect safety. So far, E. L. Tewson had not, as the French say, invented gunpowder. He was an orphan, whose father had left him some two hundred a year. He was at present employed in the office of his uncles, Tewson Brothers, and there made an additional hundred. He supposed that one day he would be made a partner, in spite of the brusque—one might almost have said offensive—manner of Uncle Braxton, and the absence of any great encouragement from the more genial Uncle Langley. Uncle Langley admitted that the young man was not brilliant, but said that steadiness was what was most wanted in business. Certainly there was not in the City of London anything steadier than Ernest. He had not a vice or an extravagance, and as long as he was doing routine work did not do so badly. He was at present spending about a quarter of his income, and regretted very much that he ever had to spend anything at all. He was steady even to the point of being slightly unpopular with the men of his own age he came across. It was when he was required to use his own initiative, to do something that he had never done before, that Ernest invariably broke down. Uncle Braxton had at various times called his nephew a sheep's head, a boiled owl, and some other things that are much too shocking to repeat; he regarded the hundred which rewarded his nephew's services as an amiable waste of money. If anyone had suggested to him the propriety of one day making Ernest a partner, he would have had apoplexy. If there was one person in the world that Mr. Braxton Tewson heartily disliked, it was his young nephew, and, but for Uncle Langley, Ernest would have had to seek for employment elsewhere long before. He, on his part, was just as strong in his dislike of Uncle Braxton. He kept a list of all the offensive expressions that Uncle Braxton had used to him, with the date of each and a thoughtful note of the circumstances. He did not quite know why he did this, but it was certainly in its way a great comfort. He pictured a financial crisis in the firm. The business of Tewson Brothers was not speculative, and they were about as likely to have a financial crisis as the Bank of England, which, by the way, had before this been driven to pay its customers in sixpences. Then Ernest would step forward with his accumulated savings, rescue the firm, and be made a partner. He would then turn to his uncle and say with dignity, "Uncle Braxton, you must understand for the future that our relative positions have changed. I shall tolerate no disrespect from you." He rehearsed this little scene frequently in his own mind. Uncle Braxton would have laughed till he was ill if he had ever heard of it.

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But Ernest, like most thoughtful young men, was secretive. Not even Uncle Langley knew what his savings were or how they were invested. The young man had a kind of pig-headed independence, and loved to veil himself in mystery. He had chosen his own solicitor to do such legal work as was unavoidable in connection with those investments. So far he had believed in first class



"He looked careful and thoughtful, but he did not look clever."

investments and third class economies. He abhorred gambling and speculation of all kinds. There is a good deal to be said for that method, but it is not rapid. Now, Ernest wanted rapidity and perfect safety together, fifteen per cent. and gilt-edged stuff. There are many men who want the same thing, and it is generally believed that they very seldom get it. Ernest had recognised the improbability of it, and had, so far, resigned himself to four per cent. and safety. But now, now at last, he had had a bright idea, and it was this idea which had brought him to Mr. Pollet's office.

He had got tired of the waiting-room copy of a financial paper, and was looking out of the window at the busy traffic below when a clerk entered.

"Mr. Pollet will see you now, sir." And forthwith Ernest was ushered into the presence.

Mr. James Pollet did not look at all like the traditional solicitor of the stage. He had neither grey hair nor an archidiaconal manner. He was rather a fat man of about forty, with hair that was definitely sandy, parted in the middle, and kept in a state of immaculate shine and smoothness. His shirt was always a size or two too big, and seemed to have broken its front in sheer despair of ever fitting him. His waistcoat was expansive and cut unusually low. He had chubby hands, and on one finger wore a plain gold ring, which could never have been pawned unless the finger had been pawned with it, or Mr. Pollet had gone in for the Banting system. His manner was almost nervous and very quiet. His friends would have smiled slightly if they had been told that Mr. Pollet was nervous.

He greeted Ernest cordially. He was pleased to see him; the rain was still holding off; there had not been much in the papers lately; and what was the business?

Ernest looked a little doubtful. His passion for secrecy was strong in him. "Well, Mr. Pollet," he said, "I know that I can speak to you in confidence."

Mr. Pollet seemed rather hurt. "Is that necessary, Mr. Tewson?" he asked in a high-pitched voice of querulous resignation. "Surely, if you have the slightest doubt, you would do better to——"

"Not at all, not at all," broke in Ernest hurriedly. "But—well, the fact is that an idea has occurred to me that I have never come across before; and it seems to me to be one of very considerable commercial value. It would be spoilt if it became generally known. I get into the habit of being very much on my guard, and the habit persists even when there is no occasion for it."

"I see," said Mr. Pollet.

"Well, now," Ernest continued, "I should like to go through my scheme with you. It has to do with my—er—insignificant investments. Perhaps you would check me if there is a flaw in it anywhere."

"Certainly," said Mr. Pollet.

"As you know, I have at present eight hundred pounds out at four per cent. on Pagmore's place at Orstanton. I have also about two hundred pounds at my banker's, which I must put into something or other. Now, I think you know my views on investment."

"They are very natural and not uncommon," said Mr. Pollet, "but it is very difficult to meet them. You want four per cent. securities, and ten or twelve per cent. interest. I must tell you again that it can't be done."

"Are you quite sure it can't be done?" asked Ernest, with a smile of dark but triumphant cunning.

"If it can, I should be very glad to hear the way. I confess that I don't know it."

"My idea is merely a combination of two very simple things. I have figured it out, and I should say that house property that had been bought with discretion, and was well looked after, ought to bring in about eight per cent."

"Possibly," said Mr. Pollet guardedly. "Much depends on what is meant by discretion."



"'All I can say is, that on paper your idea seems feasible.'"

"Very well. Now we come to the second thing. All I can get when I lend money on mortgages is four per cent."

"That is so; you insist on first class mortgages."

"Precisely. Don't think I am blaming you at all. I know you are not responsible for the market conditions, and that you do the very best that can be done with them. Let us pass to my combination of the two things that I have just mentioned. Suppose I buy, with the utmost discretion, a property for three thousand pounds, could I borrow two-thirds of that sum on it?"

"Very easily," said Mr. Pollet. "I have always clients who would lend you the money, and be thankful for the investment."

"Then you see my notion?"

Mr. Pollet looked the image of perplexity, and said that he had not quite tumbled to it yet.

"Yet it is as simple as possible; in fact, I can't make out why other people have not thought of it before. If I buy that three thousand pound property, I make eight per cent. on my invested thousand. But I also make eight per cent. on the two thousand that I am able to borrow, less the four per cent. that I pay for the use of them. That is equivalent to saying that I make sixteen per cent. on my invested thousand, and I have about as good security as it is possible to get."

"That is so," said Mr. Pollet. "Less, of course, the necessary legal expenses."

"I had not forgotten them. There are charges for stamps and engrossing and so on. I cannot estimate it exactly, but I dare say it mounts up; but of course those costs would be distributed over the period for which the investment lasted. However, there is no need to press it; suppose I call it fifteen per cent., which would quite satisfy me, considering the high class of security that I should be holding, it still seems to me to be good business. Fifteen per cent. is a very nice thing."

Mr. Pollet agreed cordially.

"Now," said Ernest, with the air of a man in an impregnable position, "just tell me where I am wrong."

"It is a most ingenious idea," Mr. Pollet owned. "You must not expect me, of course, to say anything which could be construed as a guarantee. On the figures as you give them you are all right. But we solicitors learn to take nothing for granted. Suppose, for instance, that some sudden subsidence of the soil swallowed up your property. That is a remote chance, but it is a chance. Suppose that your tenant bolted and left no address. You would probably take precautions not to get that kind of tenant, but one cannot leave that kind of thing out of one's calculations. All I can say is, that on paper your idea seems feasible. I think that I should prefer to give you a written opinion, embodying what I have just said."

"That will do for me," said Ernest. "I am no gambler, but there are some chances that one simply must take if any business is to be done at all. We can't stop for a billion to nothing chance of some tremendous upheaval of Nature. That is a risk which one has to take every day, business or no business. I should like you to call in that money of mine, please, and for the next few weeks I will be looking about me to find something that will suit me. You shall hear from me as soon as I am successful. I am not going to take the first thing that offers. Until I can see my way to my money I shall do nothing."

On the following morning Ernest got a letter from Mr. Pollet, "referring to our interview of yesterday." It was not a very encouraging letter, and there were parts of it that Ernest hardly understood; they were apparently referring to something that Mr. Pollet had said at the interview, and Ernest could not remember anything that Mr. Pollet had said which would quite fit in. However, no specific objection was raised to the scheme.

Ernest began to be very busy. He studied the lists of house agents. He attended auctions and inspected properties when he had the time, and that was not always. The ideas of Tewson Brothers as to office hours were strict. On one occasion there was a very tempting little thing in Surbiton that Ernest thought he ought to have a look at. He tried for Uncle Langley, but Mr. Langley Tewson was away for a day or two. There was no help for it; he approached the room devoted to Uncle Braxton, knocked, and was bidden to enter.

"What do you want?" asked Mr. Braxton Tewson, without looking up from the letter he was writing.

"I'm very sorry to interrupt you, uncle," he began. He paused a moment for his uncle to say it did not matter; but Uncle Braxton said nothing, went on with his letter, and seemed hardly to be aware that his nephew was in the room. Ernest had no choice but to continue. "I wanted particularly to get down to Surbiton this afternoon, on some business with regard to one of my investments. Could I have a couple of hours? I don't often ask for anything of the kind."

Uncle Braxton wrote three more lines of his letter, picked it up and read what he had written. Ernest stood and waited, with the propitiatory smile on his face frozen and fixed. At last his uncle spoke, apparently to the inkpot.

"We are very busy just now, and it is inconvenient to spare even a duffer like you. But take your two hours if you like."

It was not very graceful, but Ernest thanked him warmly.

"And," Mr. Braxton Tewson added grimly, "if you go, you need not trouble to come back to the office again at all."

And Ernest sighed and went away and wrote it all down in the book where he kept the list of things that he had against Uncle Braxton. Very methodical and careful young men are not infrequently rather childish as well.

A man's first drive at golf is proverbial, and it is bad to play poker with a beginner. When Ernest finally bought his property he had the beginner's luck, he got a fairly good bargain. Ernest would have ascribed this to his judgment, of which he had a high opinion. The price, exactly three thousand, just suited him. There was no difficulty about the mortgage. Mr. Pollet had a client, a widow, who was quite willing to lend the money. Ernest saw roseate visions. His

thousand would bring him in one hundred and sixty in the first year. Not a penny of that would be spent. It would be added to his savings and invested on the new principle discovered by Ernest Langley Tewson, by which fifteen per cent. may be made with perfect safety. In ten years he would be a pretty warm man. If in that time his uncles had been so blind to their own interest that they had not taken him into partnership, he would be in a position to talk to them. He swelled with pride. He wanted to talk to somebody about himself. He invented little conversations in which Uncle Braxton first became acquainted with the scheme and realised its merits. He imagined Uncle Braxton in the act of confessing that he had been wrong, and that the office had entertained a financial genius unawares. Under those circumstances he decided that the right attitude for Ernest Langley Tewson to take would be one of dignified goodwill. He would smile and observe that bygones might be bygones.

These were pretty and consolatory thoughts, and they lasted fairly well for a time. They fell to pieces when he opened the foolscap envelope which contained Mr. James Pollet's bill of costs, and felt poignantly, as others have done before him, the hideous injustice by which a solicitor, acting for mortgagor and mortgagee, charges everything to the man who borrows the money, and is therefore presumably the less able to pay. In some ways it was a good bill; it was comprehensive; you felt at once that nothing had been left out from carelessness. It was all there—every letter, every stamp, every minute of time. Around the main item many little items clustered, like children round their mother. There was Mr. Pollet's authorised commission for finding the money. There was the surveyor's fee; he was Mr. Pollet's usual surveyor, and his charges were high. There were certain sums paid to counsel. It was all there, and the total amounted to just about seven times as much as Ernest had supposed possible. He checked the figures and found them quite correct; Mr. Pollet's clerks did not make mistakes. He examined the different items. Some of them he could understand, and some he could not, but he did not see his way to dispute with any success those of them that he did understand. In this frame of mind, with anguish knitting his brow and with nothing in his mind beyond a vague idea of getting something taken off the bill, he hurried off to Mr. Pollet. Mr. Pollet gave him precisely three minutes. At the end of that time Ernest left the office with that bill *in statu quo ante*, and with a misty conviction that if there ever was a cad in the world who tried to swindle his benefactor, that cad was Ernest Langley Tewson, and that benefactor was Mr. James Pollet. Ernest's economies for the next few months were exceptionally severe. That fifteen per cent. with safety was fading away, and the loss had to be made up somehow. The serious injury to his fifteen per cent. haunted his mind when he should have been thinking of other things, and gave Uncle Braxton occasion for providing more material for Ernest's little book.

A brief interval followed, and then another blow fell. Mr. Ernest received a short and business-like letter giving him the usual notice that the widow intended to call her money in. There was no help for it. Ernest had to rush off to pay another visit to Mr. Pollet, a visit that would be poisoned by the knowledge that it would assuredly go down in the bill. Mr. Pollet soothed him as he might have soothed a frightened child.

"Really, Mr. Tewson, there is no occasion for you to upset yourself at all. This is all perfectly regular—quite in order. If Mrs. Feloes is altering her investments, we must find somebody else who will lend the money. The property is all right, and I think I may guarantee that you will not have the slightest trouble about it."

"Yes, I know," said Ernest irritably. "You can find someone to lend the money, but I shall have another bill to pay."

"Do you suggest that I should do all this work for you, pay the out-of-pocket expenses, and make no charge?"

"No, not that precisely."

"Then, Mr. Tewson," said Mr. Pollet with some severity, "I am afraid I don't quite follow you. But observations of this kind are not very pleasant or very reasonable. I think we had something of the kind from you before. Under the circumstances I——" Mr. Pollet rose from his chair.

Ernest was immediately and profusely apologetic, and Mr. Pollet did not, after all, refuse to act for him. As Ernest walked along the street from the office he murmured bitterly, "Fifteen per cent." That dream had had its awakening now. Later in the morning Uncle Braxton inquired if his nephew could brush his own hair or blow his own nose without help. It was merely a matter of curiosity, because he did not seem able to do anything else. Uncle Braxton's sarcasm was a trifle heavy, perhaps.



"He sought and obtained audience of his two uncles."

On the other hand, Uncle Langley invited him for a Saturday to Monday. Ernest had long ago worked out the Saturday to Monday problem, and had found that by avoiding the degrading practice of giving tips to servants, and by travelling first class with a third class ticket, it could be made to pay.

It was during that visit, as he sat in the smoking-room with his uncle, that Uncle Langley said, *à propos* of something that he had just read in the paper, that he could not for the life of him make out why any solicitor was fool enough to play about with trust funds.

"A solicitor has so many ways of making money that are perfectly legal. The swells of the profession may turn up their noses at them, but you ask Jimmy Pollet. He doesn't know what a slack time is. He doesn't let his clerks sit idle for want of business. He always keeps something going, does Jimmy."

Ernest pricked up his ears. "Who is this Mr. Pollet?" he asked in the off-hand way of one who hears the name for the first time.

"Jimmy's a solicitor in the City, and a pretty smart man, too, though he doesn't look it. About two years ago a man offered to take three pounds to one that Jimmy would be struck off in twelve months. I laid it and won the bet. When you want to find Jimmy, you look on the right side of the hedge. He'll be there, and he may be pretty near the border."

Ernest reflected. "I don't quite understand, uncle, what you meant by this Pollet never having a slack time and always keeping something going. His business must be subject to the same fluctuations as others."

"Well, like most other solicitors, he has got a certain number of clients who practically leave their money in his hands for him to invest at his discretion. When he finds things are slack he has nothing to do but to move that money round a little. Every time that money moves some sticks to Jimmy's hands, as by law appointed. Suppose he puts old Mrs. Blank's money out of rails into industrials, or *vice versâ*—and he can always find a good reason for some such change—he gets half commission from the broker. And in all probability Mrs. Blank is very pleased at this evidence that he is keeping a watchful eye on her investments. When you come to do that all along the line, that mounts up. I should say that Jimmy is far from being a poor man now, and yet when he started I remember that he had to borrow money from your Uncle Braxton to do it with. By the way, you look pretty gloomy."

"Yes, uncle—I mean, no. I was only thinking about something. Now, how would that man act with regard to mortgages?"

"Mortgages? Why, they are about the fattest thing of the lot. Jimmy makes a very good bill of costs, to start with; of course, he takes the rough with the smooth there; all don't pay alike, but I fancy the average is good. After that the fun begins. When Jimmy's got nothing better to do he shuffles the mortgages. A. takes B.'s, and B. takes C.'s, and so on. And of course, each change is more money for Jimmy. I don't know whether you understand."

"Yes," said Ernest mournfully, "I understand all right. And you said, uncle, that this was all perfectly legal."

"I believe so."

Ernest was quiet and meditative for the rest of his visit. His fifteen per cent. scheme was in ashes, but from those ashes another scheme was arising. He did not generally do things in any hurry, but by the end of the week he had decided on a momentous step, and sought and obtained audience of his two uncles.

"I wanted to ask," he said, "what my prospects are in working here."

"None," said Uncle Braxton at once.

"Of course," said Uncle Langley, "if you showed more ability and could do more responsible work, your salary would be advanced."

"Can't show what he's not got," murmured Uncle Braxton.

"Then I may take it," said Ernest, "that I have no chance of a partnership ultimately." He was not contradicted, and continued, "Well, I don't seem to be getting on very well here. It's possible this sort of business is not altogether in my line. I have been thinking lately that I should like to try something else. I suppose you would find no difficulty in getting another man who could do my work."

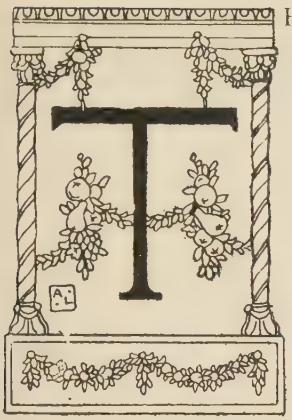
"Could get fifty of them in ten minutes by putting my head out of window and whistling," said Uncle Braxton.

And so it was arranged that Ernest should leave. "I suppose," said Uncle Langley, "you have other plans already made. But you are young, and I think you should take advice before deciding anything."

"Well," said Ernest, "it will mean a lot of money, and work, and waiting. But the fact is, that I have been thinking that I should like to be a solicitor."

THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.



HE Colonial Office as a department of the State has in recent years obtained importance hardly second to that of the Foreign Office, its next-door neighbour in Whitehall and Downing Street. If his Cabinet position was his own choice, as was said at the time, Mr. Chamberlain never did a cleverer thing than choosing for himself the Secretaryship for the Colonies, after the triumph of his party at the General Election of 1895. It was a fine stroke of statesmanlike prescience to anticipate the striking development which was so soon to take place of the interest which the British public have in the Colonies and their administration.

Professor Seeley declared, in "The Expansion of England," that John Bull had acquired a Colonial Empire in a fit of absent-mindedness. The story of the Colonial Office illustrates the actual truth of his remark, although it may be said to begin with so remote a date as July 4, 1660. On that date Charles II., then engaged in reorganising the Government on monarchical lines, directed that certain members of his Council should sit as a committee every Monday and Thursday afternoon at three o'clock to receive petitions and memorials from American islands and colonies, reporting their proceedings to the Privy Council as a whole. But this body, which was known as the Committee on Foreign Plantations, is at best but a doubtful ancestor of the Colonial Office as it is to-day. Apparently it soon found itself in want of work, and so in 1672 it was united with another Committee on Trade. It was to this Committee on Trade and Plantations that Evelyn, the diarist, records his appointment at a salary of £500, "to encourage me." In 1782, when the Committee consisted of eight members, this remuneration was doubled, but by that time its work was almost entirely of the kind now entrusted to the Board of Trade, which ultimately took its place.

In 1768 a Secretary of State for the Colonies had been appointed, but on the initiative of Edmund Burke the office was abolished, as being no longer necessary after the close of the American war. Such Colonies as were left to us by this event were looked after by the Home Office, then called the "Northern Department," until 1794. In that year a new Secretary of State was created in Lord Melville, who was charged with the double duty of managing the Army and administering the Colonies. This joint Secretaryshipof War and theColonies actually continued for more than half a century. In fact, it was not until the outbreak of the Crimean war that the Colonies were thought to require the undivided attention of a representative in the Cabinet, Sir George Grey holding the office for the first time. The work of the department was for some years carried on in a comparatively insignificant building in Whitehall, but in the reconstruction scheme of 1870-72 the claims of the Colonial Office were fully recognised.

The Colonial Secretary and his staff are located in the north-east quarter of the square building, with its spacious quadrangle, extending to the whole length of Downing Street on its south side, wherein are also to be found the Foreign Office and the Home Office. The chief entrance to this building is through a covered gateway which almost faces the Premier's official residence in Downing Street. From this gateway the ambassador who desires an interview with Lord Salisbury turns to the right, whilst the agent-general who is calling upon Mr. Chamberlain turns to the left. The Colonial Office cannot show you the grand staircase and gilded reception-halls that are dedicated to festive diplomacy, and with one exception none of the rooms can be said to impress a visitor. The exception is, of course, the Secretary of State's room, which is of noble dimensions. In accordance with the method adopted in dealing with the work of the Office, it is divided into a great number of comparatively small, separate rooms, each

occupied by three or four clerks, if not by one of the head officials. Numerous as these rooms are, they are becoming insufficient for the growing work of the department. It is a rule of the Office that there shall always be two clerks on the spot, night and day, to deal with any emergency which may arise, and bedrooms and sitting-rooms were accordingly provided for them in the building. But these quarters have recently had to be converted into offices, to relieve the overcrowding, and rooms taken for the resident clerks at Queen Anne's Mansions, St. James's Park, where they are about as near to their desks and pigeon-holes as they well could be.

The Colonial Secretary's room, on the first floor of this building, with several lofty windows overlooking the quadrangle, is large enough to accommodate the largest deputation he is ever likely to receive in his official capacity. The walls are occupied by cases of books, reports, etc.; there are several map-rollers and tables, a large escritoire and several smaller tables, besides one or two couches and a number of chairs. Yet there is still plenty of floor-space, covered with a thick pile carpet, in which, if so disposed, Mr. Chamberlain can give himself walking exercise as he deliberates on the terms of a despatch to Sir Alfred Milner, or forms a plan for developing the resources of the West Indies. A fine marble fireplace, of mediæval design, which was brought from the old Colonial Office building, is probably the most valuable feature of the room. I plead guilty, however, to greater interest at the moment in a long wooden spoon, which has pasted in its bowl a map of China. Some humorist sent it to Mr. Chamberlain immediately after the delivery of a certain notable speech, and for some time it lay on the Colonial Secretary's table.

The Colonial Secretary has five private secretaries—Mr. E. H. Marsh, Mr. G. E. A. Grindle, the Hon. T. H. Cochrane, M.P., Mr. Gerard Craig-Sellar, and the Earl of Westmeath. With the exception of Mr. Marsh and Mr. Grindle, however, these gentlemen hold their offices without salary, for the sake of the valuable political training to be gained from them. The private secretaries work in a couple of anterooms.

The other principal rooms in the establishment are those of the Earl of Onslow, as Under Secretary, Sir Montagu Ommanney, as Permanent Secretary, and Sir William Baillie-Hamilton, as Chief Clerk. The Permanent Secretary's room is noteworthy for its collection of engraved portraits of Mr. Chamberlain's official predecessors. The collection is almost complete, and includes interesting portraits of Sir George Grey, Lord Lytton, Mr. Henry Labouchere, the uncle of the member for Northampton, and other memorable Colonial Secretaries. Sir William Hamilton's room has a mysterious curiosity in a pair of old pistols—the tale which hangs thereby can now be only a matter of conjecture. There are also to be seen a number of the private seals, beautifully set in gold, which were used at the Colonial Office instead of the uniform official seal now employed by the Secretary of State. Another heirloom of the Colonial Office, in this room, is a fine Chippendale cabinet, filled with valuable documents, mostly relating to the more secret and confidential records of the Department.

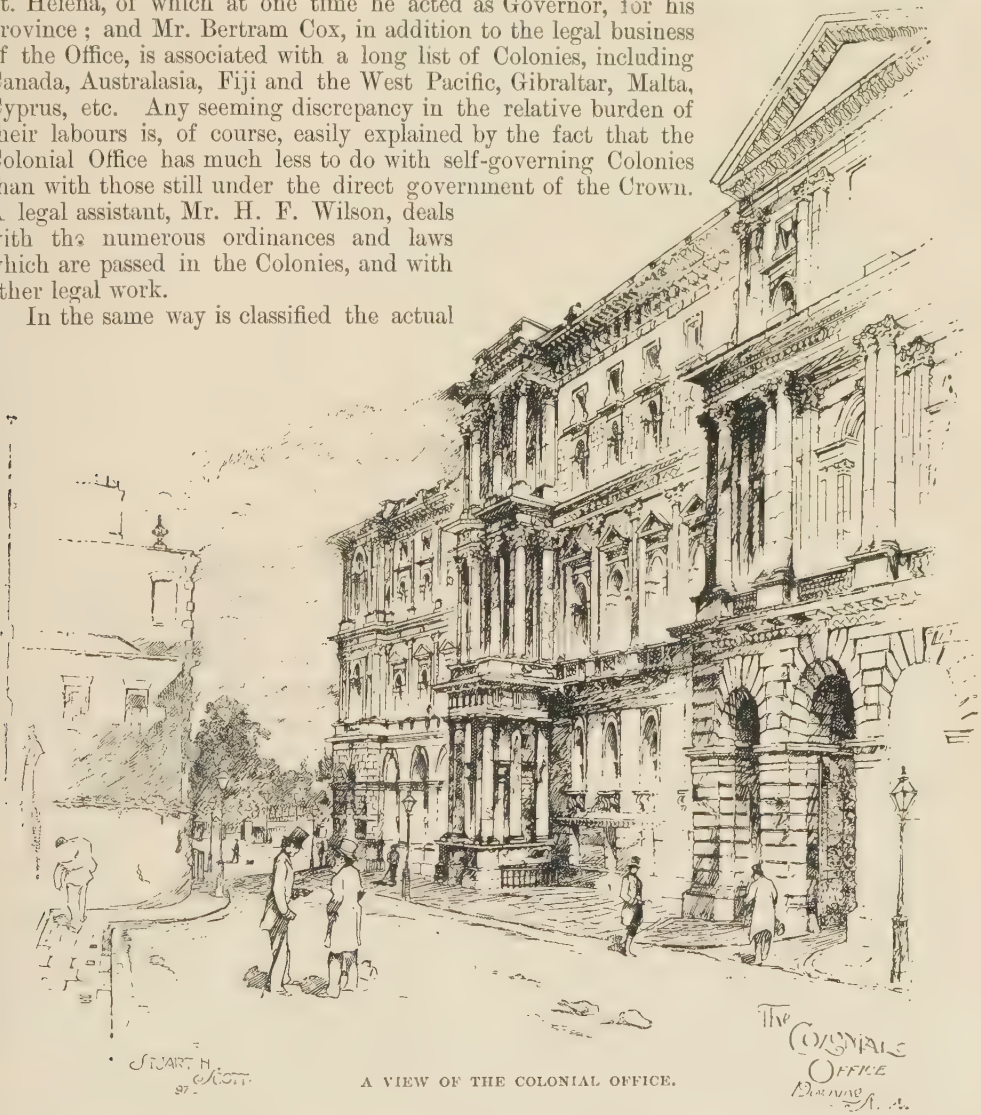
The central hall has a statue of Queen Victoria, and one of the corridors a bust of Wakefield, a pioneer of New Zealand colonisation. The late Queen's statue is a replica of one executed in 1887, by Geflowski, for the Straits Settlements, by the Governor of which it was presented to the Colonial Office. Wakefield's bust was subscribed for, some years ago, by a number of his friends and admirers in London.

The staff of the Colonial Office now numbers about seventy-five, thirty-five of the officials ranking in the upper, and forty in the lower division of the Service. About a dozen additional appointments have been made since Mr. Chamberlain became Secretary in 1895, in consequence of the great increase which has taken place in the work of the Office during this time. To some extent the continuous growth in its activity during the past twenty years may be illustrated by figures (with which Sir William Baillie-Hamilton, the Chief Clerk, has kindly supplied me) as to the despatches, letters, and telegrams dealt with at the Colonial Office. In 1878 the number was 32,196, ten years later it had risen to 47,443, and during the last complete official year it reached 59,476. These figures, however, by no means fully represent the more recent "boom" in the business of the Colonial Office. Until 1892, records and formal abridgments of telegrams, now disregarded, were included in the numbered series from year to year, and a curtailment in the figures has likewise been effected by a reform in some methods of correspondence. But for these circumstances the figure for 1898 would have been much more than double

that for 1878. Roughly speaking, the Colonial Office now costs the country £50,000 a year.

Under the general direction of Mr. Chamberlain and his principal colleagues, the work of the Office is divided among the staff on a geographical basis. Thus, to each of the four of the assistant under-secretaries some portion of our Colonial Empire is allotted. Mr. Frederick Graham has charge of South Africa; Mr. Charles P. Lucas devotes himself to the West Indies and Eastern Colonies; Mr. Reginald L. Antrobus has West Africa and St. Helena, of which at one time he acted as Governor, for his province; and Mr. Bertram Cox, in addition to the legal business of the Office, is associated with a long list of Colonies, including Canada, Australasia, Fiji and the West Pacific, Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, etc. Any seeming discrepancy in the relative burden of their labours is, of course, easily explained by the fact that the Colonial Office has much less to do with self-governing Colonies than with those still under the direct government of the Crown. A legal assistant, Mr. H. F. Wilson, deals with the numerous ordinances and laws which are passed in the Colonies, and with other legal work.

In the same way is classified the actual



A VIEW OF THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

clerical work relating to our various dominions across the seas. Sir W. A. Baillie-Hamilton, in addition to certain special duties as Chief Clerk, has charge of the Niger Department, with an assistant staff of four; Mr. G. W. Johnson and three assistant clerks have the Far East allotted to them, including Ceylon, Hong Kong, Borneo, etc.; whilst a staff of four clerks are concerned with Canadian and Australian correspondence. The West Indies are attended to by four clerks; South Africa, however, has the same number, whilst West Africa is favoured with no fewer than eight. Of course, there are some matters of general application to all the Colonies, and these are in the hands of half a dozen clerks, and an

Accounts Department gives employment to the same number. Departmental papers are stored in large cabinets along the corridors, these cabinets bearing geographical names which generally indicate the Colonies to whose business the adjoining offices are devoted. Of course, this division of work is not rigidly adhered to in times of pressure and emergency. The Transvaal trouble disorganised the staff for weeks, more particularly just after the Jameson Raid, when the Colonial Office was more than once kept open all night, this being the busiest time it has ever known. During the Jubilee celebration and the visit of the Colonial Premiers in 1897, on the other hand, no exceptional pressure was felt, everything having been so carefully prepared for months in advance.

Although one be fully armed with the official *cachet*, it is hardly possible to obtain more than a glimpse of the work which is actually done day by day in a high office of the State. The Colonial Office hours are nominally from eleven till six, though it is seldom that any of the higher officials are able to leave before seven, or even later. For the first hour or so the busiest place is the Registry, where a dozen clerks will probably be found at work upon the morning's correspondence. Unless marked "Secret" or "Confidential," everything is opened here, indexed, and sorted according to the department to which it belongs. Secret and confidential documents are opened by the private secretaries of the officials, to whom they are referred, and by them submitted to their chiefs. Eleven till six, as I have said, is the Colonial Office's working day, instead of the ten till five usual in Government departments. But by the chiefs and their secretaries these hours are more honoured in the breach than the observance; during Parliamentary session and recess alike they come and go according to their convenience and the exigencies of affairs. With by far the largest proportion of the Office correspondence it is not necessary, of course, that they should be troubled at all. A great number of despatches, for instance, are sent to London by Colonial governors, recording their official proceedings, as a necessary matter of routine, and few of these require more than clerical attention, although all are indexed and filed, in case the Secretary of State or his colleagues should wish to refer to them at any future time.

The Colonial Office has a considerable



Photo by H. N. King, [*Avenue Road, Goldhawk Road, W.*

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S ROOM AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

number of callers, although probably not so many as some less important Government departments. Every official on its list, when returning to London under any circumstances, must first report himself at the Colonial Office, signing his name in a book kept for that purpose. The staff receive a number of visits from the Agents-General—and their deputies—of the self-governing Colonies, whose offices are mostly situated in Victoria Street. Interviews with the Agents of the Crown Colonies, which are necessarily more frequent, are facilitated by rooms in the Colonial Office itself being set apart for these gentlemen. Their quarters are divided from the Colonial Office proper by a big swing door, and another distinguishing feature is to be observed in the number of lady clerks they employ. It is only during comparatively recent years that lady copyists and typewriters have been employed by the Secretary of State.



Photo by Russell & Sons, [*Baker Street, W.*

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

The surprise which the Colonial Office has in store for the stranger is its library, a long, handsome chamber, with a gallery filled with books all around it, at the top of the building. It contains 30,000 volumes, mainly relating to the Colonies, but including a few general works of reference. This library has been gradually forming for the last thirty years, until now nearly the whole available space has been taken up. It is in the charge of Mr. C. Atchley, with three assistant librarians. Mr. Atchley is entrusted with the task of obtaining for the library every book of any value on Colonial subjects, fiction alone being excepted. Even this exception is not too rigidly observed, apparently, as I found that, on account of its political interest, Olive Schreiner's "Trooper Peter Halkett of Mashonaland" had been placed upon the shelves, although her "Story of an African Farm" was wanting A large amount of printed matter for the library is received gratuitously from the Colonial Governments, in the shape of blue-books and parliamentary "Hansards," whilst the amount of occupation which the Colonial Office itself gives to the compositors may be gauged from the fact that three clerks are told off to prepare the "copy" and revise the proofs. Files of the chief Colonial newspapers form another feature of the library, 30,000 issues being received in the course of a year. They are kept for ten years and then sent away to be destroyed at H.M. Stationery Office.

The library is primarily intended, of course, for the staff of the Colonial Office, and only its members are permitted to take books away. By the courtesy of the Secretary of State, however, others interested in the Colonies are allowed to use the library for purposes of reference and study, the number of visitors in a year averaging about 1,500. The oldest volume in the library, a history of Barbadoes, is dated 1657, another curiosity coming from the West Indies being entitled, "The Groans of the Plantations." This musty pamphlet would lead one to suppose that in 1689—the date on the title-page—the West Indies were as full of grievances as they are to-day. The library,

it may be added, has no printed catalogue, some of its volumes being in the nature of confidential documents.

The Colonial Office may in time possess its museum as well as library. The latter is adorned with several curios presented by Colonial governors and missionaries, such as a West African idol, a Fijian war-drum, and the model of a Burmese temple. The library is further enriched by a big collection of photos of Colonial life and scenery. Amidst books, photos, and curios, I am reminded of a passage which I had just read in a review article, written so long ago as 1871 by Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff, now British Ambassador at Madrid: "Colonists should be taught to regard the Colonial Office not as the residence of official formality for the mere transaction of business, but as a favourite resort where they could find a Colonial atmosphere, and meet with, in their absence from home, cordial sympathy and friendship springing from old recollections."



A STUDY.

By Mrs. Herbert Railton.



POACHER CAUGHT IN A "HUMANE" MAN-TRAP.
From an old print.

MAN-TRAPS AND SPRING-GUNS.

By MILLER CHRISTY.

THAT we have reached, at this dawn of the twentieth century, a very advanced and still rapidly advancing state of civilisation is, of course, a truism which it would be idle to deny. But the thoughtful man may be pardoned for reminding us that we shall be wise not to boast too much of our progress; for, even now, we have left the days of barbarism but a very short distance in our rear. It is well for us to remember that here in England, scarcely seventy years ago, men were still liable to be hanged for many petty thefts which would now receive no punishment more severe than a few weeks' imprisonment, and that we had entered upon the second quarter of the nineteenth century before it was made illegal to protect game and other private property by the setting of man-traps, spring-guns, and other similar diabolical contrivances deliberately intended to destroy life or limb.

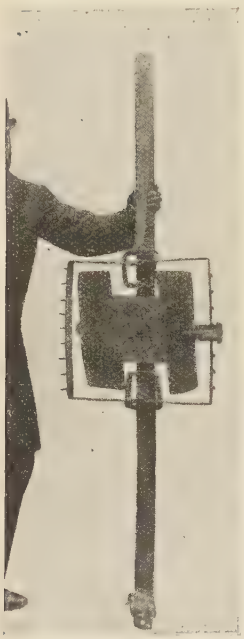
The object of the present article is to give such information as the writer has been able to gather concerning the history and past use of man-traps and spring-guns. Of these contrivances, Mr. H. Addis Price, member of a leading London firm of ironfounders and hardware merchants, and Mr. James Backhouse, of York and Harrogate, have actually formed collections which are certainly unique. Of their specimens, as well as of the ample information each has gathered concerning them, the writer has been allowed to make the fullest use.

These terrible contrivances were never in very general use, but were employed chiefly by persons intent on preserving game in populous neighbourhoods. They first came into use, apparently, during the latter half of the eighteenth century—the period in which the preservation of game on something like the present system commenced. From 1770 to 1825—when they were especially in vogue—was a grievous time in this country among the agricultural and operative classes, and poaching was very prevalent. The man-trap and spring-gun period was precisely that when artisans destroyed machinery because they thought it would take the bread out of the mouths of themselves and their children, and when the labourer, in many parts of the country, received no more than six or seven shillings a week.

In such days these lethal agents proved, no doubt, very effective as deterrents. Thus it is recorded that, in the early days of October, 1814, a vagabond was shot and slightly injured by the discharge of a spring-gun when pilfering a garden at Mitcham, in Surrey. He was let off with a caution, though recognised as an old offender. A few days later, however, the same man was killed on the spot, by the discharge of another spring-gun, whilst robbing an adjacent garden.

There was, however, one especial disadvantage attached to the use of these automatic property-protectors: they did not possess the power to discriminate between a depredator and the owner of the property they were intended to protect. If the latter, walking in his garden or coverts, chanced to do what was necessary to spring a man-trap, spring-gun, or other "engine," set, unknown to himself, by his servants, the instrument

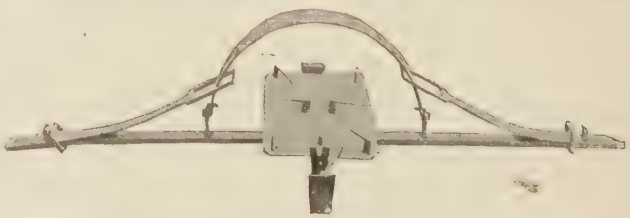
at once maimed or killed him just as promptly and impartially as it would have killed a trespasser and a thief. There are on record several cases in which these instruments have actually caused serious injury, and even death, to the person in whose interest they had been set, or to his unoffending servants. Tradition says that a former owner of one of the man-traps figured in this article—that from Stroud—was once caught in it, many years ago, through forgetfulness, when returning home one night, and that the injury caused to the bone of his leg was so extensive that amputation had to follow. Another case in point is that of some gamekeepers, employed by Lord Berkeley, who lost their lives early in last century, at Cranford (the last real country seat now left in the metropolitan county), through springing some guns they themselves had set. In 1768, a servant-maid, newly come to a situation at Paddington, unwittingly touched the wire communicating with a "watch-gun" which her master had set, unknown to herself, to protect his house against burglars. She was killed on the spot. Again, in July, 1818, one George Saunders, gardener to Mr. B. Burder, of Wood Green Farm, Tottenham, whose gardens had recently been robbed, was shot by accident whilst setting two spring-guns which had been borrowed from a neighbour and were supposed to be unloaded. He was taken to St. Thomas's Hospital, where his right arm was amputated, but he died from loss of blood. The views of the coroner who "sat" upon the body appear to have been in advance of those of most of his contemporaries; for he is reported as saying: "The offence of robbing a garden is not punishable with death; and, therefore, if a thief is to be shot by a spring-gun producing death, the owner is liable to punishment, and the jury would act properly in returning a verdict of 'manslaughter' against the owner of the gun; indeed, he (the coroner) believed they would be justified in returning a verdict of 'wilful murder.' In this case (added the coroner) the deceased was a servant of the owner, and his death was purely accidental. Still, the jury ought to mark their reprobation of such instruments being placed in open premises." The jury brought in a verdict of "accidental death," and the owner of the gun escaped with a fine of twenty shillings and the forfeiture of the gun.



I.—A MAN-TRAP FROM NEAR STROUD, PROBABLY THE LARGEST EXTANT; LENGTH 74 INCHES.

The use of man-traps and their concomitants, spring-guns, was tolerated by many humane people on the score of the practical impossibility of protecting game in certain localities without some such mechanical aid. Lord Wynford, a very eminent judge, actually went so far as to compare them with the glass which is stuck on the top of a wall to injure those who attempt to climb it. He forgot, apparently, that the tearing of one's hand is a somewhat different matter from the loss of a limb, which man-traps were quite competent to cause, not to speak of the loss of life which spring-guns in many instances occasioned.

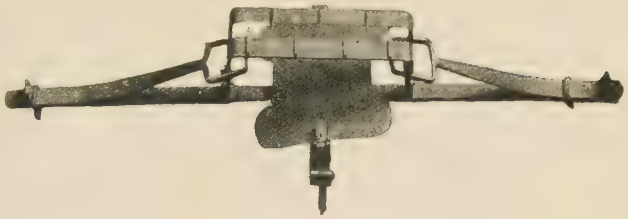
The use of man-traps, spring-guns, and all such infernal contrivances did not long survive an attack made upon them by that very vigorous opponent of brutality in any shape, the Rev. Sydney Smith, which was published in the *Edinburgh Review* in July, 1821. Six years later their doom was sealed by the Legislature. By an Act passed in May, 1827, and quaintly entitled, "An Act to prohibit the setting of Spring-guns, Man-traps, and other Engines calculated to destroy human life or inflict grievous bodily harm," the setting of any such contrivances was rendered illegal in England, except within a dwelling, for the protection thereof, between sunset and sunrise.



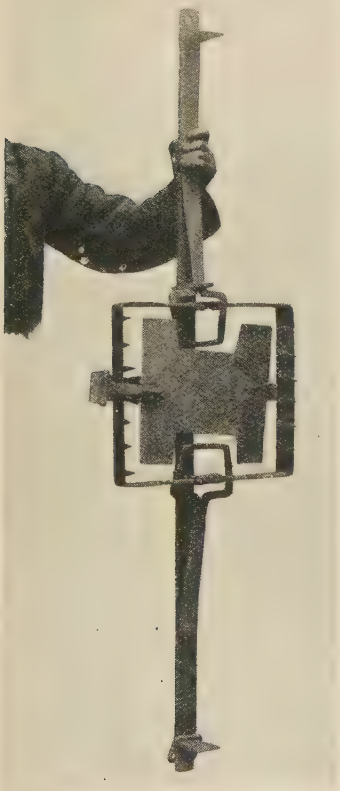
II.—MAN-TRAP FROM ESSEX, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM; LENGTH 65 INCHES.

Apparently, it is still legal for a British householder to set man-traps, spring-guns, and "other engines calculated to destroy human life or inflict grievous bodily harm," in

his dining-room or study during the hours in which Mr. William Sykes usually occupies himself professionally. The theory underlying this is, doubtless, that an Englishman is justified in doing what he likes in his own house, and that, if an unwelcome stranger chooses to enter uninvited, he must take all consequences. It is the same in the State of New York, where a jeweller, coming to his premises one morning, a few years ago, found the dead body of a burglar. At the inquest it was established beyond doubt that the man's death was due to a shot fired by a pistol arranged to go off in case of infraction of the premises, and the court decided that the jeweller was justified in protecting his stock by such means.



IV.—MAN-TRAP FROM NEAR BRIDGWATER; LENGTH 58 INCHES.



III.—MAN-TRAP FROM SUFFOLK; LENGTH 62 INCHES.

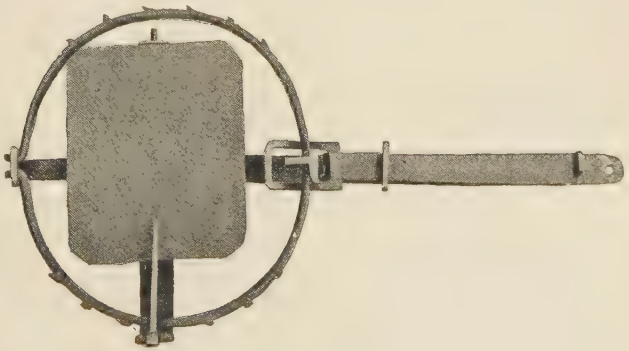
Thus much as to the history and use of man-traps and spring-guns. We will turn next to their nature and construction. Let man-traps take the first place.

These relics of a brutal past, scarce as they now are, may be seen occasionally in provincial museums. There are examples, for instance, in the Castle Museum at Lewes, in the Museums at York and Colchester, and in the Mechanics' Institution at New Swindon, the latter presented by a gentleman living at Wantage. Sometimes, too, a man-trap is displayed as a curiosity in the yard of a country hotel or inn, as at Norwich, where one is to be seen at the "Maid's Head," and at Lyminster, in Sussex, where two are preserved at the "Six Bells." Nor are our leading London museums altogether without man-traps, for there is one in the Guildhall Museum, while another—probably one of the finest now existing—was recently presented by the writer to the British Museum.

The mechanism of a man-trap is precisely the same as that of the common "gin-trap," in which rats and other vermin are taken, except that there are usually two springs instead of one. When the trap is sprung, the jaws close suddenly with a loud crash. Any person unfortunate enough to be caught would stand but a poor chance of ever being able to walk again; for the powerful springs impart to the jaws sufficient force to make their sharply pointed teeth meet in a man's leg.

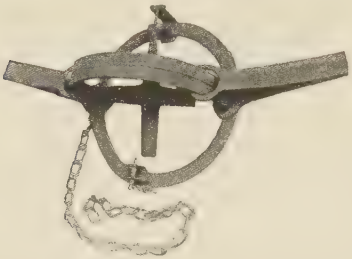
The largest trap now existing, probably, is that shown in Fig I. It hails from near Stroud, in Gloucestershire. In total length it measures 6 ft. 2 in. (the height of a very tall man), and weighs 88 lb. Its ghastly jaws are each nearly 19 in. in length, and the pointed teeth with which they are set project a full inch and a half.

A more perfect and, in some respects, a finer trap, though nine



V.—MAN-TRAP OF UNCOMMON MAKE, WITH A SINGLE SPRING ONLY, FROM LYMINSTER, SUSSEX; LENGTH 34 INCHES.

inches shorter, is that shown in Fig. II. It has round-arched jaws, each 22 in. in width, and retains on its tongue or table the spikes,



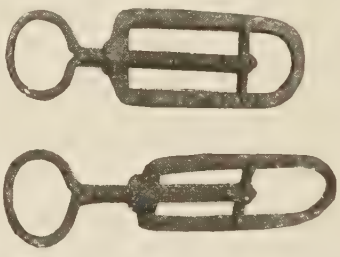
VI.—MAN-TRAP IN YORK MUSEUM.

usually missing, which were intended to prevent the wind from blowing away the dead leaves, sand, and grass, by means of which the trap was concealed when set. It was purchased by the writer, many years ago, at a small curiosity shop in a remote village in Essex, and is that already mentioned as being in the British Museum.

Fig. III. shows a trap of the first-mentioned type, but smaller. It measures 5 ft. 2 in. in length, and weighs 39 lb. It was procured near Downham Market, in Suffolk. It is probably unique in having the teeth riveted on to the under instead of the upper surface of the jaws.

A trap of yet another type, shown in Fig. IV., is the property of a gentleman at Bridgwater, in Somersetshire. In addition to being provided with long, sharp teeth as usual, it has the inner or gripping edge of the jaws serrated, as in the modern rat-trap. It is comparatively small, being only 4 ft. 10 in. in length.

The trap shown in Fig. V. is one of those preserved at the "Six Bells," Lyminster. It is unique among man-traps, so far as the writer knows, in having but a single spring. Possibly it may have been intended to catch foxes or dogs only—not men, for it is very small (only 34 in. in length), and it seems not improbable that a man caught in such a trap might be able to liberate himself, a thing he could not possibly do if caught in a two-springed trap. The other trap preserved (as already mentioned) at Lyminster is exactly of the type of that shown in Fig. II. but is smaller, being only 4 ft. in length.

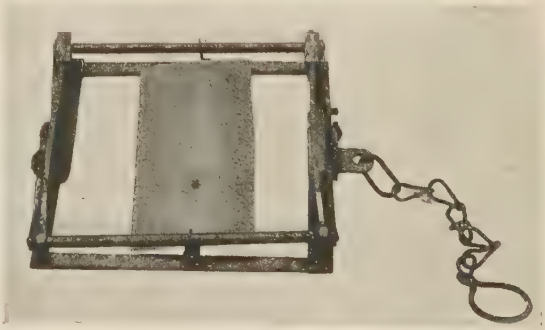


VII.—KEYS USED FOR SETTING MAN-TRAPS, PRESERVED IN YORK MUSEUM.

Man-traps of still another variety seem to be peculiar to Yorkshire. There are two very similar samples (one of which is shown in Fig. VI.) in the excellent Museum at York. In these the jaws are devoid of teeth and are affixed to a broad, circular, hoop-like base; while the springs are not rigidly fixed to the framework, but are made to swing. With these traps are preserved a couple of curious screw-keys (Fig. VII.), said to have been used in setting them; but the manner in which these keys were used is not very obvious.

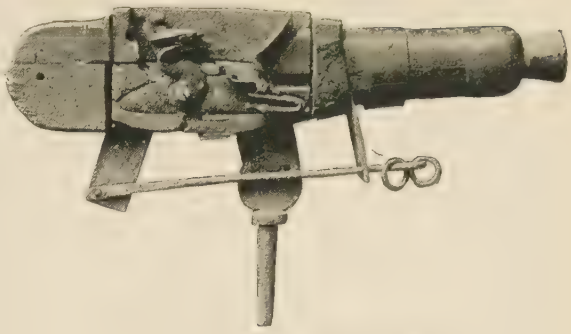
Another Yorkshire trap, provided with a similar hoop-like base, but otherwise like an ordinary man-trap, except for its exceedingly slender build, is the property of Sir George Wombwell, Bart., of Newburgh Priory. It has the jaws both serrated and toothed, like that already mentioned from Bridgwater.

Another kind of man-trap altogether is the "Humane" man-trap (Fig. VIII.), which is devoid of teeth, and intended for the harmless capture merely of poachers or other depredators. It was introduced, probably, after the passage of the Act of 1827; for, not being "an engine calculated to do grievous bodily harm," its use was not prohibited thereby. The trap, when set, was sunk in a hole dug in the ground in the middle of a pathway, and was covered with dead leaves, grass, or mould. Anyone then stepping on the central plate sprung the trap, which seized his leg and held it fast. It was quite impossible for anyone thus caught to liberate himself, for the trap was fitted with a self-



VIII.—"HUMANE" MAN-TRAP FOR THE CAPTURE, WITHOUT INJURY, OF POACHERS.

locking arrangement which could only be opened by means of a special key. The despairing attitude of a poacher who has just been thus caught is shown in our opening illustration, which is copied from an old print of sixty years ago. "Humane" man-traps of this kind were manufactured at West Bromwich by Messrs. Kenrick and Co. and other firms up to about the year 1880. They were supplied in three sizes, price 18*s*., 21*s*., and 38*s*. respectively. Messrs. Kenrick state that these traps, though no longer made, are still occasionally inquired for. An example is to be seen in the British Museum.



IX.—SPRING-GUN IN COLCHESTER MUSEUM.

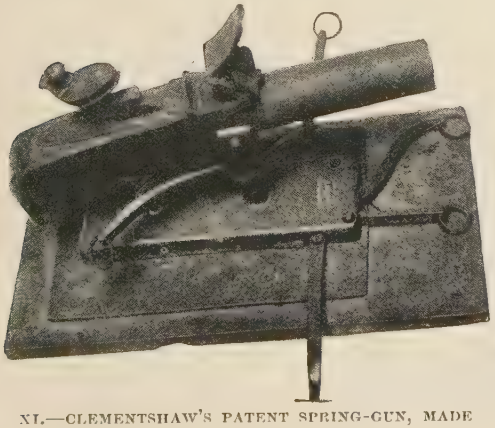
The use of traps intended to catch man is, therefore, now wholly a thing of the past; but at West Bromwich, Darlaston, and other Black Country towns, other traps, almost as large as man-traps, and having, like them, double springs, are still manufactured extensively for the capture of large wild animals. They are exported to America, for the capture of bears, leopards, and wolves; to Australia, for the capture of kangaroos; and to India and Africa, for the capture of elephants, lions, tigers, and panthers.



X.—SPRING-GUN FROM LOUGHTON, ESSEX.

So much for man-traps. We have next to consider their concomitants, spring-guns. These are of two kinds—one dangerous, the other harmless.

First there is the old and deadly form,



XI.—CLEMENTSHAW'S PATENT SPRING-GUN, MADE AT YORK.

legal up to 1827, and capable (in the words of the Act of Parliament and the police courts) of inflicting "grievous bodily harm." These were usually set a foot or so above the ground in game coverts, orchards, or gardens, and were deliberately intended to kill or maim any invader, whether in the shape of man or dog, who might chance to touch the concealed wire by means of which they were fired. This wire was usually smoked by being passed through the flame of a candle or lamp, so that it might not shine and thus be seen.

In many cases, apparently, the spring-gun of a century ago was merely an ordinary fowling-piece which had become old and rusted, or had had its muzzle blown off by accident. Probably even an old pistol was often made to serve. Nevertheless, there was also a special form of gun, made solely for use as a spring-gun.

These spring-guns proper consist of a large, bell-mouthed barrel, probably taken out of an old blunderbuss, almost entirely enclosed in a large wooden stock, bound round with strong iron bands, and fired by means of the old flintlock. Below is an iron spike which, when set in a hole on the top of a post, serves to support the gun and allows it to turn as on a pivot. The spike is also hinged, so that the muzzle of the gun may be pointed either uphill or down.

When set, these guns were provided with three wires, which were stretched through the wood or garden at right angles with one another, each being affixed to one of the

three rings with which the trigger-bar is provided. If a poacher came into contact with any one of these wires, the gun at once swung round on its spike until it pointed directly along the wire in question, when (the pull on the trigger being in the right direction) the gun was fired and the unfortunate poacher immediately received a charge of slugs or a bullet in his leg or body—often with fatal results, as has been shown.

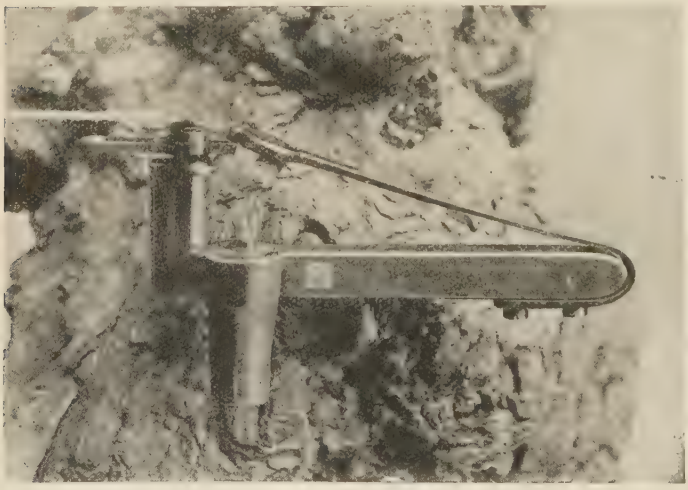
Very few guns of this type now exist; Mr. Backhouse owns an example. There is also one (Fig. IX.) in the Museum at Colchester; one in the Epping Forest Museum at Chingford; and two (Fig. X.) in the possession of the Rev. J. Whitaker Maitland, of Loughton Hall, Essex. The mother of this gentleman, who died recently at the age of ninety, could distinctly remember the time (previous, of course, to the year 1827) when these two guns used to be regularly set, in both the gardens of the Hall and in the adjoining churchyard, to protect newly made graves from body-snatchers; and she used to speak of the relief she felt when, on rising in the morning, she learned that no trespassers had been killed by them during the night.

Spring-guns of the same general type as the above, but more elaborate, and known as Clementshaw's patent, were manufactured in the city of York. Mr. Backhouse has two examples, one of which is shown in Fig. XI. It consists of a large flintlock pistol, which swings round on a pivot, and is mounted on a flat base. There are no fewer than *five* triggers, to which wires are intended to be attached, each one of which, when pulled, swings the pistol round so that it is fired in the desired direction. The whole is an ingenious piece of mechanism.



XIII.—ANOTHER MODERN SPRING-GUN (SPRUNG).

When an ordinary gun was used as a spring-gun, it was usually set with its butt against the trunk of a tree, supported by stout forked stakes stuck upright in the ground. As, in this case, the gun could not swing round, a single wire only was used, and the gun was pointed either along the wire or at the spot where it crossed a ride or footpath. The wire was carried round the back of the tree before being attached to the trigger, so that the pull might be in the right direction to fire the gun—namely, backwards.



XII.—A MODERN SPRING-GUN (SET).

There still remains for notice the modern harmless spring-gun. Guns of this type are used, as everyone knows, by gamekeepers for the protection of their pheasants during the breeding season. Though true "spring-guns," being fired by means of concealed wires stretched through the breeding-coverts, exactly as were the old deadly spring-guns, they are alarm-guns merely, and are intended to do no more than give the keeper warning when trespassers enter his woods. They are, of course, loaded with powder only, for the

use of shot or any other missile would be illegal.

This kind of gun came into use soon after 1827, when the older, deadly form of spring-gun was rendered illegal. It was designed by Messrs. Charles Osborne and Co., a well-known Birmingham firm. The earliest form of it is shown, set, in Fig. XII. The actual gun here represented was shown in the Great Exhibition of 1851, where it was loaded and fired more than once by Mr. Charles Osborne, the then head of the firm, at the request of the Queen and the Prince Consort, who were much interested by the invention.

now in common use. When, some twenty years ago, breechloading guns came into general use for sporting purposes, it was naturally found more convenient to use alarm-guns which were capable of being easily and quickly charged by the insertion of an ordinary cartridge. Such were, therefore, speedily introduced. They are of several types.

To this day, the notice, "Trespassers Beware! Man-traps and Spring-guns Set Here," so familiar in the earlier years of last century, may occasionally be seen at the edges of woods and parks in remote parts of



Photo by Fred Spalding, [*Chelmsford.*

XIV.—POACHER SPRINGING A MODERN SPRING-GUN.

The gun in question was recently lent by the firm for the use of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE. It is a well-finished contrivance of brass and steel, and is fired by means of a percussion-cap. At the back is a screw, by means of which the gun may be affixed to a post or a tree-trunk; and Fig. XIV. shows a poacher in the very act of springing it when so fixed.

A later and plainer form, similar in design, but of iron only, is shown, sprung, in Fig. XIII.

Neither of these resembles, however, the types of spring-gun—for there are several—

the country. But such notices are, like the instruments themselves, merely relics of a barbarous past, and are only intended to convey, by means of a falsehood, an empty threat. The setting of such deadly weapons is no longer legal, and those charged with the protection of game or crops have now to rely on "engines" which are incapable of doing bodily harm to trespassers. Of this nature is a curious contrivance for the identification of poachers and other trespassers, recently patented by a gamekeeper in Herefordshire. It consists of a cup, affixed to the end of a movable arm, which

is held down by means of a catch. When a trespasser, passing along a path through a wood, touches a wire communicating with this catch, it is at once liberated. Then the arm, actuated by a strong spring, rises sharply, plentifully bespattering the unfortunate trespasser with tar, paint, or other liquid placed in the cup for that purpose.

Nowadays, therefore, the once-dreaded notice, "Man-traps and Spring-guns Set Here," has no more significance than the equally terrifying notice, "Mesembryanthemums and Scolopendriums Set Here," which a much harassed horticulturist is said once to have put up at the various entrances to his grounds. It is recorded, too, that, not many years since, a certain market-gardener, who resided at Conway, and possessed an old man-trap, used to carry it occasionally through the streets of the town, as a warning to any juvenile neighbours who might feel tempted to commit depredations among his fruit-trees. Doubtless his ruse sufficed, for garden-robbing urchins seldom study "7 & 8 Geo. IV., cap. 18," or other Acts of Parliament.



"THE PATCH-WORK QUILT." FROM THE PICTURE BY ST. CLAIR SIMMONS.

THE WHIRLIGIG.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.*

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

CHAPTER XII.

CLEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN.



A MAN whose mind and body have lately suffered severe and unaccustomed handling may be forgiven if his intelligence is temporarily injured by the process. Bothfield felt the delight of eyes at the sight of Gisela; he was vastly relieved that help had come for Goldberg; and yet he did not express either of these sensations when he leant back against the door-post and burst into a cackle of laughter. It was the escape-valve for his conception of the jest that Fate had played upon him. He had been a squirrel in a cage, working frantically within a narrow compass, and lo! the wheel he trod led nowhere, and he had dreamed of pine forests. The amazing futility of his adventures gibbered at him through the bars. His dizzy brain seized the fact of Gisela's presence in the inn, and refused to qualify it by grasp of the meaning of those other faces. She was still in the place of miseries, and he had thought she was safe from it!

The man who had been attending to Goldberg rose at the sound; and Bothfield saw that he was the Prince's surgeon. He looked over Holseg's shoulder and said—

"He will do for the present. . . . . Eh! so you have found the Englishman? Let me pass, please. He needs some overhauling, I can see."

Bothfield said, with extended finger—

"What does *she* do here? I made Incke promise to send her away. He was in a vice; he had to do it, and then he was to make mincemeat of me after. That was fair, wasn't it?" He glared at the group. "Wasn't that a fair bargain? I to stay, and she to go. I to stay and be—— And yet they have dragged her back again!"

"Light-headed. Well, at least we have found him alive," Holseg said. "Come, Cossebaude; we must join the others. Doctor, will you see to these two till we can send someone to help you? . . . Manage them alone? Good. Fräulein von Radenstein, we owe you much for your courage and your guidance. We will leave you now, by your permission, with Dr. Noden, and I think we can assure you that you will be safe."

"Perhaps Dr. Noden will let me help?" Gisela's voice said, and she looked timidly at Goldberg, and then, with a gaze that rested in pitying bewilderment, upon Bothfield.

"Oh, aye, certainly," the doctor said. He made a step towards Bothfield and was checked by his outstretched arm. Holseg and Cossebaude lingered in the passage for a minute, and Bothfield began to clamour again. He was aware that he was speaking recklessly; he was sure that Gisela must despise him for the exhibition, and yet he babbled at them all, in a frenzy to let loose the floodgates of mortification.

"'Oh, aye, certainly!'" he mocked, mimicking the doctor's level accent. "Stay here, in the place from which I staked my life to rescue you—you, a queen of forests, within touch of Brother Kurt! A maze—a maze—I have trodden the round of a maze, and here lies Francis Bothfield, who tried to do his duty—no, who had his duty thrust upon him—prone at the beginning of the tramp!"

"So, so!" said Noden, and he soothed him as a nurse comforts a fretful child. "Sit down upon that chair, there's a good fellow, and let me see what has happened under your coat and collar."

"Let me be," Bothfield said. "I did my best, and I swear I never knew how small my best could be. I am a failure. Let me be. God help you, Fräulein, to find a better champion!"

He rocked before them, his face a pulp of

* Copyright, 1901, by Longmans, Green and Co., in the United States of America.

bruises, his cheeks ablaze with fever, the stain upon his coat increasing. The doctor gave a gesture of dismay: this patient was beyond submission. He was still arguing and cajoling unsuccessfully, when Gisela slipped by his arm and laid soft, beseeching hands upon the rebel.

"Be quiet, Herr Bothfield," she said, and she passed her fingers across his lips. "You shall not blame yourself. Sit there and let Dr. Noden see to you, and tell me—gently, now—what has happened to you since we parted hours ago. We have been bitterly anxious for you; you must forgive me if you think I have been headstrong. Tell me just what has passed here, and then you shall know my story. Come!"

The brush of her finger-tips brought calmness and hurried the man to reason. It soothed, and convinced, and restrained. Bothfield came out of frenzy as a dreamer wakes; he was weak indeed, and wounded, but his wits were only jarred, and he could tell now they were not scattered. There was a balm in the girl's touch that a man might gladly fail for; a delight for which he could drag tired limbs, joyfully, through the bogs of humiliation. Futility and failure seemed no longer to be wounds that rankled; the healing caress had drawn the fever out.

Bothfield delivered himself up to the doctor, and found that a nip of brandy jerked him into yet clearer sanity. His voice dropped, weakly, into the naïve telling of the story of his endeavours. What need to blur the picture of his struggles or moderate them, or be humble, when even her lightest finger-touch could search the chambers of his heart? He laid the truth in Gisela's hands, while the pity and applause in her face bound up his spirit, even as Noden's skill ministered to his body's wounds.

So, for the second time, in their second meeting, there was a confidence given between them. Nothing was left untold; the alternations of cowardice and spurious courage; the strain upon a mind unused to ready judgment, upon a body weakened by long indulgence into physical disability; the cracking tension thrown upon the casing of easy selfishness; the vacillation, the fear that a call to action stirred in a long-passive egotist. The motive power was not explained, for not then did Bothfield understand it fully, or judge how once more Heaven, in lighting Love, had lit a lamp to show the narrow way. That part was still unfolded mystery. But, as he spoke of his first sight of Incke, of the grisly Kurt and his hiding-place, of his effort at escape by the Strangers' Chimney, of his wanderings in the cellars of the inn, of the council-chamber and all that he saw therein, of the resolution by which he was urged to meet Fate and the Count of Incke, and all the hurried stress of mental and physical tumult that befell thereafter, the depths of Gisela's eyes were clouded with awe, as if she felt that she was looking into the living soul of a man. And if that soul was a puny thing, bloodless, and underfed, what matter? It stirred and cried; and the mother impulse of woman must needs respond to such a call, whether it come from the lips of a little child, or from the humbled spirit of the man who loves her.

Dr. Noden sponged and strapped and bandaged, flinging instructions between Bothfield's words occasionally, and nodding approval at the quick response of his assistant. He stopped midway once and inspected Goldberg, returned and went on with his work.

The hubbub above-stairs was dead now; there was only an occasional footfall or the drone of a voice in authority, or what sounded like the regular, recurring tramp of a sentry. The storm had passed, that was certain, and events had marched.

Bothfield's story ended with the account of his unavailing despair over the wounded Goldberg. The object of his distress lay now with closed eyes at his feet, a maimed and wounded lump of humanity indeed, but still breathing and alive, and (as the doctor said) likely to do well enough.

"That is all I have to tell," he finished. "You see, Fräulein, how a man may have good intentions, and yet be a fool and a failure. It is so with me."

Gisela said nothing, because her eyes were so full of expostulation that speech seemed superfluous.

Dr. Noden stood upright, moved back, and, with critical gaze, surveyed his completed handiwork. There, upon the chair at the door of the council-chamber, sat Mr. Bothfield, whom the Consul and the *Times* might have laid cosily in cotton wool, an object swathed in improvised bandages, garlanded in strips of handkerchiefs, like a First Aid diagram. Goldberg, with somebody's coat underneath him, was propped against a wall hard by, breathing heavily. The doctor, still nodding approval, allowed himself a moment's respite from professional matters, and took advantage of it to make comments upon Bothfield's monologue.



"'What does *she* do here?'"

"Seems to me a creditable kind of failure," he said. "Quixotic, yes; but if your scheme had not succeeded in getting Fräulein von Radenstein out of the inn for half a dozen hours, it's likely she would have been held as hostage for the Reformers, and that would have been a bad, dangerous business. And we know the Count Gottfried, and can measure the risks you ran. So I name it a big success."

"And I," said Gisela fervently.

"Then why is she here?" Bothfield said, with impatience.

"*Ach!*" cried Noden. "There's a piece of Amalian history contained in that answer. The Fräulein will reply to it, no doubt. For me, I must get my other patient into God's fresh air. Now, Fräulein von Radenstein, I am going to carry this fellow away up the passage, by what we may fairly call your private door. Meanwhile, I order that patient Number Two shall sit restfully in his present location, to gather up his strength and let that draught of brandy stimulate his nerves. Shall I leave you in charge till I come back?"

"Don't jeopardise her, doctor; I can walk," interposed Bothfield

"Pooh!" the doctor said; "you don't know what has happened. There, I'm going. Tell him all about it, Fräulein; it is good news, and it will keep him quiet."

He gathered Goldberg in his arms, and as he did so a gleam shot up in the young man's face, which had, until that moment, expressed no interest or participation in what was happening about him. Bothfield leaned forward eagerly in his chair at the sight, and collapsed again with a wince and a grimace. Goldberg directed his gaze at him, dangled a wrist in an attempt to wave his hand, and croaked—

"What a fight! Eh, Englishman?"

"Prut; hold your tongue!"

The doctor crawled away with him, putting out the strongest exercise of muscle to carry him in ease, and succeeding so well that his burden scarcely groaned. The darkness engulfed him, and Bothfield and Gisela were alone.

"What is it, then?" Bothfield said feebly. "It's true enough—I don't know what has happened. Safety—here? And the letters and your errand, what of them? I have rambled on about my own doings; but they must be a small affair compared to the events in which you have taken part, Fräulein. Yes, yes; I'm in a fog. What has been happening in your world outside? I have spent a long time in the dark—tell me about the day."

"It was your good action, then, that made the Count send me to Herr Jacob Goldberg's!" Gisela said, without notice for a moment of his petition. "It was through your peril and your sacrifice—here, in this dreadful spot—that my dear father was placed in comfort. I didn't understand, I was afraid; it was so unlike the Count. . . . Ah! the father is in ease and security once more, and we have you to thank. Never speak to me again of failure; I only shudder at the risks you ran. And all for us! . . . But I know that you would . . . well, I knew . . . of course; and so I told the Prince."

"The Prince?"

Bothfield was dazed. He was afraid to consider her gratitude, and he thrust it aside, with an intent that, come what might, he would not permit himself the unearned luxury of exultation.

"I took the letters to Herr Wertheimer—that's the Chief of Police—you see," said Gisela, in explanation. She left the incident of Herr Braun alone. "And the Prince was there, full of news that the Count had crossed the frontier. It was all a lie, a shameful lie, that my father was under interdict as a traitor. I have the Prince's word for that. . . . But, of course, you know it, too, for you heard it from Count Gottfried's lips."

"Yes. That is why I struck him. That, and other things," said Bothfield.

"It was a madness that should not have been," Gisela said, with contradictory eyes. "*Ach!* you may say what you please, but you were brave. . . . Well, and so it was arranged that the police should surround the inn, with the help of Herr Holseg and Captain Cossebaude, who were to be restored to office because they knew best how to attack. And the Prince graciously allowed me to come back by the little blind alley through which I escaped, that I might get my father away before the fighting and the danger came."

Bothfield frowned.

"What else could I do? It was little enough," said Gisela, answering him with a quick, pretty gesture that put his disapproval to one side. "But there was so much uproar among the Reformers, and so many black looks and suspicions were directed upon us, that had it not been for what I know now as your heroism (oh, yes, heroism!), I am sure we could not have escaped. The Count was very smooth and eager, and exerted himself very arduously to remove us—I tell you, Herr Bothfield, it bewildered me. I could not think what the meaning of it all might be, and I was dreadfully anxious for you, of whom nobody would give me news. I did not believe the Count in what he said, I knew too well the worth of his soft sayings; but the fact was there that my father was once more free. . . . And it was none too soon. He needed peace, and the Reformers were all wild and menacing, and they frightened him. . . . Herr Jacob Goldberg, now, is a very kind old man."

"So Herr von Radenstein is at his house?"

"Yes; Herr Anton Goldberg drove us both there. You say he is not so bad, Herr Anton—well, I think so, too. I hope he will not be punished for siding with the Count."

"He has had some punishment already," Bothfield said. "Perhaps that will be allowed to score on his side. Go on, Fräulein."

"I could not rest in the strange house, because I was afraid and troubled. So I ran away again—you see I am always running away—and went back to Herr Wertheimer. There I found that the police were starting upon their work, which was to surround the inn, to disarm the Reformers, and to take

the Count alive. Herr Holseg and Captain Cossebaude were leading them. I told Herr Wertheimer that there was trouble between the Count and the Reformers, and then I found that not even Herr Holseg knew of my cellar-flap, that opens so beautifully into Lieschen's sculleries."

"The cowards did not let you lead them through it?"

"No, no. But I had to go with them to the Gasse, to show them the outside of it; it is such a simple-looking way that it can't be explained except you see it. Oh, I was right enough. I made Herr Holseg promise that he would come to fetch me, when all was quiet, if he did not find you, because I knew something of the inn, and I could help. But only when all was quiet, Herr Bothfield. They left me in a neighbouring house, quite safe, with the Prince and Dr. Noden, and the Prince's guard. Ah, how the Prince chafed and strode about the room, waiting to hear that they had captured the Count!"

"And then?"

"There was a dreadful fight, for the Reformers tried to escape, and every way they tried to escape there were policemen, particularly my way. They fought desperately, but they were overcome at last, after a long, terrible struggle. They are to be tried for conspiring against the Prince, and then they will be imprisoned, and that will be the end of them. So Dr. Noden said. And at last Herr Wertheimer and Herr Holseg and Captain Cossebaude came back, to tell the Prince that the Reformers were their prisoners, and that they had found the Count Gottfried——"

"*Not* fighting with the rest," put in Bothfield. He had a vivid recollection of the Count's appearance at the cell while the tumult above was at its height.

"Ah! you knew that? He betrayed them; he left them to fight, and ran to save himself. But he was found, and captured, and when the Reformers knew how he had left them, they tried, handcuffed though they were, to get at him and kill him. Herr Wertheimer came back to the Prince and told him all that had happened, and so I knew it, too. Then the Prince went out with his guard, very grim, very silent, with a dreadful look upon his face, and after that Herr Holseg came and fetched me as he promised, and we searched through the cellars and so found you. We feared all things for you; I cannot say how glad we were to see you. I could not have borne it if you had suffered any longer for us. . . . And now that I know all that you have done and undergone—all, all—what shall I do to find the means to thank you?"

She knew his weaknesses and she forgot them. She had seen him by the light of his own conscience—a lantern that had flung its beams into corners complacently curtained three days since—and she was not dismayed. She had surpassed his endeavours by her own; she had far overmatched his new-found selflessness by hers; and yet she had pity for him, and trust, and wondering admiration. The amazing blindness of woman! Or was it, rather, the amazing vision?

Bothfield sat silent for a little. He had walked among impossibilities, and found them real, and his experiences had upheaved ancient landmarks. Three days ago he had been a frog; now he was a more highly-developed organisation that had spilled blood and suffered fear and hunger, and had been jostled by the crude brute instincts of mankind. All these things worked to an end; illogically, fantastically as it seemed, the conclusion they helped him to draw was that grey eyes and wistfully curved lips and slender hands could intoxicate a man beyond all reason. He looked at Gisela, and bodily fatigue became blotted out, swept aside, with common-sense and prudence, by the dancing of his pulses. The gloomy passage and the shadowed scene were chalked upon his mind by the abnormal quickening of perceptions. Here was the fruit of his adventure, and lo! it was a woman, set in the midst of the night like a rare jewel in a brooch. Something shouted at him that he must speak to her, thrust himself upon her, batter, brutally, if need be, at her.

He leaned forward.

"Thank me?" he said, and his voice blundered over the words. "Not thanks, Fräulein. Thanks are too little, or too much. I don't want gratitude; because I have no right to it. I want something I have infinitely less right to take. I want that which I could not deserve by a lifetime's service. Do you understand?"

Gisela quivered. The eyes fixed on her face wavered, and a sudden answering light blazed up in them, to vanish again, fearful.

He caught her hand.

"I love you. Do you know what that means, Fräulein? It means that it does not matter that I have scarcely seen you twice; it means that it does not even matter that I am a barbarian, and you an angel.



"'What a fight! Eh, Englishman?'"

All that matters now is that I want you to guide me, that I must have your life to set a seal on mine. And with that and beyond it, it means that if there is hope—and I insist there shall be—I want proof and signal of it—now."

Alas for Dr. Noden's nurse and patient! It was well indeed for them that they had found a better cure for a sick man than was conceived in all the knowledge of the craft. Rest, at that moment, was the last thing Bothfield was conscious of requiring. He raised himself from the chair with both his hands, and this time he did not even wince. Gisela, however, had a memory. She pushed him back softly to his seat and stooped over, looking down into his face that she might keep him there.

"Don't stir. You mustn't stir," she said.

"You must give me what I ask if you would have me obey," Bothfield said.

He put a hand up to her face. She slid her cheek down the palm as he lifted it, and touched him with her lips. Then she started back breathless and covered her face.

"*Herr Jé!*" she whispered.

"You'll marry me, then, Gisela? You'll marry me?" Bothfield said, breathless, too, but wholly exultant.

He caught her dress as she shrank back, and kissed it. At that moment of his life's flowering he vibrated into a response to undefinable things; the hem of her garment, even, was a conductor for the wordless message that leapt between them. He could not have told how he knew it, but he knew he had reached her heart. It was absolutely incredible, it could not be measured by the slow and orderly growth of the other processes of life. But it was vividly and certainly true that her recoil, no less than her advance, betokened her surrender.

"If it is audacity, it is forced upon me by a power outside myself," he said, and clasped her hand in his again. "Why, we were made for each other, you and I. That is the blessed good that is to come from all this turmoil. I loved you when I saw you first, and that was only the flash of an eye at a half-closed window. *Gisela!* There, now I have the beautiful name quite pat upon my tongue. Gisela! You have to be mine, my dear, because you cannot help it. Look at me now, and smile, and tell me that it is so."

Gisela was still dumb, and he saw her eyes were shining, looking anywhere but at his eager gaze. There were tears standing in them, and she was shaking at his words. He drew her gently down towards him, till her hair touched his. Then he felt her breath warm upon his cheek, and her face stooped down—down, and found a hiding-place above the bandages.

"I don't deserve it, though," he said, and this time his voice was tremulous. "Good Heavens! how could any man deserve such happiness? But I believe that it is true. Gisela, to make sure, whisper to me that it is true."

And ". . . true," echoed a muffled voice.

There was a long pause. The compact was left at that, untouched by speech where no speech was needed. Then the door opened above, and lights, voices, and people poured upon them.

Dr. Noden bustled down, an orderly clattering after him with a lifted lantern.

"*Gott sei dank!*" he said, as his face peered into Bothfield's, and found him sitting upright in the chair, alert and unweakened, with Gisela in the half light behind him. "There was an urgent case up above—a man with the best part of a sword inside him—and I had to get him and your Goldberg into the hospital-wagon. Other things, too—but there, they must do their own telling. Now let me shift you a few yards. The Prince is on the premises, and he has ordered the prisoners to be mustered in the council-chamber here at once. We must make way for his Highness."

He put his arm round the Englishman and lifted him. Gisela, who had fled out of sight in the rear of the chair, moved it against the inner wall of the room; Bothfield felt her behind him. The shadows began to scud before an incursion of lantern-bearing policemen; somebody looked into the cell as he passed by, and he clanged the heavy door upon its emptiness. Bothfield looked round him vaguely, and noticed that the rat had left a crumb or two, after all; a policeman's boot crushed them on the flags. The rugged wall, through whose chink he had played Peeping Tom, showed duskily; trained and curious observers were examining it, the floor, the window.

Dr. Noden, too, stared about the room.

"So this was where Incke and his rascals hatched their mischief!" he said. "Well, it is ordained that the Reformers will have one more meeting here by the Prince's command. Our fellows have smoked them out of their wasps' nest at last. Incke——"

He broke off and raised his finger. The stamp and shuffle of men was surging in the passage.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PRINCE.

GLIMMERING lanterns lit the long room with a veiled and smoky radiance; the bearers hung them on the walls or stood them on the table. The effect was that of a cross fire of light, low and yet dazzling, in which men loomed large and sharp-shadowed, and in which the glint of sword-blades or the blue suggestion of revolvers started in and out of the field of vision. Bothfield was weak, and he had much to remember in the nearness of Gisela, but he observed that there was something in the manner of the last arrivals that told of more unusual events than a police raid and its hurly-burly.

The body of incomers split, before his eyes, into fragments. He saw a dark hedge of policemen fall asunder, and in the midst of it, handcuffed, cowed, and huddled together, was disclosed to him the remnant of the Reformers. The captors drove it into a far end of the room, as dogs drive a flock of sheep, and, as it passed, sullen, baffled faces grew to recognition and faded again among the shadows. Brother Karl, white to the lips; Fingelmann, with the thief's shifty eyes; Haering, marked, like Cain, with blood upon his brow; they were still a brotherhood, but brothers only in misfortune and despair. Their house of cards had been shattered. It had tumbled about their ears, and their faces told with what apprehensions they viewed its destruction. Bothfield could not pity them; he remembered too well the froth of anarchy that had been upon their lips. But they were hunted and hopeless men. He—perhaps, if the secrets of hearts could be weighed, no more deserving—was a happy one, and the sharpness of the contrast

made him lean back in his chair, that he might hug the thought of Gisela's proximity. These men, too, had been outwardly brave when the crisis came; had fought like cornered rats. Had he done so much more, to deserve a love-crowned victory in place of sheer defeat?

Gisela's voice hummed in his ears.

"Poor souls! Poor souls! Beloved, will it be *death* for them?"

"Oh, no, no!" Bothfield said reassuringly. "They have had a measure of punishment already, which will no doubt be remembered in their favour. But it is a shocking affair. After all, seen from a distance and the easy depths of a library chair, they may be Mazzinis, Kossuths, Washingtons every one. Something heroic could have been shaped out of their villainies, no doubt, had the Prince been more of a tyrant, and Incke less of a knave."

"No; they and their surroundings are all ugly and terrible; they could never have been more than coarse, bitter, misguided men," Gisela said, with a shudder of retrospection. "Remember Kurt; indeed, I shall never forget him. Ah, no; people, when they hear all the story, or look back upon it from the future, will applaud you for your nobility, as I love you for it now: but they will see nothing in these others but a very dreadful background to your good actions."

Bothfield stopped her. He put out his hand and drew hers into it, and now he spoke gravely, with deep earnestness, and a painful searching for words in which to clothe a difficult truth.

"Gisela! You must listen very carefully to me now, and bear in mind, so that it may remain with you always, what I am about to say. My dear, I am simply no hero at all. If you put me upon such a crazy pinnacle, I shall undoubtedly fall headlong. Three days ago I was a selfish, cowardly egotist, without a notion of anything better in this world than to stare, and guzzle, and very often yawn. Then I stumbled, by grace, across your path, and had my blood warmed by you—my woman and God's gift. That you have worked wonders I do not controvert; my amazing activities stagger me still. But I went through it, not because I liked the game, but because I was driven by the lash of Fate, and even then with a plague of terror and cold sweats, which perpetually handicapped my poor little spirit. I fought because I could not in decency run away; next time (if I were so foolish as to let a next time be) I have conviction that I should send decency to the winds and take a spitting very badly. I shiver now at the bare recollection of my adventures. I shall have a mental neuralgia for months to come, to teach me, assuming that I have not well learned my lesson, how vast a shock my system has received. Fight? Let me never see a sword raised in anger again. Hero? I blenched and shook at every turn."

"But you were successful!"

"Who would not be, with love—first love, mature, undreamed-of love—animating him? I have never heard that great virtue is attributed to the needle for clinging to a magnet. There is this to be thankful for, and you must join with me, *Liebchen*, in giving praise for the mercy—that I have a little wit with which to see my limitations. The world has enough of heroes—one cannot look upon a printed sheet without being dazzled by some record of gallantry, in fact or fiction. . . . It must be very tedious to have limitless bravery at one's comm—— But no, that's heresy. I am very faulty, very commonplace, very stupid; if you will not recognise these things you must let me go, and break my heart and yours. That is reason."

"And, pray, what has a woman to do with reason?" Gisela said scornfully. She kissed the top of his head surreptitiously, with scared glances to left and right. "But then—to be untruthful—I believe you. Now, does that please you?"

"Of course it does not; but at least you understand me."

"I understand that you shall never again risk your dear life for me or anyone else. I understand that you are weak and wounded, and that you want peace. For the rest, you will always be my hero, always my beloved. That you held out manfully against your own tremors and the outside peril is a doubly gallant action, to me."

"So?" Bothfield shook his head sadly. "The incentive was all-powerful, but the man, though he 'scaped whipping, was a poor, crazy-jointed, wincing fellow, and will so remain to the end of the chapter. I know my limit; yes, yes, I know it, and though, please God, I shall be a better creature for your sake, I shall never again be even an indifferent fighting man. . . . I have won you; there's the why and the wherefore. . . Goldberg's is a sturdy heathenism to be envied, but his tough virtue is not mine, and well for me, indeed, that I am not to be further tested. Let me make a home for you, and keep you there. Let me spend the



"Found a hiding-place above the bandages."

rest of a wasted life in learning, in quiet byways, how to help my fellow-humans, seeing that kind Providence has been so bountiful to me. Come away with me, sweetheart, to find some humdrum, plain corner where morality grows like a cabbage, and it is sufficient to be respectable."

"Come with us—to Radenstein!" Gisela whispered, her breath warm upon his cheek.

"Ah, where you have lived! There, if anywhere, I should find the best of me dragged to light. But it's a poor, halting best; remember that I warned you of that, dear love, when the long days of marriage show me in all my crass stolidity."

Again the fragrant, protesting breath. But this time its speech died away unsaid, and the lovers started apart, brought back to their surroundings with a shock. Holseg and Cossebaude were clanking in the room. They advanced in consultation, and then the Captain, snapping a salute at Gisela, stepped to Bothfield and held out an awkward hand. He looked ill at ease, but the action was conciliatory. The men shook hands, and Holseg was upon them while their fingers touched.

"Cossebaude is about to offer our apologies and our congratulations, no doubt," he said. "Apologies, because it is plain you have suffered in this business, and it is our affair to defend you. I am thankful to hear that your injuries are not serious. Though you will permit me to say that, while I deplore the scheme into which we dragged you, your subsequent appearance here does not seem to us to have a true connection with it."

The trite little speech gave the couple time to stumble safely back into an unsympathetic world. Gisela drew again into the shade of the chair, and Bothfield looked up and answered—

"You are right; it has not," he said. "Your opportune descent upon the inn was, from my standpoint, far more protection than I had earned. My presence here is only indirectly due to your plot, Herr Holseg; there are other causes, into which I do not feel inclined to enter."

"Oh, Dr. Noden has told us something of your story, and Fräulein von Radenstein has let us know how you have helped her, too. Regarding Kurt's death, we have nothing but thanks to offer to you for ridding the earth of a pestilent rascal in time to lighten our task to-night. You were indiscreet, that is quite plain; but it was a gallant indiscretion, and you must let me also shake hands upon it. There is the right stuff in you; but another time you would be well advised to steer clear of Amalian backwaters. Their exploration does not always end well for the adventurer."

Bothfield glanced at the penned Reformers and thought he understood the reference. Again his heart went out to Gisela, and it leapt as he felt a soft touch upon his arm respond to the impulse.

"Aye," he said. "I think this will be the end of my perilous voyaging; henceforth I hope for tranquil navigation."

Holseg hesitated a little over his next words.

"Perhaps, seeing that we came in the nick of time to save you from a danger into which you admit you plunged yourself, you will not have too good a memory of what went before," he said.

"Oh!" Bothfield smiled somewhat grimly. "I had revenges piled mountains high not long ago. I was going to seek the Consul's protection first, and then I was going to write to the *Times*. . . . It is a terrible thing, gentlemen, to be gibbeted in the *Times*. . . . I should have been quite content to see the two powers avenge my wrongs while I nestled snug in their protection. But, somehow, things have changed since then."

"They certainly have," Cossebaude blurted out; "you have a record that will be remembered in Amaro, Englishman. To beard Incke in his den, to crack Kurt's skull, and floor Goldberg, our keenest swordsman! You did not seem at all this kind of a fellow when—well, not long ago."

"No-o!" Bothfield smiled faintly. "I was not this kind of fellow. . . . By the light of altered circumstance, I can see that my memory is no better, Herr Holseg, than it should be."

"That is good." Holseg nodded. "We worked for his Highness, and Fate took the reins out of our hands. But if things had gone wrong—ah, there is Wertheimer!"

He made a step forward, as if he would draw attention to the Englishman, and then he stiffened and kept his place. Wertheimer had faced to the door and was bowing and backing before the last comers.

Prince Ferdinand of Amalia stood in the doorway, looking to right and left with looks that did not lose sight either of his saluting servants or of the prisoners. He was pale, and his dress seemed a little disordered; his hair was tossed, and his coat was flung carelessly upon him. But he had the mien of a victor, and he held his head high,

while a flickering, triumphant smile played about the corners of his mouth.

It died into sternness, and he advanced into the room, with a piercing eye upon the rebels.

Behind him, shadowed by the tall figure and the majestic presence, a fox-like face, its inscrutability disturbed by some recent agitation, hovered dimly. Bothfield comprehended, not without brain-searching, that he was looking upon the reappearance of Count Merkewitz. The incident did not strike hard upon a mind already cloyed with dramatic disclosures, and he focussed his eyes quickly again upon the Prince. He saw the latter take in the room, and start at the sight of Gisela. She swept a curtsey, and he strode to where she stood.

"I had forgotten your presence here, though not all for which I have to thank you," he said. "Fräulein Gisela, you are a worthy daughter of your house. You have amply fulfilled the traditions of the Radenstein blood, and I repeat my thanks, with my whole heart, for the service which you rendered me to-day."

"Your Highness——" Gisela had no words in which to answer him.

"Little one," the Prince said, and he was once more fatherly and gentle, "I am grateful to you; I know my Princess will have gratitude also to express. It gives me the greatest joy to know that the troubles which a villain's wickedness brought upon you and your father have been removed. We shall hope to hear of your uninterrupted and peaceful enjoyment of your home once more, and to be reminded of our faithful friends when you come sometimes to Amaro. I had word just now from your father's host by my orderly; Herr von Radenstein is in excellent health, all things considered. And now there is other business to be gone through here; let me give you an arm, and lead you back to my carriage, which will take you out of this kennel.'

He stood aside, as if to let her advance. Gisela hesitated, blushed, and gave a confused downward glance at Bothfield. He opened his mouth to speak; but the Prince bent an interrogatory glance at the couple and smiled.

"Ah!" he said. "I seem to see that a pleasing complication has sprung from our dismal affairs. Am I not right, Fräulein? I have an intuition in these matters, since the days that I first learned the blessedness of the true romance in life. It is so? Yes; you see, I did not have to be told. And who then is this gentleman?"

"I owe a great deal to him," Gisela faltered, putting her hand boldly upon Bothfield's, nevertheless. "But for him I should not have been allowed to leave the inn; he risked his life, sire, that I might go. This is Herr Francis Bothfield, an Englishman, and—and—and—your Highness spoke the true word . . . we are betrothed."

"Bothfield! To be sure, it is my decoy; I did not recognise him in his bandages. It is a strange chance that we who met in the pine-forest should be reunited here!—eh, sir?"

Holseg and Cossebaude looked all ways, with the faces of whipped hounds. Gisela flashed out at the disparagement of his tone and lost her shyness.

"Mr. Bothfield put his life into Count Gottfried's hands that he might save us when the Reformers would have kept us back; he killed Brother Kurt when he had so shamefully misused my father; he fought with Herr Goldberg; he has gone through a great amount of suffering because he was too brave to think of himself. Your Highness knows how he came at the first, and how we found the letters. It is to this gentleman that thanks should go, not, I beg of your Highness, to me, for I did nothing."

"Oh, no, no!" Bothfield burst out. "God bless my soul! I made a mess of everything I touched. Thanks to me! Your Highness must not be misled by such a statement. I have been extraordinarily fortunate, for I have gained this lady's hand, as she says, but otherwise——"

"Well, well!" the Prince said, and he looked quizzically from one to the other. "This is altogether a remarkable circumstance, in more ways than one; for my part, I never yet met anybody who disclaimed a Prince's gratitude. The indignation you display is refreshing. It convinces me, seeing that it is on each other's behalf, that you are likely to be a profoundly happy couple."

"Your Highness will allow me to say, and Captain Cossebaude and Dr. Noden will bear out my statement, that Mr. Bothfield has displayed much courage and resolution," Holseg put in.

"I am very glad to hear it, and I must be told more by and by of his action," the Prince said graciously. "Meanwhile he will probably agree with me that his qualities must be of remarkable excellence to have earned the favour of this dear young lady."

"No, sire; I am entirely unworthy," Bothfield protested.



"Handcuffed, cowed, and huddled together . . . the remnant of the Reformers."

Gisela's hand closed upon his in indignation. She was about to challenge his statement, when Ferdinand anticipated her speech with a smiling, deprecating gesture.

"There, my dear Fräulein Gisela! You shall tell us how your lover mistakes himself presently. I can see by his face that, while he repudiates any suggestion of merit, he knows the thanks that he must give to those eyes of yours, for seeing him as he hopes to be. Is that not the way to put it, Mr. Bothfield? So—I am right again. It is much to have experience in these things, and it is good to see that you bear yourself with a proper humility. Be satisfied, sir; there is a door in heaven open for every man who finds a faithful counsellor and a true friend at his hearth. You have been through many dangers and trials—there are men who would be glad to endure them, if by so doing they could gain an ardent champion as well as a wife. This is the pith of life that you have found; it is for you now to learn how a good woman can give the best of herself to cherish your hopes and your pleasures; how she will steady you to look into the eye of the future with calmness, as well as to enjoy a blessed present. Take one more word from me—the life that this noble-hearted girl entrusts to you is a sacred thing; she places it unreservedly in your hands. Your contact with it will be for salvation, if you do but remember that a wife must be honoured as well as loved."

He held out his hand in congratulation, and Bothfield bowed dizzily above it, the words ringing home to his heart. Gisela breathed hurriedly beside him. Her emotions had started the tears in her eyes; the Prince's counsels seemed to warn her of the solemnity of the bond that had been forged in hasty tumult and in darkness. There were palpitating hopes and quick yearnings within her, and there was fear with them; but a rosy, exulting trust in the man who had chosen her dominated her spirit above all lesser things. She did not waver or look back; only her cheeks were wet as she drew again behind the chair, in an unconscious suggestion of self-abnegation and surrender.

Merkewitz coughed softly at the Prince's elbow. A pair of lovers had thrust themselves into the middle of grave matters, and had whirled the headstrong Ferdinand off at a tangent. His patronage did credit to his heart, but Merkewitz and the ring of policemen had claims to freedom from a situation which could only be absurd and tedious to the official mind. Merkewitz's cough expressed all this, and more; the cold rigidity of Holseg and Wertheimer, and the blank wall of Captain Cossebaude's expression made the same expostulation, with variations. It was probable that the Prince, whose gaze was turned to the fortunate couple with an expression both interested and tender, would have strained his prerogative still further to neglect the nudges of duty, but that a grim and unlooked-for interruption broke upon his abstraction.

An ejaculation from one of the prisoners rang from the end of the room. It was followed by a stir among his fellows, as they craned to see, and by an interval of stupefaction on the part of Bothfield. The Prince wheeled about, and Gisela's view of the dark entry was laid bare. Bothfield came to himself with his effort to shield her from the sight. She clutched his hand and held it close, frozen into immobility by the thrusting of this ill-timed spectacle upon them. It was clear now why the Prince had tried, before subsequent events had led him astray from his intention, to get her clear of the room and the building.

They had been the centre of interest a moment before; they were dropped into neglect now by the spinning of the wheel, and the backs that turned upon them expressed a sudden forgetfulness, not only of their fortunes, but of their existence.

The doorway was choked and was cleared again. When it was free, the lanterns revealed a stretcher laid within the room, upon which the four bearers, as they stepped back with their eyes towards the Prince, disclosed the stark form and the dead face of the Count Gottfried von Incke.

"*Lieber Gott!*" Wertheimer said, and he sprang out with a gesture of consternation and forbiddance. "What do you mean by bringing him here?"

"It was his Highness's order," said a spokesman, and still turned his eyes, dog-like, to watch for Ferdinand's.

Bothfield felt Gisela cling to him, and he put his arm about her and drew her into his protection. Yet, after all, the object from which he sought to withdraw her was sinister only in appearance; in reality it was quite inert and impotent, estranged for ever from the power that it had coveted and abused. This was only a dead man; surely the most convincingly harmless thing in a mortal world.

Nevertheless, they looked at him in awe. Gottfried von Incke lay upon his stretcher and confronted them with his double frown

smoothed into a mere wrinkle; with his mouth relaxing from its last desperate indrawing of breath; with his eyes veiled. The hand that had sought Bothfield's life trailed helpless upon the floor; the masterful features were wiped as clean of all expression as a child's slate. He faced a roomful of enemies; and he showed to them a profound indifference which in life he might have struggled vainly after. The dignity of death folded him as in a mantle; and his boundless ambitions, his hatreds, and his crooked love, were buried for ever within that winding-sheet.

Ferdinand passed his hand over his forehead and stared at the speaker.

"A-ah!" he said. "How was it that I was able to forget? Yes; I told them to come, Wertheimer; it is the last act of the drama, and it must be played out. Stand back, my children."

He stepped out to the bier, and the action isolated him from the living in the room, and seemed to place him and the dead man together and apart. The policemen drew themselves aside; the little knot of officials who had intrigued and fought for him swayed helpless. The streaking, glinting lantern glare played about the chamber, and the faces of the Reformers stared out of its uncertain light, brought by their pallor into significance. Bothfield and Gisela were spectators, a world removed from the thoughts of those who had lately thronged about them, and yet throbbing with the same emotion that was to be read, like an open book, on the faces of the others.

The Prince stood beside the Count and looked down upon his rigid features. He appeared to lift the baffling mask that death had fastened upon the face; to search anxiously for something that was not to be found. If he were looking for some tattered remnant of virtue, left from the far-off days when they had been playmates, and overlooked in the heat and stress of active enmity, he must have been disappointed. The freezing, waxen smile cried innocence no more than it spelled wickedness; it remained blankly inexpressive, an insoluble enigma. The only impression it could possibly convey to the minds of the men who gazed upon it was that some alien finger had inscribed there the old, mocking lesson of the Preacher. *Vanitas vanitate;* the text could as well have been taken from the neglected corpse of a crossing-sweeper. Life was vanquished: surely all ended life was altogether vanity.

Prince Ferdinand turned about and met the haggard looks of the Reformers. He lifted his head and looked squarely at them for a minute, and then he pointed his finger towards Incke and so addressed them.

"Hear me speak," he said. "This man professed to be your leader; he spent the last half-hour of his life in trying to save himself while you were in peril. He professed to be in sympathy with you; his mind was as incapable of sympathy as it was incapable of honour. He went with you into the mud of disloyalty, but it was to gratify his personal ambitions. You see how he has been punished. Yet his treason, when it spent itself against the Government of his country, was identical with yours; it is only to be said on your behalf that he had less excuse for it than you.

"You have had great schemes, no doubt, for the reforming of existing customs. Is it for you"—he swept a withering glance round the tatterdemalions—"to succeed, when patient, long-studying men are still striving? I have the betterment of my country at heart, too, and I could be glad of your help, if you chose to show it by hard-working, temperate lives, lived in charity instead of enmity with all men.

"I killed the Count Gottfried von Incke in duel. He had to die; Heaven willed it that I should kill him. Thus will I stamp out treason and treachery in my Principality, wherever shown. Be warned in time. He fought hard for life, but the God of Justice stood with me, and I prevailed. You will be punished, but my clemency will be extended to save you from the full measure that the law would mete out to you, because it was Incke who bound your idle seditions into one body and so brought you within reach of extreme penalties. It has been a narrow escape for you; and now that you are disbanded and forbidden under pain of death to unite again, you will perhaps be able to be thankful, each for himself, that conspiracy has been put out of your reach, and that you are removed from further becoming the tools of unscrupulous men. Be warned, I repeat; and remember that I am not a peaceful Prince, and that I will fight, to the death if necessary, against traitors to my country or my honour."

He drew a long breath and turned to the rest of his audience.

"Well, sirs; you were pleased to think yourselves wiser than I, and to arrange that this man should escape my justice. I am sensible of your good intentions, but it was not to be. I met him an hour ago, as you



"'Hear me speak.'"

know, in fair fight, and I sent my sword into his lying breast, to strike into it, by the only means that could send conviction there, the knowledge of how deeply he had erred. He slandered a lady; she was my Princess. He has expiated that crime, with all his others, now. My 'scutcheon is fair again, and there is a mischief-monger less in Amalia. But let me point out to you, gentlemen, that there would have been trouble saved if he had died, as I intended, two days ago in the Palace garden."

There was confusion among those whom he addressed, but he took no notice of it. He moved towards the door, and then, as if obeying an unexpected impulse, came back, looked again upon the dead man, and left the face covered with his own handkerchief.

"Thou art avenged, Ottilie! . . . Yet Gottfried, Gottfried—is it not shame to all of us, that men's friendships can come to this?"

* * * * *

And so ended the adventures of Francis Bothfield, who went a-riding upon a whirligig and found it giddy exercise. He makes now the most excellent family man; he sits, a monument of prudence, upon local committees and charitable boards, he subscribes

liberally to philanthropic objects, and lays down good, sound claret. There is nothing meretricious about him; he is "solid," as the Germans say, and the epithet undoubtedly applies to the region of his waistcoat. He will never retouch the heights of sacrifice, but he will never sink again to panic fear and bloodshed. Gisela knows it. She realises, with the clear seeing of the wife, that her yokefellow is but a man with the frailties of flesh upon him; a thing lovable, and to be cherished; not, God forbid! a block of flinty virtue, but her mate, and the pivot of her life. Yet a being who has suffered, and been scourged by emotion into that appreciation without which no man can be truly said to live. He and his wife, now that the father has gone to a more perfect freedom than the flesh can know, reign at Radenstein, where Bothfield administers both wisely and well, and where the folk have quite forgotten that he was once by way of being an Englishman. They keep a hospitable board; and the moral cabbage must have grown to the dimensions of a cedar, if the esteem in which the host's opinions and advice are held can be taken as a measuring-rod. They have faithfully regarded the great duty of mankind, and they watch tenderly over a chubby brood, and find, in the training of a nursery, opportunities that may hereafter blossom more amply for the good of mankind than all the strenuous sallies of ambitious people. And I must not forget to say that, after some years of exile, there has appeared upon the scene a certain brevet-uncle Anton, who, remembering a timely intercession of his kinswoman and his late opponents, repays them by giving a master's attention to the sword-play teaching of the youngsters. For the rest, I understand that Fingelmann came once begging in rags to the back-door, was charitably entertained, and departed ungratefully with the silver spoons. But otherwise the links with the stormy three days are few. Ferdinand, after a brief period of extravagant patronage, appears to have forgotten them in a fine quarrel with a neighbouring prince; and they jog along together in obscurity, as placid a married pair as ever swam to matrimony through the deeps of passion.



THE MIDLAND TRUANT SCHOOL.

BY

THE REV. P. DEAN.



AN old proverb tells us, "You may take a horse to the water, but you cannot make it drink." The truth of this proverb is often realised by those who are engaged in the work of elementary education. By the Act of 1870, Parliament made the attendance of every child at school compulsory; by a later Act, Parliament made elementary education free; but while these provisions proved all that were needed to secure the attendance and education of a great proportion of boys and girls, there still remained a number who were either bad attenders or incorrigible truants. Much of this irregularity and truancy was, no doubt, owing to the neglect or perverseness of parents, but a great deal of it was owing to "sheer cussedness" in the children themselves. It was right that when the irregularity and truancy were the fault of the parents they should be summoned before the magistrates and fined or imprisoned; but School Boards began to feel that, when the fault was clearly in the boy himself, it was highly unjust to make the parents suffer thus over and over again. The question, How can we effectually deal with the truants themselves? then forced itself upon the attention of School Boards; and it was through trying to answer this question that truant schools—either day (as at Nottingham, Wolverhampton, etc.) or periodic (as at London, Cardiff, Liverpool, Lichfield, etc.)—have been established.

The Midland Truant School at Lichfield (which the Government inspector ranks as second best of all in England) has been erected and is managed by the three neighbouring School Boards of Burton-upon-Trent, Walsall, and West Bromwich. Each of these Boards has found one-third of the cost of its erection, and is responsible for one-third of the cost of its maintenance. In further accord with this division, each Board elects four Managers, making a board of twelve, who have control of all the affairs of the School. The buildings are new, and specially designed and erected for their purpose, and they are healthily and pleasantly situated just outside Lichfield. The property includes grounds and gardens several acres in extent; residences for the governor, teachers, and servants; dining-hall, schoolrooms, dormitories, infirmary, infectious hospital; lavatories and plunge bath; tailor's shop, laundries, drill-yard, football-field, cookery-kitchens, disinfecting-ovens, board-room, and many another convenience. The cost of the whole has been about £14,000; there is accommodation for one hundred boys, and to manage and train these during their time in the School there





BOYS READY FOR DINNER.

are the governor and matron, two schoolmasters, a drill and labour master, a master tailor, a laundress, and several ordinary servants. When the School was first opened, about seven years ago, for two or three weeks there was only one boy in the place, but the number gradually increased, and now, for some time past, the difficulty has been to keep the number down to the licensed accommodation. In addition to providing for the truants of Burton, Walsall, and West Bromwich, truants are sent by School Boards all over England, the London School Board supplying the largest number. Each Board sending boys has to pay 6*s.* 6*d.* per boy for each week he is there ; and it is by means of these fees, the amounts found by the three proprietary Boards, and the grants made by Government, that the cost of the maintenance of the institution is obtained.

The system of dealing with truants is something like this. When all other means of getting a boy to attend school regularly have been tried and have failed, the magistrates are asked to grant an "attendance order," and if this is not complied with the magistrate commits the boy to the Truant School, and fixes the amount per week his parents shall pay for him while he is there. This latter is generally small, and is mostly collected by the police, it being paid to the Home Office and not to the School Boards. A boy committed to the Truant School is—until he is fourteen—very much in the case of a convict. He is apprehended and taken to the School by a police-officer ; he is kept there for three or four months at the discretion of the Managers ; and afterwards he is let out on a sort of "ticket-of-leave" under which at any time until the end of his school period he can be re-apprehended and again confined in the Truant School without another committal of the magistrates ; and this over and over again if necessary. A boy once committed to the Truant School is thus completely enmeshed. After returning to his home, a record of his attendances at school has to be sent to the governor of the Truant School, and if the attendances are unsatisfactory he is first written to, and if this is not effective he is again apprehended and confined in the School for another three or four months' discipline. He used to be flogged for returning, if his truancy were his own fault, but this has been abolished by order of the Home Secretary.

The principle sought to be worked out at the Lichfield School may be described as strict discipline, firmly but kindly maintained. Endeavours are made to "work the ape and tiger out" of the boy, to raise his ideal and make him capable of higher things than hitherto. To this end the boys have to work and exercise ; to observe strict cleanliness, order, and courtesy ; and to receive mental, moral, and religious instruction. They have their library in addition to their cricket and football field ; occasional week-night entertainments as well as Sunday worship at cathedral or chapel. The Catholic boys are spiritually looked after by the local Catholic priest, and the whole of the boys benefit by the kindly unsectarian ministrations of the aged Canon Lonsdale, who voluntarily visits them from time to time out of pure desire to do them good. The daily routine is the following : At 6 a.m. the boys rise, wash, and clean the premises ; at 8 they have breakfast ; at 8.30 they have prayers ; at 9 they disperse to school or work ; at 12 they have drill ; at 1 p.m. dinner ; at 2 they disperse again to work and school, but reversing the previous order, so that those who have been working go to school, and those who have been to school go to work ; at 5 there is drill again ; at 6 supper ; at 6.30 any necessary work needing to be done, followed by recreation ; at 7.30 evening prayers ; and at 8 all the boys retire to bed.

The school-work of the boys is that of an ordinary Board school, but here these boys (who at home would be "duffers") show themselves apt scholars. The difference between their exercise-books when they first come and when they leave is something

amazing. They certainly do better than do most of the boys of an ordinary school. At the Government examination, in February, 1900, H.M. inspector gave "good" for all the standard subjects, and praised highly the work in the three or four classes of extra subjects taken. The half-day's manual labour each boy has to do is chiefly made up of scrubbing floors, tables, and benches, working in the laundry, grounds, or garden, or in the tailor's shop.



THE FRONT OF THE SCHOOL.

In the laundry the boys have to wash, mangle, iron, darn stockings (at which some of them become adepts) and in other ways be useful to the laundress. In the grounds they help to cultivate vegetables, etc., for the institution, while in the tailor's shop they make and repair the clothing worn in the School, and also renovate old garments for some of them to go home in. This latter is necessary because of the dirty and tatterdemalion state in which many of the truants arrive. All the boys at this stage are stripped naked, washed all over, their hair sheared close, and their clothes disinfected. But it often happens that the garments are not fit to give to them again, and consequently new-old ones have to be supplied them by charity; and the Midland Truant School are always grateful for any cast-off garments that the public will send them to be re-made for the destitute boys who are leaving.



DRILL.



BOYS IN SCHOOL.

While in the School the boys live under most healthy conditions. By means of hot-water pipes all the rooms are kept at an even temperature night and day. They have ten hours in bed, and the dormitories are perfect as to "sweetness and light." The three meals a day given to them are varied on different days of the week, and are taken from a dietary comprising porridge, beef, mutton, and pork, suet pudding,

boiled rice, cheese, vegetables, bread, treacle, soup, cocoa (on week-days), and tea (on Sundays). That the boys are well fed is proved by the fact that of 1,500 who have passed through the School there has only been about one instance of a boy going out lighter in weight than when he entered. In some cases boys have added ten or a dozen pounds. The School employs its own doctor, who examines every boy when admitted, and pays regular visits to look after the health of the whole. To show the attention given to the health of the boys, it may be mentioned that recently a boy from Birmingham was found to have been sent in the first stage of typhoid fever. The case soon became extremely serious, and for



THE TAILOR'S SHOP.

weeks the lad hovered between life and death. He was isolated, two nurses were engaged to attend him, the doctor visited him several times a day, and altogether an expenditure of £46 was made upon this case alone. But it saved the boy's life, a result which could hardly have been possible had he been at his own poor home. Not long before this, another boy who came from the Potteries had his life saved through similar assiduity at a cost of over £20. As to the health of the boys generally while here, it has all along been remarkably good.

The School having been open for over five years, it is now possible to examine the results. To the primary question, Does it cure truants? the answer is most satisfactory. Returns show that the attendance of the boys who have been in the School, after they have gone home, has been 90 per cent.—a considerably higher percentage than the average. Burdens to the taxpayers have thus been converted into grant-earners. Then think of the lifelong good three or four months of such a course of cleanliness, order, discipline, proper food and sleep, courtesy, and religious influences must have upon boys of this type. Such an institution may appear costly, but even in the matter of preventing boys becoming criminals, the likelihood is that it is an economy to the rate-and-taxpayers in the end. Think again of the good influence these boys may be expected to exercise in their homes and neighbourhoods. The governor and matron are constantly receiving letters from grateful parents telling of the wonderful improvement in the manners of their son, and of the great amount of consideration and respect they are now receiving from him as compared with the unkindness and rudeness of his pre-Truant School days. As one who has been a Manager of the School from its opening, I must say that I have a growing conviction of the splendid work it is accomplishing.

It would be unjust to conclude this article without a few words of praise for the chief officers of the institution. The Chairman and Secretary from the first have been Mr. J. Samble and Mr. W. N. Graham, of

Burton-on-Trent. These two gentlemen seem to have made the School into a sort of pet child, and they show that no amount of attention and work they can give to it is felt by them to be too much. In the Governor and Matron (Mr. and Mrs. Housden), the Managers have two ideal officers for such work; for while the Governor represents the firmness and discipline which must be maintained, the matron contributes that kindly, cheerful, motherly attitude without which such a place could not be really a home. And the way in which the boys will write to her, after leaving, proves how her influence remains with them.



READY FOR DRILL.

I will only add that I hope the Midland Truant School may be so successful in the future as to do away with the need for its existence. In that happy consummation the splendid building might be devoted to some other reforming, alleviating, or enlightening purpose.



THE LAUNDRY.



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A STUDY OF CATTLE. BY ROSA BONHEUR.

AN ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN.

By HORACE BLEACKLEY.



IT had become customary to speak of Jack Point as a second class man, but no one could deny that he was a fellow of infinite variety. He did nearly everything, and he did everything fairly well. People had expected such a great deal from Jack, both as regards work and play, that when he took a second in Mods, a second in Law Finals, and only obtained his Harlequin cap because of his popularity, many heads were shaken, and he was promptly classed among the failures. In other departments, too, he had disappointed the expectations of his friends. No one was a better drawing-room entertainer, and for his age his reputation as an amateur actor was extraordinary. Yet, after leaving the 'Varsity, he had given the stage a trial for three or four years, but no success had come his way.

Jack, however, never suffered from disappointment. He had a happy-go-lucky temperament, and, being rich beyond the dreams of avarice, he could afford to be everything by turn, and nothing long. It was not his fault, he always declared, that he had no perseverance, and that his numerous friends were so expectant.

After his stage experiences he had taken to politics, and as a Liberal Unionist had stood for the division of Crackthorpe, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. The manufacturing village of Crackthorpe had been created by the exertions of his grandfather and father—though their factories were now sold to a company—and Jack resided for a great portion of the year on his estate, about ten miles away from the town, yet he was beaten by a handsome majority. Jack did not mind his licking at all, but, considering that he had always been a cheerful giver to all local charities, like his father before him, he did consider that his political opponents showed base ingratitude in pelting him more than once with rotten eggs.

In one particular, at any rate, Jack was pre-eminent. He was a first class and incorrigible practical joker, and, had he not been such a thoroughly good chap, this partiality would have landed him in many a scrape. As regards appearances, he was a handsome, cheery fellow, with a ruddy, clean-shaven face, and was over six feet in height.

One delicious afternoon in May, two months after the disastrous election, Jack was reclining in a hammock under the trees in the garden of his Yorkshire house, enjoying an after-lunch cigarette. His friend, *factotum*, and private secretary, little Billy Lee—Jack, of course, was a bachelor—was sprawling in a deck-chair close by. The two were engaged in an important discussion as to what was to be done to kill time, when there was a sound of wheels upon the drive.

"It's old Higginbottom!" cried Billy. "Don't move, Jack. I'll bring him to you."

And he hastened across the lawn.

A few moments later the new arrival was seated with the two friends.

Mr. Hiram Higginbottom was one of the principal personages in the town of Crackthorpe. He was a provision merchant by trade, was extremely wealthy, and was chairman of the local Radical Federation. In spite of political differences, he had made a point of retaining Jack's friendship. In appearance he was rubicund and portly.

"I came by train from Crackthorpe," he explained.

"What will you have to drink?" inquired Jack, which was always his first remark to male acquaintances. "Whisky and——"

"Thank you, I never take spirits," said Mr. Higginbottom with dignity. "But as I lunched early, a glass of port wine——"

Billy had risen from his seat at the first mention of refreshments, and was beckoning to the butler, who, taught by long experience, had made his appearance in case he was needed.

"Port, Mark," called out Billy.

"Eh, sir?" demanded Mark, who was an old and confidential servant, with an inquisitive glance at Mr. Higginbottom.

"*The* port," said Billy, with a nod.

"Old master's bin, sir?" said Mark.

"Of course—not the logwood sarcophagus, mind. He knows a bit," whispered Billy.

"This is the first time that we have met since the election, Mr. Point," Mr. Higginbottom remarked, as he sipped his wine. "I regretted exceedingly that my duty to the United Kingdom Alliance——"

"Don't mention it," cried Jack heartily; "we are not personal foes. Our difference is political, as the devil remarked to St. Peter."

"Ahem! of course," coughed Mr. Higginbottom. "Well, to-day, Mr. Point, I come on an errand of charity."

Jack and Billy exchanged glances usual on such occasions.

"To put it bluntly, the Working Men's Club needs one hundred and fifty pounds," Mr. Higginbottom continued. "As you know, the town is poor, and I do not feel disposed to give the money out of my own purse."

"Quite right," said Billy, as he screwed up his eyeglass. "Charity begins at home."

"Now, Mr. Point," proceeded Mr. Higginbottom, ignoring the interruption, "you know my antipathy to bazaars, which limits my resources. However, I think I have made a discovery which will open out virgin soil."

Here Mr. Higginbottom looked hard at Billy, who grew uncomfortable and put his hands firmly in his trousers pockets.

"I am convinced that cricket, as a means of raising funds for charity, has never been properly appreciated or applied," continued Mr. Higginbottom.

Here Billy released a fistful of silver, as he took his hand from his pocket to raise his glass.

"But it is only in League games that you get much of a gate at Crackthorpe," remarked Jack.

"Precisely, but that shows the power of cricket to attract the masses," replied Mr. Higginbottom.

"I see," broke in Jack impatiently. "So you think that a charity match would be a good spec.—— ?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the man of groceries, who did not like being hurried. "I think that I can easily raise in this manner the one hundred and fifty pounds required—for the working men, Mr. Point! But if it is to be successful, the matter must be skilfully arranged."

"What do you propose ?"

"I am president of the Crackthorpe Cricket Club. I have discussed the subject with the committee. They have been good enough to promise me the use of the ground and the services of the team free gratis, on the condition that a first-rate eleven is brought down to play against them."

"And what do you mean by first-rate ?" asked Jack with evident curiosity.

"I am ambitious, I admit," answered Mr. Higginbottom solemnly. "But it is necessary that the team which opposes Crackthorpe should be a good one, if we are to attract a large gate, and for this purpose I want your kind assistance. I propose that we bring down an 'All England' eleven."

"Oh," said Jack placidly. "Have you any names to suggest ?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Higginbottom. "The committee and myself are aware that you have been a great cricketer in your time." Jack waved his hand deprecatingly. "The first name, of course, that occurs to me is that of our incomparable champion, Dr. Grace. You know him, Mr. Point ?"

"Yes, I know W. G.," answered Jack, with immobile countenance. "Why do you whistle, Billy ?" he added, with a severe glance at his small friend.

"I was thinking that Crackthorpe would get horribly licked," answered Billy, choking over half a glass of wine that had gone down the wrong throat.

"Oh, they may be relied upon to take their licking like men," said the local magnate serenely.

"Of course. Well, have you thought of any other players, Mr. Higginbottom ?" asked Jack.

"Yes, the next name on my list is Prince Ranjitsinhji, and after him Mr. A. C. Maclaren."

"I admire your judgment," said Jack earnestly. "The three you have named are probably the three finest amateur bats in England—on the form of recent years."

"These are all the amateurs I should ask," continued Mr. Higginbottom. "I understand that amateurs expect to be entertained, and it has struck me, Mr. Point, and I took the liberty of mentioning the matter to the committee, that you might not care to ask *more than three* to stay with you."

"Very thoughtful of you, indeed," answered Jack.

"So I should be inclined to fill up the team with professionals. I have no doubt that some of the committee would put them up. Mr. Cask, of the 'Golden Lion,' would, I am sure, ask three or four. I pointed out to him that it would be good biz for him. As regards the professionals, I should like your advice, Mr. Point. You know them better than I do."

"Professionals are expensive luxuries——"

"Ah, but your influence, Mr. Point! They would come for you."

"They would come if I paid them, Mr. Higginbottom."

"How good of you to say so, Mr. Point! Now, who would you suggest?"

"What do you think of Shrewsbury—the greatest professional batsman probably that the world has seen—and Bobby Abel? That ought to give us sufficient batting strength."

"Excellent," cried Mr. Higginbottom. "Then we must have some Yorkshiremen in the team. We are too far from Leeds to see any first class matches."

"Well, I would ask F. S. Jackson," said Jack, with a sly wink at Billy. "One of the best all-round cricketers in the world; but unfortunately he is an amateur."

"Oh!" began Mr. Higginbottom, looking glum.

"And I have only three spare rooms," continued Jack with emphasis. "So, as we want bowlers, we must content ourselves with Haigh——"

"And let me see," interrupted Mr. Higginbottom, "there's what's-his-name, that Cask suggested. Ah! I recollect, Tom Emmett."

"Yes, I daresay I could get old Tom, though he's on the retired list," answered Jack. "And Hunter, for wicket-keeper, and perhaps Tunnicliffe. I'll play myself, so that's five Yorkshiremen. We'll put in Johnny Briggs to make up the team. We need another bowler, and he'll amuse the crowd famously."

* * * * *



"'I am convinced that cricket, as a means of raising funds for charity, has never been properly appreciated.'"

"He's a bad ass, that Higginbottom," observed Billy, a few minutes later, when that worthy had taken himself away, along with the best portion of two bottles of port besides. "But why on earth, Jack, did you promise to bring down that team on June 15th? It's all rot——"

"It's for an excellent cause," returned Jack, with a placid smile on his good-natured countenance. "You never know what you can do till you try. Shut up, Billy, and leave it to me."

II.

THE 15th of June, the date of the great match, which had been so largely advertised in the district, between Crackthorpe Cricket Club and the All England Eleven, dawned bright and clear. Jack had decided to drive across the moors to the town, so the dog-cart came round early. Just before he started a telegram arrived.

"Bad business this," he remarked to Billy, after reading it. "There's been a big breakdown on the line, and the team has been delayed at Swillington Junction."

"Humph! that's nasty," said Billy. "There's the 'Jolly Waggoners,' kept by old Uriah, just opposite the station. I hope the team won't meet with any more accidents. That silly fellow Smith should have brought 'em all here last night, as we arranged."

"Oh, it'll be all right if they get to the pavilion in good time," answered Jack hopefully. He took the reins, Billy sat beside him, and Mark, without whom they never travelled, got up at the back to guard the bags and a large wooden box, which seemed a superfluous piece of luggage.

They reached the Crackthorpe cricket-ground about eleven o'clock. It was of the ordinary manufacturing town type—brick pavilion, like a child's Noah's Ark, forty yards of bowling-green turf in centre, an oasis in a field of black loam and ragged tufts. Here Jack received another wire, which drew from him a monosyllabic swear. There was a fair crowd of spectators on the ground already, and Mr. Higginbottom, hastening up, introduced Mr. Cask, of the "Golden Lion," and Mr. Sykes, the proprietor of the Crackthorpe Shoddy Mills, two important members of the committee.

"Hullo! have you got your lunch in that?" he demanded, as little Billy Lee and Mark staggered towards the pavilion with the wooden trunk. Before Jack could reply, a most important individual joined the group, none other than Mr. William Henry Bates, the vice-president and captain of the Crackthorpe Cricket Club. Mr. Bates, like John Gilpin, was a draper by trade, and although fat and forty, he would insist upon playing in every match and commanding the team. His subscriptions were colossal, so he was tolerated.

"Who's your skipper, Mr. Point?" he remarked airily. "The old man, I suppose?"

"No, I have that honour," Jack answered modestly.

"Oh, I thought, of course, it would be W. G. Still, it's all right. Let's spin. Heads, you say? Hang it! so it is. You'll bat, I suppose?"

"I think so," said Jack.

"Rest of team arrived yet, Mr. Point?" inquired Mr. Higginbottom. "I've not seen them."

"Not all, I believe," replied Jack. "But I've not been in our dressing-room, yet."

"We've a first class visitors' room," said Bates. "Only door at top of stairs. You can't miss it. I'll show you." Jack was turning away, when Mr. Higginbottom called him back. Two ladies were standing near.

"Mr. Point, may I be allowed to present you to my daughter, Kate?" he said, indicating a nervous, pale-faced girl. As Jack raised his hat to the lady, his eyes fell upon her companion, and a look of glad recognition sprang into them.

"Maud, by all that's wonderful!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand. "How glad I am to see you!"

She was a bright, healthy girl, whose firm, trim figure appeared to advantage in a white serge tailor-made coat and skirt.

"Oh, I'm living here at present," answered Maud, with a trifle more of colour in her cheeks than usual.

"My daughter's companion, Mr. Point," exclaimed Mr. Higginbottom loftily. "Strange you should have met before."

"Oh, we're quite old friends," replied Maud, with quiet self-assurance. "Now, Mr. Point, we mustn't keep you. Go off to your game. Come, Kate, perhaps we shall see Mr. Point later."

"I say, Billy!" cried Jack, as he met that worthy in the pavilion, descending the narrow staircase which led up to the strangers' dressing-room, "who do you think I've seen? Why, little Maud Crofton, Lady Renwick's companion, that we met at Cowes last year."

"Oh," said Billy. "That's rather bad for you, isn't it?"

"Well, I don't mean to lose sight of her this time until I've had my say——"

"Now, shut up, old man!" replied Billy rudely. "Mark and I have had such a wrestle to get that infernal box up these blessed stairs. Turn your thoughts to cricket and come up into the dressing-room."

"Why, have the team arrived?" asked Jack eagerly.

"Come and see," answered Billy.

III.

IT was not until 12.15 that the bell sounded for the commencement of the match. A large and impatient crowd—two

thousand strong, at least—surrounded the ropes. They cheered the appearance of the white-robed umpires, they cheered still louder when robust little Bates led the Crackthorpe eleven on to the field of play.

"There'll be another thousand or two after the interval," remarked Mr. Higginbottom to Cask, the publican.

"Aye; we were right to pick Saturday," replied that worthy. "I wish I could see Tom Emmett and Briggs. I want 'em both up at my place to-night. I've got a 'smoker' on for their benefit."

At that moment a deafening cheer broke forth from the crowd. Two batsmen were descending the pavilion steps. There could be no mistake as to their identity. The handsome, bronzed, full-bearded face and colossal figure could only belong to the immortal "W. G." The jaunty walk and sprightly toss of the head clearly indicated that his companion was the incomparable Arthur Shrewsbury. Match-cards, with the "order of going in," had been printed and eagerly purchased by the spectators; so, of course, they knew who the players were and when to expect them. Few among the good folks of Crackthorpe had seen any first class cricket.



"Caught him by the scruff of the neck and tumbled him up the steps into the pavilion."

"Now we shall see chaps as can lake a bit," declared Mr. Cask, lapsing into the vernacular in his excitement.

"Don't you make a mistake," answered Mr. Sykes, who was sitting next to him, and who was both argumentative and patriotic. "You just wait a bit. Our chaps can lake, too. They've never played young Zacky Hirst's bowling before."

"My dear Sykes, Zacky Hirst has never bowled against an All England eleven until to-day," said Mr. Higginbottom, in a tone of superiority.

"Is the little one Shrewsbury, Maud, dear?" inquired Kate, as the batsmen passed through the pavilion gate and marched across the turf towards the wickets.

"I suppose so, dear," answered Maud, looking up from her match-card. "But, from what I remember, I thought he was a bigger man."

"It *is* clever of you. You seem to know such a lot about cricket."

"When I lived in London I saw so many good matches, and I had a brother in the Cambridge Eleven."

"It's quite romantic," sighed poor, insignificant Kate—"you knowing Mr. Point and meeting him here. He seemed so delighted——"

"Now, don't be silly, Kate," interrupted Maud tartly.

"I wonder he doesn't come and sit with us," Kate continued, unabashed.

"Why should he?" demanded Maud scornfully, though the very same thought was in her mind at the moment.

"Well, he looked as if he would come back when he left us," answered Kate, with marvellous acumen.

"You really are a most ridiculous little thing," replied Maud.

The match was about to begin. Shrewsbury was preparing to receive the first over from Zacky Hirst. The famous professional had taken up an aggressive attitude, with legs wide apart, knees bent, and bat inclined in an angle of about forty-five degrees. Zacky felt quite nervous. He was a tall, angular youth, with a loose, windmill sort of action. The ball was delivered, the batsman took a mighty slog, and the off stump flew out of the ground. The spectators were thunderstruck. The man had been bowled first ball.

There was a disappointed groan. So much had been expected from the great Shrewsbury, and few of the Crackthorpe folk had ever seen him bat before. But the feeling was momentary. No one in the world is more parochial—I beg pardon, I mean patriotic—than the Yorkshireman. Local pride swelled in every breast, and there was a burst of cheering. The batsman walked away, and Zacky Hirst, with a bashful grin, rubbed his hands in the sawdust.

As soon as the pardonable excitement had died down, all were in the throes of expectancy once more. The next name on the card was one to conjure with, for Ranjitsinhji was going in now.

There was a long wait. All eyes were fixed upon the pavilion door. At last a figure in flannels appeared. It ran nimbly down the steps and through the gate on to the field. A mighty shout went up, followed by a buzz of wonder. The batsman was short and stout, and his face black as a nigger. Then a strange thing occurred. W. G. Grace was seen racing across the ground towards the new-comer. He reached him before he had walked ten yards, caught him by the scruff of the neck, and tumbled him up the steps back into the pavilion. All was consternation. Wonder was depicted upon every face. Three minutes passed before Grace appeared. The crowd of members in the pavilion enclosure pressed eagerly around him as he made his way down the steps.

"Hi, sir! I say, W. G., what's wrong?" roared Mr. Higginbottom, jumping on a form. W. G. paused, looking hot and excited.

"What's wrong?" he answered, in a husky voice. "Why, that fellow's not Ranji at all!"

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed Mr. Cask.

"It's his cousin," roared W. G., "the rival claimant to the throne. He's jealous of Ranji, that's what it is, and he's turned up to day to go in and steal his innings. He's always doing it!"

And the big man glared fiercely around.

"That's a dashed poor joke!" cried Mr. Sykes indignantly. "Where is the little demon? I'll go and hoof——"

"I've thrown him over the boards myself," answered Grace, "and he ran down the street like a scalded cock." And the champion passed through the gate and strode majestically to the wickets once more.

A few minutes later another batsman was seen descending the steps. Ah, here he was at last—that figure so beloved by the thousands who worship at the shrine of cricket. The handsome, swarthy face, the slim, lithe form, the loose silk shirt. Ranji, of course, and no other!

"The poor fellow looks quite nervous," murmured Kate. "I expect his horrid cousin has quite put him out. I hope he won't make a duck's egg."

"I shouldn't be surprised," answered Maud quietly.

In truth, Ranji did appear nervous. Possibly Grace thought so, too, for he walked towards him and exchanged a few words before he got to the wickets.

A moment later consternation reigned again, for Ranji was clean bowled, middle-stump, and by Zacky Hirst's next ball. This time the crowd forgot to cheer. Hundreds of them had come to see Ranji bat, and it seemed like throwing good money into the gutter.

"That were a trial!" shouted one stalwart farmer from the sixpenny side, and this remark excited much applause.

"It's that business with his cousin that's worried him," observed Mr. Higginbottom, in an aggrieved tone.

"It's Zacky's bowling that's worried him more," retorted the self-opinionated Sykes.

"I say, Mr. Ranji, are you sure you were quite ready?" demanded the pushful Mr. Cask, as the batsman walked up the pavilion steps.

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Ranji, and elbowing his way through the curious spectators he hurried into the pavilion, as though ashamed of his display. Abel was the next man, and the little professional looked, as usual, fresh as paint and confident as a young bantam. But he might just as well have stayed in the dressing-room, for his stumps were shattered first ball by the terrible Zacky. The young bowler had performed the hat trick! And what a noble

list of victims: Shrewsbury, Ranjitsinhji, Abel! What other trundler could boast the like? In spite of their repeated disappointments the spectators were obliged to cheer—as only a Yorkshire crowd can cheer.

"Maud, dear, don't you think that Abel is very like Shrewsbury?" asked Kate, as the discomfited little batsman returned from the wickets.

"Well, they say he modelled his style after Shrewsbury," answered Maud. "But, beyond this, I never saw any resemblance—until to-day," she added with a smile.

"I mean in face," said Kate. "I don't know anything about style."

Base is the ingratitude of mankind. Zacky Hirst had indeed done marvels for his side. His fancy was lightly turning to thoughts of a public testimonial. When he saw Messrs. Higginbottom, Sykes, and Cask come out into the field of play and converse with Captain Bates he grew still more hopeful. When they called him to them it seemed a positive certainty.

"Zacky, my lad," said Higginbottom, addressing the young bowler sternly. "I don't want to be hard on you, as you're young, but you must stop this, you know."

"Just what I told him after he bowled Ranjit," cried Bates, in a passion.

"You're a bonny captain," mumbled Zacky, expectorating sulkily. "Every chap knows that, William 'Enery."

"Don't call me William 'Enery, sir," shouted Bates, growing purple.

"You know nowt about cricket," retorted Zacky, who, like several other members of the team, was eager for mutiny against his captain.

"Order, now, please, young fellow," said Mr. Higginbottom authoritatively, for Zacky was in his employ. "We can't go and let you bowl out all the All Englanders before lunch. It won't do."

"It's hard lines on the lad," broke in Sykes. "But business is business. You see, Zacky, if All England's all out before lunch we'll lose a thousand sixpences this afternoon."

"Besides what they'll drink on t'ground," added Cask, who did the refreshment catering.

"If he does it again," cried Bates, with a vindictive scowl, "I'll take him off in the middle of his over!"

"Hullo! this must be A. C. Maclaren," exclaimed Higginbottom, as suddenly he became conscious that a new batsman had arrived.

A dark, sweeping moustache and a gorgeous cap and sash were the distinguishing features of the new arrival.

The three committee men retired hastily to the pavilion, the sulky Zacky hurled down a couple of balls rather wide on the off side, which Maclaren did not attempt to play, and "Over" was called.

At last the batsmen made a stand. There was a leg-bye next over, and then W. G. was called upon to face the redoubtable Zacky. He hit him for a couple of fours, and then lifted him out of the ground. The bowler at the other end, who was one of Bates's clerks, was very careful what he did with Maclaren, and Maclaren seemed rather puzzled with him; but as the balls were not straight, no harm was done. It was poor Zacky that suffered. W. G. was terribly severe on him, and the revengeful Bates would not take him off. The spectators were delighted with the champion's display. All bowling seemed to come alike to him, and he made no less than three drives over the palings—off Zacky, of course.

At last, when the score was forty-one, he appeared to stumble in playing one from Bates's clerk and hit his wicket. Amidst general sorrow and loud applause, he retired with thirty-eight runs to his credit. Let us follow the noble Grace into the pavilion and accompany him up the narrow staircase into the visitors' dressing-room.

"Great Scott!" he cried, tossing his hat into the corner, and addressing the only other occupant—a small man who was bending down buckling on his pads, "I've never been so roasted in my life. Where's the hot water? I must get this make-up off or I shall die!"

"How were you out?" grunted the other, with his head between his knees.

"Knocked my wicket down," answered the champion. "I couldn't stand this padding any longer. I've weight enough of my own to carry."

And he made for the wash-basin.

A few minutes later the black beard was gone, a large pillow slipped down from beneath his shirt, and Jack, for Jack it was, sank back exhausted on the form. W. G. had vanished.

The truth must be told at last. After the manner of King Alfred, Master Jack had entered the camp of his political opponents in disguise and had played before them.

"You were grand in the part. W. G. would have been proud of your imitation," said the other, standing up with legs girded.

"How do you think I look as Tom Emmett?" The voice was the voice of little Billy Lee—the face resembled that of old Eccles in "Caste."

"He'll prosecute you for libel, if he gets to know," answered Jack, fanning himself with a pad. "They could see your nose from the pavilion if you were bathing at Bramhall Lane on a fine day. It's like a fog-signal.

"Who's in after me?" asked Billy, taking up a bat.

"Me, of course. Where's that make-up box?" groaned Jack. "I'll have to play Tunnicliffe in a beard, worse luck, or they'll recognise me. Off you go, and notch a run or two for a change. The bowling is piffle. Mark is simply a marvel as Archie Maclaren, though he looks as much like Archie as my boot."

"I don't suppose he's had a straight ball, or else——" groaned Billy. "Well, I hope we shall all get out of this alive, but I've grave doubts."

"Oh, Smith and the other fellows will be here in half an hour," replied Jack. "Then it'll be all right; we'll make 'em all up in no time. You nearly gave the show away over the Ranji business."

"They'd never have known," retorted Billy, as he disappeared.

He soon came back again. There was a strange want of variety in his conception of his various parts. His Shrewsbury and his Abel had only received one ball—one ball also was sufficient for his Tom Emmett. Zacky Hirst once more was his executioner.

Jack had great difficulty in scrambling out within reasonable time as a bearded Tunnicliffe, and he at once hit Zacky for three. Then Zacky, with his third ball, dismissed Mark as Mr. Archie Maclaren.

"All England" had lost six of their best wickets for forty-four runs, and there was still an hour before the interval. The committee in the pavilion swore volubly to each other—especially Cask. William Henry Bates in the field approached Zacky Hirst and remarked in a stage whisper, "Give me that ball." But Zacky, more mutinous than ever, appealed to the umpire, and the umpire, after a long discussion with his colleague, decided that Zacky must finish his over, and Zacky, now thoroughly unmanageable, bowled Billy, who appeared as a whiskered Haigh, and Mark, who came out as a bald-headed Hunter, with his two last balls. Then Billy, whose performances as a quick-change artist rivalled those of the great Maccabe, came skipping nimbly to the wickets as Briggs, and at once put himself on good terms with the crowd. For when Tunnicliffe had hit a single which would have been a four but for a collision with the umpire's shin, he got the bowling. Two terrific tail cuts after the ball was safe in the wicket-keeper's hands created roars of laughter. His attempt to run and his scramble back again for a stroke straight to cover-point was thoroughly appreciated, and when finally with a huge slog to leg he knocked down his wickets, the spectators grew hysterical.

"I say, Billy," said Jack, running up to him as he was retiring, "we're all out, you know."

"Eh, how's that?" demanded Billy, *sotto voce*. "We've only lost nine wickets. You've got to go in, yet."

"How the deuce can I go in, when I'm in already?" answered Jack. "I must make an excuse to their captain."

"So Tunnicliffe marched up to Captain Bates and gave "Mr. Point's compliments, but Mr. Point was feeling unwell, and was very sorry he could not bat."

Thus the All England innings came to an end for exactly forty-five runs. Zacky Hirst received a tremendous ovation from the crowd, and was carried in triumph to the pavilion.

"Well, what did you think of my imitation of Johnny?" whispered Billy to Jack, as they walked back together.

"Capital, old chap, only you didn't hit 'em," responded his friend. "You've behaved like a hero all through. And Mark, too, is a genius. I didn't think he'd have risen to the occasion as he has done."

"Did you ever know Mark to fail us at a pinch?" answered Billy.

When they reached the dressing-room, they found Mark struggling to remove an obstinate moustache.

"There's another wire for you, sir," he said. "And the reason I had to lock the door, sir, was to keep them committee gentlemen out."

"Confound it! and——" exclaimed Jack volubly, as he glanced at his telegram. "From Smith, of course. Listen! 'Line still blocked. Team all drunk as lords. Don't expect us.' What on earth shall we do? Smith must have picked up a boozy crew. Confound him!"

"Borrow substitutes to field, of course," answered Billy readily.

"Yes, that's simple. But what excuse shall we make?"

"If I might be so bold, sir," Mark inter-

posed, "I'd tell them the honest truth, which is that the rest of the team are all tight, sir."

"Tight, yes ; but where ?"

"Why, here, sir, of course, in the dressing-room. And as they're not only tight, but *dangerous*, I'd tell 'em, sir, you've had to lock 'em in."

"The very ticket," cried Billy ; "I'll go and——"

"Steady ! I'm boss of this show," Jack interrupted. "We must decide who are to be the sober ones. It would look better for



"When W. G. Grace, Ranjitsinhji and Briggs interviewed the committee, there was a stormy scene."

the three amateurs to go out and field, but Mark has to play both Ranji and Maclaren, so it can't be done."

He'd better appear as Ranji," said Billy. "It suits him best. I'll stick to Johnny Briggs, and you, of course, will be W. G. again."

"It's an infernal make-up," answered Jack ruefully.

A quarter of an hour later, when W. G. Grace, Ranjitsinhji and Briggs interviewed the committee, there was a stormy scene.

"Disgraceful ! I could see the men were not playing in their true form," exclaimed Mr. Higginbottom, with a triumphant look at his friend Sykes.

"Every man Jack was sober when he went in to bat, I'll swear," said Sykes. "Zacky——"

"They've been at the whisky," interrupted Briggs in an awful whisper. "And of all the whisky I've ever——"

"Cask," remarked Mr. Higginbottom sternly, "I'm your friend, but as a magistrate I owe a duty to the public."

"It's sound spirit," replied poor Cask, looking very uncomfortable ; "though maybe a little strong to them as aren't used to it."

"Above all things, gentlemen, we must avoid a scandal," said W. G. solemnly. "The reputation not only of All England, but of Crackthorpe, is at stake. I'll promise you I'll lock them in the room, and they'll sleep it off in an hour or two."

"Well, you'll want eight subs," William Henry Bates chimed in. "I'll tell some of our second eleven to change. "Zacky Hirst will do for one. He goes in last."

"I consider that Mr. Point's conduct is disgraceful," declared Mr. Higginbottom, turning away and choosing his daughter and Maud, who were close at hand, as his new confidantes. "I'll be bound he's as bad as——"

W. G. came hurrying after him.

"I assure you, sir," he exclaimed earnestly, "that Jack Point is as sober as a judge. The poor chap is really seedy." Then he glanced at Maud, as though seeking sympathy.

"It is a most mysterious illness," remarked that young lady coldly.

"You are right, Miss Crofton," echoed Higginbottom, "it's a most mysterious illness."

"I say, Billy," whispered Jack to his friend a few moments later, "it's beastly hard lines, but Maud seems to think I'm tight. Just take Jack Point's compliments, and say he's sorry he's not well enough to come to see her, or something of that sort. . . . . Well, how did she take it?" he asked anxiously, when his messenger returned.

"Like a blooming icicle," answered Billy cheerfully. "Said you were quite right to keep quiet."

"This is a dashed awkward fix," said Jack angrily. And he felt like poor David Garrick in that wonderful scene which Mr. Charles Wyndham has so often shown us on the stage.

The All England eleven—or, rather, Grace, Ranji, Briggs, and their *eight* substitutes—had now to take the field, and a warm time they had of it. Grace was the only man of the three who seemed able to bowl, and Zacky Hirst—who caught out Bates, by the by, with one of the "gallery" species—was the only one of the substitutes who would field, so the Crackthorpe eleven enjoyed themselves. It was not until six o'clock, when the total had reached 211, that Grace got his tenth wicket and the innings came to an end.

"Look here, old chap," said Billy to Jack, as they neared the pavilion, "I vote we do a skoot. Mark's got the bags downstairs, so we'll drive off without changing."

"But what about the make-up box?"

"Hang it all! I'm not going to risk being tarred and feathered for that."

"All right, old man; but just take another message from me to Maud Crofton."

Jack's dog-cart was waiting at the gate, and the three "All Englanders" in the bustle and confusion managed to dodge the committee, and pushed their way through the cheering and enthusiastic crowd.

"Well, what did Maud say?" asked Jack anxiously, as they drove off.

"Say!" cried Billy. "She just looked at me for a minute and said, 'You and Jack ought to get out of this as soon as possible. That's my advice, Mr. Lee.'"

"By Jove! she's twigged." Jack exclaimed, delighted. "I'll be even with her when we meet, for pretending she hasn't."

The good people of Crackthorpe were very proud, naturally, of their easy triumph over the formidable All England eleven, and the local papers contained many columns about the match. This enthusiasm ended rather abruptly a week later, when the *Middlethorpe Gazette* appeared. Between the neighbouring towns of Crackthorpe and Middlethorpe there had always been the greatest rivalry. So the *Gazette* was delighted to "give the show away," and its headlines would not have disgraced the most pushful Yankee journal. Thus:—

THE CLOWN CRICKETERS.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF ALL ENGLAND.

The Crackpots beat Point's Play-actors and Take the Biscuit!

They thought they were playing Mr. Point and All England, but it was only Mr. Point Single-hand!!

If our local Theodore Hook had not carried so much padding he might have won!!!

INTERVIEW WITH ALDERMAN HIGGINBOTTOM!!!!

Then followed a humorous description of the game.

Billy Lee was supposed to have inspired this effusion. After its appearance it was a long time before Jack ventured into the town of Crackthorpe. But he had gone there previously to meet Maud by appointment. They met in the waiting-room at the railway station. Not a very romantic place, but as they found it empty it was all right.

"Did you soon find us out?" asked Jack, after they had roared with laughter over the events of the match.

"Almost at once," replied Maud. "You don't imagine I could mistake little Mr. Lee for Shrewsbury. But you were quite good. It was only through the business about Ranji's cousin that I discovered you. I'm glad your real team did not turn up. It was much better fun without them."

"It was unkind of you to make me believe that you thought I was tipsy."

"Don't you think you deserved it?"

"Then you only did it to tease me?"

"Of course; what other object could I have?"

"You knew it *would* tease me?"

It was an artful question, asked abruptly, and Jack managed to catch her glance at the same time. She could not help blushing.

"Ah, you did know it would tease me," he went on. "For you must know how much I care for you."

"Indeed, Mr. Point——"

But his arm had stolen around her waist, and she let it remain there.

Mr. Higginbottom has a new grievance against Jack. He had never dreamt that there could be any possible comparison between a poor lady companion and his own daughter.



A SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

From a Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street, W.

THROUGH THE THIAN SHAN:

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF INNERMOST ASIA.

By Captain R. P. Cobbold.*

BEFORE leaving Kashgar in January of last year for my cold journey northwards, I was accorded the honour of an invitation to dinner by the *Taotai* or Governor. As I had never partaken of a Chinese dinner, I was naturally anxious to see what it was like, and for the benefit of the gourmet at home I will give the *carte* in detail. First let me say that a Chinese dinner is a thing to go to hungry. I therefore presented myself to the Governor after stoically abstaining from all food during the day. Before assigning each guest his place at table, the *Taotai* went through a little ceremony which was interesting to a stranger. First of all he lifted the cup, out of which the guest was to drink, to his forehead, and then in turn the chopsticks he was to use, and, lastly, he carefully felt the chair he was to sit in, and made certain it was firm and strong ; then he bowed to the guest. After he had gone through this little performance to each person bidden to the feast, dinner began.



THE TAOTAI, OR GOVERNOR OF KASHGAR.

The *menu* was extensive and of great variety, and consisted of *hors d'œuvres* of ham, tongue, pork, pig's liver, ducks' eggs (preserved in chalk), sweetmeats of various kinds. All these delicacies were cut into small squares and arranged in pyramids. To these ample justice was done, and then dinner was served. Sharks' fins, sweet onions, fish skins and onions, sea slugs, lotus beans, lotus roots, bamboo shoots, bamboo roots, crackling of sucking pig, celery and meat, liver of sucking pig, fat of sucking pig, mushrooms, pears stuffed with sweet rice, duck fried in batter, meat dumplings, sweet dumplings, and, lastly, rice, with many varieties of condiments; these followed each other in quick succession, and I thought an end would never come. Chinese wine, resembling sweetened rum, and another wine, much like Benedictine, were the drinks, and these were served hot; afterwards came tea.

But even the longest dinner will have an end, and finally I left the hospitable roof of the Governor of Kashgar, and commenced my journey towards the frontier the next day with half a dozen ponies carrying my baggage, guns, stores, etc., and I and my Ladaki servant Khalik riding two more. My object was to cross the Thian Shan range to Viernöi, the capital of the Russian province of Semiretch, and from thence an excursion into the mountains to try to get a shot at the great stag of those parts, which I believe no Englishman has yet secured. If the snow should prove too deep in the nullahs, I

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decided to descend the river Illi to the neighbourhood of Lake Balkash, and there to hunt the long-haired tiger—at least, I hoped it was the long-haired specimen—in the jungles of tall grass which abound on both sides of the river.



KASHGAR MARKET.

It was a beautiful day when I started, bright and clear, with the cold, exhilarating air peculiar to the desert, for Kashgar is but an oasis in the great deserts of Turkestan. About five miles from the city I was stopped and asked for my passport, but as it was packed up in my baggage it could not be produced. The Kashgari, however, insisted on my stopping and having some tea whilst he reported matters to a Chinese official. This seemed to take a long time, so, as I considered it very unnecessary that I should be bothered for my passport when leaving a town, I rode on. I had only gone a couple of miles, when the man again appeared and asked for my name, which I gave him, and he then departed—not much the wiser, I expect. That night I stayed in a village twenty miles from Kashgar, and got a first taste of the cold I was going to experience, as the mercury sank to +5° Fahr. This was the last village I saw for many days, and I soon began to enter the first low and bare spurs of the mountains, and very desolate and uninteresting the country was. My road lay up a frozen river bed, and the endless crossings and recrossings on the slippery ice were very trying to the temper. The Kashgaris, too, whose ponies I had hired for my baggage, had loaded the animals very badly, and the various articles were constantly slipping round, necessitating reloading and causing much delay.

During the second day's march we were joined by three merchants of Kashgar who were going to Viernöi to sell various goods, hides, walnuts, cloth, etc., which had preceded them on camels; these men kept with me for many days, and very good fellows they were.



KIRGHIZ CAMP IN THE THIAN SHAN.

On the third day we got into the country of the Kirghiz, whose tents were everywhere to be seen where there was any vegetation for their sheep to graze on.

The further north I went, the higher became the mountains and the worse the road; always this tiresome frozen river to cross and recross, and occasionally the ice broke and alarmed both rider and pony, but fortu-

nately there was never any great depth of water. All along the road were quantities of chikor—a bird very similar to our French partridge—more than I have ever seen before, and remarkably tame. I shot enough daily to provide for my dinner and the servants, but we found it necessary to keep them some days before they were tender enough to eat. On the fifth day from Kashgar I got fairly into the snow, the track being good though frozen hard. This night I stopped in a Kirghiz *arkoi* some two miles short of the Turgat Pass, which is the first pass to be crossed and is 12,800 feet high. It was not a comfortable night that I spent here, as there were only two *arkois* for some ten Kirghiz, men, women, and children, three Kashgari merchants, my two drivers, two servants and myself—quite a nice little party of eighteen. I don't know how many people slept in my tent; there seemed to be one common bed, and a number of people of various sexes and nationalities shared it; however, there is plenty of air in an *arkoi*, and numbers are immaterial. All that night a furious wind raged and a considerable quantity of snow fell, which made the going very heavy. The Turgat Pass was an easy one, and then the road descended and crossed the frozen surface of Chadir Kul, a large lake some thirty miles long by ten wide. Almost immediately after crossing the lake the road ascended a nullah to the second pass, the Tash Rabat, which is 13,000 feet high. Ascending the pass I saw seven ibex quite close, two with fair horns; but it was too cold to think of handling a rifle, which, indeed, was miles behind on a pony. The pass was very steep, and we had to drag our ponies up most of the way, whilst one of the Kashgari merchants' ponies created a diversion by rolling down the side of the ascent. On the top the wind was blowing a gale and bitterly cold; we halted a short while, to give the animals a breather, and I had time to have a look round. A magnificent panorama of snow mountains was to be seen, range after range, in all quarters of the compass as far as the eye could reach—nothing but snow. The ground to a sportsman's eye was not difficult at all, nothing like the mountains of Kashmir or the Hindu Kush. It was too cold to stay long admiring even such a wonderful scene as this, and we began the descent at once. This was the worst part of the pass, as the frozen snow was so slippery and the descent so sheer that to keep one's footing was difficult. The ponies did much better than I expected, and I found mine very useful, using it as a drag with a long rein. At last we got to the bottom, only to find we had to cross an equally nasty side of a hill sloping into a ravine, which I liked even less. At the end of this, however, our difficulties ceased, and we got into the bed of a stream which we followed down to Tash Rabat, where the Russians have placed some Kirghiz to accommodate travellers. On the way I saw four *ovis poli* up a side nullah, but on examining them through the glasses I saw they were small heads and not worth stopping for. It was a long day's march, this thirty miles or more, and I had grave fears for the baggage, which was far behind.



THE BAUM DEFILE IN THE THIAN SHAN: COMMENCEMENT OF THE POSTAL ROAD.



ASCENT OF THE TASH-RABAT PASS, 13,000 FEET.

when it was kept half starved; he would not part with it for 100 roubles, he said, which is a good sum, equal to £10.

At midday the baggage arrived, the party having spent the night on the top of the pass; luckily the sky was overcast and the cold not so excessive, otherwise they would have come off badly. I was very glad to see all arrive safely, as I was getting anxious and feared lest the men and dogs might have been frozen to death. It was too late to go on now, so I stayed here all day. Continuing our march on the following day, we found, after journeying some distance, that the road left the mountains and descended on a snow-covered plain with more ranges of mountains rising on the far side. Kirghiz tents were to be seen in all directions, and countless numbers of camels, sheep, etc., were trying to get a livelihood by scraping away the snow to get at the grass underneath. I stayed the night at a very superior Kirghiz house constructed of mud and wood—the latter had been a scarce commodity so far. A good night's rest in a room to myself enabled us to start early the next day for Akbashi, which is the first Russian post on this road. The valley in that direction seemed enveloped in mist, which, on approaching, I found to be caused by a large river and numerous channels of warm water. On emerging from this vapour screen I came in sight of the settlement, with a white building in the foreground, which was unmistakably the Custom-house.

The Russian official in charge of the district gave me a warm welcome, and I spent two pleasant days with him and his wife, who had transformed some Kirghiz and their women into capital domestic servants, the change from dirty *arkois* to clean rooms and living being most welcome. Monsieur S——, with whom I stayed, was a keen sportsman, and many trophies decorated the walls of his house, among them the head and antlers of the great Thian Shan stag, which to me looked much like the American wapiti. He told me they were pretty numerous in

I waited and waited, hoping every minute it would arrive, and sent out Kirghiz to search, but they came back and said that there were no signs, though they had ridden ten miles back. The next morning there were still no tidings of the baggage, so I went out to have a look round. There was a curious old building here, said to have been built by one Akballa Khan, who reigned 1,300 years ago in Kashgar, and whose dominion extended over the whole of Andijan and the surrounding countries. The Kirghiz told me there were numerous other buildings of a similar sort scattered over this country; all were built by the same man, not as forts to hold soldiers, but as rest-houses for travellers who might gratefully remember him in their prayers and speed his soul to Paradise. This building was a very extensive one, with a regular Gothic-looking archway and a lofty dome in the centre. It contains to this day some forty different rooms, a few in good repair and of massive construction in stone and mortar—such a building as I have never seen before in this part of the world, and of a type which no longer exists. The Kirghiz in charge here had a fine eagle, which he had caught, when a young one, in some rocks close by; he had tamed it and taught it to kill foxes and even ibex, and he told me that it brought him an annual income of fifty roubles from the sale of the fox-skins. I asked him to let me see it work, but apparently it was too fat and would only work at certain seasons of the year,

the forests which cover the sides of the mountains visible from here.

At this place the cold was excessive, the mercury registering 27° below zero, at which point the tube burst, so that it was probably much more; this was a great, irreparable loss to me, and I had now to do without a thermometer. My host was shortly leaving for Kashgar to arrange with the Russian Consul-General quartered there about the construction of a postal road from Akbashi; he told me that it would not cost his Government anything, as the Kirghiz would all subscribe, according to their means, from one to a hundred roubles. I asked several of them about this, and they told me they certainly would gladly do so, as a good road which would enable them to get about in the mountains, and to take their cattle, sheep, etc., for sale to Kashgar, would be a great benefit to them. One is struck by this example—I could enumerate many others—of the good use the Russians make of the people who come under their rule; everywhere I have been the natives of the country seem prosperous and well contented, and the idea that some people seem to have, that the Russians treat their people harshly and are disliked, is an entire delusion. I should say that the various Asiatic nations under Russian influence like their masters a great deal better than our frontier tribes like us, but they also know they can take no liberties. This result has been mainly brought about from the fact that the Russians do not favour the policy of sending expeditions merely to devastate the district and then depart again. Where they go they stop, and this is the way to deal with Asiatic people. Since they have occupied the vast tracts of Turkestan, Ferghana, and Bokhara, I think I am right in saying that they have never had any trouble whatever with the people, and consequently are able to devote their attention to the opening up of railways and roads in all direction.

Might it not be worth the attention of our Government to adopt a similar policy, and station troops in chosen positions throughout the length of our frontier, and then run some light railways from the plains to connect the garrisons with the base, instead of leaving isolated detachments exposed to the mercy of hordes of fanatics, as they have recently done on the Samana? If this plan were adopted we should avoid these ever-recurring and costly expeditions. A certain set of people in England, who have probably never set foot in India, and certainly not travelled on and beyond the frontier, rail against the expense of the forward policy; but it is the backward policy, or, rather, the "burn village, levy fine, and withdraw" policy, that Asiatic tribes do not understand, and regard only as the sign of weakness that it really is.



THE THIAN SHAN IN WINTER.

As for the expense, to occupy the frontier with suitable positions to run some light railways into the hills (Lord Kitchener can do it), and to disarm the tribes, would not have cost in the first instance anything like the sums which are spent year after year in frontier expeditions. Nor is it too late now. Troops have to be fed and paid, it should be recollected, wherever they are, be it in the plains or on the hills; and many of the valleys, Tirah, Swat, and numbers of others, contain ample grain and rice to feed the number of men that would be required if the tribes were first disarmed.

A distinguished Russian officer to whom I have had the pleasure of talking on the subject said he would guarantee that with 10,000 Cossacks



THE SUMMIT OF THE TASH RABAT PASS, IN THE THIAN SHAN MOUNTAINS.

he would so thoroughly pacify our frontier that there would never be any more trouble, and, further, that he would not ask for any extraordinary commissariat and transport arrangements—none of these thousands of camels, mules, and ponies, which our Government is now employing. The Cossacks would have to feed themselves as best they could, and he ventured to say he would guarantee they would do so somehow. My friend may have understated the number of men it would require, but that they would do their work thoroughly, and at one-eighth the cost that we have, I have little doubt.

But to leave the subject of politics. I sent back from Akbashi the ponies that had brought us from Kashgar, and the next day I said good-bye to Monsieur S—— and his wife. Russians are, to my mind, most charming people to meet, and the hospitality they extend to the wandering Briton is a thing to be gratefully remembered all one's life. From Akbashi to Narin is twenty-five miles, and this I accomplished in sleighs. Here there is a larger Russian settlement and a garrison of 200 men. The Custom-house officer placed a house at my disposal and supplied me with all the necessaries of life. Later I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the Commandant, and having a look at the troops, with the appearance of which I was greatly impressed. A fine, sturdy lot of men, of splendid physique and hard as nails, they live on black bread and weak soup, and are well contented, never having been accustomed to anything better. When one comes to think that there are 4,000,000 Cossacks of a similar kind, *en retraite*, as they say—*i.e.*, who have passed through the ranks and returned to their peasant occupations—and that these men have all been accustomed to the use of a gun and a horse since childhood, one realises that it might be preferable to engage in a war with any nation rather than this wonderful and ever-extending power. Each Cossack, it must be remembered, brings his own pony with him to the ranks, and has to keep it up at his own expense during his service with the colours—the Government merely feeds it; and on his return to civil life he still has to keep up a pony ready for service at any moment, until he is forty years of age, when he leaves the Reserve.

At Narin, which is a pretty little place surrounded with mountains, covered with pine forests, I engaged three carts belonging to Russians living in Viernöi, who wished to return to their homes; they agreed to take me there for about one-third the cost of the regular Government postal service, and accordingly we made a bargain, and the next day started in sleighs as far as the first stage, where they had left their carts. Here an

awning was rigged up out of my waterproof sheet over one of the carts, and in this I continued the journey, the servants and baggage occupying the other two.

The road was under deep snow in most places, which made travelling in four-wheeled carts most laborious work; the roughness of the road, the stones sticking up in all directions, and the deep ruts caused a most terrible jolting. The cart was thrown about like a ship in distress, and my bones ached so that I cursed the day when I had engaged the carts, and much wished I had continued my journey on horseback, which would have been almost as quick, as on several days we only drove one stage. All the way are post-houses, which are obliged to provide food and lodging for persons travelling by the Government carts. As I was journeying under a private arrangement, they were not obliged to confer this favour upon me, though in most places I did find accommodation at increased rates. The second day from Narin the road entered a defile, which in the spring and summer must be very beautiful. Pine forests clothe the mountains on either side down to the road, and other trees and shrubs fringe the sides of a river flowing down from the Dolun Pass, which I crossed the next day. The defile reminded me much of Kashmir, and the country looked extremely sporting. I am sure there must have been stags in some of the branch valleys one caught occasional glimpses of in passing. Chikor and pigeons were in great numbers all along the road, but though I scanned the peaks daily in the hope of seeing some game worthy of a bullet, I saw nothing.



THE ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE, VIERNÖI.

On the fourth day from Narin the road left the defile and descended to the western corner of Lake Issyk Kul, a mighty sheet of ice stretching further than the eye could reach. It was evening, and the setting sun showed up the amphitheatre of snow mountains in the east and south in a variety of beautiful and ever-changing tints. I stayed that night at the house of a Cossack, Dimitrioff by name, who was away at Viernöi, but his wife and daughters entertained me and made me very comfortable. There were only two rooms in the house, and the inner and best room was apportioned to me, and for the first time for many days I enjoyed the luxury of a bed to sleep on. The family appeared to be well-to-do and owned a considerable quantity of land here; they offered to make arrangements for me to stop and try for stag if I wished, but I decided to go on. We parted with much handshaking all round, and I resumed my journey on a road which got worse and worse.

In the afternoon a great wind sprang up, luckily behind us, and threatened to blow down the improvised shelter over the cart; it was bitterly cold, too, and the road something too terrible for words. The Russians seem to take the road over ups and downs, without the slightest deviation from the straight line, and my driver, being desirous of making up for lost time, availed himself of the hurricane raging behind us by driving at full speed over the most impossible ground, the cart being constantly poised at an alarming angle on two wheels and hanging over a nasty drop into a river. We passed, also, long strings of some hundreds of camels laden with grain and carts with quantities of *arrack*, or neat spirit, on their way to Prejevaltz, and this occasioned much delay. Sheep, however, of which many were encountered, were treated with scant ceremony, the cart dashing through them at full speed, and those that did not get out of the way



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE AT VIERNÖI.

must have come off badly. In the same way any Kirghiz who blocked the road got the shaft of the cart full on the flank of his pony, much to the delight of my driver.

That night the post-house was full, and I had to be content with the sleeping apartment of the family of the Russian in charge, who removed to the kitchen. I cannot look back with pleasure on that night, as in a small room were crowded my three drivers, two servants, two strangers, my two dogs, and myself—such a confusion of snores and noises of all kinds I never remember having heard before. I waited till they were all asleep, and then quietly opened the door, for I dared not insist on its being opened before, as my drivers had only their coats to sleep in, and would not have been pleased had they known what I was doing; this enabled me, however, to sleep in a more healthy atmosphere, and did not appear to affect them.



VIERNÖI, SHOWING THE RANGE OF MOUNTAINS THROUGH WHICH THE WRITER PASSED IN WINTER.

On the following day we left the main postal road, which here makes a detour westwards to Tokmak, thereby avoiding a long pass, and went straight on, descending from the mountains to a wide and level valley, on the far side of which we stayed the night at the first purely Russian village I had yet come to. Here a charming old couple made me much at home and gave me some delicious bread and all the luxuries of the season in the shape of new-laid eggs and milk. The cottage was much like an English farm cottage, spotlessly clean, and in the farmyard behind were quantities of all sorts of farm stock and some stacks of very sweet-smelling hay.

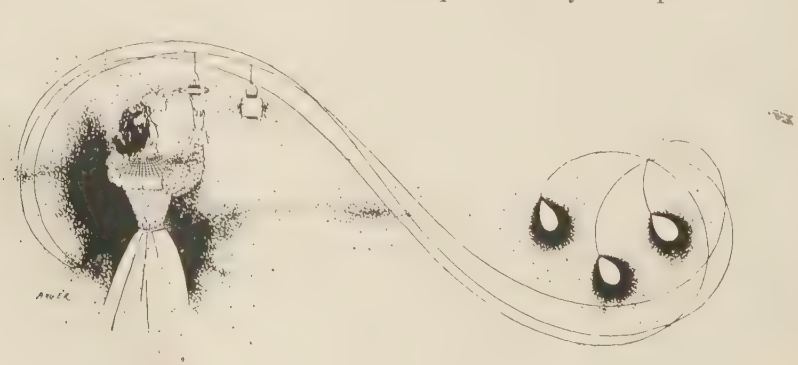
Eventually we reached a Kirghiz mud house, about 8 p.m., in pitch darkness. There were the usual two rooms, in one of which a mass of people were sleeping, and in the other was a Toongani merchant who was busy praying hard (the Toonganis are Chinese Mussulmans who are scattered over all parts of the Russian and Chinese dominions). He was a terribly long time about it, but I could not disturb him. My dogs, however, had no such compunction, and immediately seized on his prayer carpet, whilst he was standing up and calling on Allah, thereby preventing him from kneeling down, as a little Chinese dog I have resents much the indignity of being knelt on. Nothing that I could say would induce them to budge, and he, wisely seeing that the game was up, desisted. Eventually I got some dinner and put my bed up. The Toongani departed at 3 a.m. on his journey, which I thought was unnecessarily early to wake me up; but he was a very pleasant person, and we had much conversation during the early hours of the morning, in the few words of Turki that I have managed to pick up.

The following day, which was the eighth from leaving Narin, the road, much to my delight, left the mountains for good and entered on a huge, boundless plain, level as far as the eye could see, and all covered with snow. It looked like a great frozen sea. The going was very heavy for some distance, but improved later on, and for the last ten miles we went along merrily, arriving at a large Russian village in good time.

Here apparently there was a *fête* in progress, as sleighs were dashing about in all directions, filled with young men and girls and adorned with flags and other Christmas tree decorations. We drove into the yard of a house, outside which there seemed to be a great collection of excited people; and, inquiring, we learned there had been a wedding and everyone was gloriously drunk with *arrack*. A crowd of some twenty-five drunken people, men, women, and children, danced and sang till midnight. The Russian peasant singing is very plaintive and attractive, but you can have too much; so at midnight, in desperation, Khalik and I—he with many strange oaths in his Ladaki tongue—cleared the house and I got to sleep.

The next day, January 26th, was the end of my journey for the time being, and making an early start we got on to the main road from Tashkent to Viernöi, which was level and rare going.

After a drive of thirty-six miles we arrived in Viernöi, having accomplished some 500 miles in twenty days, and very glad I was to have finished with those horrible carts. Resembling an Indian cantonment, the town itself is well laid out with broad streets lit up with oil lamps, and a large bazaar containing many excellent shops. Here we found representatives of all the nationalities of Asia—Russians, Chinese, Turks, Tartars, Kalmuks, Mongols, Kirghiz, and others too numerous to mention. Viernöi was formerly a much finer town, and all the Russian houses were built of brick; but in 1884 an earthquake destroyed the place.



THE JUSTICE OF THE RAJ.

By T. STOKER.*



HEN he went on tour, Jenkins, the Joint Magistrate, took his wife into camp with him. Likewise his child. The Collector who was his chief didn't quite like it. He said it interfered with the activity of Jenkins's movements, and he had observed that Jenkins often halted for several days at places where there was nothing special to investigate. He failed, however, to notice that these halts were usually within striking distance of productive snipe-grounds, or jungles that yielded deer or even more coveted game. Now, Jenkins was a sportsman as well as a Benedick, while his morose superior owned neither a wife nor a gun. But, *en revanche*, he was very strong on the Code of Criminal Procedure, and had aspirations towards the High Court. He would have been surprised and horrified had he known how a wife in camp could help, all unconsciously, to turn aside the current of the law, as it is the purpose of this narrative to show. He was undoubtedly an able man, this Collector, and conceived that the art of government lay in the elaboration of rules and the judicious use of statistics. Such men gain high advancement in quiet times. So he exacted weekly and monthly returns of their work from his subordinates, and he had taken Jenkins to task because the percentage of convictions out of the cases he had decided was 87·3, whereas the district average was only 79·2. To which Jenkins had politely replied that he had hitherto been guided only by the evidence in his decisions, but that henceforth he would bear this new instruction in mind when forming his opinion on the merits of each case, and would be careful to convict only that proportion of criminals which would indicate the highest judicial efficiency on his part. Which ingenious fiction kept the Collector silent for several whole months.

But he lay low all the time, ready to catch the Joint tripping. For it must be admitted that Jenkins had a deplorable way of putting justice before law, which had endeared him to the simple people, who understood the one and knew nothing about the other. The Collector's turn for transfer to a more attractive post was about due, and it was a question of time whether he could get his claws into Jenkins for some departure from prescribed procedure before he moved up.

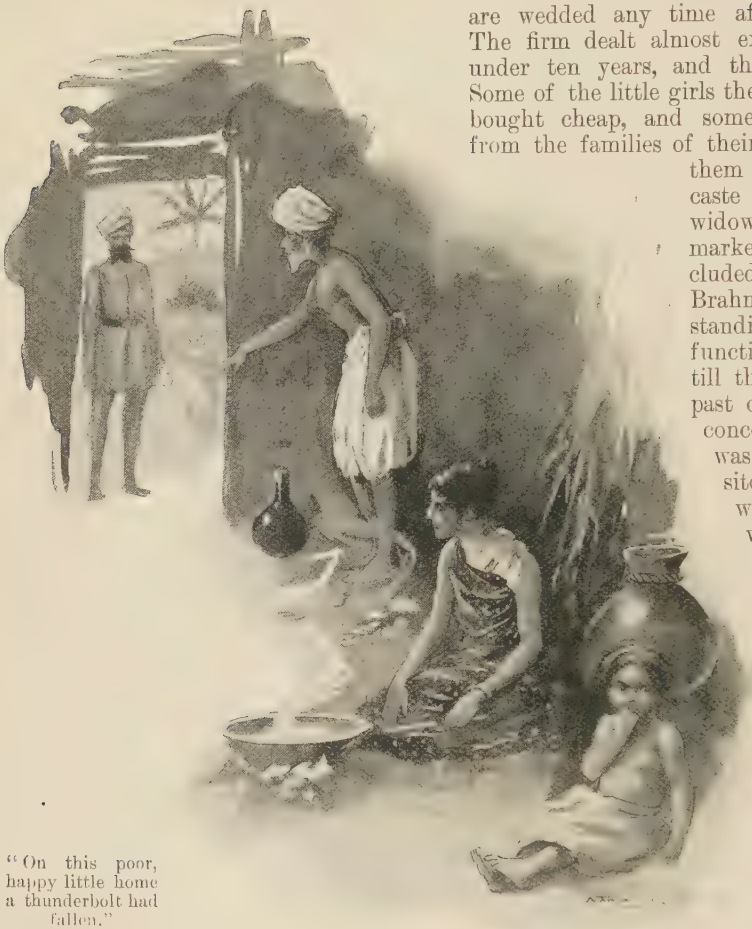
Meanwhile he asserted his authority by refusing, on some obvious pretext, to let the Jenkinses have that spare tent which Mrs. Jenkins had found so convenient last season. This little meanness, however, didn't keep her in the station when the pleasant cold weather drew on, and the smoke began to lie in layers on the evening horizon, and the tents were dragged out of the store-room, and the guns looked up, and the camels hired, and Jenkins started off to make the round of his division, and administer under the village tree the nearest approach to justice which he found consistent with the codes and circulars that the Collector loved and reverenced.

So it befell that the Jenkins camp was pitched in a nice open grove, and the Joint one late afternoon was administering justice in a canvas court in one corner of it, while Mrs. Jenkins and Evie, aged six, were lodged in their little tent some way back among the trees.

"What's the next case?" said The Presence rather crossly. For it was warm. Indeed, The Presence (whisper it not in the High Court) was in its shirt-sleeves, and had been hard at work since breakfast, and been compelled to give up a cherished project of inspecting an adjacent lake whereon wild ducks descended in whizzing flights at sunset. Now it looked doubtful if it would even get time for its afternoon tea. These things make even Presences cross.

"Majesty," said the patient Munshi, "it is a case of kidnapping and personation."

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"On this poor, happy little home a thunderbolt had fallen."

A groan from The Presence. Kidnapping cases are apt to be tedious.

"My lord," suggested the crafty clerk, "it can wait till to-morrow."

"No," said Jenkins decisively. "That would be hard on the witnesses who can get no accommodation here. Besides, it is now too late to get to the ducks. Produce the police papers and let me hear what it is about."

The Munshi fished out a bundle of hieroglyphics on flimsy yellow paper and proceeded to intone the contents—swaying his body with the rhythm as he read.

The report set forth how a gang of ingenious swindlers had for years carried on a thriving business in manufacturing brides for high-caste bridegrooms who could not afford an expensive wedding. It was a trade that would not flourish in any country where people choose their own wives, or are not married till they reach years of discretion. But it did very well among Hindus, who are wedded any time after they are weaned. The firm dealt almost exclusively in brides of under ten years, and the younger the better. Some of the little girls they stole, and some they bought cheap, and some they even recruited from the families of their confederates. All of them were children of low caste or no caste, or child-widows and therefore of no market value. The gang included some Rajputs and Brahmans of good social standing, and it was their function to keep the children till they had forgotten their past or had been trained to conceal it. Then a bargain was made with some necessitous caste-fellow who wanted a cheap wife, and was content to believe the plausible story under which her true origin was concealed. So the scavenger's daughter would become one of the twice-born castes, and a mother of priests or warriors.

At last a woman's jealousy had given away the whole organisation, and the police had swooped on the gang and produced them for trial, with a dozen or so of the faked-up wives and swindled husbands to testify against them. The witnesses were called and the same miserable story was repeated to the weary Joint in half a dozen different aspects. Each, a sordid history of greed and cunning and folly—human beings sold and bought like sheep, and marriages that shamed the story of Eden.

"I think that is enough," said Jenkins, at last.

"There is just one case more," said the police inspector, who acted as public prosecutor; "it is a strong one, but the witnesses have not yet been summoned. We are prosecuting the girl. She shared in the fraud and has confessed. Her statement and the man's might be taken, if your honour pleases."

"Call Bulwunt Sing."

He came forward with slow step. A Rajput of high caste, with all the marks of

breeding in his tall figure and his fine aquiline features, and of poverty in his humble dress, his gaunt frame, and the deep lines in his kind and patient face. There was something pathetic in the air of grief and despondency that sat on the stooping shoulders and the bowed grey head. The story was as sad as the man. He had been left a widower without a child. When he was a younger man his family had urged him to marry another wife—for a sonless Hindu has a black prospect in this world and the next. No son to take over his burden of toil, to light his funeral pyre, or offer the annual sacrifice to his soul and deliver it from the hell called Put, where the sonless must abide. Even his wife had pressed him to bring a rival to the house. But he had refused with loving fidelity while she lived. He was an elderly man when she died, and alone in the world. Times had gone hard with him, and he could not afford the expense that the ruinous practice of his race imposes on a formal marriage. One of the gang, a distant connection of his family, had offered to find him a wife—the daughter, he said, of people of equal caste with his own, but so impoverised that they would accept a very slender dower. Suspecting nothing, he went to the village moneylender and, pledging his few remaining acres, raised the money that was demanded.

The girl was indeed a Rajput of the right caste, but, married in infancy, had been left a widow while her husband was still a little



"'The father of Zalim is blameless.'"

child. The cruel custom of her class condemned her to a life of enforced and despised widowhood—a drudge and a butt for the more fortunate mothers of children. She was tutored in her new part, and cheerfully accepted it, as she would have accepted any alternative—even death in the village well. So Bulwunt Sing took her to his home, a budding girl, and there in the comfort and protection of a kindly heart she forgot the bitter past. A few years later the crown of happiness had come to both, for she bore to Bulwunt Sing the son for whom his heart had yearned many a weary year. The Sirkar, too, made a canal through his village, and with its water his fields yielded so abundantly that he paid off his most pressing debts and hung a slender gold bangle on the arm of his child's mother.

On this poor, happy little home a thunderbolt had fallen. Two days before, Bulwunt Sing had been ordered to appear at the nearest police-station with his wife, and there he had learned the whole bitter truth. He had been deceived even by her. Full well he knew the consequences which must follow a public exposure. He would be excluded from his caste—a lingering social death, and the boy, who was his pride and hope, would share his fate. He had begged the police-officer to let the matter drop. He was ready to forgive the wretched girl, whose happiness was now bound up in his own, and to conceal his shame from his brotherhood and neighbours. If the matter came to court, concealment would be impossible—for her a prison, and for him and his son an outcast's miserable life. It was curious that even at that bitter moment it never occurred to him to blame the perverse social laws which wrought such cruel wrong to him and his. He accepted them as he accepted the pitiless heat of the sun, or the flood that swept away his crops—something he might try to evade, but need not dream of altering. Indeed, he would not alter them if he could. Had his case been another's, and had he sat in the caste council with his fellows to judge it, his vote would have gone with theirs to condemn the innocent victims of a misfortune which might have befallen any of them. Much water will flow from the Ganges to the sea before the slow-moving forces, that reach even Orientals, have purified that queer mixture of barbarity and benevolence that makes up the social code of the Hindu.

All this Jenkins slowly and patiently gathered from the unwilling witness.

"Anything more to say, Bulwunt Sing?"

"Only this, sahib—I am an old man, and to-morrow or to-day, what does it matter? I have done no wrong, but let me suffer. She of the house is young, and the women-folk know nothing of laws. And there is the child—who will tend him if his mother is taken away? Send us across the black water, but send us altogether. Incarnation of Justice, that is all."

Then came the poor child-mother. The same cloak of clean white cotton cloth that shrouded her covered the small son that cowered in her arms under its thin shelter, in terror of the white man and the crowd round about him. Two fat brown legs hung out and answered with a kick to the convulsive clutch with which the startled mother grasped him when the sahib spoke. In a low voice, broken by tears, she told the story of the wrongs she had suffered and done. No need to repeat it.

The inspector smiled with satisfaction while she admitted her share in the deception—seeking in a blind way to take all the blame on herself, lest any evil might, through her, befall the other two. No box of precious ointment was hers to offer, but a sacrifice of tears that might wash white a blacker sin than her paltry transgression.

"The father of Zalim," she said—for no Hindu wife must speak her husband's name while he lives—"is blameless—he knew nothing. They told me what I should say, and they threatened to beat me, and I said it. I deceived him, and he—he—was very good to me."

And here the voice faltered and broke in a flood of tears, and little Zalim, under the cloak, answered with a sympathetic wail.

"It will go to the Sessions Court," said the inspector to himself, "and I shall gain credit, for the judge-sahib will see that the confession is true. These women are fools—she had only to deny, and we had no good proof against her."

In all that crowd the pathos of the story appealed to the listening Englishman alone. Unblinded by laws which, to the others, had supplanted natural feeling, he could see with clear vision the balance of right and wrong. What the woman had done seemed so little, and what she had suffered seemed so much, and before her still a life of hopeless misery, with just enough happiness in the past to reveal its wretchedness. Beyond that, two innocent lives wrecked and a home broken up for ever. And what was it all for? What sin had these people committed that



"He had a child in his arms and a woman walked behind him."

offended against the moral code? A man had, in ignorance, married a widow and violated a law of caste. A broken, timid girl had allowed him to do it, and lent herself to the deception. A child had committed the offence of being born. So all three must suffer in the interest of the man, who would be ruined by his vindication, and of the community, whose own heartless law was at the bottom of all the trouble.

Still, the law was clear, and Jenkins was there to administer it. A fraud had been committed, and the woman had joined in it. The Codes provide that people who join in

fraud are to be prosecuted and punished, and magistrates are kept to punish them.

"It is not our business," the Collector had more than once laid down with severity, "to make or defy the law. How many of us are wiser than IT?"

So to prison the poor little mother must go, and a worse degradation must fall on her child and its father, the innocent victims of Western law and Eastern justice.

"It is a beastly shame," said Jenkins inwardly; "but I don't see how it can be helped. The Collector is after me, and he is sure to hear of it. Some of his toadies will let him know. But it goes against the grain. I wish he had the job himself."

While he pondered, silence lay on the court, and a woman's sobs and a child's wail came from the mango shade where the prisoners sat.

Jeevan Sing, the orderly, took advantage of this pause in the proceedings to deliver a message.

"The mem-sahib sends word that tea is ready in the other tent."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," said the harassed Joint. "Let the people go and have a drink at the well." And he went off with his heart rather full; for this young man had his weak points.

As he moved slowly across under the trees from his office-tent, two ruddy little legs rushed to meet him, and two little white arms were extended, and a rosy little mouth said, "Daddy! Daddy! take me up and carry me in to tea on your shoulder." And a smiling face looked out a welcome for him from beneath the uplifted screen that served as a door to the dwelling-tent.

With a sudden resolution he put down the child with a kiss.

"Run in, Evie; tell mother I have something which must be done. I cannot come to you and her till it is done."

As he turned on his heel and strode back he muttered between his teeth, "By Heaven! I'll do such justice as these people understand, if I do it for the last time."

He took Bulwunt Sing aside beyond earshot of the others.

"Bulwunt Sing, I, too, am a husband and a father, as you are. Look me in the face and speak as one man to another who wishes him well. Have the people of your village heard this thing?"

"No, sahib; none knows it. The messenger came at dawn and said we were wanted. He was a rustic and knew not wherefore."

"Then take a friend's counsel. See that none ever knows. I will release you and yours, and I will send you back to tell them what story you please to explain your absence. It may be that the Great Sahib may send for you, for our law is a hard one, even as yours is. But I will not cause evil to approach you. You, too, must forgive the one of your house who has done a wrong. So your home shall stand and you shall keep your place in your brotherhood, and your son shall take it when you have gone."

"Incarnation of Justice," said the Rajput, with a low reverence, "it is the word of a wise ruler. I will do as the Protector of the Poor has ordered. May the English Raj endure for ever!"

A few tears trickled silently down the furrowed cheeks as he walked quietly away towards the mango tree, and Jenkins, who knew their ways, knew well that the heart was full of gratitude, though no word of it was spoken. He knew, too, that if there again was trouble in the land, there was one man more who would lay down his life for the white rulers.

The inspector accepted it as one of the inexplicable eccentricities of these sahibs when Jenkins took his seat again and said that the case against Bulwunt Sing's wife had failed, and she should be forthwith discharged and made over to her husband. Jenkins forgot all about his tea. He lighted a cheroot and went on with the business of the court till darkness put a stop to work. Before the sun set he saw a man with head erect and firm step striding off in the distance down the white road. He had a child in his arms and a woman walked behind him.

That evening his wife said—

"Why didn't you come over to tea, dear? Evie was so disappointed when you turned back. Then such a queer thing happened. A tall old man and a girl with a baby came and waited outside our tent, and when we came out they asked leave to touch my feet and Evie's, and they made the little baby do the same, and then they all went away and didn't ask for anything."

At that moment the orderly again interposed.

"My lord, the coolie has come with the vegetables from the station, and he has brought this letter also." He handed a large official envelope to the Joint.

Jenkins opened it and cried with a shout that distinctly lowered him in the opinion of the impassive Jeevan Sing.

"By Jove! here's good news. The Collector has been transferred as judge to Ramnugger, and I am to be Collector here in his place."



A CASE OF HEREDITY.

CUSTOMER (noticing broken knee): I observe there is a scar on the left-hand knee.
DEALER: Scar, sir! 'Scuse, me, sir, that's no scar; it's a birthmark; his mother had two of 'em.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

A BALL DRESS.

SCENE: *A ball-room. A young girl, wearing a white dress and blue bows, is discovered sitting behind a palm.*

When the waltz is half over, a spic-and-span, bored-looking young man advances to her.

MAN (*who has only kept his engagement because his hostess was going to send him down to supper with a dull dowager*): Our dance, I believe?

GIRL (*shyly, looking first at him and then at her programme*): Oh, is it?

(*She stands up. He whirls her once round the room, and then deposits her abruptly on a seat, and flings himself beside her without looking at her.*)

MAN: Shall we sit it out here?

GIRL (*in a disappointed tone, which he ignores*): Oh, yes, certainly—if you like.

MAN (*drawling*): Waltzing is so boring in this hot weather, and everybody seems to be dancing so badly to-night. I'm sure you don't mind.

GIRL (*with a shy laugh*): Oh, I do *like* dancing! But I dare say—I'm sure I don't dance very well.

MAN (*patronisingly*): Oh, not at all. It isn't all your fault; other people jostle. We'll have another turn in a minute.

GIRL (*hurriedly*): I don't want to dance any more just now. I'd rather sit and watch them—besides, the waltz is just over.

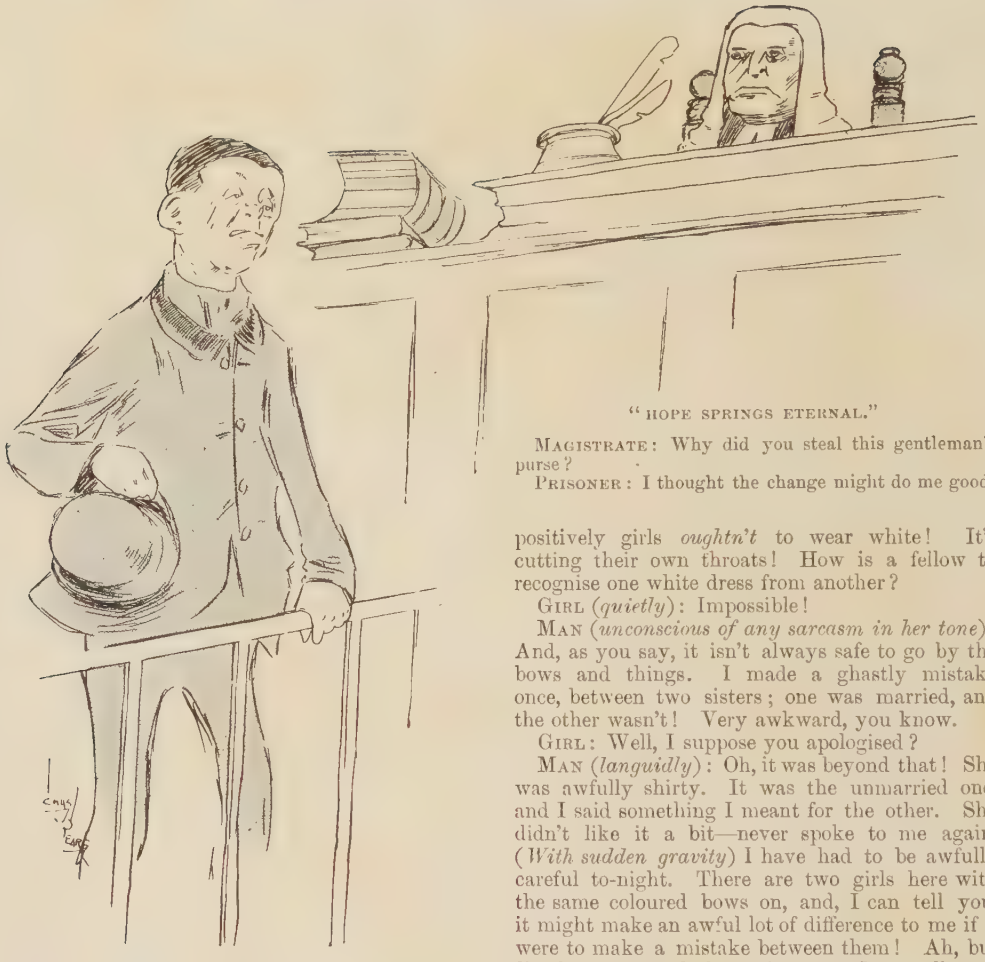
MAN (*languidly*): No, really? (*with a fatuous laugh*). Do you know, I was just looking forward to a few quiet moments! I'm afraid I shall *have* to keep it up next time; because it is with a girl—well, with a girl whom I *must* keep it up with—if she wants to; and she is only just out of the schoolroom, so she's sure to want to! They always do! One really has to be nasty sometimes, or they'd kill one! (*takes her fan off her lap and fans himself lazily with his eyes closed*). Oh, no, don't say the waltz is over yet, it's only just begun!

GIRL (*irritated by his manner and plucking up courage*): Yes, but you didn't come till it was half over.

MAN (*sleepily*): No, really? You don't say so! Well, you know, it's simply impossible to find girls if they don't look out for one! They ought to keep in the same place where they were when one booked their dance. 'Pon my word, they ought! I always tell my sisters so. You'll excuse my saying so, but it really is the girls' own fault, 'pon my soul it is.

GIRL (*rather annoyed, but still good-tempered*): I dare say it is. I often wonder how men recognise girls at dances.

MAN: Well (*confidentially*), do you know, I'll tell you a thing; *they don't!* (*sniggering at his own wit*). No, 'pon my soul they don't! How is a fellow to recognise a girl he only looks at for a minute—I mean, unless she's pretty or noticeable in some way or another?



"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL."

MAGISTRATE: Why did you steal this gentleman's purse?

PRISONER: I thought the change might do me good.

GIRL (*dumbfounded*): But what do you do, then?

MAN: Oh, well, I just put "Red dress" or "Blue bows," or something, and chance it. You see, you can't say "Yellow hair," or anything of that sort, because more than half the girls have *that*. And the other half are so infernally alike that you can only call them nondescript.

GIRL (*gradually losing her shyness in indignation*): I see! Their ribbons have more variety than themselves! but how do you manage if two girls wear the same coloured bows?

MAN: Ah, that's the dickens! Girls really should remember that a lot of their fun depends on their dress. They should always sport a dress that a man can keep in his eye—something you *can't* mistake, you know.

GIRL: I understand. Perhaps that's why "tomato" came in for ball-gowns. I forget what they called the shade last year.

MAN: Thingamy-bob—French for motor—and very smart it was, too! No, really, you know, it isn't a bad notion.

GIRL: But it would be as bad as ever if everyone wore red.

MAN (*perplexed*): So it would! But white—positively girls *oughtn't* to wear white! It's cutting their own throats! How is a fellow to recognise one white dress from another?

GIRL (*quietly*): Impossible!

MAN (*unconscious of any sarcasm in her tone*): And, as you say, it isn't always safe to go by the bows and things. I made a ghastly mistake once, between two sisters; one was married, and the other wasn't! Very awkward, you know.

GIRL: Well, I suppose you apologised?

MAN (*languidly*): Oh, it was beyond that! She was awfully shirty. It was the unmarried one, and I said something I meant for the other. She didn't like it a bit—never spoke to me again. (*With sudden gravity*) I have had to be awfully careful to-night. There are two girls here with the same coloured bows on, and, I can tell you, it might make an awful lot of difference to me if I were to make a mistake between them! Ah, but I've been over and above observant, I can tell you! The one I'm—well, most particular about has got a little cast in her eye—not much, you know, but quite enough to distinguish her by if you look her straight in the face. And of course I shall make a point of doing that. Though, otherwise, both girls are as alike as two peas! Neither of them with the ghost of a notion of how to put their gowns on! Though one of them has got more than enough to dress well on! (*Half to himself*) However, she spends less for not being in the dressmaker's clutches, and there is something in that.

GIRL (*suddenly*): Have you had your dance with her, or is that pleasure still to come?

MAN: Oh, it's to come. And I'm told she's a shocking waltzer, but awfully keen. So I shall have to keep it up all the time. (*With a laugh*) Shall I confess to you that that's why I'm so glad you don't care to dance—because she comes on next.

GIRL: I see! (*After a pause*) You're sure you know the colour of her frock?

MAN (*carelessly*): Rather! White—blue bows.

GIRL: And you'd be sure to recognise her?

MAN: *Rather!* Why do you ask?



REASSURING.

OLD GENTLEMAN: You must be very careful not to pick a toadstool instead of a mushroom; they are very easily confused, and some toadstools are poisonous.

MUSHROOM GATHERER: Oh, but us bain't goin' ter eat 'em ourselves, sir; us sends 'em ter market.

GIRL: Oh, for no particular reason. But I suppose you don't know her very well if you have never danced with her before.

MAN: Never met her till to-night! The fact is, I don't mind telling you, I came here more or less on purpose to be introduced to her! Our hostess is a great friend of mine, and she has promised to help me.

GIRL (*horrified*): Oh!

MAN (*laughing*): Are you shocked? That's because you don't know the ropes yet! It's always done! You see, her father's only a sort of tradesman—but she has got the money and I've got—(*settling his collar*) well, other things!

GIRL (*stifling her disgust*): Well, you may both be reckoning without your host—she may not like you.

MAN (*complacently*): She may not, of course.

But she's only just out—she probably will! She's awfully fond of our hostess, so she'll take her advice.

GIRL (*as the music bangs out the last bars of the waltz*): I wonder! (*Stands up.*) Will you take me to my chaperon, please?

MAN: Certainly. Where is she?

GIRL (*pointing to the hostess*): There! (*Turning full to him*) I hope you'll recognise the girl by her blue bows and the cast in her eye.

MAN (*looking at her for the first time attentively and turning pale*): I—I hope so.

GIRL (*bowing him his dismissal as she approaches the hostess and speaking to another man who asks her to dance*): I think I can give you *this* one. My last partner made a mistake.

(*She waltzes off with the new partner, and the old one is left gnashing his teeth as he inquires and learns her name from his hostess.*)

Ilex Holt.



A DOUBTFUL MOMENT.
"I wonder why he doesn't come?

MRS. SMITH: And how do you like your new neighbours?

MRS. JONES: I don't know; I haven't wanted to borrow anything yet.

SHOP ASSISTANT: Do you prefer a shirt that opens in front, or at the back?

FARMER HODGE: I mostly wears them as has an opening at the bottom and another at the top.

BROWN: You remember what a miserable memory I used to have? Well, Dr. Quackem gave me a prescription that has done me a world of good.

ROBINSON: Something to take before meals, was it?

BROWN: Well, I don't recall just what the directions were, but it's a splendid cure.

FOND MOTHER: There isn't any doubt in my mind that our George is a very gifted young man.

IMPATIENT FATHER: Yes; everything he has had so far in life has been given to him.

VICAR'S WIFE: I hope you and your second husband get on well together, Mrs. Snooks?

MRS. S.: Very well, indeed, thank you, ma'am; we've been married nearly six months, and I ain't had to call in the police but twice.

"JOHN," said Mrs. Ninny, "when one of the big battleships runs aground, how do they get her off?"

"They pull it off with a tug-of-war," answered Mr. Ninny. "I should think you'd know enough to know that."